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A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY JAMES KNOWLES

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No. CXCVII—July 1893

THE 'ARTS AND CRAFTS' EXHIBITION AT WESTMINSTER

The exhibition of which I write is not to be found at Earl's Court, or Olympia, or the Agricultural Hall, but in the House of Commons. The products of Art and Craft displayed therein are not of a material, but a moral, perhaps I should say an immoral, character. Yet for all that it is, from an outsider's point of view, a very interesting and instructive show. The grand old farce of 'hoodwinking the British public' is performed there nightly with unfailing success. Illustrations of the art of saying one thing and meaning another, of suggesting what is false and suppressing what is true, of confusing plain issues and conveying erroneous impressions, are given evening after evening by the most eminent of Parliamentary craftsmen.

The British public, as I am well aware, includes Home Rulers as well as Unionists, Liberals equally with Conservatives. I am not going, in what I have to say, to discuss the advantages or disadvantages of Home Rule. I have never contended, in what I have written on this subject, that Home Rule is an untenable proposition or one that cannot be supported by reasons which may commend themselves to thoughtful and honest men. The balance of argument seems to my mind decisive against Home Rule, but I am ready to admit that it may not seem so to other minds equally capable with my own of forming an opinion. There is a strong plea to make out for the repeal of the Union; and I have sometimes flattered myself that if I had been retained for the defence I could have made out a better

case than most of my fellow-journalists have as yet succeeded in making. Be this as it may, I admit that to believe in Home Rule is no proof of original sin or even of intellectual incapacity. What I complain of is not that Mr. Gladstone is endeavouring to repeal the Union or that the English Liberals support his endeavours, but that the latter are beguiled into supporting his policy on false grounds.

I do not think my Home Rule friends will dissent from me when I say that in their belief they are supporting a measure which while according local autonomy to Ireland will maintain intact the integrity of the Empire and the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. They have every reason so to believe, as they have been assured time after time that this is the truth by leaders in whom, rightly or wrongly, they repose confidence. Possibly at the outset these assurances were given in good faith, but they are repeated long after their authors must have realised their fallacy.

Up to the date of the last general election Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues may have honestly imagined they could obtain such a majority as to render them independent of the Irish vote. Had they obtained this majority they would have dictated terms to their Nationalist allies, and would have said, in substance if not in words, 'All that we can grant you is a subordinate Parliament with restricted powers of legislation.' But after the election the boot was on the other foot. The Nationalists, not the Gladstonians, were masters of the situation, and the former dictated terms to the latter. Mr. Gladstone would have better consulted his own reputation and the interests of the Liberal party if under these conditions he had declined to take office. The sacrifice was too great, and having procured office by the purchase of the Irish vote he was bound to pay the purchase price. This price was the concession to Ireland of an independent Parliament and an independent Executive, in other words the concession of absolute legislative and administrative independence. But this is exactly what the English Liberals had been told they were not to be asked to concede. The only way, therefore, Mr. Gladstone could hope to carry his Bill through the House of Commons was to grant the substance of Home Rule, and yet at the same time to keep the English Liberals under the delusion that he was only granting the shadow. It is this fatal necessity which has compelled the Premier and his colleagues to resort to a series of tactics which are doubtless ingenious, but which are still more indubitably discreditable. Whether in the long run these tactics will prove successful is a matter on which I have my own opinion. That honesty is the best policy is not a maxim of universal acceptation. One man may deceive another to his own mundane advantage, whatever may be the case with regard to his spiritual welfare. But no man can deceive a nation. There is one person, says the French proverb, who is cleverer than all the world put together, and that is all the world.

Still, as I have said already, Mr. Gladstone is displaying an amount of tactical skill which would be worthy of the highest admiration if exerted in a better cause. For close upon seven years he has kept the British public absolutely in the dark by concealing even the bare outlines of the scheme by which he professed himself able to reconcile the concession of autonomy to Ireland with the maintenance of the Union. When the Bill was finally introduced, every demand for explanation as to the mode by which these professions were to be justified in practice was met by the rejoinder that the second reading only asserted the fundamental principle of the measure, and that all questions of the *modus operandi* must be deferred till the Bill was in committee. Now that the Bill is in Committee the old system is pursued, and every inconvenient question is either evaded or postponed. To find confirmation of this statement you have only to refer to any of the reports of the recent debates in Parliament during the last two months. The limits of space will preclude my giving anything approaching to a complete catalogue. All I can do is to pick out a few illustrations haphazard. To know that a bottle is corked it is not necessary to drink it to the dregs. A few sips will suffice to show that the wine is not worth the drinking. So it is with the Ministerial conduct of the discussion in Committee. There is no need, even if space allowed, to discuss the whole. A few samples will suffice, and to make my case clearer I will select these samples *passim* from recent debates which are comparatively fresh in the public recollection.

The third clause runs: 'The Irish Legislature shall *not* have power to make laws in respect of the following matters.' The matters in question include the succession to the throne, issues of peace or war, the conclusion of treaties, naturalisation, and a variety of other subjects which come clearly within the domain of the Imperial Parliament. If these restrictions were intended in good faith, they would secure, as much as any paper guarantees could secure, the Irish Parliament being in reality a subordinate Legislature. In order to make this measure more clear, Lord Wolmer proposed to add words declaring that the Irish Parliament should not be allowed to vote money for any object coming within the category on which legislation was prohibited except on the recommendation of the Crown, signified by a Minister of the Imperial Parliament. If the restriction in question had been seriously intended to be obligatory, Lord Wolmer's amendment was only its logical corollary. Supposing, for instance, France were to go to war with Italy and to propose the re-establishment of the Temporal Power of the Papacy. In such an event the Irish Parliament would, by the charter of its existence, be precluded from passing any legislation favourable to the papal cause. So far so good. But it follows as a matter of course that the Irish Parliament would, on the same principle, be precluded from voting a grant in aid in support of the

papal cause. Yet when this plain issue was submitted to the House by Lord Wolmer's amendment, Mr. Gladstone forthwith declined to accept any restriction on the money-voting powers of this so-called subordinate Parliament. He pleaded, first, that questions as to the money-voting power could be more properly discussed at a later period; secondly, that the right of interference on the part of any Imperial minister in the action of the Irish Parliament was a thing to be deprecated; and, lastly, that the object aimed at by the amendment might be better secured by the addition of some guarding words when the House had arrived at the discussion of the financial clauses. His main argument, however, was that the Irish Parliament would stultify itself by voting moneys it had no legal right to vote, and that 'among the innumerable imputations cast upon the Irish Legislature he had never heard the suggestion that it would be in the habit of making itself ridiculous.' With the recollection of the proceedings of Committee Room No. 15 fresh in our memories such an assertion is a hard trial on our credulity. But the Prime Minister carefully avoided stating what was to be the remedy of the British Parliament, supposing the Irish Parliament chose to incur the risk of voting a grant they were not legally justified in voting. The closure was moved as usual by Mr. Morley, and the amendment was rejected amidst the cheers of Mr. Gladstone's supporters. Thus, practically, while Mr. Gladstone conciliates the English Liberals by assuring them the Irish Legislature is forbidden to legislate on Imperial issues, he satisfies his Nationalist allies by studiously leaving open their right to vote subsidies on behalf of the very objects on which they are forbidden to legislate.

A day or two later an amendment was moved defining the powers of the Irish Legislature in respect to legislation about the carrying and using of arms. In principle it would be the most flagrant injustice if a Dublin Parliament were to make the use of arms illegal in Ulster while encouraging it in Cork; and if it were realised that under Home Rule Irish Protestants would be rendered liable to such oppression as this, there would be an immediate outcry against the Bill in England. It was necessary, therefore, to meet the amendment halfway. Mr. John Morley, while objecting to the amendment as impractically wide, declared that the Government were prepared 'to debar the Irish Legislature from making laws with reference to the carrying or using of arms for military purposes.' To say less was impossible. Yet forthwith Mr. Sexton protested against such a concession being made without previous consultation with the Irish Nationalists. The threat was sufficient to bring Mr. Gladstone to the front with the declaration that the Government had not and never had had any idea of accepting the amendment. His English adherents were assured that at a later stage the matter at issue should be dealt with by some amendment or other. His Irish

backers were pacified by the statement that no such amendment should interfere in any way with the legitimate powers of the Irish Legislature. Both parties were, or professed to be, satisfied; the risk of a rupture was averted for the time being, and the amendment was rejected by a party vote.

So in like fashion with regard to the appointment of the judicial bench. If there is a country in the world in which the administration of the law should of right be independent of popular dictation, it is Ireland. In order to secure this object Mr. Gerald Balfour proposed to remove the appointment of judges and magistrates from the functions of the Irish Legislature. It was impossible for the Government to object to the principle of this amendment without alienating English support; it was equally impossible to accept it in practice without giving mortal offence to the Irish members, not only on public but on personal grounds. Judgeships and stipendiary magistrateships are regarded as the due reward of Irish patriotism if ever Home Rule is granted. Mr. Gladstone, however, was equal to the occasion. He gave with one hand and took away with the other. To pacify England he agreed to make it a positive enactment of the Bill that the appointment of judges should continue to be vested in the Crown. To appease Ireland he added a rider that these appointments should be made on the responsibility of the Irish Executive, that is, of the ministers representing the Irish parliamentary majority. Subject to this stipulation the Irish had no objection to the power of appointment being vested in the Crown, while the English Liberals considered they had maintained the independence of the judicature. And once more the organs of the Liberal party went into ecstasies over the tactical skill of the Old Parliamentary Hand.

Instances of a similar kind might be multiplied *ad infinitum.* If you read over the debates you will find that whenever the necessity of protecting the Ministry in Ireland is raised, the Ministry are the first to protest their desire to secure the rights, liberties, and properties of the Protestants and Loyalists. Mr. John Morley appeals to his well-known philosophical views to prove that he could never be a party to any form of religious or political persecution. Sir William Harcourt, the heavy father of the Gladstonian dramatic company, pooh-poohs the necessity of providing against hypothetical dangers, and tries to laugh out the controversy with a display of ponderous humour. Mr. Gladstone gushes with indignation at the wickedness of suspecting the Irish Nationalists of any desire to deal with their Protestant and Loyalist fellow-countrymen on any other principles than those enounced in the Sermon on the Mount, and Sir Thomas Rigby gives the authority of his high legal opinion to the effect that in matters of litigation general understandings are more satisfactory than formal agreements. But

from the Prime Minister down to the Solicitor-General they are all of one mind that it would be at once unnecessary and unreasonable to sanction any amendment which even seems to imply that the Home Rule Parliament may not carry out its obligations faithfully in the spirit as well as in the letter. The plain, simple, naked truth is that the Ministry are debarred by their compact with the Nationalists from making any real concession to the demands of the Unionists, even when these demands, in the opinion of their English supporters, are fair, just, and reasonable. Yet they are unable to plead the exigencies of their compact, because such a plea, however valid in itself, would be fatal to their authority with their own party. Being, therefore, alike unable to make concessions or to admit that they are unable to make them, they have resort to the expedient of making concessions in name which they decline to ratify in practice.

No doubt I shall be told that no such compact exists, and that the Ministry are solely guided by their sense of duty and by a desire to do what is best both for Ireland and Great Britain. Technically the contradiction would probably be correct. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse; and there are certain understandings, in public as well as in private life, which it is better for all parties not to put into writing. The Nationalists know that they can turn out the Gladstone Ministry any day they choose; they know, too, that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues know this; and, given this knowledge on both sides, no bond is required. Directly or indirectly, the Ministry have been given to understand that any attempt on their part to render the Parliament of Dublin subordinate in anything but name will involve the defection of their Irish confederates. But that—compact or no compact—the Ministry are not at liberty to accept any amendment which might render, or even tend to render the supposed subordination of the Home Rule Parliament a fact as well as a fiction, is obvious enough. As the French say, it jumps to the eyes. In the early stages of the debate in Committee the Government, while adhering to the contention that under their Bill the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament would be maintained intact, met the proposal that words to this effect should be introduced into the Bill with every sort of tortuous opposition. Mr. Gladstone, with characteristic ingenuity, objected to the insertion of any such words, as they might by implication limit the authority of the Imperial Parliament to the United Kingdom and thereby impair its authority over the colonies. Still at last, in deference to the views of the English Liberals, the Government consented ungraciously to admit, in accordance with an amendment of Sir Henry James, that in some undefined way the Parliament of Dublin was not to be coequal with the Parliament of Westminster. This admission, however, limited as it was, gave offence to the Nationalists, and therefore Mr. Gladstone lost no time in declaring that the Government intended

to resist any amendments by which it might be proposed to carry out in practice the abstract principle, assent to which had just been given in theory. This pledge, given to avert the displeasure of the Irish brigade, has been faithfully observed. If there are two rights which any English Minister might have been expected to protect with the utmost care, they are the Petition of Right and the Habeas Corpus. According to the proposal of the Government, we are about to hand over our fellow-countrymen and co-religionists in Ireland, not only without their consent, but in defiance of their indignant protest, to the rule of an Irish Parliament, in which the Anti-English and Anti-Protestant party will, *ex hypothesi*, command an overwhelming majority. In order to remove the apprehensions of Ulster and still more of the English Liberals who sympathise with Ulster, the Ministers lose no opportunity of declaring that the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament affords an adequate guarantee against any possible oppression of the Protestants and Loyalists on the part of the subordinate legislature. If these professions were sincere the Government ought to welcome any suggestion by which the Protestants and Loyalists could at least be secured the fundamental rights belonging to them as subjects of the British Crown. Yet when it is suggested that the so-called subordinate legislature should not have the power to modify the Petition of Right or to suspend the Habeas Corpus without the sanction of the so-called supreme Imperial Parliament, the Ministry resist the suggestion with the whole force of their authority. Every kind of quibble and sophism was brought forward to show cause why it was not necessary to grant the protection demanded on behalf of the Protestant minority. Every argument was used, except the simple one that the Irish Home Rulers would not consent to any restriction which might impair their power of coercing the minority into subjection. At the end, the Government carried the day by the vote of the Liberal Nationalist coalition. As usual the Nationalists gave out the tune; as usual the Ministerialists played the music.

The honesty, the loyalty, the equity of such a course of tactics is, I repeat, entirely independent of the merits or demerits of Home Rule. If I were myself absolutely convinced of the necessity or even of the expediency of granting Home Rule to Ireland, I should still object with equal vigour against the means by which this measure is being forced upon the country. The tactics employed are exactly those by which a conjurer forces a card upon an unconscious confederate. The attention of the victim is diverted, and while he imagines he is choosing a card of his own free will he is in fact drawing the very card the conjurer has selected. Home Rule may be wise or unwise, but whether the concession of Home Rule is an act of sagacious statesmanship or an act of insane folly, it equally

involves a fundamental change to our Constitution. This fact has been sedulously kept in the background. The Liberals have been led to vote for Home Rule on the plea that the Parliament of Ireland is to be a subordinate legislature, competent only to deal with local matters: it now stands manifest that if the Bill passes, the Irish Legislature is, in fact if not in name, to be the supreme governing body in Ireland. The public were assured, time after time, that every precaution was to be taken to protect the Irish Protestants and Loyalists against any possible interference with their civil and religious liberties, and now it appears the only guarantee offered them is the personal conviction of Mr. Gladstone that the Irish Parliament is never likely to abuse its authority. The Bill was recommended to British acceptance mainly on the ground that its enactment would relieve the Imperial Parliament from the presence of the Irish contingent, and now it is obvious that the Irish, like the poor, are to be always with us.

Let us know the truth. This, if I were a Home Ruler, is the question I should address to my leaders: Let us be told, in language we can understand, whether the Irish Parliament is to be independent or subordinate; whether the men of Ulster are or are not to be left to the tender mercies of a Celtic and Catholic Administration appointed by a Catholic and Celtic Legislature; whether the resources of Ireland are or are not to be supplemented by subsidies levied at the expense of the British taxpayer; whether the Irish Parliament is or is not to be allowed to pursue a commercial policy inconsistent with, if not hostile to, that of England; whether, in fact, Home Rule is or is not to be tantamount to repeal of the Union. Upon these and any number of similar questions, I—supposing myself to be a Home Ruler on principle—should think it was only due to me to be enlightened before I was asked to pledge myself to Home Rule. Yet if I asked for an answer I should be met by empty platitudes which may mean anything or nothing. It is not enough for me to be told that Mr. Gladstone is a man of the highest principles, that Mr. Morley is an advanced thinker, that Sir William Harcourt is nothing if he is not a man of the world, and that in the opinion of this oddly assorted triumvirate the Irish deserve my fullest confidence. The Bill may or may not be good in itself, but even if I have faith in the drawer I have no very high opinion of the acceptor. I distrust the endorsers, and I place no value on the collateral securities offered for the advance. If, under these circumstances, I decline to discount the Bill, failing fuller explanations, I can hardly be blamed.

Moreover, strong as may be my belief—on the supposition that I am a Gladstonian Liberal—in the virtue of Home Rule, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that Home Rule is a measure to be worked by the very men whom I, in times not so long gone by, was taught by my present leaders to distrust, I might almost say to despise. Only a few years have come and gone since I heard Mr. Gladstone

denounce Mr. Parnell and the Home Rulers as men who marched through rapine to the disintegration of the Empire. Not long afterwards, when Pigott, the confidant, associate, and agent of the Home Rule party, was proved to be an untrustworthy witness, I was ordered by the selfsame leaders to pin my faith on Mr. Parnell's veracity and patriotism. Within a still briefer period I was instructed to change front, and to declare that the Uncrowned King was a politician utterly unworthy of political credence because in his private character he was not altogether blameless, as judged by the standard of the Nonconformist conscience. And now I am finally called upon to support Home Rule on the theory that the O'Briens, Dillons, Sextons, Healys, and the rest are men scarcely susceptible of the failings of ordinary humanity. It may be so; but my faith has already been subjected to so many trials, I can scarcely be held responsible if it is somewhat weak and wavering. Nor is my lack of belief rendered less excusable by the discovery that these high-minded patriots display all the faults and weaknesses which have disgraced every Irish national organisation, save during the brief interval when they were led and governed under the iron rule of a Protestant landlord of English descent. Disreputable dissensions, sordid jealousies, ignoble rivalries—these, as in the past, are the characteristics to-day of the Irish patriots, to whose uncontrolled power Mr. Gladstone begs us to entrust the control of Ireland, the lives and properties of Protestant and Loyalist Irishmen, and the fortunes of the British Empire on the strength of his own conviction that they are men of personal honour and public spirit. At some conclave of diplomatists Talleyrand is reported to have looked round and asked in a stage whisper, 'Who is it who is being deceived here?' If a similar question were asked me in this embroglio of Home Rule, I, as a supposed English Home Ruler, should reply without hesitation, 'It is I who am at once the object and the victim of the deception.'

EDWARD DICEY.

THE NINTH CLAUSE

(*TO MY FELLOW GLADSTONIANS*)

It is you, my brother Gladstonian, my fellow 'item,' who force this polemic upon me. You desert the Master on the Ninth Clause, and prefer to follow Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Harry Lawson, who reverse or reject it. I propose to stand by it as long as its author does, and I see no ground for supposing that he means to abandon it. Last June, at Edinburgh, he said that it would be

> the duty of the Government to consider this important subject of the retention of the Irish members in conjunction with every part of the case, to make to Parliament the proposition which in detail they consider to be, upon the whole, the best, and to use every effort in their power to carry it into law.

The Ninth Clause is the proposition so foreshadowed and assured beforehand of the Chief's support.

There can be no doubt that it embodies his conviction as to what is politically right. If Ireland gets a government and legislature of its own, it may be theoretically right that its representatives should share in the control of common or Imperial affairs in the Imperial Parliament; but Mr. Gladstone's distinctly announced and long-cherished contention is that in that case they should not also participate in the management of British affairs.

He said so very emphatically in 1886 when introducing the first Home Rule Bill:

> I think it will be perfectly clear that if Ireland is to have a domestic legislature, Irish peers and Irish representatives cannot come here to control English and Scotch affairs. That I understand to be admitted freely. . . . *The one thing follows from the other.* There cannot be a domestic legislature in Ireland dealing with Irish affairs, and Irish peers and Irish representatives sitting in Parliament at Westminster to take part in English and Scotch affairs.

At Manchester in June, 1880, he said:

> I will not be a party to giving to Ireland a legislative body to manage Irish concerns, and at the same time have Irish members in London acting and voting on English and Scotch concerns.

At Singleton Abbey, in June 1887, where he indicated his abandonment of the exclusion policy of the 1886 Bill, in deference to an assumed preponderance of public opinion, and not because he did not

think it the right solution—which to this hour he manifestly does—we find him still saying:

It is very hard to say at the present moment what particular form we may best adopt in order to provide for the continuing interest of Ireland through her representatives in the transaction of *Imperial* concerns at Westminster.

This inadmissibility of Irish control of British business under a Home Rule system is no new idea with Mr. Gladstone. In March, 1874, he thus referred to Mr. Butt's Home Rule scheme:

That plan is this: that exclusively Irish affairs are to be judged in Ireland, and that then the Irish members are to come to the Imperial Parliament and to judge as they may think fit of the general affairs of the Empire, and also of affairs exclusively English and Scotch [Mr. Butt: 'No, no']. It is all very well for gentlemen to cry 'No' when the blot has been hit by the hon. gentleman opposite.

Of this utterance Mr. Gladstone, in his *History of an Idea*, says:

Thus I again accepted without qualification the principle that Home Rule had no necessary connection with separation, and took my objection simply to a proposal that Irishmen should deal exclusively with their own affairs and also, jointly, with ours.

This objection of twenty years' standing was reiterated by Mr. Gladstone as an objection of prevailing force in February of this year when introducing the new Home Rule Bill:

It would be (he said) an anomaly that they (the Irish members) should continually intervene in questions purely and absolutely British—questions of the most purely local character. We must own that, as far as anomaly goes, that is a very great anomaly. But it is not, in my opinion, the strongest argument against the universal voting of the Irish members. . . . I am afraid of opening a possible door to wholesale and dangerous political intrigue. . . . I am afraid that in some given case, actuated by a warm love of country, Ireland might yield or be led into temptation. I dread creating a state of things in which there may be an opening to intrigue of this character with the result that British questions might come to be decided on Irish motives. . . . That dread of intrigue appears to me to be a most formidable weapon. . . . As to that question of the mixture, and the large mixture, of individual motives between some party on this side of the water and representatives from the other side of the water, with the view to make use of Irish votes to decide some question of British interest by indirect means, and holding out inducements to the Irish members for their services connected with the welfare of Ireland, *I confess that I and my colleagues have not been able to face a contingency such as this.*

Mr. Gladstone does not think he will be singular in this opinion:

It is what plain unlettered Englishmen would think who cannot understand why Irish votes on some question of education, or some other matter in which Englishmen were interested and which was in no respect Irish, should be determined by those who had a separate Parliament to determine the same question for themselves.

Hence, on the whole, the Ninth Clause as the inevitable necessity of the legislative situation.

I need not have piled up these quotations, do you say? Perhaps;

but I particularly wish you to know how you and I stand. You will see now that it is I who am the orthodox Gladstonian, while you are the heretic. I champion the Chief, you abet the rebel. But, indeed, until recently there was no louder advocate of Mr. Gladstone's opinions than the heresiarch you follow. For more than six months Mr. Labouchere held these ideas, and filled his weekly newspaper with such outcries as 'really cannot comprehend how any human being can suggest that, whilst Irish are to manage their local affairs without us, they are to be allowed controlling voice in our local affairs,' 'utter folly of British issues being at mercy of Irish members, whilst we have granted Ireland Home Rule,' 'not disposed to convert Irish rights into British wrongs, or place my constituents under hoof of Ireland,' 'hardly believe any member of Cabinet so lost to most elementary notion of self-government as wish to retain Irish members as means to carry British reforms by Irish votes,' 'as outrageous as to stuff Irish Parliament with British members to secure majority there,' 'do Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley imagine Great Britain accept Bill securing Ireland freedom from our interference in her affairs and giving Irish members casting vote in ours,' 'to make Irish members future arbiters of our affairs as outrageous as placing arbitrament in hands of delegation of Greenlanders,' and so forth and so forth. How from such a starting point your present leader has so rapidly worked himself round to the opposite point of the compass is not a question of importance to any rational creature, but it should warn you that at any moment you may find yourself leaderless, and confronted by your late captain grinning at you from a totally new and to you inacessible position.

But you say, However right Mr. Gladstone's opinion may be in the abstract, the in-and-out clause is absolutely unworkable. Have you considered what a tremendous plunge forward into the Anti-Gladstonian bog you make in that declaration? Either Mr. Gladstone knew that the in-and-out clause was unworkable when he put it in the Bill, or he did not. The first alternative is excluded, because it means that our revered leader has been befooling the country and ourselves to make a tactical catch of the second reading—an insulting and incredible supposition. You must therefore be of opinion that the distinguished man whom I have often heard you with pleasure describing as the oldest, the wisest, the most gifted, the most accomplished, the most eloquent, the most experienced—in a word, the greatest Parliamentary statesman in the world, is an incompetent bungler in his own business, a fabricator of unworkable clauses and does not know it, an inventor of machinery that ends in deadlock, a compounder of nostrums that aggravate the disease. And yet you claim to be a better Gladstonian than the like of myself. You must really set a limit to your audacities.

What reason have you for saying that the Prime Minister's clause

is unworkable? The best judges, after Mr. Gladstone himself, take a different view. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, for instance, does not share your difficulties. The division of work proposed by the clause, he said,

affects not the principle but the mere machinery and form of legislative work. I am by no means indifferent (he continued) to the forms of this House which have come down to us as the result of long experience, but after all they are but forms and methods. They are mere machinery, and if they in any way hamper and fetter us in adopting any important and necessary change, we ought not to allow ourselves to be tied and bound by them. Surely the House of Commons will not allow itself to be nonplussed by a difficulty which would meet with a ready solution at the hands of any Town or County Council.

Clearly the Secretary for War sees how to work the clause, and will no doubt enlighten you at the proper time.

Mr. Morley also must see his way. He took note that Mr. Chamberlain and others had 'gone through the anomalies which will arise if Irish members are retained at Westminster under the plan proposed in the Bill.' But he was not staggered. 'These anomalies,' he said, 'are perfectly obvious: it requires no ingenuity, no skill, no ability to trace them all out and expose them.' Mr. Morley had plainly foreseen them, but had confidence in the clause notwithstanding.

On historical grounds, especially the fact alleged that during the last sixty years no important English or Scotch measure had been passed in the teeth of an English or Scotch majority, Mr. Bryce affirmed the clause to be 'subject to fewer inconveniences' than your counter proposal, and 'far more likely before long to be smooth, easy, and familiar in its working.' Your own Mr. Labouchere published a revised edition of the clause which, at the date of publication, he warranted to work well in harness, and I suppose it is as good now as then, although its inventor may have parted with it. Sir Robert Hamilton—whose martyrdom in the Home Rule cause, though bloodless, should commend him to your confidence—declares for the in-and-out clause as an 'absolute necessity.'

I grant you that in its working-out it may greatly change, or even revolutionise, present procedure. But if you have courage enough for Home Rule, you must also have courage enough for its conditions and consequences; and, after all, as the War Secretary remarks, the change is not one of principle, but merely of machinery and form. The possibility of a majority shifting between Imperial and British affairs may modify the existing cabinet system, but there are people who think that worse things might happen. To such persons cabinets and administrations generally seem to be largely co-optative cliques, recruited too much from a parasitical class, and in aristocratic interests, and to be powerful enough already; while they wonder whether, if the Crown, acting through its ministry, had

a little less control of everything, and the House of Commons a little more control of something, it might not be better for the country.

The real question is, Would the House of Commons under any conceivable new circumstances find itself unable to give effect to its Will, whether in Imperial or British affairs, by whatever internal methods determined and declared? The supposition cannot be entertained for a moment. To quote once more the Secretary for War, any Town or County Council could solve the difficulty at once. The Crown will always have to execute the Will of the House that holds the purse-strings. This is also the answer to your prediction that the shifting majority would weaken the House of Commons in presence of the House of Lords. The House of Lords, like everyone else, must ultimately yield to the Purse-bearer. Besides, does not a second channel or organ for its Will look more like doubling than halving the power of the House of Commons? In any case the House of Lords means only five hundred accidental gentlemen, while the House of Commons means forty millions of people, some of them very determined people when their blood is up. If it came to blows I should be sorry for the five hundred. Your remark about the impossibility of a body having two centres of gravity is merely an absurd misapplication of an irrelevant analogy. If you will mix up things that have nothing to do with each other, how does a wheel or a rolling stone or any similar progressive body effect its movement except through the perpetual shifting of its centre of gravity?

Observe, I am not advocating this leap in the dark. If I had my will there would be no need for it. I am only saying that if made, I have no doubt we should pull through with infinitely less disastrous results than would follow the adoption of your solution, which I must now tackle. For suppose the operation of the in-and-out clause as black as you paint it, how is your proposal of *omnes omnia*—a very bad version, by the way, of *non omnia omnes*—going to mend matters? To-day, you say, under the Ninth Clause the Irish vote, on an Imperial question converts a British minority into a majority. To-morrow the new Government, without the Irish vote, on a British question, finds itself in a minority. This will be confusing, you think, so to put things right you will give the Irish Members a British vote as well, that they may keep in power the Government they have created.

Well, but how do you guarantee this cheerful outlook? How do you know the Irish members will continue to maintain their creature? When it suits you you argue that they will seldom if ever be there. That of itself kills your case, by making mischief and remedy alike impossible. But grant their perpetual presence. What security have you that they will support your minority for ever because they have supported it once? You and I are in a British minority now. They keep us in power, because they want Home Rule. If they get your phase of Home Rule, they will want something else. They

will want, and very properly too, control of some of the reserved subjects of legislation—or money, whether in grant or loan—or Catholic rights asserted in Uganda—or Imperial interference against some accidental and distasteful majority in the Dublin Legislature, and if we refuse out we must go. What will they care for British interests? The only question their constituents will ask them will be, How did you use your British vote for Irish purposes? Not to put too fine a point upon it, we shall have to bribe them, and to go on bribing them *ad infinitum*, or as long as we desire to retain power. All that *omnes omnia* will do for you will be to change the evil you invoke it to cure into a worse and huger shape by giving Ireland two or two thousand strings to its bow instead of one.

You quietly assume that because retaining the Irish members for Imperial purposes may produce confusion, retaining them for all purposes will prevent the confusion. In a sense it probably will. Somewhat in the spirit of Mr. Durdles's contract with the Deputy of the Travellers' Twopenny, you give a man power, say, to knock you down when he sees it needful. That, however, you think, might occasionally lead to confusion, which is likely enough. Accordingly, you proceed to endow him with the additional power of throwing you out of window, and that you say will put an end to the confusion. No doubt it will, but it will also put an end to you; and I do not see where your profit on the transaction comes in. Yet that is exactly what you are doing in trying to cure the evils of partial Irish mastery by total Irish mastery. They will not be mended, but multiplied. The remedy is worse than the disease. You do not cancel confusion by introducing worse confounded. Lameness may be merged in paralysis, but if I were you I would rather limp through life than qualify for an apoplectic stroke.

You say that I am uncharitable to the Irish members, and that if I trust them at Dublin I should trust them at Westminster. If I am uncharitable in supposing that with their own affairs safe at Dublin they will not allow British to stand in the way of Irish interests at Westminster, I am uncharitable in very good company, as you will see if you read again what Mr. Gladstone said on Irish intrigue. For confirmation of what he indicated, I may cite the words of his faithful henchpaper, the *Daily News*, in 1886: 'Great Britain desires to govern herself, and not to see her affairs conducted at the caprice of men who openly avow, as Mr. T. P. O'Connor did the other night at Liverpool, that "when they are voting about Egypt they are thinking about Ireland."' But trusting the Irish members at Dublin is a different matter. There they are in their true position, and if there is any force in democratic principles Irish honour and interests are safe in their hands, and I am willing to trust them with even greater powers than are given by the Bill. But with Home Rule granted, irresponsible Irishmen controlling British affairs are in a

false position, and in false positions the best of men are dangerous. The particularist enthusiasm which makes them useful at home may make them mischievous here.

Remember, further, that you and I, with all our appalling Committee drudgery, are not engaged in framing a law. The Bill will be rejected by the House of Lords. We are really concocting an electioneering document to fight the House of Lords upon next year or the next, and we must be careful what we put into it. Have you considered, in this connection, whether *omnes omnia* will pay? Certain people in Scotland and Wales might like it. They might think that as at Dublin, so at Edinburgh and Cardiff, it might be a very pleasant arrangement to have their Scotch and Welsh affairs controlled by themselves without English or other interference, while they still retained their hold over England's taxation and other affairs at Westminster. But how would England take it? I am afraid that if John Bull gets it into his head that Home Rule means ultimately Ireland, Scotland and Wales having separate legislatures of their own, independent of him, while he is to have some hundreds of irresponsible Irishmen, Scotchmen and Welshmen sitting in his Parliament and thwarting, controlling, contradicting and taxing him in his own exclusive concerns, it might go far to cool his Home Rule enthusiasm, and until England is converted it seems to me vain to expect the House of Lords to give way.

But, you explain, England would have the prospect of its own separate domestic Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly, like the others. But is England likely soon to be revelling in that prospect? I see no sign of it. I do not hear of any English Home Rule movement. Why should there be? With Ireland out of the way, England would have complete Home Rule already in the Imperial Parliament. Where is England's Home Rule inducement to come from? On any footing, England is four-fifths of the Empire. To the world England is the Empire, and the rest is merely an etcetera. Why should she desire a subordinate legislature? Would it, indeed, be possible to give England a legislature that should be subordinate? An English Legislature controlling the vast and world-wide business of England, in direct touch with the people that contributed the overwhelming mass of Imperial Taxation, would be a much greater body than the so-called Imperial Parliament, shrunk as it would then be to a meeting for an occasional conversation with the Foreign and Colonial Secretaries or a cursory criticism of the Army and Navy Estimates, and it would one day re-annex the Imperial functions with the certainty of that natural law which decrees the absorption of the weak by the strong.

Is England likely, do you think, to break up her ancient and historic Parliament from love of a doctrinaire Federalism which after all is not Federal? The Bill is sometimes said to be drawn on

Federal lines, but you might as well say it is drawn on clothes lines or copy lines. Federalism means synthesis of local sovereignties: the Bill means analysis into local dependencies. It is not Federalism, it is double government: the parts, controlled at once by local and central power, rule by principal and agent at the same time. I doubt if England will sacrifice her present Imperial as well as self-governing status to gratify spinners of logical cobwebs. Your election programme will therefore be independence of the one-fifth, control of the four-fifths by the one. Ireland for Ireland—Scotland for Scotland—Wales for Wales—England for Ireland, Scotland and Wales. If you think that will be a rousing Home Rule cry on English platforms, we must agree to differ.

One reason why you hanker after your *omnes omnia* is, I know, that you think the Irish will come here after Home Rule is set up and vote Radical, out of gratitude if not out of Radicalism. I know also, when you are hard pressed with the anomalies and dangers of your idea, you say, 'After all, the Irish will have enough to do at home: they will never be here.' That is probable only if you reject the Bill's scheme for Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament. Otherwise they will always be here, as they are likely to be mostly Londoners voting under Dublin instructions. But take it your way—of leaving them as they are. If they *will* never be here, what is the harm of enacting that they *shall* never be here—at least for British purposes? Any time they came, would it not to a certainty be by 'intrigue'? Radicalism and 'intrigue' do not go well together, either in principle or practice. Surely you would stop 'intrigue' if you could. Besides, if they will never be here, where is your Irish Radical vote to come from? Moreover, if they were here, what should make them always vote with you? Gratitude? The Irish are a warm-hearted people, no doubt, and some of the present members might remember you for a time. But in business, interest, not sentiment, ultimately rules. Their constituents would not ask them if, on a British question, they had voted Radical, but if they had voted Irish. That might not be beautiful, but it is the way of the world, and politics is often worldly.

Is it wise, then, on this slender chance of gain, to risk injuring your political morale and reputation, as you are certainly doing? Radicalism has, at least it affects, a conscience. On platforms, you and I sometimes doubt it as regards Toryism, but I will not discuss that point of Natural History at present. Have you reflected that you will be seeking Radical votes in the very teeth of Radical principles? Self-government is your doctrine. At present it obtains in Parliament as regards Imperial and domestic affairs alike. In the latter, of which only I need speak, we are now a Unity, a Partnership, a Joint Tenancy. Our interests are thrown into hotchpot; Ireland has a finger in the pie. Our affairs are United Kingdom

affairs, controlled by representatives responsible to United Kingdom constituencies. It is government of the United Kingdom by the United Kingdom. But grant Home Rule and our local unity is broken up. Ireland extracts its share out of the partnership, and sets up elsewhere. It is no longer in the old concern. For domestic affairs there practically is, and there is meant to be, no longer a United Kingdom. There is a British Parliament and an Irish Legislature. A British member has no business in the Irish Legislature, and an Irish member has no business in the British Parliament. Yet you propose to introduce and privilege this outside and unauthorised assessor in the name of Parliamentary equality, while that very equality demands his extrusion. You try to say that the Irish member of the future would only be doing what is done by the United Kingdom member of to-day, while the nature of the case requires that he should be a new creation with distinct functions. You want to pass off government of the British people by the Irish people as Radical Democracy, while any one with half an eye can see that it is flagrant and unadulterated Usurpation.

Is this honest? Most phases of Radicalism I can respect: Philosophical Radicalism, although I resent the priggishness of many of its professors; Popular Radicalism, for its spokesmen, braced and trained in the school of privation and struggle; Bourgeois or Philistine Radicalism even, for its bulk, and because, if you want to use machinery of many horse power you must not mind a little grease and dirt: but I draw the line at Jack-Sheppard Radicalism, and your proposed piratical seizure of Radical votes on Anti-Radical pretexts comes perilously near being within its definition. Take a friend's advice, and do not inflict this wound on your ethico-political consciousness. What shall it profit a Radical if he shall gain the whole Irish vote, and lose his own Parliamentary soul?

Let me have a word with you upon an apologetic and rather specious way in which you sometimes put your case. Home Rule you say, is the chief thing. The mode of retaining the Irish members is secondary and subordinate. Let us secure the principal thing and postpone the secondary. Let us set up a Legislature and executive at Dublin, and as there is a difficulty in arranging the terms of retaining the Irish members, let us simply leave things as they are, at least for a little, and as long as the Irish land and police and one or two other matters are in charge of the Imperial Parliament, and then we can grapple with the problem in a thorough-going spirit.

Now, how are you going to guarantee that this postponement shall only be for 'a little'? Postponement usually is not settlement; but here, so far from leaving things as they are, you begin by doing the very thing you profess to postpone—namely, giving to Ireland an irresponsible control over your British affairs. Can you take it back when you like? Only, I am afraid, if Ireland's vote lets you. Had

you made a stand at the beginning you might have been independent, but the concession made, you are at the mercy of your concessionaire. When the horse in the fable took the man on its back it was to be merely for 'a little'; but the man once on, the human and the equine idea of 'a little' were found to differ, and the man is there still. If your Irish rider gets his grasp on your throat and his knees in your ribs, you may find that it was easier to take him on than to shake him off.

But, you say, as long as Irish land, and police, and judges, and Church endowment are retained to be dealt with by British members, Irish members must be allowed to control British business in return. We must not have an irresponsible hand in controlling their affairs. They must be in a position to say to us, 'If you act badly by us in our Irish matters, we will bring you to your senses by paying you back in your British matters.' Well, I am glad you acknowledge the necessity for equality of mutual check, because it implies a good deal. For one thing it limits very extensively the area of their British control. Let them have the same power of attack and reprisal over our land, police, judges, and endowment questions that we have over theirs, and then we are quits. To give them power over everything belonging to us would be arming them with a thousand weapons to our one, and that is not fair fighting. You have modified *omnes omnia* into *omnes pauca*.

I do not, however, consent even to that compromise. I do not want the Irish land, police, judges, and endowment questions retained; neither, I am sure, do you. I am perfectly ready to trust the Irish people with these things. If they are fit—and I am sure they are fit—to be trusted with the immense powers given them by the Bill, they are fit to be trusted with everything. But, you tell me, these exceptions are made as a sop to the Opposition, to get the Bill through. Now I understand. We keep these things as a favour to Ireland. But you cannot build rights on favours.

Still, your plea for mutual check, although misapplied in this instance, should set you right as to the alleged secondary relation to Home Rule of the mode of retaining the Irish Members. In a sense it is secondary. Home Rule can be set up whatever becomes of Irish members at Westminster; and if Home Rule at any price is a legitimate aim we need not trouble about the other matter. But surely the Parliament of the United Kingdom is bound to be just to Britain as well as to Ireland, and in that light the mode of retaining the Irish members stands out as a matter not of secondary but of very prime importance indeed.

You have argued, however irrelevantly, that under Home Rule Irish interests left at Westminster would not be safe in irresponsible British hands, and you have demanded that Irish members shall have a check on British action through a control of British legisla-

tion. You must accordingly admit the *vice versâ*. You must allow that under Home Rule British interests will be in danger from irresponsible Irish control, with no possibility of British members exercising a check through control of Irish affairs, which will be safe at Dublin. At present, as I have already said, this system of mutual check exists. Each of us is on his good behaviour, and can say to the other, 'Do as you would be done by: if you wish me to treat you well, you had better not illtreat me.' But under Home Rule, on your *omnes omnia* plan, the Irish members can snap their fingers in our faces, and say, 'We are independent of you now: we can treat you and your interests as we please. Our constituents will only ask us how we have used our British vote for Irish advantage.'

I know the answer you make to this deduction from your own admission. You say that in the expressly reserved, and indeed indefeasible, supremacy of Parliament, in virtue of which it can at any moment interpose by direct legislation in Irish affairs, Britain has a perfect check upon Irish irresponsibility or abuse of power. Now, I take no advantage of the circumstance that your argument depends greatly on the probability of the Irish members acting as a check upon themselves. I will only say that, as things practically stand, I wonder at your taking this line. You know that in the Bill the Parliamentary supremacy is and is meant to be, and most properly so, a dormant and practically inoperative power; that the Bill is so framed that, with the view of giving Ireland a free hand in her self-government, it will be supremely difficult and inconvenient for Parliament to interfere effectively, with the result that such interference is inconceivable except in the direst and least likely crises, and the Imperial Parliament, like *rois fainéants*, early or late, reigns but does not govern. The supremacy of Parliament will be practically a shadow: the Irish vote in British affairs would be a substantial force, present, ready, and in continual operation. And yet you tell me that the one would be a sufficient check upon the other. You give me a pasteboard sabre to fight the man whom you have armed with cold steel: you supply me with a pop-gun, *minus* even the cork, and bid me face an opponent whom you have furnished with the newest Maxim: and you say we are evenly matched. I trust you will never have the chance of witnessing the experiment.

Beaten here, do you now retract and say that this power of reprisal is purely imaginary; that, as things stand, we cannot retaliate on the Irish except with their own help; and that no coalescence of Tories and Liberals against an Irish party is conceivable? What nonsense! Only a fortnight ago it was a temporary league of the Government and the Unionists against the Irish party that saved the former from defeat on the notorious American subsection. Closure, in its inception, was a reprisal by the united British parties upon Irish obstruction of British business. Lord Salisbury, from 1886 to 1892,

was really a Tory revenge, assisted by a Liberal section, for the behaviour of the Irish party on the famous and British amendment of Mr. Jesse Collings. But reprisal may be negative as well as positive while not less deadly. Had the Irish party defeated us in the Collings case, it would not only have been impossible for us to offer them Home Rule, but our Home Rule temper would have been ruined past redemption.

If you shrink from such difficulties as there may be in working out the just and reasonable principle of the ninth clause, why should you not fall back, as your present leader did for a time, upon the lines of the 1886 Bill and exclude the Irish members altogether, rather than run the risk of wrecking the British Parliamentary system by forcing into a reality that disastrous contingency which the Prime Minister confessed himself unable to face? Exclusion would at all events rid us of the existing embarrassments and dangers. There are objections to it, of course, but they are really not of first-class importance. It involves no real invasion of the supremacy of Parliament, which cannot be divested by legislation. The withdrawal of a visible symbol of supremacy is a consideration that can only weigh with childish intelligences. That Ireland should be shut out from her share in the control of our common Empire is certainly undesirable, but she has some compensation in the early date of her gift of self-government; and in any case the interests of thirty-five millions of people cannot be sacrificed, and their public business reduced to chaos, to redress a half-sentimental grievance of five. To declare as you and some others do, without stooping to argue the point, that exclusion is too late, that you and the country have decided against it once for all, and that such a solution cannot be revived, &c., is not reasonable behaviour. It is simple pig-headedness, and the questions at issue are too grave to admit of amusing one's self by passing off obstinacy for firmness. Unless you abandon your present attitude, the only Home Rule you are ever likely to achieve is a modified replica in Dublin of the London County Council, an admirable institution, but not embodying the Irish Nationalist idea of self-government.

R. WALLACE.

THE NEW SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

Two years ago I called attention in these pages to the seamy side of Australia. My aim was to show that British investors had for years been entrusting gigantic money interests to Australians without maintaining any supervision, and without receiving, except from people necessarily concerned to present one side of the case only, any report or information whatever as to the disposal thereof; and to give warning that there was reason to suspect an abuse of the confidence thus generously conceded. My criticisms were not kindly received, either in England, where, naturally enough, they were little read; or in Australia, where, read or unread, they were violently resented. Even in this country, however, they called forth replies, all of which were designed to uphold the old fiction that Australia's wealth was boundless and her prosperity built on sure foundations. These characteristically feeble apologies were left unnoticed. I trusted to time to justify me: time has done so.

For the Australian bubble has burst; banks have fallen like autumn leaves; and across the flaming advertisements of 'boundless resources,' 'millions of realised wealth,' 'matchless prosperity' and the like, wherewith the Australian Governments used to feed our fancy and fill their treasuries, are pasted the fateful words 'moratorium,' and 'forced paper currency.' It is, I suppose, indelicate to speak of nasty financial as of nasty physical disorders, except by Latin names; but *moratorium*, with its undisguised handmaid, means in plain English a confession of deferred bankruptcy.

The British public in this Australian crisis is thinking of commercial institutions: I want it to think of Governments. It is thinking of banks: I want it to think of bonds. There is a vague feeling abroad that the Australians will struggle through their difficulties somehow; and, to support this feeling, we are reminded that New Zealand has passed through an equally critical stage, and has recovered. Now, it is perfectly true that the principal local bank in New Zealand, though it never actually closed its doors, was compelled to write off nearly two millions of capital, and to submit to reconstruction. It is perfectly true, again, that New Zealand in 1887–88 was on the verge of bankruptcy—so near, indeed, that a member of the

Government blurted out the admission (retracted immediately afterwards) that unless a loan were floated the Colony would have to 'file its schedule.' It is also true, I rejoice to think, that New Zealand, after a hard struggle, is beginning to recover, and seems now to be in a sounder financial condition than she has been for many years. There is some ground here for praise and congratulation to this, the gem of our Australasian Colonies. But is there ground for confidence of similar recovery in Victoria and New South Wales?

The two cases, unfortunately, are not parallel. New Zealand, thanks to Sir George Grey and to his interpreter, Mr. Froude, lost credit in the London market just in time to escape hopeless embarrassment. She was never so deeply dipped as Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland are at the present moment. Moreover, ten millions of her debt was war-debt: economically, of course, dead loss; politically and morally far more profitable than certain 'reproductive public works.'

Again, to pursue the comparison further, New Zealand reached her lowest level in 1887–88. Did she at once brace herself up and set to work to redeem the past? Certainly not. She was too far demoralised for that: her people had forgotten how to work. For many months—say two years—she bewailed her fate and declined to face her position. The majority of the colonists repudiated the old gambling policy outwardly from their lips only, not inwardly from their hearts; many pined in secret for a return to the old system, heedless of consequences; nearly all thought themselves hardly used when British investors declined any longer to pay, under the form of new loans, the interest due on the old. But there was a goodly remnant of New Zealanders who had seen the worst days of the Maori wars and had learned to stand up against difficulties. The Premier himself had been a distinguished soldier, and possessed, together with many failings, three great qualities—pluck, patriotism, and huge contempt for those who would not work. Very slowly New Zealand shook off the sloth engendered by eighteen years of fictitious prosperity. The man who set her on her feet is dead of work and worry; but New Zealand lives, and but for the politicians (a very serious reservation) should be safe enough.

Now let us turn first to our old friend Victoria and follow her course during a similar period. Writing in 1891, I expressed a modest fear that Victoria was, financially, in a highly critical, if not in a hopeless state. The idea was indignantly repelled by the Colonial *claque* both in England and Australia. What followed? In July of that very year 1891, while the chorus of indignation at my wickedness and temerity was still ringing aloud, the Victorian Treasurer made his Budget statement for 1890–91, which amounted to this: The revenue was rapidly dwindling and was considerably below the estimate—8,300,000*l.* against an estimate of 8,600,000*l.*; the

expenditure amounted to 9,500,000*l.*; and the net deficiency, even after taking credit for a fabulous surplus of close on 600,000*l.* brought forward from the previous year, was 797,000*l.* Of course there was a wrangle over these figures—are we not dealing with Victorian accounts?—and in the end the auditors reduced the deficit from 797,000*l.* to 209,000*l.*; not because the larger sum was not due, but because it was not all, in their opinion, chargeable against revenue. Over and above this deficiency, take it at which figure we please, there remained the half-year's interest on the public debt (620,000*l.*) that is always in arrear in Victoria; which, according to the Treasurer's story, brought the deficit up to 1,418,000*l.* Over and above all these charges 1,700,000*l.* had been taken from the Trust funds (*i.e.* Government Savings Bank deposits) for divers purposes, to be 'recouped' at some future period. At an extremely moderate computation (for with such accounts certainty is absolutely impossible) Victoria had in July 1891 a balance on the wrong side of 2,000,000*l.* Of the famous 'reproductive' works, railways failed to pay the interest on their capital cost by 332,000*l.*; and various water and irrigation 'trusts' showed aggregate arrears of interest to the sum of 200,000*l.*

The Government, aware of the coming storm, had raised in London a loan of two millions in April 1891; and this it supplemented by a further million floated in July. This, however, was nearly all absorbed by the conversion of a matured loan of 900,000*l.* and by a charge of 1,600,000*l.* for public works already ordered. What did the Victorian Treasurer do in the face of these difficulties? He devised a scheme of retrenchment to save 500,000*l.*, and—stood by for a prospective deficiency of 750,000*l.* twelve months thence. In October 1891, it was announced that public works, at a cost of 2,000,000*l.*, were completed and not paid for. In December the Government obtained authority to raise that sum in Treasury bills. Early in 1892 it issued the first million of these new accommodation bills in London at 4½ per cent. In July it floated an inscribed loan of two millions more in London at 3½ per cent., and obtained 1,841,000*l.* net. Finally, at the beginning of August, a new Treasurer, Sir Graham Berry, produced his Budget statement for 1891–92; and announced the result of all these operations as follows: The revenue was 850,000*l.* below the estimate, and had shrunk from 8,300,000*l.* in 1890–91, to 7,700,000*l.*; and the total deficit amounted to 1,570,000*l.* We need not notice the inevitable wrangle over these figures; but must remark that of the 'reproductive public works' railways represented a dead loss of 445,000*l.* on the year's revenue transactions; while water 'trusts' of various kinds now showed aggregate outstanding arrears of 300,000*l.*

What did the new Treasurer do? He imposed new taxation, mostly in the shape of customs duties, which he reckoned would add

915,000*l.* to the amount of revenue received in the previous year; and proposed economies to the sum of 160,000*l.* But as the Treasurer could no longer provide the people with money borrowed in London to pay their taxes withal, the new imposts have been a dismal failure. They bring in less revenue, instead of more. In the words of the Melbourne *Argus*, 'Victoria has now reached a stage at which new taxation ceases to be effective.' The deficit on the first half of the current financial year amounts already to half a million: by July, on the basis of the Treasurer's own figures, the aggregate deficit will reach 2,500,000*l.* These figures have, of course, been disputed (that is inevitable in Victoria), but it is safe to assume that they do not err on the side of understatement. For if we deduct the revenue from the expenditure, as realised from July 1890 to January 1893, and as estimated for the remaining six months, January to July 1893, the accumulated deficit for the three years equals 3,000,000*l.*

Over and above this deficit, 2,000,000*l.* of trust funds (savings bank deposits) have vanished. Whither? 'To pay the half-year's national interest in arrear, to provide till-money for the Government, and to meet the deficit of the past three years.' So says the Melbourne *Argus*; but how 2,000,000*l.* even of misapplied 'trust funds' can suffice to pay, say, 700,000*l.* of interest, 3,000,000*l.* (or even 2,000,000*l.*) of deficit, and provide 'till-money' for the Government, is not, I confess, quite clear to me. The *Argus* then proceeds to argue that the vanished 2,000,000*l.* of trust funds are a floating debt which may as well be added to the permanent debt. By all means. I am sorry for the Victorian depositors; but let that pass and let us summarise:—

	£
Public Debt of Victoria by Budget Statement, 1892 .	46,711,000
Add Treasury bills (floated 1892–93)	750,000
„ Vanished Trust funds	2,000,000
Estimated deficit 1892–93	1,000,000
Total debt . .	£50,461,000

Charges to be met in 1894 in respect of *debt and interest alone*:—

	£
Loan falling due (London)	2,607,000
„ „ „ (Melbourne)	312,000
Treasury bills of 1892	1,000,000
Interest on public debt	1,900,000
	£5,819,000
Add half-year's interest in arrear (say)	800,000
Total . . .	£6,619,000[1]

I pass next to New South Wales; and at the outset must confess myself confronted by almost insurmountable difficulties. Victorian accounts are confused: New South Welsh accounts are chaotic. This

[1] I believe these figures to understate the case, no losses for interest being debited. But even taking them at 5,000,000*l.*, how is the charge to be met?

has been repeatedly denied by apologists in the Colonies, but it is affirmed by the auditors, who ought to know. In their report for 1889 I find, *e.g.*, a reference to drafts on the local banks which are 'practically extensions of the Treasurer's advance beyond the limits of the public vote for it. . . . Arrangements of this nature defeat the restraints imposed by the Audit Act, and are calculated to involve the revenue in liabilities to any amount which the banks may agree to advance outside the sanction of Parliament.' To give another example. At the end of 1886, when Mr., now Sir George, Dibbs left office, he left also a deficit of 2,600,000*l.* In 1889 the Treasurer announced a balance of 1,000,000*l.* from unexpended votes, *i.e.* that he had omitted to spend 1,000,000*l.* voted by Parliament for specific objects. Half a million of this balance he proposed to expend in payment of interest on the public debt falling due 1st of January, 1891. Part of the remainder he proposed to devote to the extinction of the deficit of 1886, and, with other aids, to reduce that deficit to 1,870,000*l.* As to the original 1,000,000*l.* thus misappropriated, 'it can be revoted next year, so that no interest will suffer.' After this let no one blame me if I despair of presenting more than an approximate statement of the condition of New South Welsh finance.

Starting, however, from October 1891, we must note that in that month Sir Henry Parkes was driven from office, and succeeded by the present Premier, Mr., now Sir George, Dibbs. In December 1891 the Treasurer, Mr. See, made his Budget statement. He admitted a deficit on the year of 590,000*l.*; but added, with delightful *naïveté*, 'there are so many accounts that it is quite possible that there are arrears which should have been charged but which have been overlooked'—a confession which surprised no one. Mr. See also announced that a loan of 4,500,000*l.*, floated by the late Government just before it left office, was already almost exhausted. The loan had realised 4,276,000*l.* net; of which 2,300,000*l.* had been absorbed by overdrafts in London and Sydney, and 1,500,000*l.* had been required for conversion of matured debentures. Setting aside the fact that the auditors put down the overdrafts at the higher figure of 2,425,000*l.*, it was evident that little of the 4,500,000*l.* was left: as a matter of fact, nothing was left. Yet by Mr. See's own confession the new Ministry had to face further engagements already contracted to the sum of 4,000,000*l.*

Obviously something had to be done. Parliament authorised the issue of 4,000,000*l.* of Treasury bills (the London market being recalcitrant as to further inscribed loans) and the substitution of a Protective tariff for Free Trade. Therewith New South Wales settled down to a last year of endowed sloth. December 1892 arrived in due course, and with it Mr. See's second Budget statement. It was not reassuring. The deficit of the year 1891 was now discovered to be not, as previously stated, 590,000*l.* but actually 770,000*l.*; and the

accumulated deficit was announced to be 1,150,000*l.* Mr. See's comments, in his Budget speech No. 2, are pathetic:

The Colonial Treasurer is practically powerless to control the finances . . . he is liable at any moment to have accounts to meet of the very existence of which he was unaware. [The italics are not Mr. See's.] . . . The system can only be remedied by the various Ministers abstaining from entering into contracts for which no funds are available or votes are insufficient. . . . Every shilling of the new duties (851,000*l.*) has been spent in public works and improvements throughout the whole country on what Parliament in its wisdom believed to be necessary public works.

Pity the sorrows of a poor Treasurer who cannot float a loan in London! Mr. See, having told his sad tale, made provision in his estimates for a surplus of 442,000*l.* wherewith to pay off the deficit. As the said deficit amounted to 1,150,000*l.*, the proceeding seems at first sight a little obscure; but I should explain that apparently a New South Wales Treasurer undertakes no responsibility for deficits other than of his own making. Mr. See's deficit for his own year of management was 382,000*l.* For that he made provision—let us be thankful for small mercies—leaving the inherited deficit of 770,000*l.* to take care of itself. Mr. See also announced that the expenditure from loans in 1891 under the *régime* of the notorious Sir Henry Parkes was 4,850,000*l.*; while that of 1892, under his own prudent administration, was 2,809,000*l.* But alas! the story does not end here. Within a month (the 18th of January, 1893) Mr. See made another statement. This time the accumulated deficit was discovered to be 1,250,000*l.*, and the expenditure from loans in 1892 had risen to 3,025,000*l.* Even this is not all. In March Mr. See made a third statement as to the deficit, and, I have no doubt, will continue from time to time to make more statements; with none of which do I feel justified in troubling my readers. Meanwhile it is sufficient to add that the revenue of New South Wales is falling off at the rate of 190,000*l.* a quarter; that Government, Parliament, and people are hopelessly demoralised; and that, in the words of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, there is a reign of general confusion.

How, then, do the finances of New South Wales stand? I frankly confess that I do not know; and I do not believe that anyone else knows. We can, however, make an attempt to estimate the Colonial indebtedness. The acknowledged debt at the close of 1890 was 48,400,000*l.*, including (according to one account) 2,370,000*l.* of Treasury bills floated in 1890. 3,000,000*l.*[2] were added to the inscribed debt in 1891; which would seem, by simple addition, to raise the total to 51,400,000*l.* Mr. See, however, reckoned that the debt at the end of 1891 would be 50,800,000*l.*; while in the *Australasian* I find it reckoned at 50,400,000*l.*, *exclusive* of Treasury Bills. We

[2] 4,500,000*l.* loan; 1,500,000*l.* required for conversion.

shall not be far wrong in setting down the permanent debt at the close of 1891 at 51,000,000*l.*

Since 1891 the Government has obtained authority to raise 4,000,000*l.* of Treasury Bills; and also 3,000,000*l.* of 'funded stock' within the Colony. The *Australian Insurance and Banking Record* gives a list of the Treasury Bills outstanding, with a total of 4,059,000*l.*; and refers to a further advance of 600,000*l.* from the New South Wales Savings Bank (not the Government Savings Bank). Of 'funded stock,' 500,000*l.* had been sold when Mr. See made his statement in December 1892. These items, however, by no means represent all the additions to the floating debt. A painstaking legislator took the trouble to pick out of a dozen odd pages over which they had been distributed the various sums raised by Treasury bills and 'funded stock,' and added up the total in the presence of the House at 5,718,000*l.* Besides this he collected together certain 'uninvested balances,' which had likewise been appropriated, obviously without sanction of Parliament, to the amount of 1,300,000*l.*; making a round total of 7,000,000*l.* Since that time Mr. See has announced that altogether 845,000*l.* of 'funded stock' has been sold; which means, so far as I can gather from his own statement, that, before the Funded Stock Act was passed, Government had taken 600,000*l.* from Trust funds and Government Savings Bank; announcing with a flourish of trumpets that half a million of this precious 'funded stock' had been *bonâ fide* sold in the Colony. But it is weary work exposing these transactions. To show them all up would demand a volume. Let us try to summarise:—

	£
Permanent debt of New South Wales (annual interest charge 2,000,000*l.*)	51,000,000
Floating Debt (items as above)	7,000,000
Total debt .	£58,000,000 [3]

Let us now turn for a moment from Governmental or 'State' to joint-stock and quasi-private finance. Between 1885 and 1889 what Mr. H. Willoughby has described as 'a bold borrowing policy'—'a spirited policy of public works'—had indirectly encouraged and directly obtained from investors and capitalists in Great Britain an enormous and unprecedented extension of credit for Australia. The natural result was the rapid growth of banks, building societies, land mortgage, finance, share, trust, deposit, credit, guarantee and

[3] Let me add that I do not believe these figures by any means to represent the total debt. But I have not been able to get sight of the papers from which the legislator above mentioned gathered his figures, so I must leave the matter in doubt. I must also leave in doubt and omit the actual amount of the deficit, which is certainly large. Lastly, I have not included the further liabilities incurred by Sir G. Dibbs's forced paper currency scheme. It would not surprise me to hear that the floating debt amounts to nearer fifteen than ten millions.

investment companies, agencies, and associations. Speculators pawned city and suburban lands and houses, bought on credit, to these mushroom companies; the latter, as it now turns out, pawned these worthless pledges at fancy values to the 'associated' banks. It must be borne in mind that these pledges still figure among the nominal assets of the banks of issue that have recently failed.

Between July 1891 and March 1892 over forty of these institutions in Sydney and Melbourne admitted that they were insolvent, and went into liquidation; official liquidators seem since then to have realised about one per cent. of the nominal assets. Of those that did not admit insolvency, the majority asked for 'time,' reconstructed themselves, and continue to 'tout' for deposits in Great Britain. The action of the Victorian Government at this first crisis should not be overlooked. In December 1891 it hurried through the Legislature at one sitting an Act, which, to a great extent, deprived creditors of financial institutions of their existing right to seek a remedy from the courts of law. This foolish and disgraceful measure proved in practice to be abortive, useless, or purely mischievous—a cloak for fraud and dishonesty. It was repealed next session by the 'Companies Act Amendment Act, 1892,' which enacts that if three-fourths in value of the creditors of a bank, present either in person or by proxy or attorney, shall agree to any arrangement or compromise, such agreement shall be binding on all creditors, subject to the sanction of the courts. It is thus hardly surprising that the recently contrived reconstruction schemes, often virtually wiping out the claims of depositors, should have been adopted with enthusiasm at meetings in Melbourne and Sydney. Anything that may help the Colonies is welcome, so the cost be borne by Britain.

So much for the first crisis. I pass now to the second and more serious batch of bank-failures that occurred this spring. I have not space—would that I had!—for even a small selection of the telegrams and statements that were sent to London in April and May with the vain hope of checking the collapse. Neither have I space to enter into details and figures. I gathered, however, that the cause of all these failures is to be traced to advances made and renewed upon security which once had a high value but is now worthless, and is unlikely for years to come to acquire any value. The managers of these institutions must have known for some months before the crash that they were insolvent; but, indeed, this is not the only unpleasant fact that we find in connection therewith. As to the reconstruction schemes, they amount to a confession that the various banks have parted with and lost the deposits entrusted to them. 'By-and-by,' say the banks to the depositors, 'we will pay you, if something favourable turns up, and if you or somebody else will send us fresh capital to work with.'

But I must pass over this, and come to the action of the Govern-

ments. At the beginning of the collapse, when the Commercial Bank of Australia was obliged to ask for 'unlimited assistance,' the Victorian Treasurer, on behalf of a penniless Government, generously offered 'unlimited assistance.' Appreciating the value of the offer, the bank decided to close its doors. When on the 30th of April the crisis became acute the Victorian Government did the most foolish thing possible in the circumstances and proclaimed a *moratorium* from Monday to Friday. All the Victorian banks that took advantage of this enforced holiday subsequently closed their doors; so that little was gained by that expedient.

In New South Wales, Sir George Dibbs, in the middle of April 1893 announced that bank-note issues (which were in no way the cause of the actual crisis) would be made by legislation a first charge on banking assets, and inconvertible paper money made legal tender in New South Wales. The actual Bill legalising this forced paper currency was rushed through Parliament at about the date of the Victorian *moratorium*. It provides that 'notes payable on demand, already issued, to be issued, *or re-issued*' in future 'shall be legal tender of money'; and includes a worthless provision that the Governor in Council is to satisfy himself as to the real value of the assets of the banks which issue these 'legal tender' notes. The Government, however, cabled to London that 'it saw no immediate necessity for putting the Legal Tender Act into operation.' On the 5th of May 'public confidence was restored' and 'there was no undue strain.' On the 6th the Colonial Bank of Australia failed in Melbourne; on the 9th the Bank of Victoria fell likewise; then fell a couple of Queensland banks, and finally down came the mighty Commercial Banking Company of Sydney. Then Sir George Dibbs did see immediate necessity for putting his inconvertible paper currency scheme into operation. Moreover, he has since supplemented it by a marvellous financial expedient for releasing current deposits in the fallen Sydney banks, which institutions are neither solvent nor in liquidation. The penniless Government is to issue and become responsible for 2,000,000*l*. more of Treasury bills; wherewith 50 per cent. of current depositors' claims are to be paid off. There is some complicated and impossible plan for redeeming these Treasury bills; but the long and short of the matter is this, that the Government offers its own 'promises to pay' in exchange for the insolvent banks' liability to pay, and calls these promises 'money.' The telegrams on the subject are too obscure to permit any entry into detail; but I gather that in New South Wales at this moment there is a double set of notes—one issued by the banks, the other issued by the Treasury—both 'legal tender.' I gather further that, as the notes issued by the Treasury to the current-account holders are presumably a charge on the assets of the banks, this scheme creates a preference in favour of the Colonial and

to the prejudice of the British depositor. This last, being no more than an extension of the principle adopted in the reconstruction of the broken banks, need not surprise us. Whither this precious scheme will eventually lead New South Wales it is impossible to conjecture. The pauper Government, having neither bullion nor gold, of course promises to redeem everything and 'guarantees' everything. Never was there a more hopeless welter—result of ignorance, incompetence, and worse. It is the story of Argentina slightly altered—*moratorium*, Cedulas (*alias* Treasury notes), and all.

Such is the pass at which the Australians have arrived. I have dealt mainly with Victoria and New South Wales; but Queensland (which has a paper currency scheme also) is no better, and South Australia alone seems to be in a more or less sound condition. Who is responsible for this collapse? First and foremost the various Colonial Governments. Mr. Wilson, whose most valuable papers on the Australian Colonies in the *Investors' Review* it would be presumption in me to praise, inveighs with great force and justice against the speculating syndicates which threw millions of British capital at the heads of the Colonists; and Sir Graham Berry has spoken in the same strain. Let us freely admit that there are many on this side of the water who are greatly to blame. But, after all said and done, the Colonial politicians were not obliged to take the money. Scores of squatters in New Zealand were ruined because the banks threw money at their heads; but they received neither mercy nor pity. If we give a grown man a box of chocolate, we do not expect him to devour it all at once like a boy of seven, and to make himself very ill; and, if he does, we do not accept his plea that we are to blame for giving him a whole box. No! we infer that he is not to be trusted with sweetstuff. So likewise with the Colonies. They are not to be trusted with money. The temptation may have been great; yet the excuse is ridiculous, unless the Colonists admit (what is really not far from the truth) that they are totally unfit to manage their own financial affairs. I repeat that it is the Governments—the politicians —who are responsible for this disaster. It was they who created the inflation that brought it about. The borrowed millions were spent on works that were reproductive indeed; but reproductive of votes, not of wealth; and that is why the return from the outlay is not wealth but ruin. The Governments are further responsible for persistent publication of misleading reports, statistics, and balance sheets: they have always opposed attempts of honest inquirers to get at the truth; they have never scrupled to smother, so far as they could, the truth when told, under heaps of 'official' contradictions and counter-assertions. Nor has the Colonial *claque* in England been backward to assist them. Let me be pardoned for taking my own case, for an illustration. When I first wrote on the seamy side of Australia in 1891, Sir George Baden Powell

answered me in a London magazine. He laid down the proposition that the Australian public debts were not debts (at least not within the limits of the definition in Webster's Dictionary), because they were not due. This argument is not only childish but unfounded, for the Australian loans are nearly all terminable, and are now falling due, by ones and twos, almost annually. Then Mr. Willoughby answered me from Melbourne. I shall not waste words upon him; for he has repeatedly reproduced my arguments and confirmed my facts (piecemeal and without acknowledgment) in leading articles of the Melbourne *Argus* during the past two years. Then Sir Edward Braddon spoke against me at the Colonial Institute. There he stated, among other curious things, that the irregularities which I blamed in the Colonial accounts could not have occurred, for they would have been at once checked by the auditors. As a matter of fact, the auditors have repeatedly complained of these irregularities and of their powerlessness to check them. Either, therefore, Sir E. Braddon had not read their reports, or he failed to understand them. This was the kind of stuff that was cooked up to soothe the anxiety of the British investor; flavoured invariably with a strong infusion of 'statistics' about 'realised private wealth,' 'vast national assets,' and the like. For the moment that Australian credit was shaken, Messrs. Hayter and Coghlan, two 'Government statisticians,' were set to work to prepare certain statements of the public and private wealth of Australia, which are daily quoted even now with confidence and pride. Were it not that the *Economist* has already torn Mr. Hayter's figures to rags, I should feel tempted to ask what had become of all these millions of 'realised private wealth,' for somehow they are not forthcoming now. But if anyone wishes to see these figures reduced to their absurdest form they will find them in a paper contributed to this Review by Mr. R. M. Johnston, Government statistician of Tasmania. This paper is a clever parody (disguised with rare humour as an attack upon myself) of the methods of Messrs. Coghlan and Hayter, and disposes of them conclusively.

And now it may be asked, Where is the matter to end, and what is to be done? I can say no more than this: that I do not see how Victoria and New South Wales can possibly meet their engagements in 1894 without resort to the London money market. Both of them say, of course, that they can; but that may be taken for what it is worth. Victoria says that the deposits of 7,000,000*l.* in the Commissioners' and Post Office Savings Banks will prove ample for all requirements of Government.[4] Will they indeed? I have searched the last report of the Commissioners' Savings Bank and can find no sufficient warrant for any such statement; while the Post Office Savings, we know from the *Melbourne Argus*, form part of the floating debt of the Colony. Mr. See has also announced that owing to great sales

[4] *Times* Telegram, Melbourne, April 20, 1893.

of 'funded stock'[5] it will be unnecessary to go to the English market for several months to come. Experience of Mr. See's transactions in 'funded stock' makes me something more than sceptical on this point. Once for all I would warn English readers to receive the cabled statements from Australia that appear in the newspapers with the greatest caution. I repeat that Victoria and New South Wales must, in my belief, fall back on the British lender once more, or make default. Will the British lender support them? If he does, he would do well to stipulate that he shall have a voice in administering the estate which has so often been flaunted before him as his security. Otherwise he will simply throw good money after bad.

J. W. FORTESCUE.

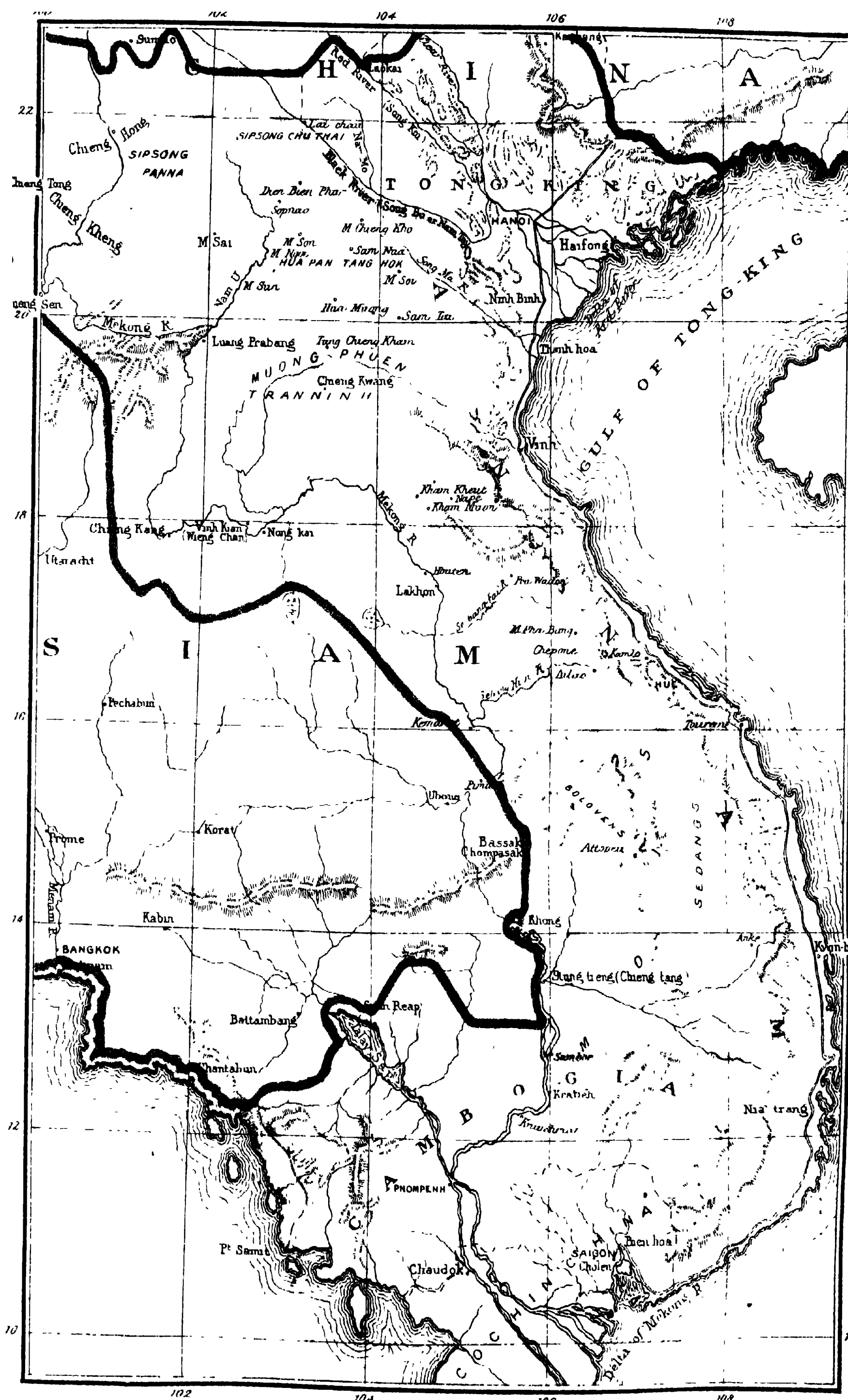
[5] *Times* Telegram, Sydney, April 27, May 6, 1893.

THE SIAMESE BOUNDARY QUESTION

In June 1888 I contributed to this Review an article upon 'The Scientific Frontier of India,' and in February 1889 a second upon 'The Unscientific Frontier of Russia in Asia,' in which I examined in some detail the conditions, and endeavoured to forecast the probable future, of the N.-W. boundary of the Indian Empire. But upon the opposite or Eastern side of Hindustan another little cloud, scarcely at present bigger than a man's hand, is rapidly forming upon the horizon, and unless scrutinised by a vigilant political meteorology, may elude attention by the rapidity of its growth, or even anticipate precautions by the suddenness of its bursting. No British statesman can desire to have a second Afghanistan called into existence upon the opposite flank of India; no British soldier can wish to see the flags of a second Russia flying from the ramparts of a more easterly Herat, or descending the passes of a Trans-Gangetic Pamir. It is in order that early in the day we may realise the existence of this possible danger, may forecast its probable developments, and may decide upon a definite and consistent course of action, that I propose in this paper to examine, point by point, the topographical and political conditions of this new Frontier Question on the East, just as I have previously done with that beyond the Indus and the Hindu Kush.

To the majority of those who have read in the newspaper telegrams of the past few weeks that French troops have been occupying little-known places on the banks of the distant Mekong River, or who have seen reports of the proceedings of a Burmo-Siamese Boundary Commission, or even who have a vague conception of Bangkok as a sort of spurious Asiatic Venice, it will not necessarily have occurred that these are the different facets, so to speak, of a many-sided but still a single problem, in which two first-class European powers, England and France, are engaged as rivals, and in which the destinies of the Indian Empire are concerned. The orbit of Siam has for so long lain outside our own, and has so seldom come in contact therewith; and France, since she lost the Eastern prize which we won, has so rarely presented herself to our imagination as an Asiatic antagonist, that an effort seems required to realise the former as a part of our Indian glacis, or the latter as a possible intruder upon its slopes. For long the neighbour only of Oriental States

FRENCH INDO-CHINA AND SIAM.



YELLOW LINE — Frontier between Annam & Siam as drawn by F Garnier (1866-8)

PINK LINE — Frontier as drawn on Siamese Government map by J. Mc Carthy (1887)

like herself, with whom she waged a chronic warfare, it is during the present century alone that Siam has come into direct territorial contact with any European power. The acquisition by England of Lower Burmah and of Tenasserim made the two countries coterminous. Later the establishment of a British Protectorate over the southern Malay States, added to the previous occupation of the province of Wellesley, brought British territory alongside of other districts more or less under Siamese control. Juxtaposition with France dates only from 1863, when the institution of a French Protectorate over Cambogia brought the two States into contact in the neighbourhood of the great lake of Talay Sap or the Inland Sea.

In neither case, however, did a frontier question threaten for some time to emerge. It has been solely during the past ten years, since France marched into Tongking and Annam, and became inoculated with colonial Jingoism, and since England was forced by French intrigues (for which the French have never forgiven themselves) to annex Upper Burmah, that a twofold frontier problem has started into existence, and is still in the earlier and more capricious stages of evolution. The French advance brought them into regions, hitherto belonging to Annam, which were defined on the land side by a more or less regular chain of mountains, behind which lay wild mountain tribes, over whom Annam had long ceased to exercise, if indeed she had ever exercised, any jurisdiction, whereas Siam had gradually acquired a substantial control; while beyond these regions lay the fabled stream of the Mekong, admittedly Siamese in the greater part of its course, but which not even the disappointments of thirty years have yet availed to dissuade the French from regarding as a Pactolus destined by Providence for purely Gallic exploitation. On the other side the annexation of Upper Burmah in 1885 placed the British in command of a number of Shan States, some of them owning a disputed allegiance and extending along the Northern Siamese frontier from the basin of the Salwin to that of the Upper Mekong. These forward movements from opposite directions have greatly narrowed the dividing ground between, and have justified the Afghan analogy which I have already employed, by leaving Siam in the position of a buffer State, nervously apprehensive of encroachment from either quarter. They have also created the double frontier question alluded to, viz. the discussion of the true and proper boundary between Burmah (*i.e.* England) and Siam, and between Siam and Annam (*i.e.* France).

THE ANGLO-SIAMESE FRONTIER

Of this frontier there are two divisions, that between the British possessions in the Malay Peninsula and Siam, and that between the

British heritage of Burmah and Siam. Of the first of these it is unnecessary for me here to speak.

Passing to the north, and to the doubtful border arising out of the annexation of Upper Burmah, opportunity has been afforded, during the negotiations that have since been in progress, for careful examination of local evidence and topography, and for that diplomatic compromise on both sides which is the essence of statesmanship. The agreement arrived at involves the admission of British claims over certain portions of the British protected State of Karenni, lying to the east of the Salwin River; the cession to Siam of the Shan State of Chieng Kheng (or, in Burmese dialect, Kyang Chang), which lies on both sides of the Upper Mekong, the retention by Great Britain of the Burmese Shan States of Muong Sat and Chieng Tong (Kyang Ton), reaching to, without crossing, the Mekong; and the proposed demarcation, both of the new boundary thus agreed upon, and of the frontier between Chieng Kheng and certain provinces to the north, notably Chieng Hung (Kyang Hung), in which it is proposed, subject to certain conditions, to surrender to China the Burmese rights of suzerainty inherited by Great Britain.

France, however, is the reverse of happy at an arrangement in which she is not even invited to assist. Among the many fanciful claims put forward by her writers and politicians in the regions which I am describing, none is more comic than the assertion that the entire Mekong river belongs of right to France. Because she was the first in 1866 to despatch upon its waters the exploring party of Doudart de Lagrée and François Garnier (certainly one of the most heroic expeditions ever undertaken), because its lower reaches have become French since the absorption of Cambogia, and because its middle course flows in convenient proximity to their more recent acquisition of Annam, therefore the entire course of a river over 2,500 miles in length is French by a sort of divine predestination; and when at some future date its original source shall be determined amid the wind-swept uplands and gorges of Tibet, I doubt not that some adventurous French explorer will plant the tricolour above the pool, and proclaim it the God-granted spoil of his beloved country. To support this patriotic theory maps have to be specially constructed, history rewritten, and political jurisdictions invented, processes from which the French imagination is the last in the world to recoil; although it is unfortunate for the success of the design that among these constructive artists no two agree in their palimpsest, either of history or geography. I shall have more than once to quote their opinions; and shall be content to convict them out of each other's mouth, when it is not necessary to confront them with the even more stubborn antagonism of fact.

The Upper Mekong affords an admirable illustration both of these tactics and of my argument. Exceedingly anxious to tap the trade

of Yunnan and the adjacent provinces of South-West China, and realising, after ten years of futile effort, that the channels of the Black and Red Rivers, which flow down through Tongkingese (*i.e.* French) territory to the sea are practically useless for the purpose, the French have, in the last few years, begun to put forward claims to the Upper Mekong, which, from the sheer hardihood with which they have been repeated, have gained a certain credence in France. The most persistent propagator of this illusion is M. Deloncle, the Chauvinist Deputy, and it is mainly from recent utterances of his that I derive the following statement of the Gallic claims :[1]—

1. M. Deloncle cites the Treaty of delimitation signed at Peking between China and France in 1887, which fixed the frontier between China and Tongking after the war of 1885. Unfortunately for his purpose, the Treaty carries the frontier only as far as Mang Bang Tu, a little above Lai-chau on the Black River, and then incontinently breaks off, saying nothing whatever about a prolongation in the direction of the Mekong.[2] Moreover, when we compare the imaginary line drawn upon French maps to supply this deficiency, we find that M. Deloncle, who has published a map specially to corroborate his theories,[3] M. de Lanessan, the present Governor-General of Indo-China,[4] and M. Pavie, the author of the latest French official map, each indicate a different boundary.

2. M. Deloncle points with elation to a statement made by M. Jules Ferry, in July 1884, to Lord Lyons, which he tells us, without quoting it, vindicates the French claim to the left bank of this part of the river. Fortunately in this case we have the means of checking M. Deloncle by referring to the actual despatch, which was printed in a Parliamentary Blue Book in 1886.[5] Lord Lyons, in a letter dated the 16th of July, 1884, says that M. Jules Ferry, in discussing the projected appointment of a French Consul in Burmah, had said to him :

In practice the agent, whatever title he might bear, must deal with general questions between the two countries. For instance, there might be questions of neighbourhood (*voisinage*) [a claim that M. Ferry had put forward in a previous conversation on the 11th of July—vide p. 117—when it had been immediately repudiated by Lord Lyons]. On my confessing that I was unable to understand how there could be any questions of that kind between France and Burmah, M. Ferry said that *there were territories on the left bank of the Mekong River, over which Burmah claimed suzerain rights, although she did not, he believed, exercise any practical authority over them.*

[1] These extracts or statements are taken from the official report of M. Deloncle's speech in the Chamber of Deputies on February 14, 1893; and from interviews with him, reports of which appeared in the *Politique Coloniale*, February 16; in the *Matin*, February 21; and in the *Eclair*, February 21, 1893.

[2] *Recueil des Traités de la France.* By J. de Clercq, vol. xvii. pp. 387-389.

[3] *Carte Politique de l'Indo-Chine.* Par M. Fr. Deloncle, Oct. 1889.

[4] Published in *L'Indo-Chine Française.* Par J. L. de Lanessan, 1889.

[5] *Correspondence relating to Burmah*, 1886, p. 119.

And yet this is the statement, which, so far as it proves anything, proves the absolute contrary, to which M. Deloncle refers, in order to demonstrate an uncontested French claim to the left bank of the river!

Pursuing his gallant effort to bring French territory by hook or crook up to the left bank, M. Deloncle next tries to establish, in entire contravention of fact, that the Burmese tributary States never lay astride of the river at all. To support this new contention, the ex-King Thibau and M. Deloncle himself (in the light of a secret envoy) require to be brought upon the scene. The former, we are told, in 1883, sent some ambassadors to Paris to conclude a Commercial Treaty with France, and their letters of credence contained the following statement:

Formerly Burmah and France were far apart, and their relations difficult. To-day the occupation of the province of Tongking by France renders the two countries coterminous—*i.e.* they touch on the eastern side of Burmese territory, in the provinces of Chieng Tong and Chieng Hong.

M. Deloncle, however, is sufficiently astute to know that even a royal *obiter dictum*, contained in a letter of credence given to envoys to negotiate a treaty that was never ratified, does not constitute a very strong diplomatic position; the more so as in the *obiter dictum* there is no mention whatever of the Mekong, nor any hint of surrender of Burmese claims to the east of that river. It is at this point accordingly that M. Deloncle as the *deus ex machinâ* descends opportunely upon the stage. In 1884 he tells us he went himself on a secret mission to Mandalay, and such was the efficacy of his pleading that he brought back to Paris a document signed, not by King Thibau, but by his Minister for Foreign Affairs, to this effect:

The right bank of the Mekong is the limit of Burmah, the left bank of the Mekong is the limit of French Tongking, from the point where the river leaves Chinese territory to the limits of the territory of Chieng Sen.

M. Deloncle adds, with an even more sublime impertinence, 'The English Foreign Office has recognised the validity of this official declaration'! It is unnecessary to say that the English Foreign Office has done nothing of the kind. Yet upon this alleged document, procured by a clandestine intriguer, and signed only by one of the ministers of an Oriental tyrant, already tottering on the brink of deposition, and ready to promise anything to secure anti-British aid, rests the whole of the French case for the left bank of the Upper Mekong! Well indeed is it that such a case should be left to the irresponsible advocacy of a not too scrupulous Deputy.[6] It could not

[6] It should further be remembered that M. Deloncle, in the course of his Eastern career, once went to Bangkok in order to procure a concession for cutting the Kra Canal across the Malay Peninsula. He was furious at being refused by the King, and has adopted a hostile attitude towards Siam ever since.

be seriously argued for five minutes by the minister or ambassador of a responsible government.

THE FRANCO-SIAMESE FRONTIER

This question also has its two sections or subdivisions, which may be defined as the regions of the Middle and the Lower Mekong, containing respectively the Annamite and the Cambogian frontiers. Historically the latter was the first to be called into existence after the assumption by France of political suzerainty over Cambogia in 1863. Pnompenh, the capital of Cambogia, was situated upon the Lower Mekong; and the territories of that State extended upon both banks of the river for several hundred miles. It was not till twenty years later that the subsequent French proceedings in Annam turned the attention of the conquerors to the middle course of the river, which had almost been forgotten since De Lagrée's failure eighteen years before; and not till the past twelvemonth that the very natural French desire to atone for failure in development by renewed energy in appropriation, and to drown the memories of Panama and Egypt in the Lethæan waters of Dahomey and Siam, has induced the French Government to authorise a military advance, with whose feverish but checkered chronicle the newspapers have lately regaled us. I will deal with each of these sections in historical order.

When in 1863 France wheedled the unhappy King Norodom of Cambogia into an acceptance of her Protectorate, Siam energetically protested against the usurpation of a suzerainty which she claimed and had certainly long exercised herself. The dispute continued for some time, but was eventually composed by a formal treaty, concluded by Admiral de la Grandière, the Governor of Cochin China, with Siam in 1867, by which France purchased the Siamese recognition of her Protectorate and resignation of counter claims, by herself engaging under no circumstances to annex Cambogia, and by accepting the Siamese ownership of the provinces of Battambang and Angkor, which had been wrested from Cambogia in war by Siam in 1795. Since then the French, having found out that these were the richest provinces of ancient Cambogia, and having no further necessity to conciliate Siam, have repented of their bargain, and now openly proclaim that wicked Siam has stolen the ewe-lamb of Cambogia, without the latter's consent—ignoring that the arrangement was one which they themselves proposed, and that the rest of the Cambogian sheepfold has already passed by a scarcely distinguishable process into their own possession. The frontier between Cambogia and Siam, resulting from this treaty, has never been properly defined, the commissioners who were appointed having only partly completed their task. South of the Talay Sap, or Great Lake, as far as the sea, it has been generally recognised, although even here the later French maps

appropriate a goodly slice of territory which the map issued by the French War Department in 1886 coloured as Siamese; but last year the French pushed forward eight miles along the coast, and seized the Siamese point of Samit, which had a good anchorage. North and east of the Great Lake to the Mekong, the frontier is drawn in widely differing positions on the French and Siamese maps, the Siamese line representing the *status quo*, while the French line represents their pretensions as the heirs of historical Cambogia. In both cases, however, the frontier strikes the Mekong at a short distance south of Stung Treng (Chieng Tang), where, until recent events, there was a Siamese military post on the left bank of the river. This section of the frontier as a whole, with the exception of the provinces of Battambang and Angkor, is so little worth fighting about, that it would be difficult to make out of it a *casus belli*; although we shall doubtless hear more of it in a few years' time, when an excuse for further advance is needed.

The second and more important section of the disputed border line extends from Stung Treng northwards, embracing the region in which the Tongkingese and Annamite Protectorates of France are brought into geographical juxtaposition with Siam. In this region the French claim is again to the whole of the territory on the left bank of the river, by whomever occupied. On the other hand, they are here confronted by the overt challenge of Siam, who claims not merely both banks of the river, but the entire eastern watershed draining into its basin. Before analysing, however, the grounds upon which the French pretensions repose, or contesting their abstract validity, I will show how little they are in preliminary conformity with established facts. Here I will again take up the Mekong valley at the point on the north where I previously left it, viz. at the Burmese Shan States of Chieng Tong and Chieng Kheng, and will follow down the districts lying upon its eastern slope, until I once more touch the Cambogian section at Stung Treng.

A few adjoining districts must first be mentioned. Almost on the same parallel of latitude as Chieng Tong, and in close proximity to the upper waters of the Black River of Tongking, is the district known as Sipsong Chu Thai, which contains the furthest western outpost of French arms, at a distance of 160 miles as the crow flies from the Mekong. This is a place named Dien Bien Phu (Siamese, Muong Theng), where a company of Annamite *tirailleurs* and a few French officers are stationed in the territory of a remarkable native chieftain, Dien Vantri by name, who once led a pillaging party of Hos against Luang Prabang in 1887, but was then squared and subsidised by M. Pavie, the intrepid French explorer and present Minister at Bangkok. This little garrison is supplied from Lai-chau on the Black River, from which it is distant four days' march. It serves no conceivable purpose except as an expensive witness of French in-

fluence (it is said to cost from 10,000 to 15,000 dollars a year), and as a sort of set-off to the Siamese outposts of which I shall next speak.

These are found not merely in the Mekong basin, but in the upper waters of streams draining into the Gulf of Tongking, viz. the Nam Ma or Song Ma, and the Nam Sam; the Siamese occupation being an adjunct of their vassal State of Luang Prabang. The district is called Hua Pan Tang Hok, and it contains six posts under a Siamese Commissioner, Muong Chieng Kho, M. Son, M. Sam Nua, M. Soi, M. Hua Muong, M. Sam Tai.

To the west of these the important valley of the Nam U (French, Nam Hou), draining into the Mekong, is also in Siamese occupation, but has aroused a more than ordinary cupidity among their rivals. The Siamese have posts along its banks at M. Hahin, M. Ngoi, Sop Hat, and M. Sun; and also a post more to the east at Sop Nao, only three days' march from the French at Dien Bien Phu. The latter claim the Nam U, but have so far never stationed a single soldier upon it.

We next arrive at the well-known Laos principality of Luang Prabang, whose capital is situated upon the left bank of the Mekong, at a little distance below the confluence of the Nam U. It has been ruled by a dynasty of its own for several hundred years, but has usually recognised the suzerainty of Siam by presents of the tributary trees of gold and of other emblems of allegiance. It would hardly have been worth while to mention a fact so universally known had not our French artists, who treat political facts much as a landscape gardener does a landscape, actually begun to lay claim even to Luang Prabang. We have the egregious M. Deloncle exclaiming:

> The kingdom of Luang Prabang pays tribute to Annam every three years. It pays it also, it is true, to Siam, but the sovereignty of Annam is recognised by the Siamese themselves.[7]

As well say that we recognise the French sovereignty over the Channel Islands, or the Spanish sovereignty over Gibraltar! Let us see what M. de Lanessan has to say upon the subject. After mentioning the occasional and fugitive subjection of Luang Prabang to China, the Hos, and Annam, the Governor-General adds:

> But its true sovereign has always been the king of Siam, and every year the king of Luang Prabang is bound to send to Bangkok one of his officers to drink the oath-water, which is the most manifest sign of vassaldom. During these latter years Siam has multiplied its efforts to render the latter more and more strict. At this moment it keeps at the court of Luang Prabang a commissioner who annihilates the king. *We recognised last year* (in 1888) *the suzerainty of Siam by signing with the Government of Bangkok the treaty in virtue of which we keep to-day a vice-consul at Luang Prabang.*[8]

[7] *Politique Coloniale*, March 7, 1893.
[8] *L'Indo-Chine Française*, p. 86.

So that the French Government is actually pledged by treaty to the recognition of that which the French Jingoes are loudly calling out upon it to cancel and destroy!

Nevertheless, whatever official obligations in the matter may be, Luang Prabang is undoubtedly a spot upon which the French set great store, and which they regard as the natural centre of a future Franco-Laotian dominion. Here they installed the energetic M. Pavie, nominally as vice-consul, in reality with a roving commission to travel, explore, conciliate, subsidise, and annex whatever he could. And here are the head-quarters of that curious venture the *Syndicat du Haut Laos*, a political mission in trading disguise, which is financed by French Jingoes and subsidised by the French Government, and which is chiefly occupied in distributing small tricolour flags and nickel medals broadcast among the astonished tribesfolk of Laos. It has stations at Bassak, Houten, and Luang Prabang; a dépôt was even opened in 1891 at Chieng Hung; but very wisely no balance sheet is published, and deeply to be commiserated, if he exists, must be the *bonâ-fide* shareholder. The French maintain a monthly courier service to Luang Prabang, and have completed the surveys for a telegraphic wire from Tongking. On the other hand, the Siamese, whose apprehensions are naturally aroused by these symptoms of practical concern, have retorted by placing there one of the King's brothers as Royal Commissioner, by organising a local militia, and by a large increase of their regular force.

To the east of Luang Prabang, and on the opposite or Annamite watershed, is the province of Muong Phuen (Annamite, Tranninh), whose capital is Chieng Kwang. This district is also under Siamese control, and is consequently an object of French desires. In 1891 they persuaded a Siamese officer to hoist the French flag at Tung Chieng Kham; but the act was officially discountenanced, and remains to be ratified in the future.

Next, at the angle of the second great easterly bend of the Mekong, where it is only 115 miles in a direct line from the sea, we arrive at the head of the long strip of country which, lying as it does immediately behind the coast-range of Annam, is peculiarly an object of French solicitude, and the Siamese installation in which has been as gall and wormwood to them for some years. Here the respective positions have been as follows:—To command the mountain track from Vinh to Houten on the Mekong, the French established a few years ago a post at Kham Kheut, on the western slope of the mountains between Annam and the river-valley. The Siamese at once retaliated by establishing a similar post and a customs station at Kham Muon (or Kammun), a little further to the south, and a second post at Napé, to the east. Nor was the friction thus generated allayed until in 1888 a convention was concluded between the French commander and the Siamese commissioner, by which each party

engaged to maintain the *status quo* until the frontier question was finally settled. The next Siamese post was at some distance to the south, at Pou Wadon, close to the main range. In 1892 they were reported to be installed at Muong Pha Bang and in the district of Kamlo, at a distance of not more than thirty miles from the sea, and to have penetrated to a distance of only twenty-five miles from Hué, the capital of Annam. These rumours were probably exaggerated by the French, but there can be no doubt that in the wild mountain country lying behind the Annamite Apennines, and inhabited by poor and semi-independent tribes, Siamese influence was in the ascendant. M. de Lanessan admitted in his book that direct relations between the Annamites and Laotians had almost entirely ceased over this area;[9] while Dr. Harmand, one of the most active of French explorers and pioneers, reported that in the valley of the Sebang Hieng, and all the way down the Mekong valley to the rapids of Khôn, the people on the left bank paid an annual tribute to the Siamese Royal Commissioner at Bassak.[10] Further to the south-east, on the upland plateau of the Bolovens, the Siamese had been installed since Garnier's day at Attopeu; whilst in the province of Binh Dinh, Annamite authority only extended inland for twenty miles to the frontier post and market of Anké.[11] The region over which these movements took place is sparsely peopled by a succession of tribes, among whom the Mois, Pouthais, Bahnars, Bolovens and Sedangs are the best known names, and over which both parties claimed anterior rights of political hegemony.

To the colonial Jingoes of Tongking and Saigon, whose fiery Chauvinism exceeds anything that I have anywhere encountered, these insults to a great power by a small one, to the glorious Tricolour by the contemptible White Elephant, were a source of intense and rising exasperation, which culminated, during the time that I was in Indo-China (November to January last), in a hoarse shriek of fury in the weekly newspapers against the insolent aggressiveness of Siam, and the nerveless apathy of their own Government, which could brook such disgraceful outrages upon Gallic pride. In France a young prince of the Orleans family, more patriotic than prudent, and burning to atone for the stigma of royal birth by the ardour of his national zeal, having himself travelled in the implicated territories, shed tears before large audiences of his countrymen at the scientific reunions of Paris and Pau, over the menacing attitude and pitiless earth-hunger of Siam, and deplored the humiliation of his native land. With true Gallic insight he detected in the background the sinister figure of England, ever plotting, all over the world, French confusion and ruin. This became the popular cry in France, where I doubt not that it is generally believed that every Siamese commissioner is in the pay of Lord Rosebery, and that each successive move of frontier outposts

[9] *L'Indo-Chine Française*, p. 93. [10] *Ibid.* p. 101. [11] *Ibid.* p. 142.

has been carefully planned beforehand in Downing Street. When even an ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Flourens, could put his name in a paper to the following astonishing rubbish, we may judge of the hold which this painful hysteria—the national disease of France—had acquired over the enfeebled constitutions of its victims:

> The intention of the British Government is, in a few years' time, when she has installed herself and has a port and a flotilla on the Upper Mekong, to claim the free navigation of the lower river, *i.e.* of Cambogia—in a word, the annulment, the ruin, the annihilation of our port of Saigon and our province of Cochin China. So that we shall have endured all our sacrifices in Annam and Tongking merely to see the English establish themselves for rivalry's sake in Burmah, and then seize the Mekong, and, by means of the Mekong, the Laos country, in order to ruin at their ease the richest of our colonies, and to annihilate the finest naval station outside of France.[12]

It is not astonishing, however, in the present temper of France, that the outcry should have been so far successful as to compel the French Government to action, and to force the hand of M. de Lanessan. The latter is a very clear-sighted and able man, and knows well enough the real lie of the land. But he has had to deal with a peculiarly savage criticism both in Paris and in Tongking; while the new French Under-Secretary for the Colonies, M. Delcassé, had already in his speeches given hostages to the Chauvinist party, which it was evident that he was burning to redeem. Accordingly, it was with no surprise that those who were behind the scenes read in the papers the other day that, on the 1st of April, a detachment of Annamite troops under French officers had ascended the Mekong from Cambogia, had occupied Stung Treng, and had marched up the river as far as the island of Khong, above the rapids of Khôn, where they established a French military station. The Siamese commanders and troops retreated, without fighting, from both places, but revenged themselves by blockading the new post at Khong for over a month, with a loss of several lives to the invaders. Simultaneously a French column advanced in the Kamlo region, and planted a post at Muong Vinh. The occupation of the Mekong posts is in connection with a recent subsidy, voted to the River Steamboat Company in Saigon, to run a regular service above the rapids as far as Kemarat and Luang Prabang; and with an alleged intention to place two French gunboats on the middle river, a small Décauville railway being laid in order to circumvent the rapids, and facilitate transshipment. A later telegram says that the post of Kham Muon, before mentioned, has also been evacuated, under pressure, by the Siamese (although the latter are said to have retaliated by massacring a French militia inspector and his Annamite detachment); so that the entire strip from Stung Treng to Luang Prabang may be described as in process of passing into the hands of France.

[12] *Eclair*, March 7, 1893.

Before discussing the use to which the French are likely to turn these acquisitions, let me examine the validity of their political and territorial pretensions over the regions in dispute. In France it appears to be sufficient for conviction that a series of French Ministers should have stated the claim, without ever attempting to argue, much less to demonstrate it. M. Goblet when appointing M. Pavie in 1888 used the often-quoted words, 'The minimum of our pretensions is the left bank of the Mekong.' M. Ribot, on the 26th of October, 1891, said, 'It is admitted in England that all the parts situated to the east or left bank of the Mekong should be reserved to French influence.' (No such claim has ever been admitted by a British Minister.) But the most courageous assertion of all fell from the lips of the present French Colonial Minister, who, on the 4th of February, 1893, spoke as follows in the Chamber:

The Government considers that the left bank of the Mekong constitutes to the north of Indo-China the western limit of the sphere of French influence;[13] and its opinion rests upon *the incontestable rights of Annam, consecrated by a possession of several centuries.*

Now what is the proof that Annam ever possessed, or even exercised, sovereignty over these regions, I will not say for several centuries (because no student of history could make so absurd a statement), but even during the reign of the Emperor Gia Long, the refounder of the dynasty, who at the beginning of the present century brought the Annamite kingdom to a higher pitch of power than it had enjoyed for many hundred years? I turn to the best known French writers on Annam in the present century, before these fantastic claims had been invented, and what do I find? M. Duc Chaigneau, who was at Hué with his father (a French naval officer in the service of Gia Long) about 1820, thus describes the Annamite frontier:

The kingdom of Annam is *bounded on the west by the mountains of Laos, which extend the whole length of the frontier, and in several places come down to the sea, but in others are distant over thirty leagues from it.*[14]

M. Dutreuil de Rhins, who went out to command a French frigate for the Emperor Tu Duc in 1876, remarks of the province of Hué:

The most distant crests of the chain of separation between Annam and Laos are about twenty-five miles from the sea. Beyond the nearest spurs we find an elevated, wooded, and broken-up country, frequented by the Mois, *savages who live in independence of the Annamites.*[15]

[13] It was of this claim that Lord Rosebery, in reply to a question by Lord Lamington, who is one of the few Englishmen that has explored the Upper Mekong, said, in the House of Lords, on February 17, that 'No such sphere of influence has been recognised by Her Majesty's Government.'

[14] *Souvenirs de Hué*, pp. 1 and 197.

[15] *Le Royaume d'Annam et les Annamites*, p. 280.

Neither of these writers at any rate had any inkling of the claim which M. Delcassé holds to have been uncontested for centuries.

If we turn to the maps specially drawn by Frenchmen acquainted with these regions we find the same lack of corroborative and plethora of contrary witness. Prince Henri d'Orléans is in the habit of quoting a map which was drawn up by Monseigneur Taberd, Bishop of Cochin China in the reign of Minh Mang in 1838, and which is published by M. Silvestre in his work, *L'Empire d'Annam.* Now French missionaries in the East have ever been the pioneers, promoters, and guides of French military advance; and we may, therefore, be certain that whatever the worthy bishop could possibly assign to Annam, he would have done. But whilst we find him generously making her a present of the whole territory as far as the Middle Mekong, in the basin of the upper river he draws the frontier at about 104° long. (Greenwich), thus excluding the entire territory in the big bend of which she now claims the ownership, and which M. Delcassé proclaims as incontestably hers.

But a witness even more difficult to rebut is Lieutenant François Garnier, the dashing young Frenchman who accompanied De Lagrée in 1866–67, who published the official account of the expedition, and subsequently perished in a sortie at Hanoi in 1873. To his work he appended two maps in which the frontiers of Siamese and Annamite possessions were traced, as they were believed to be before and as they were found to be after the expedition.[16] In the later map, a line marked 'Limite des possessions Siamoises et Birmanes' (no mention of Tongking) is drawn on the north, crossing the Mekong at a point a little below Chieng Kheng and above Chieng Sen, whence it runs eastwards, crosses the Nam U, and then turning south skirts the main Annamite range throughout its length on the west side, thus giving to Siam the whole of the territories over which French levies are now marching, and from which the Siamese are being expelled. A new edition of this work and map, containing the same border line, was published in Paris in 1885—so recently were the French in ignorance of their since-discovered claims.

Even M. Deloncle when he constructed his fancy map can hardly have anticipated recent events; for we find him placing Stung Treng to the north of the Cambogian frontier line, or in other words assigning it to Siam. The French War Office map of 1886 did the same.

Warned by these blunders, M. Pavie, the magnificent map embodying the results of whose labours has just appeared in Paris,[17] has discreetly omitted from his sheets any indication whatever of a boundary line between the respective territories of Siam, Cambogia, Annam, the Burmese Shan States, and Tongking, fearing the obstacle that

[16] *Atlas du Voyage d'Exploration en Indo-Chine* (1866–68). Paris, 1873.

[17] *Carte de l'Indo-Chine,* dressée par les membres de la Mission Pavie (1889–91). Paris, 1893.

might be opposed by any premature recognition of alien claims to the future operations of French cupidity.

On the other hand, M. Schrader, who yearly publishes a series of French maps illustrating the progress of geographical discovery, has in his two last maps of Indo-China supplied a most naïve illustration of the ethics of French political cartography. The map in his Atlas of 1889,[18] though bringing the French frontier up to the Middle Mekong (in anticipation of future movements), yet concedes to Siam Stung Treng, Khong, and a large slice on the left of the river, which the French are now indignantly protesting have never been Siamese at all. But his map of 1892[19] leaves all previous performances completely in the shade. For not merely does he now knock off this Siamese slice, but he boldly takes the Annamite, *i.e.* the French border across the river to its right bank, and robs Siam at one swoop of a long strip of Cis-Mekong territory, including Nong-Kai, as well as of the whole of the Luang Prabang State, and of the districts of Sipsong Chu Thai, Sipsong Panna, Tranninh, and Hua Pan Tang Hok, of which he coolly remarks in an explanatory note that 'all these principalities must now rank as within the sphere of French influence.'

Of such a character, then, is the French claim. It is one which throughout this century responsible French writers have consistently ignored, which until a few years ago not a single French statesman had ever seriously put forward, which is flatly contradicted by their own documents, and which can only be sustained by experiments in map-cooking as audacious as they are novel. If on the other hand it be contended that France has a right to these territories because they may once in bygone days have been claimed by, or may even have owned a transient allegiance to Annam, we are then setting up a criterion according to which the political geography of the entire world would require to be reconstructed. Nations must learn to take their spoils as they find them. A conqueror cannot expect both to vanquish an enemy when he is weak, and to carry therewith the inheritance of all that he might have possessed when strong; still less of all that he might have claimed to possess, if only there had been Deloncles and Schraders in those days to construct the map of his dominions for him.

What, on the other hand, is the case of Siam? Not merely can she point to actual possession, extending over a period anterior to the date at which the French first acquired practical interests in Annam; but over the greater part of the Mekong valley her occupation has been continuous since those regions were first subjugated to her sway in 1779, twenty years before Gia Long had established himself upon the Annamite throne; nor, in the case of the Laos States, has her

[18] *Atlas de Géographie moderne.* Par F. Schrader. Paris, 1889.

[19] *L'Année Cartographique*, 1892.

suzerainty ever been seriously disputed. She can also point to an ethnical affinity between her own people and the bulk of the tribes inhabiting the mountains in the eastern watershed of the Mekong, who are of the Thai, or Siamese, and not of the Annamite stock. Indeed, there is a rooted hostility between them and the Annamites, with whom they have constantly been at warfare; and to such an extent is the feeling of antagonism carried, that when French explorers have visited these regions for the purpose of discovering or creating French pretensions (*e.g.* the members of the Pavie Mission, 1886–68, and 1889–91), it has only been by Siamese assistance, and with Siamese passports and coolies, that they have been able to move from place to place. Again, when in 1878, in 1883, and in 1886, the Trans-Mekong districts were overrun and pillaged by the Hos or Black Flags from Upper Tongking, it was by Siamese troops that the French were content, without a murmur, to see the invaders repelled.

As regards the rights of ownership, it cannot therefore be doubted that the Siamese have the superior case, or indeed that the French have no case at all, but have been guilty of one of those acts of aggression that stamp the insolence of a stronger power at the expense of a weaker. Lest, however, it should be argued that even in the absence of rights the French advance has been provoked or condoned by the recent assertions of Siamese supremacy in the Mekong basin, it is only fair to Siam to point out that proposals for friendly discussion and delimitation have more than once proceeded from her side, but have failed so far to meet with any response from France. I have spoken of the agreement concluded in 1888, that the *status quo* should be maintained on both sides pending the settlement of the boundary question. This agreement was not respected by the French, who continued to push forward fresh Annamite posts, to which the Siamese naturally responded by counter movements. Early in the present year, however, the Siamese Government made a series of fresh proposals, with a view to bringing matters to an amicable issue. They suggested the temporary demarcation of a zone or belt, 300 miles long by 30 miles broad, on the slope of the eastern watershed, from which all Siamese and Annamite garrisons, with certain stated exceptions, were to be withdrawn, and no new military posts created, pending a final agreement. They further declared their willingness to settle the frontier question on the basis of actual occupation on both sides, to evacuate any tracts that could be proved to belong to Annam, and to accept international arbitration on any disputed points or places. The French reply to these proposals took the brusque and undiplomatic form of a military seizure of the places under discussion; and to this moment no statement has been made by them either of the particular frontier which they claim, or of the grounds upon which they claim it. That Siam would even now

welcome delimitation with France, in the same way as she accepted it with Great Britain on the Burmese border, I have little doubt. But the French temper appears to prefer force to argument.

Apart from the lust for territorial acquisition, which appears to be a settled feature of modern French colonial policy, and the desire to earn a cheap popularity by at once gratifying the Jingoes, waving the national flag, and diverting attention from other troubles in Tongking, it may be wondered what motive can have urged the French to a forward policy in the Mekong valley. I believe it to be the belated survival of an ineradicable delusion. Ever since de Lagrée started upon his memorable expedition up the Mekong in 1866, in search of a highway to Yunnan, the French have felt for that river and its adjacent territories the affection of a proprietor and a parent; and neither the verdict of M. de Carné, one of the party, that 'steamboats can never plough the Mekong, and Saigon can never be united by this waterway to the west provinces of China,' nor a long series of subsequent failures, have for one moment dispossessed their minds of the idea that the French flag upon the Mekong means a great and immediate local trade, and the ultimate monopoly of the inland Chinese markets. For a time, the discovery of the Red River route from Tongking diverted their hopes in that direction; and the campaigns of M. Jules Ferry were defended as the precursor of commercial triumphs beyond the dreams of avarice. But now that the unnavigable character of both the Red and the Black Rivers has been conclusively established,[20] the old Mekong illusion has reasserted itself; and no argument in the world will deter the French colonials from making the experiment until they have been hunted out of it by the irresistible logic of facts, or by the rearoused indignation of the French electorate.

For my own part, I believe neither in the local trade nor in the trade with Yunnan, and I hold that both expectations are doomed to cruel disappointment. The Mekong, in its middle course, flows through almost uninhabited districts.[21] Its channel is obstructed by frequent and dangerous rapids. During the season of low-water, the posts on the lower river are inaccessible except by long marches over land; and when we turn to the latter we find neither roads nor means of communication.[22]

For European officers or troops the climate is one of peculiar peril, as the fate of Mouhot, de Lagrée, and many another brave pioneer, only too conclusively proves. Small native posts, Laotian or Siamese, find little difficulty in maintaining themselves under conditions with which they are familiar; but ampler supplies and a

[20] *L'Indo-Chine Française*, p. 457.

[21] Lieut. Gassiez spent two seasons (1891-92) in trying to take a small steamer named the *Argus* up the Khôn rapids, but failed altogether in the attempt.

[22] *L'Indo-Chine Française*, pp. 471-473.

better furniture of life are necessary to the fever-stricken European exile. French gunboats may parade the tranquil reaches between the rapids, but they will find no one to overawe. French steamers may transport the wares of the *Syndicat du Haut Laos*, but they will find no one to whom to sell them. For even when we get to Luang Prabang, the only place of the slightest commercial importance in the entire middle valley of the Mekong, we are told by Prince Henri d'Orléans himself, who was there in 1892, that

At Luang Prabang a few Chinamen retail European articles, and succeed only with the greatest difficulty in making the slenderest profits. Their goods come from Bangkok by way of Korat and Nong-Kai, or by Utaradit and Paklay; and in their stock I only saw the French mark upon some buttons and ink-bottles belonging to the Macey mission, and these they complained of only being able to sell with difficulty. In fine, if we reflect that this principality is considered one of the most populous parts of Laos, we shall be driven to the conclusion that the commerce in this country can never give great results.

And if this be true of the regions within easy distance of the French bases and French ports, how much more does it hold good of the long and attenuated chain of connection with the remote provinces of South-western China? These provinces are now in the main supplied from three directions, by the Canton river and its affluents, and by overland caravan routes from North Burmah and from Bangkok. The distances are immense and the expense heavy; but an old trade route is not easily destroyed or superseded in the East, the more so when transport upon it is in the hands of powerful native organisations; and I see nothing in the Mekong route to Yunnan that is likely for one moment to compete with the already established channels of communication. These may sooner or later be replaced or shortened by railways; though even so I doubt very much whether the resources and trade of Yunnan and the neighbouring provinces—which have, in my opinion, been greatly exaggerated—are likely to repay the outlay. That the ultimate spoils, however, are not for the French no one sees more clearly than M. de Lanessan himself:

As soon as the lines Bangkok—Raheng—Chiengmai—Mekong, and Bangkok—Korat—Mekong are constructed, it is very evident that neither the Mekong route nor the Tongking route can struggle against them. . . . I am led, therefore, to the conviction that French Indo-China cannot be considered as a country of commercial transit. Saigon can never compete with Singapore. Annam is relegated by physical disadvantages to a position of isolation. The ports of Tongking are condemned to play a purely secondary part. Haiphong will never be anything but a *succursale* of Hongkong.[23]

If, therefore, the French choose to embark upon costly experiments in a region so destitute, according to their own authorities, of reasonable chances of success, other nations are not called upon to inveigh against their folly. Let them blow the Mekong bubble till

[23] *L'Indo-Chine Française*, p. 478.

once more and finally it bursts. England need not fear their commercial rivalry, and may watch its vicissitudes with an almost dispassionate interest. When, however, it comes to pursuing these aims by means of unscrupulous and indefensible aggression upon the territories of a British neighbour and ally, when the dreams of a vast commerce under the French flag are neither remotely nor obscurely associated with schemes of political aggrandisement, and with the ill-concealed design to embarrass and injure an hereditary foe, it is well that England should be upon her guard, and that English statesmen should not be caught napping. It is a far cry to the Mekong, and there may be some who will profess a cynical indifference to what may be happening upon its banks. We have heard the same argument of the Oxus and the Euphrates. Nevertheless, just as upon the western side of India a hostile occupation of the Euphrates valley, and on the northern side of the Oxus sources, would justly be regarded by this country as a peril to our Indian Empire, so upon the east is the stream of the Mekong brought by political conditions within the radius of the same imperial system. I do not thereby argue that the French occupation of those parts of the left bank which they have so recently seized is a menace to Great Britain, or even that it vitally impairs the integrity of Siam. As I have shown, a combination of reasons, none of them of the highest political significance, has provoked an action from which the French will probably extract little beyond the ephemeral prestige of unresisted spoliation. But, whether as regards India or as regards Siam, this movement cannot be considered as standing entirely alone, but must be viewed as the first act in a drama of westward expansion, which is unlikely to be arrested by the accidental barrier of a river, which we know from what has already occurred will not be affected by any obligations of international jurisprudence or relinquished for the lack of immediate provocation, and which can only be pursued at the expense of interests which are of the first importance to this country.

Already the stage is being prepared for the second act; and a species of Attic chorus is with no obscure vaticinations heralding its expected evolution. Weak as the French claim to the left bank of the Mekong throughout its course has been shown to be, the forward school of French politicians is far from content with what it holds to be a too modest appropriation of the property of others. 'As well take an ell as an inch' is the motto of these stalwarts, of whom M. Deloncle is of course the most lusty spokesman. In his speech in the Chamber on the 4th of February, 1893, he spoke of 'French rights acquired *over the whole of Laos on both banks of the Mekong, in virtue of solemn treaties, and without dispute*;' and at a subsequent meeting he was good enough to define this last claim as to 'the watershed between the basins of the Menam and the Mekong.' The bellicose President of the Colonial Council at Saigon was wisely

silent about solemn treaties, but based a similar claim on the crudest grounds of expediency, when he said 'for us the left bank of the Mekong is absolutely insufficient.' Liberal as are the Cis-Mekong allowances which the patriotic M. Schrader in his map of 1892 concedes to his countrymen, he has not yet come into line with M. Deloncle; but I doubt not that his next issue will give him the desired opportunity of shifting his pigment several degrees to the west, and arresting it—*pro tem.* only—on the watershed of the Menam. My only surprise is that these territorial buccaneers do not at once lay claim to Bangkok, on the ground that Louis the Fourteenth despatched a French embassy thither in 1684. So far as I know, no responsible French statesman has yet echoed these demands for the still further dismemberment of Siam; but inasmuch as they are neither more nor less defensible than their present claims, for which might is avowedly the sole right, I see no reason why this fresh bolt should not before long be launched from the tribune of the Palais Bourbon.

It behoves us, therefore, to make up our minds exactly of what importance to India is the integrity of Siam, and how far Great Britain can permit that integrity to be nibbled at or impaired in silence. About the policy of successive British Governments there has fortunately been neither ambiguity nor concealment. Towards Siam they have always been animated by the most friendly intentions, desiring neither to encroach upon her territory nor to impair her independence. When Upper Burmah was occupied by Great Britain in 1885, the Siamese entertained a transient apprehension of a similar doom. But I venture to say that at this moment there is not a single Siamese statesman who nourishes these alarms, nor a single English statesman who would gratuitously advocate annexation. What our precise interest is in Siam I will presently endeavour to define; but it is safe to say that it is not the interest of would-be proprietorship, nor of territorial cupidity; and that, should proposals for any such consummation ever be made, it will not be from British mouths in the first place that they will come. Similarly on the wider field of Imperial interests and as concerns the French, just as England desires for Siam a continued national and political existence for her own sake, so is she anxious for her maintenance as a buffer state between ourselves and France. Upon the French movements in Cochin China, Tongking, and Annam, Englishmen have looked without jealousy or irritation, in spite of the fact that those movements have been avowedly inspired by the desire to attack the commercial position of this country, and to revenge in the nineteenth century the Indian humiliation of France in the eighteenth. We have always felt that there was room in the Far East for the French as well as for ourselves; and if M. Jules Ferry liked to lead his countrymen into the barren pursuit of military laurels in Tongking,

or to place in the hands of French proconsuls the tottering thrones of Cambogia and Annam, there was no disposition in England to quarrel with the act. At this very moment it is by English funds that the coal-mines of Tongking—which, if they prove successful, will not merely justify the colonial acquisitions of France, but will enormously augment her power to injure our Asiatic trade and possessions in time of war—are being developed ; and the attitude of neutrality which has been observed by the present Government towards even the recent movements upon the Mekong is a still further—if not an exorbitant—indication of British reluctance to interfere with French aspirations.

But whilst we can with equanimity and even without suspicion regard the French in Indo-China from a distance, we have no desire to imperil our amicable relations by coming to closer quarters, and we particularly desire to avoid them as neighbours. It is safe to say that the presence of a great European power, whose interests throughout the world it is the merest cant to deny are hostile to our own, in close proximity to the Indian frontiers upon the east, would more than duplicate the responsibility, anxiety, and expense entailed by the simultaneous approach of another great European power, similarly hostile to England, upon the west ; and when it be remembered that those powers are animated not merely by a common antagonism, but by a reciprocal friendship, all but amounting to alliance, it will be obvious that no British or Indian statesman can take legitimate shelter behind an attitude of transcendental unconcern. It is serious enough that we should now be spending millions to counteract a Russian aggression on the one side which our predecessors were blind enough and stupid enough to deny. It would be criminal to repeat the error by a like indifference to French aggression on the other side, against which we are thus fully and early forewarned. The maintenance of Siam as a buffer State is essential in the interests not merely of that country, nor even of the Indian Empire, but of the peace of the entire Eastern hemisphere.

But Great Britain can claim a further and a practical interest in Siam—beyond the abstract domain of *la haute politique*—out of all proportion greater than can be urged by even the most enthusiastic partisan of France. There is the political interest of a coterminous frontier of enormous length, both in the Malay Peninsula, on the side of Lower and Upper Burmah, and in the Northern Shan States ; an interest which France only enjoys in a less degree, and as the result for the most part of recent and unconfirmed appropriation. And there is further a vast and preponderant commercial interest which France does not enjoy at all. Of the great ships lying in the river off Bangkok, there is scarcely one that does not hail from Singapore or Hongkong, or that is not owned by British subjects: 88 per cent. of the entire trade of the port is so carried. Thousands of

British subjects, Indians, Burmese, Shans, and Chinamen, are pursuing their avocations or trade in different parts of the country. They constitute the predominant mercantile interest in Bangkok. The heavy rice crops of the Menam valley are bought by British merchants and exported in British hulls. British engineers and contractors are laying the important railway to Korat, and British concessionaries hold the most important of the Siamese mines. In the capital over one-third of the European population—numbering between 600 and 700—are English; and of these some forty to fifty are in the Government employ. Two English newspapers are published there; and the English tongue, which appears on the shop fronts and on public buildings, which is used on the postage-stamps, and is taught in the schools, and which is spoken by the king and princes, may justly be described as the second language of Bangkok.

On the other hand, French influence and interest in Bangkok are *nil*. There are no French ships in the river, and there is no French trade. A subsidised French steamer runs about once a month between Bangkok and Saigon, but is frequently empty, and could not maintain the service were it not for the bounty. The French language is absolutely unknown outside the French Legation, and the French Minister has nothing to do except to exchange diplomatic notes, *pourparlers*, or threats with the Siamese Government about the Mekong. I defy the most ingenious of Frenchmen to name a single particular in which his countrymen can be said to own or even to claim a legitimate interest in Cis-Mekong Siam. Finally, the recent French movements have driven the Siamese, already greatly predisposed towards the English, still more into the latter's hands, by constituting France the undisguised national enemy and Great Britain the natural protector of Siamese autonomy.

The proximity of Siam to our Indian dominions, the millions of British capital that are sunk in the country, and the enormous preponderance of British political and commercial interests—as compared with the total absence of any corresponding French qualifications—render it impossible therefore for any British Government to acquiesce in further and more serious assaults upon Siamese territorial integrity, or in the institution of a rival and hostile European influence at Bangkok. Were the French installed at the latter place, we know at once from the example of Saigon what would be the commercial, and from the example of Mandalay under King Thibau, what would be the political line pursued. Crushing imposts would drive away British and Indian trade from the port, while enormous bounties would encourage the *comptoirs* of Marseilles. A policy of intrigue would produce unrest and friction among the neighbours and feudatories of the Indian Empire. Just in the same way, therefore, as upon the north-west we have been obliged to construct a buffer zone in Afghanistan, in order to keep at a safe distance an enemy with whom

we have no desire to precipitate conflict, so upon the east it is essential that we should be separated by an independent Siam from a hostile France; and just as Russian aggression upon the north-west zone can only be effected at the cost of rupture with England, so should French encroachments upon the eastern zone be pursued at a similar risk. No English Government could afford to sit still while the French established themselves, at leisure and in succession, in the Cis-Mekong districts, on the Central Siamese plateau, in the valleys of the Menam and the Meping. Of this our neighbours should be apprised in full time. Nor is the intimation one that could provoke either surprise or resentment on their part, seeing that the interdicted zone is one to which not even the wildest of French statesmen has yet found the courage to lay claim, and that the last thing that France can desire, in the slow evolution of her new Asiatic empire, is that its fortunes should be imperilled and its future in all probability wrecked by armed collision with the greatest power on the Asian continent. The warning of Hands Off once given, both parties could resume their *rôle* of peaceful development in the Far East, while between them Siam would have some chance of working out a tardy, but not impossible, salvation.

In the meantime delimitation of the disputed boundary between France and Siam should be proceeded with at once. By her willingness or the reverse to meet the straightforward proposals of the Siamese Government in this respect, to state rather than brutally to enforce her claims, and to submit them to the arbitrament of a common inquiry, public opinion will decide whether the policy of France on the Mekong is one of legitimate expansion or of unscrupulous and indefensible bravado.

GEORGE N. CURZON.

ROBBING GOD

It must have pained many a loyal Churchman during the past month to read some of the speeches delivered at meetings held up and down the country to protest against the Welsh Suspensory Bill. For myself, I should look upon the passing of such a measure with grief and dismay, for more reasons than I care to set down here. But even were I prepared to admit that the alienation of any portion of the revenues of the Church in Wales and the diverting them into any other channel would be an unmixed evil, or were I even convinced that any measure having such an object in view would be necessarily impolitic or actually dishonest, I should still feel called upon to protest against some arguments that have been resorted to by too many of the fervid orators who have denounced the Bill, and to put in an earnest caveat against the assumptions made by speakers whose position and learning and unselfish zeal deserve the respect of us all.

If it were a mere question of bowing to the authority of our ecclesiastical superiors, and the duty of remaining silent when a powerful consensus of opinion has found a voice which speaks with authority, it would be presumption on the part of any clergyman in my position to ask for a hearing; but the interests at stake are so very grave that I feel impelled to take part in the discussion that is going on, though I do so with the utmost reluctance and sorely against the grain. I do so now because I am convinced that it is of supreme importance, not only to the Church and Churchmen, but to the nation at large, that at this crisis the army of defence and the army of attack should if possible be warned against taking up positions which are untenable, and so engaging in the conflict without due consideration of the issues that are really involved.

Again and again it has been said, and continues to be said, that the spoliation of the endowments of the Established Church and their redistribution would be *robbing God.* The expression is one which I cannot but think wholly indefensible, look at the matter in what way we may. Of course I know as well as most men do, that when in the eleventh and twelfth centuries a great or small landowner was moved to surrender a portion of his estates to what is called 'pious uses,' the deed of gift was worded in the form that X or Y '*gave to*

God and the church or the abbey of Z' this or that tract of land, or other endowment. I know that such transfer was, after the Conquest, almost invariably made by men or women during their lifetime, and was not the gift of the dead hand, as it is so frequently but erroneously represented to have been. But I know, too, that this expression 'giving to God' meant primarily that the donors had performed an act of surrender and sacrifice whereby they deprived themselves of the enjoyment of this or that source of wealth that God might be glorified, and that others might derive benefit by the usufruct of such property as the good men or women had stript themselves of from more or less high and conscientious motives. When, as was often the case, forms of malediction were added upon all who should at any future time alienate or diminish the 'free alms,' this addition goes far to show that even in the 'ages of faith' the *gift to God* was not always regarded as inviolable. Indeed, as time went on much of the property which had been regarded as essentially inalienable got into strange hands.

But the question has been raised and debated, sometimes from the moral, sometimes from the political point of view, as to whether a gift of this kind was not in its essence a usurpation on the giver's part; whether, in fact, he was not conveying more than he had the power to bestow, and claiming rights over his property which are not inherent in ownership.

Looked at from the standpoint of the constitutional historian, it may be said that such gifts of lands as we are considering could not be made without the license of the Crown in the first instance, nor without the confirmation of the heirs for even generations after the death of the original donor. That is to say, that every such surrender of ownership, as it is the fashion to call a 'gift to God,' was a gift which could only be made with the sanction of the State—a sanction which in those ages necessarily took the form of a license from the sovereign, and was a gift requiring the consent of the heirs whose prospective interest was barred by the act of the tenant for life; the theory being that without such confirmation the land might revert to the heirs.

Moreover, when these grants took effect the property conveyed was in all cases to be enjoyed subject to certain conditions binding upon the beneficiaries; the enormous assumption being that the ownership of property carried with it a right to dictate to all posterity what use such property should be turned to.

At the time of the Conquest the income derived from tithes and glebe lands in England was devoted to the support of the Ecclesiastical Order. The *Secular* clergy, as they were called, had comparatively few obligations, and those may be fairly summed up by saying that the clergy were expected to live among the lay folk to discharge certain pastoral, ministerial, and priestly functions, and probably to

some extent to serve as the educators of the people. The allocation of tithes for the enrichment of the monasteries, if not quite unknown, had certainly been but rarely allowed and seldom attempted.

With the Conquest the alienation of strictly ecclesiastical endowments began and went on rapidly. The justification of such alienation was based upon two assumptions:

(1) The first was, that such endowments as had been granted to *the Church*, and the reservation of which had been sanctioned by the State, were intended to secure for the nation not only all that the *Seculars* (that is, the parish priests) were doing or professed to be doing for their people, but something more, something much more, which the Seculars were not doing and were not qualified to do.

(2) The second assumption was, that wherever it became apparent that the needs of the nation, the spiritual or the educational needs, could not be adequately supplied by the old functionaries—while a new order of volunteers had arisen who claimed to be able to supply the new needs—then it was allowable, *in foro conscientiæ*, to divert endowments held under conditions supposed to be adequate formerly, and to allocate them for the maintenance of the new functionaries.

Such alienation was carried out accordingly, that so the requirements of a wider culture, a deeper sense of moral and spiritual responsibility, and a steady advance in our civilisation (using that word in its widest sense) might be to some extent provided for and their stability be secured, by at least a *grant in aid*, from the reserve of ecclesiastical property.

Thus when the rage for the cloister life was running its course and monasteries were springing up in every shire it was loudly proclaimed that these institutions were the only possible abodes of holiness. It was said and believed that only among 'the religious'—*i.e.* the men and women who were subject to a rule of discipline, framed so as to minimise worldliness and to train the *Regulars* in the ways of godliness—could the conscience, the sentiment of aspiration, and the habits of devotion and self-surrender be quickened, stimulated, and lifted to a higher plane than the parish priests had been aiming at.

It began to be believed that the nation needed to be taught 'the ways of holiness;' and in proportion as this conviction gained ground, in that proportion did fresh endowments pour in for the enrichment of the new order. The monks and nuns—rightly or wrongly—got to be looked upon as a supplementary force who were doing that which the parish priests could not do; and it was hardly a step further to claim for the newly organised volunteers a share of the ancient revenues which, it was almost broadly asserted, were not doing for the nation all that might be done with them in the interest of the community at large.

But these alienations of *Church property* did not stop at this

point. It would be difficult to say how soon and when first the clergy began to claim immunity from taxation; but among us at the time of the Conquest they certainly were called upon to contribute towards the defence of the realm, and the episcopal lands especially were held under condition of providing contingents of armed retainers who should support the King in his wars. Scarcely fifty years after the Conqueror's death the crusading mania had passed like a conflagration over the Continent of Europe. In process of time it reached us, with what results most people know. A belief prevailed extensively that battle with the infidels was the highest act of piety and self-sacrifice, and, as the child of that mischievous delusion, there grew up the strange institution of ecclesiastical orders of knighthood, among whom the order of the Knights Templars became the most renowned.

The Templars were looked upon as the champions of Christendom, the keepers of the Holy Sepulchre, the army of occupation in the Holy Land. Of course they were *laymen*, and their occupation was war. But the war was a holy war, forsooth; they were emphatically fighters for God. As such they too put forth their claim to participate in the income derivable from the Ecclesiastical Reserve, and the claim was very soon allowed. The consciences of the more enlightened may have been shocked, the voices of some may have been lifted up with indignation against the impudent fraud, but the twelfth century was not half over before the wealth of the Templars had become the occasion of scandal and offence, and the more so because *churches*, *benefices*, and *tithes* had been extensively alienated in their favour; the excuse for such alienation, and its justification in Church law, being that the Templars were fighting God's battles and so were doing for the Church what the clergy could not do for themselves.

Another century went by and a new movement began. Originating in the religious upheaval which the enthusiasm of the mendicant orders gave rise to, it speedily took the form of an intellectual awakening. As educationists the Secular clergy had been found wanting: they had not been efficient as the teachers of the people. To some small extent the monks had taken over the work of their rivals in this respect. Perhaps it may be said that the Regulars had *posed* as 'men of light and leading.' Yet after a trial of some two or three centuries the monks too had fallen very far behind their ideal. As the homes for the studious, as nurseries for scholars pursuing their researches, as schools for the rising generation, the religious houses too had proved a failure.

The few splendid exceptions only proved the rule that the monasteries were doing less than was expected of them in the way of raising the standard of morals, devotion, and, least of all, of learning. It was found that young Englishmen of exceptional gifts and ambition were seeking at Paris, at Padua, at Bologna or Palermo, that education

in law, medicine, or theology which they could not find at home. Thoughtful and patriotic students and scholars set themselves to supply the want of a higher culture in England, which was making itself felt unmistakably. Walter de Merton led the way, and Merton College was founded. His example was quickly followed, and Cambridge and Oxford became the real homes of learning among us before the fourteenth century was half over. But so far from the new colleges being narrowly ecclesiastical in the studies they promoted, so far from their being theological seminaries as we understand that designation now, so far from being religious houses—that is, monastic in their character—it is certain that from two at least of them monks and friars were expressly excluded, and one of the new colleges was founded for students of the Civil and Canon Law, and *for such alone.*

The founders of these colleges were pre-eminently *educational* reformers. They came forward nobly to head the party of progress in this direction, and they, in their generosity, made large sacrifices of their substance to further the great ends they had in view—sacrifices which the nation sanctioned by licensing the alienation of lands for the endowments. But this was not all. Once more the tithes of country parishes, glebe lands, and parsonages were diverted and made over to the new foundations; the common sense of the community tacitly expressing its conviction that it was for the advantage of the people at large—yes! and for the advantage of the Church of God too—that the standard of education should be raised, and that (inasmuch as the great reserve had been handed down to promote the spiritual, moral, and intellectual well-being of the nation) it was legitimate to subsidise from the common stock any of those bringers-in of new things whose lives were devoted to the furtherance of any one of these ends.

All this is demonstrable from history. It is not needful, it would be mere waste of time, to prove the point with minute elaboration. To this hour such of our colleges and schools as date back to pre-Reformation days derive large portions of their incomes from Church lands and tithes which for ages had been devoted exclusively to the support of the ministers of the sanctuary. The process has always been going on. Are we now going to denounce the principle which has guided our course for wellnigh a thousand years as sacrilege? Can we seriously pretend that all these successive diversions of Church property deserved to be stigmatised as robbery?

II

The generation of Englishmen whose happiness it was in their youth to be brought under the influence of Samuel Taylor Coleridge is passing away. The number of those who actually knew him, saw

him, heard him, and were subjected to the sway of his attractive personality, is now very small. He died when I was a child; but I had hardly grown up to manhood before I had been taught to reverence his name, to give myself to an enthusiastic study of his writings, and to accept his teaching as the teaching of one whom it was almost always safe and wise to follow as a guide.

No man who watches the currents of thought that are setting in this direction or in that, and which are the resultants of forces brought into action by the onward march of discovery and the progress of science, can hold exactly to the views which sufficed for him in his younger days; for bigotry in his political or philosophic creed can only be the intellectual vice of him whose mind does not grow.

Nevertheless, for myself, I still hold that Coleridge was one of the profound thinkers of his time, and almost the most philosophic *Conservative* that this country has ever produced. My conviction is still strong that his tractate, *On the Constitution of the Church and State according to the Idea of Each*, is one of those monumental works which no thoughtful man among us ought to leave unread—and, I may add, unstudied.

If the book were always attractive in its every page; if it did not contain many curious and characteristic weaknesses—sometimes irritating, sometimes saddening; if it did not occasionally put a certain strain upon a disciple's loyalty, it would not be Coleridge's. But accept it for what it is and what it professes to be—not a scholastic treatise, but something more if also something less—and the propositions enunciated seem to me irrefragable, the conclusions arrived at unanswerable.

The two fundamental positions laid down by Coleridge are concerned, the one with the true idea of the National Church, the other with the idea of what I have called the *reserve fund* of that National Church, and which Coleridge calls the *Nationality*.

Of the first he says: 'The *Clerisy* of the nation, or National Church, in its primary acceptation and original intention, comprehended the learned of all denominations, the sages and professors of the law and jurisprudence, of medicine and physiology, of music, of military and civil architecture, of the physical sciences, with the mathematical as the common organ of the preceding; in short, all the so-called liberal arts and sciences, the possession and application of which constitute the civilisation of a country, as well as the theological.'

(2) Of the second—that is, the *Nationality*, or what in common parlance we are wont to call Church property—he says as distinctly and emphatically as before: 'I do *not* assert that the proceeds from the Nationality cannot be rightfully vested except in what we now mean by clergymen and the established clergy. *I have everywhere implied the contrary.* . . . Had every rood, every peppercorn, every stone, brick, and beam been retransferred and made heritable at the

"Reformation," no right would have been invaded, no principle of justice violated. *What the State by law*—that is, by the collective will of its functionaries at any one time assembled—*can do or suffer to be done, that the State by law can undo or inhibit.*'

Let it be noted that these are the words of a thinker who has again and again been called the *Tory Philosopher*—whose name for more than seventy years has been a name to conjure by among those who consider themselves and claim to be considered the only true Conservatives—the thinker whom not a few Progressionists (because they have never read his writings) have superciliously derided as a dreamer of whom the best that could be said was that his writings were harmless and his theories consigned to oblivion.

Yet, consciously or unconsciously, Coleridge's *Church and State* has worked as such leaven always does work, and it would be very hard to say how much its pregnant hints and suggestions have affected the legislation of the last sixty years.

Five years after the book appeared a commission of inquiry into the state of the Church of England was issued, and in 1836 the Ecclesiastical Commissioners became a Corporation with perpetual succession and a common seal. It was the beginning of a new era. Since then we have dealt with ecclesiastical property—the *Nationality*—on the assumption that it constitutes a fund which the Legislature had not only the right to administer for the well-being of the people, but that it was the duty of the nation too to guard against its being in any way wastefully administered. The episcopal and capitular estates have been taken out of the hands of those bodies, and readjustment of the revenues has been carried out with a high hand. Restrictions have been imposed upon the granting of leases by the tenants for life. Benefices have been divided or consolidated with small regard to the real or supposed rights of patrons. We have recognised that the *Nationality* might legitimately be treated as a fund not necessarily limited in its application to the maintenance of clerks in Holy Orders. We have materially altered the constitution of our older Universities; we have imposed new statutes upon the older colleges; we have very seriously diminished their available incomes; we have changed the tenure by which Fellowships were held; we have almost abolished their ecclesiastical character; we have dealt in the same way with our endowed schools, and at this moment the head masters of some of the most important among them are laymen. What results have followed upon these changes?

Fifty years ago there were twenty-four professors in the University of Cambridge, of whom five only were laymen. There are now forty professors, of whom, excluding the professors of Divinity, only three are in Holy Orders; while at Oxford, of the forty-eight professors, excluding the professors of Divinity, again only three are clergymen. If it were worth while to compare the numbers of lay

and 'clerical' Fellows of Colleges respectively as they stood in 1843 and as they stand in 1893, the change that has come over the Universities in half a century would be even more striking.

The change may be, and is to many, a matter to be mourned over; it may have, and it has, occasioned melancholy and lugubrious vaticinations; it may or may not augur ill for the future; but the facts are not to be gainsaid. Nor can we shut our eyes to another fact—deplorable or not according to our several points of view—a fact to which attention has not been drawn with that serious insistence which its significance might well justify—a fact, too, which it is hardly conceivable should not affect our legislation in the future, because it is the outcome of our legislation in the past.

The leaders in thought and culture, in mathematical and physical science, in history, economics, linguistics, even in classical learning—the leaders in literature in its widest acceptation—are no longer to be found among the ordained clergy of the Church of England, but outside their ranks. One fact alone may serve as a most startling confirmation of these assertions. In 1843 there were ninety Fellows of the Royal Society who were in Holy Orders. In 1893 the names of no more than sixteen clergymen of the Established Church are to be found in the roll-call of England's most illustrious brotherhood. It is worse than idle to shut our eyes to all this—the logic of facts is irresistible.

Meanwhile it is no more than their due to protest for the clergy of the Established Church that, as a body, they were never doing their pastoral work better than they are doing it now; never were they less worldly and mercenary; never were their lives more exemplary; never were they making greater sacrifices; never were they more earnestly devoted to their sacred calling. Their very zeal and unwearied labours have taught the laity to expect ever more and more at their hands. Yet with the increasing claims that have been and are made upon their services, the immense increase of the population brings home to us the certainty that it is no longer possible for the Anglican clergy to discharge all those duties—the spiritual and the religious duties—which it is of supreme importance, in the highest interests of the community, should not be neglected. It is not conceivable that we should stop at the point we have reached.

Doubtless, in the old days, the parish priests protested against the alienation of their incomes for subsidising the monastic orders. They were not likely 'to take joyfully the spoiling of their goods' when the great educational movement set in, and the founders of schools and colleges levied large contributions from the *Nationality*, and to that extent impoverished the parish priests. But in each case the new impropriators proved to be powerful auxiliaries, stimulating the Seculars, elevating their tone, and provoking them to jealousy.

In any case, the question was far less whether the alienation of the old endowments and the diversion of them into a new channel of usefulness was defensible, than whether there was not some danger of this being carried too far in favour of the new order.

What, then, is the attitude which it behoves us all to adopt when a senseless and ignorant cry has been raised for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England? Surely our first business is to press for an answer to the question, What do these men mean who take it as their shibboleth?

If they mean nothing more and nothing less than indiscriminate pillage, ending in a scramble for the spoils; if they mean stripping the clergy of their incomes, driving them out from their homes, and leaving the poor of the land to find religious teachers and pastors for themselves—then their object is to bring about an incomparable national calamity. The inevitable consequence of such a catastrophe would be that in the domain of morals and religious sentiment, where our nobler emotions and spiritual aspirations and gentler sympathies are appealed to, there the forces of disintegration would have their full play, unchecked, uncontrolled—chaos would come again. But that cry may be changed for a better cry; it may, in God's providence, be taught to take another form, and it may then express the conviction of the people that the time has come for making a step, not backwards into darkness and religious anarchy, but forwards upon the road of intelligent reform. Whatever it may mean, it is the utmost madness and stupidity to attempt to raise against it a louder but scarcely less misleading and mischievous cry, because one which is in its essence an *assumptio falsi.*

Base the title of the Established Church to her endowments upon considerations of the highest political expediency, and you choose ground from which it will be difficult to be dislodged. Appeal to the gratitude of our countrymen, and teach them what the Anglican clergy have been and have done for their ancestors and their fatherland in the past, and you will not appeal in vain. Nay, appeal to the hopes and fears of the future if you will, and, rightly instructed, the nation will no longer surrender themselves to those who would 'make a desert and call it peace.' But beware how you rashly and stubbornly insist that the formulæ, the ritual, the discipline, the general regimen of the Church as by law established, are each and all equally and indubitably of Divine origin, and that to alienate one jot or tittle of her property is to 'rob GOD'!

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE AND EDGAR POE: A LITERARY AFFINITY

WE shall hardly be contradicted when we affirm that in England Edgar Poe's fame has always stood on a very rickety pedestal. As a nation we have never been able to make up our minds whether we ought to admire him most as a poet, as a critic, or as a prose writer, or whether he rose to no great height in any of these three branches of literature. The John Bull section of society settled the matter very happily by pointing to the manner of his death, which proved to them that his literary work was worthless; and the man of letters, who saw no connection between literature and personal merit or demerit, did not altogether convince himself that fame could be attained by one poem, *The Raven*, or by one tale, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, nor yet by the sledge-hammer of Poe's criticism, wielded to crush some unknown scribbler in an unknown journal. Edgar Poe is one of those writers whose worth must be tested by that mysterious consensus of opinion which Time alone collects, and, on the whole, collects judiciously. Time, we think, is proving that Edgar Poe's name will live, and that the sad short life which burnt its candle at both ends will not have been lived in vain. The taper is still alight, and we shall place it amongst others in our literary shrine, as we sing the praise of those who loved Beauty for its own sake, and Art because they had a true vocation for it.

This uncertainty about literary fame is, however, no unusual fate, and one which hardly needs comment; but what is strange, and what it may be interesting to consider, is that the young writer, half American, half English, whose style was strong and nervous, whose imagination was so fantastic and so purely original, who was scorned in England and not appreciated at his true worth in America, found in France a passionate admirer, who spared no pains to procure each story as it came out, and who, himself a true genius, was possessed with the idea that in that unknown writer, separated from him by the great Atlantic, he had found a literary affinity to whom he was bound to consecrate his life. They were never to meet, for Edgar Poe died in 1849, and Charles Baudelaire only began to read some few of Poe's fragments in 1846 or 1847; but the passion

grew, and when Poe's stories were collected in volume form, his French affinity was ready to devote himself to the task of translating them—and what admirable translations they are, combining beauty, finish, and truth! Turning aside from his own special field of literature, Baudelaire talked and wrote to make the name of Edgar Poe famous; and he was successful, for, as a Frenchman has himself certified, 'It was through the labour and genius of Baudelaire that Edgar Poe's tales have become so well known in France, and are now regarded as classical models.' Further, it should be noticed that Edgar Poe is the only American writer who has become popular in that land where the literature of the nineteenth century has reached a perfection which after-ages will certainly record and admire.

But we ask ourselves, Is this result due to the exquisite style Baudelaire employed in his translation? and would his magic pen have endowed any foreign author, however unworthy, with fame? Did the strange influence lie in the rich fancy of the American author or in the richer setting given to it by the Frenchman? Baudelaire must evidently have known English well; but did he, whilst reading it, simultaneously clothe the English words in his own French dress, or did English style and New World fancy win his admiration? These questions are difficult to answer. Baudelaire's explanation does not altogether clear up the difficulty. 'Believe me or not, as you like,' he says, 'but I discovered in Edgar Poe's works, poems and stories which had been lying dormant in my own brain, vague, confused, ill-assorted, whilst he had known how to combine, to transcribe, and to bring them to perfection.' Here was, according to the French poet, the secret of his success. He had discovered his affinity; he had but to collect his own floating ideas, finding no difficulty in the setting, for all was clear to him. The two authors were of one mind, and the result was this gift of classic work to France, created with alien thought.

Some will affirm that this idea of mental affinity was, of course, purely imaginary; but is it because we so easily accept the far greater miracle of infinite variety of minds that we are staggered by the idea of two brains and two characters bearing a close and striking resemblance? Whether true or not, the fact remains that, imbued with this idea, Baudelaire determined to translate *all* Edgar Poe's works; that the first one he undertook was entitled *Magnetic Revelation*, clearly pointing to this impression; and that for seventeen years the poet laboured unceasingly at his self-imposed task. The excitement of politics, the constant fight with poverty and debt, the calls of publishers—none of these things deterred him from his work, death alone putting an end, as far as this life is concerned, to this strange affinity.

During his lifetime Edgar Poe had preached, through the medium of his weird tales, the doctrine of the power of mind over matter, of

thought and feeling being imperishable even after death, and at times conquering the mortal parts of man. As if to prove his words, at his own death the one man perhaps capable of understanding him and his work, though of another tongue and nation, was moved to preach the same doctrine, not because he had evolved the thought, but because he declared himself to be in full sympathy with the ideas he so ably translated. Surely no such instance as this has occurred before, and the knowledge of it fills the life-sketch of these two men with new interest. Baudelaire never carried out the intention expressed in *Mon Cœur mis à nu* of explaining to us fully why he undertook the translations of Poe's stories, but he has left us two deeply interesting notices of his literary affinity, to whom he further ascribes his own power of close reasoning. So enthusiastic was Baudelaire's biographical notice of Poe that a critic in *Le Journal d'Alençon* said it was to be feared the translator would come to the same end as his model!

Strangely enough, the story of both lives is infinitely sad: both were brought up luxuriously; both felt that literature could alone be their vocation; both loved passionately the woman they called mother; both threw off the authority of their adopted father; both were faithful as lovers—one to his wife, the other to his unworthy mistress; both fell hopelessly foul of the Public—that judge they would neither of them acknowledge or bow down to; both were, in consequence, literary outcasts; both sought by deleterious means to drown sordid reality and to invoke dreams of unattainable beauty; both sought diligently for the choice word, the rare feeling, the rare sensation, both looked upon the commonplace as a mortal enemy; both strove, when they found themselves plunged into an abyss of misery, to retrieve their mistake, and both succumbed to the fatal wish to soar into regions too elevated for poor humanity—that humanity whose mental capacity fails before visions which cannot be expressed, causing only the delicate brain-machinery to fall into ruins after it has endeavoured to weave too rich materials, fit only for spirit unclogged by clay.

All this the ordinary world rarely takes into consideration. If a man fails to win riches and honour by his genius, his contemporaries invariably say that the genius is wanting. Edgar Poe and Baudelaire were no exception to the rule, and for their funeral oration both were plentifully bespattered with mud, both were scorned by a too righteous world of sinners; and even to this day Baudelaire's name is, for self-satisfied critics, the subject of controversy, and his genius the subject of doubt. Time, however, will avenge, and has partly avenged, their literary memory, and for the rest, surely it should be left for the next genius of equal merit to throw the stones; our part is to collect the precious gems which they scattered so lavishly, and for

which they asked in return only for a little sympathy and appreciation, failing utterly during their life to obtain them.

We would willingly say nothing about their personal history, were it not that without a slight sketch of their lives it would be impossible to demonstrate the strange affinity of spirit which we claim for them. As Edgar Poe died so soon after Baudelaire's discovery of his work, it is doubtful whether the former ever heard the name of, or read the works of the latter; had he done so, he would certainly have been capable and worthy of appreciating them; but he has in Baudelaire a perfect chronicler, one who could place the facts simply before us and find a reason for the failures, forcing us to recognise what M. Byvanck has well expressed in his little book on literary Paris: 'I have at times suffered cruelly when I have considered the dreadful problem of ruined lives, and at times it has filled me with indignation; but after a while I have found for all these problems some moral justification.'

Edgar Poe was born in 1809. His parents were well connected, his father, David Poe, being the son of a general, whilst his maternal grandfather had claimed the friendship of Lafayette. David fell in love with a pretty English actress, Elizabeth Arnold, who was also well connected, and the light-hearted pair played out their brief happiness on the stage, then died, leaving Edgar to be adopted by Mr. Allan, a rich American; hence the addition of this name to his own, which graft brought him very doubtful advantages and one inestimable benefit—a first-rate education—partly in England (his English school is described in *William Wilson*) and partly in America. Handsome, clever, small in build but strong of limb, young Edgar seemed at this time to be destined for a spoilt child of fortune; but a wild restless disposition and an early love of gambling caused the first breach with his adopted father. The quarrel turned Edgar's mind towards fighting for the oppressed Greeks, and he suddenly left America with this chivalrous intention! Two years of wandering follow, but we hear of no fighting with the oppressors, and no geographer has traced a map of these travels. We next find him at St. Petersburg, the hero of some scrape, and he has to be helped to return home by the American Consul. Reconciliation with Mr. Allan and a nomination to West Point Military College appeared once more to be setting Edgar in the right road, but two years of freedom had not prepared him for discipline. In less than a twelvemonth he was dismissed by the college authorities, and his adopted father, having married again, discovered that he was tired of the prodigal. The inevitable result followed: a passionate scene took place between them, then the Allan doors were shut for ever against him.

Edgar Poe now found himself penniless and thrown upon the world with nothing but his talents between him and starvation. Then began the struggle with poverty, a struggle which a biographer finds

quite natural in the life of young genius, but which as often as not ruins the health and mental balance of the individual. Suddenly the happy chance of winning a prize offered by a newspaper for the best story and the best poem cleared his encumbered path, and revealed his talent to those who were ready to turn it into hard cash. Still it cannot be said that the young genius had no chance. Mr. Thomas White, proprietor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, offered him the post of editor to this paper, and the man and the occupation seemed exactly fitted for each other. His advent on the staff was like a meteor flashing into sight upon a dull sky; his strange, weird, fascinating stories began to appear with welcome regularity, and the paper quadrupled its sale. For his share of the profits Edgar found himself the possessor of 100*l.* a year, and, much to the horror of the wise, immediately married his cousin, the beautiful but penniless Virginia Clemm.

For two years the editor managed to attend to his duties, or rather he managed not to break out too often, for his gambling propensity had been followed by fits of craving for drink. Now Mr. Thomas White knew how to manage the financial part of his paper, but he was not at all endowed with imagination. He could not fathom the mind of a young man who was giving his life-blood for 100*l.* a year, but did not always keep sober, so he dismissed him, and the disgraced editor began his wandering life again, seeking work, and doing it here, there, and everywhere, always brilliant, always original, but always writing under the terrible pressure of poverty and mental agony. His idolised wife fell ill, and his brilliant, impressionable brain seemed to lose its balance. Virginia's devoted mother was then the guardian angel of the house, and never a complaint did she utter, but, taking her courage in her two hands, she would go round to editors and publishers and plead for work. She would offer Edgar's tales and articles for sale in a gentle deprecating manner, the attitude of a humble suppliant. Perhaps she alone, besides Baudelaire, knew the secret of that poor brain. It could work only under strong excitement, so excitement it was forced to have in order to give daily food to his Virginia. The heart was always in its right place. She and Virginia knew it, whatever others might say; but it was too sensitive, too easily impressed, and the agony of seeing his wife's sufferings seemed to snap the remaining brain-connecting links which we call self-restraint. The story is well known, but perhaps only Baudelaire has found the excuse, perhaps only he *from personal experience* understood the whole truth. He notes down the fact that Edgar Poe's work never suffered from his excesses, and that his best writings were either preceded or followed by one of his drinking fits. Very little sufficed to turn the subtle brain. 'Drink,' says Baudelaire, 'seemed to excite and to rest him;' in fact, to some natures stimulants, alcohol or morphia, produce series of vivid visionary dreams, some

dreadful, some beautiful, but all continuous only when the dreamer is under this special influence, unfolding for his delight exquisite hallucinations deemed by him to be necessary, and perhaps really necessary, for his creative genius. 'One part of that which now gives us pleasure is what killed him,' pathetically remarks his chronicler. 'No one has written with a more magical touch than Edgar Poe the exceptional in life and nature. He analyses all that is most fugitive, he weighs the immeasurable, and describes in his minute and scientific manner all those imaginary sensations which surround the highly sensitive man and often lead him on to his destruction.' Later on Baudelaire adds, 'In his poetry is to be found his insatiable craving for the Beautiful, which is his title of honour among the poets.' Strange beauty, too near to which man may not approach with safety; which, as we think of it, makes us hear again down the long line of ages an echo of the words, 'Thou canst not see my face, for man shall not see me and live.'

Need we finish the story? Virginia's death and Poe's despair, but a despair less agonising than when there was yet hope. Then a gleam of passing reform, a sudden belief in lectures and money-getting, a relapse, but always that loving, watching woman, Mrs. Clemm; and then the last downfall. The poor poet's still breathing body found in the street, robbed, drugged perhaps. Nothing left of the magic brain except such as is expressed by stertorous breathing in a hospital bed where he gave his last breath to earth and his spirit to God who made it. 'My conviction is,' says Baudelaire, 'that the United States were for Edgar Poe only a vast prison . . . a savage country lighted with gas; and that his inner spiritual life of poet, and even of drunkard, was but one perpetual effort to escape the influence of this antipathic atmosphere.' Then he flings his accusation against the world that could not fathom this genius, this man whom he could so well understand, his mental affinity, and ends with this sentence, which we know stirred the very depth of his being as he wrote it: 'One of these worldlings even acknowledges that it was difficult to give Edgar Poe employment, and that it was necessary to pay him less than others because he wrote in a style too much above the common!—"Quel odeur de magasin!" as Joseph de Maistre would say.' Here we feel inclined to end Poe's life with his own words, taken from *Magnetic Revelation*, which paper certainly must have been caviare to the multitude, and which therefore must have brought the author very few dollars: 'To be happy up to a certain point we must have suffered up to that point. Never to have suffered would be equivalent to never having known happiness.' If this is true—and what human being will lightly contradict it?—then we must feel that Edgar Poe had his moments of exquisite happiness, and that what we call a ruined life may one day be brought again to

our sight—spiritual or corporal—in the likeness of a star shining brightly in a deep firmament.

And now let us turn to Edgar Poe's translator. We have but touched the skirt of one mysterious life, and can do barely more for the other, leaving it to our readers to search out for themselves treasures that will repay their labours, the part of the chronicler being merely to suggest and not to teach.

Charles Baudelaire was born in 1821. At six years old he lost his father; the next year his mother married a Colonel Aupick, who, being stationed at Lyons, sent his stepson to school in that town. But the boy in no way distinguished himself, for even there, in the midst of his young companions, he began to feel solitary. In 1836 the family moved to Paris, and Charles went to the Collège Louis Grand. His stepfather seemed then to have entertained great hopes of the lad's future, but the passion for poetry had already taken hold of him, and later on he himself hints at having been expelled from college. His stepfather, now a general, wished his son to follow the military career, in which he could have procured him promotion, but, to the immense surprise and despair of his parents, Charles declared that he meant to embrace the profession of letters. The young man hated his stepfather, the reasons he gave for this hatred being that he *was* his stepfather, that he was very demonstrative, and that he knew nothing of literature! There was nothing for it but to sever the home tie, and the young man joyfully plunged into Paris life with its magic charm and its literary companionship. He struck up an acquaintance with Balzac and set up as a 'dandy.' Still all the while he was working hard, as all true poets must work; but when barely twenty years old his mother interfered, and, enforcing her legal authority, sent him to India, in order to separate him from his evil surroundings. Ten months of exile were enough for him, and, taking the law into his own hands, he hastened back to his beloved Paris. His absence must have helped to give him greater mastery over English, which language in after years was to bring him to the knowledge of Edgar Poe. When the poet's majority arrived he found himself with 3,000*l.* in his pocket, and delivered from parental authority. Then began his unfettered bachelor life. He determined, if possible, to be something—to aim at perfection—but the taste for beautiful pictures and antique furniture led him into extravagance little in accordance with his means. He fell into the hands of a dishonest dealer, and incurred debts which laid their heavy weight upon him for the rest of his life. Perhaps nothing is so strange, so ambiguous, so utterly despised by ordinary mortals as the life of a struggling poet. His elders invariably suggest that sweeping a street crossing is more honourable and more profitable; his intimates suggest alterations in his verses; and he himself must have an extraordinarily strong nature and an inextinguishable fund

of originality and resistance if his genius is not to be swamped by the unfailing tide of custom. Further, the more correct his ear, the more dainty his taste, the more he will torment himself with the *ignis fatuus* of perfection, always touching and re-touching his verses, ever consumed by the passion for style which, to the ordinary public, is merely an insane mania.

Such was Baudelaire, bound, because of his keen sense of perfection of the beautiful, to stray entirely away out of the beaten path, common to the mere scribblers of rhymes. Like Poe, he could not be paid at the ordinary rate when his style was extraordinary. It is certain that Baudelaire was a rare case of true, not affected, originality. Not only was his mind moulded in an original form, but all his tastes were out of the common. His manner of dressing, his taste in food, his friendship and his society—in fact, in everything he could not be like other people; neither were his likes and dislikes stable, being, even to himself, a mass of contradiction. One might liken him to a man lost in the Bocage, seeking a city he had heard of, but ignorant in what direction to find it—trying all ways hither and thither, backward and forward, determined only upon one thing, to find the goal without asking the way. All his tendencies were aristocratic, but for three years he affected democratic principles, and even donned a blouse! His money melted like snow in spring. He wished to work, but he could only do so when the fit seized him, all the while resolving to make up for lost time. In sixteen years he changed his lodgings more than eleven times, and even under pressure of poverty he found it most difficult to sit down to continuous labour. Besides being a true lover of his mistress, poetry, Baudelaire was passionately fond of plastic art. He began his literary career by art-criticism and reviewing. Whatever he touched he left upon it the impress of originality. At the age of twenty-five he had given proof of his genius in all branches of critical art, literature, and poetry.

The year 1848 interrupted his fitful labours, and the revolution fired his impressionable brain; but it was only a firework, and soon extinguished. Once more he returned to pure literature, failing utterly when he tried journalism, for he was ever striving for that perfection which fugitive journalism almost precludes and usually excludes. Then began the dawn of his literary passion for Edgar Poe, and soon after the *Revue des Deux Mondes* opened its pages, not without apology, to his collection of poems entitled *Fleurs du Mal*, which singular and unattractive title, chosen by a friend, helped to draw down upon him the moral reproof of the law. Baudelaire protested fiercely against this public prosecution. As well prosecute an actor for portraying a murderer as an author for depicting strange mental diseases or visions of fallen nature. The prosecution, of course, only served to make his name more known; even Victor

Hugo, stooping from his pinnacle, congratulated him. 'Art,' said he, 'is like the azure—it is an infinite field, and you have just proved it.'

His poems were bees in the carcase of the lion; and out of the strong came forth sweetness, for Baudelaire once more unfolded Samson's riddle, finding that in things evil there was still an essence of the beautiful, which essence cannot be evil. As Edgar Poe has ably put it, 'just as conscience, or the moral sense, recognises duty; just as the intellect deals with truth; so it is the part of taste alone to inform us of beauty. And Poesy is the handmaiden but of Taste.'

Or, again: 'We thus clearly deduce the *novelty*, the *originality*, the *invention*, the *imagination*, or, lastly, the *creation* of Beauty (for the terms are here employed as synonymous) as the essence of all Poesy.' Now, no one has ever accused Baudelaire of failing in the beauty of his verse; then why deny him the essence of Beauty, which is the opposite of evil? for Victor Hugo could thus greet him, compressing much meaning into few words, 'Je crie Bravo! Je vous serre la main, poète.'

The fact of the prosecution seemed to rouse Baudelaire. He worked harder and with more diligence. His intense appreciation of Edgar Poe forced him on with the translations; and besides these he published some finished studies on Flaubert and Théophile Gautier. His friend and editor, Poulet Malassis, hoped great things from him; and now and then Charles could escape to his mother's house at Harfleur—his stepfather being dead—and breathe divine air by the sea. After her son's death, Madame Aupick told a friend how, many a time, he would stretch forth his arms towards the sea, and exclaim, 'Oh, if I had no debts, how happy I should be!' But, though he was prosecuted, shunned, spoken against, his conscience was by no means that of the hardened sinner. Such a one would have laughed his debts to scorn, and would have sunk into lower depths; but Baudelaire still struggled against the rising flood. He tried to pacify his creditors by remittances, hiding from them when he had none to give, but always pursued by those black nightmares, bills overdue. To make matters worse, in 1861 his publisher, who had already advanced money to him, failed; Baudelaire seemed then to touch the bottom of the pit, and then the poor hunted poet penned these words: 'For some time I have been on the verge of suicide.' His review of Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, a superb piece of writing, was, like Poe's work, too good to be paid for highly. The receipt of a letter from the great composer might gratify him, but could not pay his debts. Besides his debts his public prosecution hung another load about his neck. All the editors fought shy of condemned genius, but the fund of obstinacy in him was strong. All the world might be against him, but he would not write one line to soften the verdict. He would be himself in spite of the shattered

health which the awful struggle against fate had brought upon him. In his private journal, *Mon Cœur mis à nu*, we find this terrible sentence: 'Imbecility's wing has fanned me as it passed.' He could be met wandering at night in out-of-the-way places, looking worn, wan, and shabby, an outcast from the class to which he belonged, but which only claims those who can keep up an appearance. No wonder that more than ever Edgar Poe seemed to him his twin-brother of misfortune. Like him, he had recourse at last increasingly to stimulants, in order to drown reality; and, despair seizing him, he fled from Paris, hoping at Brussels to regain some strength and to find peace and leisure. Alas! poor poet, he could not fly from himself. Then, doubtless with Poe in his mind, he determined to give lectures, and by this means to get money. He meant to speak at Bruges, Liège, Ghent, and other places; but even this project failed, for barely had he begun, when illness laid a still deadlier hand upon him. Soon after his arrival he had projected a book about Belgium: he would portray the country as he saw it, rich in art but poor in men of imagination, unable to appreciate genius from lack of models. In spite of grinding poverty, a goodly portion of the work was finished in five months, but then his mind revolted against the sombre country. He writes to a friend and bemoans himself thus: 'Think what I suffer in a place where the trees are black and the flowers are without scent, and where no conversation worth the name can be heard. You might go all over Belgium and not find a soul that speaks.' The people attracted to his first lecture by the notoriety of his prosecution expected to see a monster, and, finding a polished, aristocratic gentleman, concluded, he says ironically, that he was not the author of his own book. 'I want to get back to Harfleur, to my room, and to my mother—my mother who takes such care not to reproach me.' In truth, she was another Mrs. Clemm, and the sick man, remembering his childhood, longed for her care and sympathy.

Much, however, as he longed to get back, he would not, and perhaps could not, do so. He was almost penniless, living on rare remittances from his mother and his friends. In Brussels he had but two friends—his former editor, Poulet Malassis, again starting business in the foreign town, and Rops, the famous etcher. Like Edgar Poe, Baudelaire wanted to retrieve the past; he did not want to go back to France till he had 'achieved victory and fulfilled his set duties.'

Reading one of the letters written at this time concerning his mother, we seem to see reproduced the mind of the American poet. 'My mother has written me a letter full of wisdom. What patience, what confidence she has in me! She has been ill, but she suddenly recovered; happily I received both the good and the bad news at the same time.' He was trying to sell his copyrights among Brussels

publishers; but a poor author there had even less chance than at Paris of finding a man far-sighted enough to believe in the future of his fame, and to give him hard cash for it. They all made such ridiculous propositions to him that even the proud Baudelaire tried to argue with them, to prove to them that he had a future and that his work would live. 'People are always asking for my books,' he told them, 'and in a few years perhaps they will understand them.'

At last he began to feel hopelessly discouraged. Still he tried to keep up to his ideal standard, saying, 'Only one thing matters, to be a hero and a saint in one's own estimation.' But his poor brain was slowly giving way; not only did the wings of Imbecility touch him, but they were now beginning to enfold him entirely. He suffered from agonising fits of neuralgia, during which, in spite of good resolutions, he had recourse to spirits and opium—anything to stop the awful pain and giddiness he experienced. The doctor ordered him all kinds of drugs and Vichy water, but the poet was too poor even to buy these remedies, and dared not acknowledge this fact to the medical man. Yet he must work; and to his friends he repeats his entreaties that on no account should they let his mother know his state of misery.

At last, one day, whilst going round a church with two of his friends, a sudden and worse seizure felled him to the ground, and the next day the illness declared itself. Brain paralysis had set in; he could no longer find words to express his wishes—the connection between mind and speech was giving way and the nervous system was shattered, the breakdown perhaps hastened by drink. 'When he came to see me I had to place stimulants out of his reach, his craving for them being so irresistible,' says Poulet Malassis. This was in the spring of 1866. They brought him back to Paris, and for over a year he endured a living death—a horrible speechless existence, interesting to doctors as a strange case, but extremely painful for his friends to witness. All was done now that could be done, and his devoted mother watched him unceasingly, hoping always for his recovery, and overjoyed when he could say two words that appeared to have some meaning. In comparison, Edgar Poe's sudden end seems a precious boon, whilst his affinity, the man who had worked so hard for his posthumous fame, was to suffer this living entombment for over a twelvemonth.

When the end came, there must have been only the loving, devoted mother who could regret that all was over.

My poor son, the son I idolised, is no more (she writes to one of her friends). He had become so gentle at last and so resigned. I called him a thousand endearing names, persuaded that, in spite of his state of prostration, he could understand me and could answer me. I hope God will let me enjoy the beautiful reputation he leaves and the glory of some of his fame. You have lost a friend who loved you very tenderly. Keep his memory green, for he was worthy of it.

Might it not be Mrs. Clemm again, writing as she did write that

no one was to say a word against her Edgar? If, as has been said, God will but ratify women's judgments of their men kind, then these two poets, these two poor tortured brains, these two erring though tender-hearted men, will in the end not be altogether condemned, for the mothers' verdict will be all-powerful.

We must close the pages of this short life, and turn to some of the work which filled the poet's mind. The time which he foretold has come: his craving for perfection is at last understood, though his poems are a delight for the few, and his character is a target for the many; but even lately a storm was raging round his name, and the camp was divided on the question whether Baudelaire should have a statue raised in his memory, or whether the author of *Fleurs du Mal* was too much of an outcast to be publicly recognised. Few poets and men of letters have left so little work behind them as Baudelaire. His collected writings, as published by Lemerre, are comprised in eight volumes, four of which are consecrated to Edgar Poe's works. In M. Eugène Crépet's life of Baudelaire (the best and most complete) we find a few more scattered papers, some letters, and *Mon Cœur mis à nu*, his diary, if this word can be applied to it. This is all he gives to the world as his passport to fame, but we might call these volumes quintessence of literature. Théophile Gautier, whom Baudelaire called *le poète impeccable*, speaks of his *Petits poèmes en prose* in this manner:—

In these prose poems a phrase, a word, merely one perhaps, singularly well placed and chosen, calls up for us a host of forgotten fancies, once dear friends, now ancient dim memories of long passed existence. We are aware of a choir of mysterious and faded thoughts pressing around us and murmuring to us from among the phantoms which are constantly detaching themselves from reality. Other sentences, full of sad tenderness, seem to us like faint music of sympathy offered to unrecognised sorrow and infinite despair.

The charms of the poet's words are thus aptly described, but Baudelaire could express the same idea with more originality, likening a solitary poet to an albatross, that prince of clouds who, when once descended to earth, finds that its mighty wings serve only to impede its progress.

> Le poète est semblable au prince des nuées,
> Qui hante la tempête et se rit de l'archer;
> Exilé sur le sol au milieu des huées,
> Ses ailes de géants l'empêchent de marcher.

Such an impediment had been his own poet's wings, his own flights of fancy, his own longings for the unattainable; and we cannot refrain from copying his first prose poem, which well expresses this feeling.

L'étranger.

Qui aimes-tu le mieux, homme énigmatique, dis? ton père, ta mère, ta sœur, ou ton frère?

Je n'ai ni père, ni mère, ni sœur, ni frère.

Tes amis ?
Vous vous servez là d'une parole dont le sens m'est resté jusqu'à ce jour inconnu.
Ta patrie ?
J'ignore sous quelle latitude elle est située.
La beauté ?
Je l'aimerais volontiers, déesse et immortelle.
L'or ?
Je le hais comme vous haïssez Dieu.
Eh ! qu'aimes-tu donc, extraordinaire étranger ?
J'aime les nuages . . . les nuages qui passent . . . là-bas . . . les merveilleux nuages !

These marvellous clouds could not bear up the earthly clay, but to men of like aspirations these words will express their visionary longings; whilst those who cannot take in his mystic meaning can still turn to his art criticism, or to his life sketches, even to his advice to young authors, with pleasure and profit. We are, indeed, sometimes inclined to smile when we see modern English authors thrust their hands into the Baudelaire mine and dig out his thoughts, presenting them to us unacknowledged and clothed in English garb. But it needs care to steal from Baudelaire. At one time he will tell you he worships Art for art's sake and Beauty for itself; at another, he will flatly contradict himself and praise a didactic purpose. His friends are not taken in by his apparent contradictions—they know his mind too well for that; they are inclined to say with Emerson, 'With consistency a great soul has nothing to do,' and further to describe him in his own words spoken in praise of Théophile Gautier.

L'égal des plus grands dans le passé, un modèle pour ceux qui viendront, un diamant de plus en plus rare dans une époque ivre d'ignorance et de matière, c'est-à-dire un parfait homme de lettres.

How many quotations we might make with pleasure from his work! For instance, this one in his review of *Les Misérables*: 'Un sourire et une larme dans le visage d'un colosse, c'est une originalité presque divine.' Did Victor Hugo ever before or since receive so much praise in so few words? Of Wagner, whom he dared to praise when it was the fashion to abuse him, he writes: 'En effet, sans poésie, la musique de Wagner serait encore une œuvre poétique, étant douée de toutes les qualités qui constituent une poésie bien faite.' Time has proved the prophet true; but when he wrote he was without honour in France, and his words without weight among the multitude.

In his *Fusées*, or *Mon Cœur mis à nu*, we find more private opinion. 'It is not specially through political institutions that universal ruin or universal progress will manifest itself—the name matters little—rather it will be through *l'avilissement des cœurs*—Il y a dans la prière une opération magique. La prière est une des grandes forces de la dynamique intellectuelle. Il y à la comme une récurrence électrique.

Il n'y a d'intéressant sur la terre que les religions.—Toute idée est par elle-même, douée d'une vie immortelle, comme une personne.—Sois toujours poète même en prose.'

Later on in his diary we come upon pathetic sentences, showing the depths of the man's feeling and the higher aspirations which he had no strength to bring to perfection. 'Mes humiliations ont été des grâces de Dieu.—Ma phase d'égoïsme est-elle finie?—Tout est réparable, il est encore temps.—Je n'ai pas encore connu le plaisir d'un plan réalisé.'

Then comes the last utterance of his poor heart laid bare:—

I swear to myself henceforth to adopt the following rules as the everlasting rules of my life . . . To pray every morning to God, the Fountain of all strength and of all justice; to my father, to Mariette, and to Poe. [These titular saints of Baudelaire make us inclined to smile, as well as to weep, for one was the father he had lost at six years old, and the other his affinity, the poor American outcast!] To pray to them to give me necessary strength to accomplish all my tasks, and to grant my mother a life long enough to enjoy my reformation. To work all day, or at least as long as my strength lasts. To trust to God—that is to say, to Justice itself—for the success of my projects. To pray again every evening to God to ask Him for life and strength, for my mother and myself. To divide all my earnings into four parts—one for my daily expenses, one for my creditors, one for my friends, and one for my mother. To keep to principles of strict sobriety, and to banish all and every stimulant.

Here these acts of faith and good resolutions break off, with what result we already know. Not many of his countrymen took the trouble to come to Baudelaire's funeral; a few poets carried him to his grave. The indignant poet Banville read the funeral oration to a sprinkling of people, and only the thunder applauded; but among the witnesses another great outcast poet, still amongst us, watched the last scene, already, perhaps, fashioning in his dreamy style the beautiful lines of his own confession—

Voici mon cœur qui n'a battu qu en vain,
Pour palpiter aux ronces du Calvaire,
Voici mon cœur qui n'a battu qu'en vain.

. . . . . .

Vous Dieu de paix, de joie et de bonheur,
Toutes mes peurs, toutes mes ignorances,
Vous Dieu de paix, de joie et de bonheur.

. . . . . .

Vous connaissez tout cela, tout cela,
Et que je suis plus pauvre que personne.

It needs a poet to understand such poetry, a merciful Judge to answer such aspirations as are found in Baudelaire's resolution and Verlaine's confession.

It may not be without interest to the reader to place side by side a sentence from one of Edgar Poe's pages and its translation by Baudelaire. Only those who have attempted such work know its diffi-

culties; but it is certainly wonderful that the translator was able to grasp the full meaning of the English and to turn it into a French classic accepted as such by his countrymen. We shall note that the disciple has not altered the master's words; they were a sacred trust and must not be tampered with. The passage selected is from *Silence.*

The waters of the river have a saffron and a sickly hue; and they flow not onward to the sea but palpitate for ever beneath the red eye of the sun with a tumultuous and convulsive motion. For many miles on either side of the river's oozy bed is a pale desert of gigantic water-lilies. They sigh one unto the other in that solitude, and stretch towards the heaven their long and ghastly necks, and nod to and fro their everlasting heads. And there is an indistinct murmur which cometh out from among them, like the rushing of subterrene water. And they sigh one unto the other.

Les eaux de la rivière sont d'une couleur safranée et malsaine; et elles ne coulent pas vers la mer, mais palpitent éternellement, sous l'œil rouge du soleil, avec un mouvement tumultueux et convulsif. De chaque côté de cette rivière un lit vaseux s'étend, à une distance de plusieurs milles, un pâle désert de gigantesques nénuphars. Ils soupirent l'un vers l'autre dans cette solitude, et tendent vers le ciel leurs longs cous de spectres, et hochent de côté et d'autre leurs têtes sempiternelles. Et il sort d'eux un murmure confus qui ressemble à celui d'un torrent souterrain. Et ils soupirent l'un vers l'autre.

Setting aside translations, we shall notice many passages in Baudelaire's writings which seem to be the echo of some of Edgar Poe's own thoughts; indeed, he himself has said so. Further, we are inclined to attribute the appreciation of Shelley by modern Frenchmen to this same source, for Poe was a great admirer of Shelley, selecting his lines on the *Sensitive Plant* as a poem of supreme beauty; and we shall see that the same poem is often singled out by modern Frenchmen. Turning to Poe, we find, 'Man being what he is, the time could never have been in which poesy was not. Its first element is the thirst for supernal beauty, . . . the second element is the attempt to satisfy this thirst by novel combinations among those forms of beauty which already exist. . . . .'

Baudelaire will tell us: 'Le but de la poésie est de répandre la lumière parmi les hommes;' and 'Gautier, c'est l'amour exclusif du beau avec toutes ses subdivisions exprimé dans le langage le mieux approprié. . . . Le principe de la poésie est strictement et simplement, l'aspiration humaine vers une Beauté supérieure, et la manifestation de ce principe est dans un enthousiasme, un enlèvement de l'âme; enthousiasme tout-à-fait indépendant de la passion, qui est l'ivresse du cœur, et la vérité, qui est la pâture de la raison.'

We might go on choosing passages on this favourite theme from both poets, but there is no need; extracts are only useful as patterns of the whole material, and cutting off short lengths should be avoided.

To make Baudelaire better understood is also to raise Edgar Poe on a higher pedestal. If we doubt where to place this latter, we know

his translator had no difficulty on the subject. The glory of both has increased with years; and if they failed on earth and among their fellow men, they must at last have joined hands in the spirit-world, and claimed from thence their rightful meed of praise.

Those who ranked Baudelaire very high (even before reading Mr. Swinburne's famous poem or Mr. Saintsbury's article) had no need of any incentive to place him anywhere but amongst a small but very choice circle of truly original immortals, even if the selection is made from some of those whom the world knoweth not. Baudelaire chose his mental affinity from the same class of genius—*déclassé*—and determined to place him higher. Though he could not gain honour for himself, though he could not keep his pathetic vows or make publishers pay him highly, he could bestow fame on another poor mortal, a poet of the nineteenth century—that age extolled not for dreams, but for its common sense and its material progress.

There was but one form of progress these two cared about, not the progress of science or of electric light, but the increased power of seeing visions and dreaming dreams. 'Et qu'aimes-tu donc, extraordinaire étranger? J'aime les nuages . . . les nuages qui passent . . . là-bas, . . . les merveilleux nuages.' That was the answer of both of them to a generation of materialists.

They were potters who fashioned their clay into exquisite moulds, and artists who cared not at all for uselessness or utility. They understood that the beauty of a Grecian urn is not impaired by its being put to vile use, and that the maker of it will not incur the blame, for, the result being achieved, his hours of toil have not been wasted, and the beauty he created must last as long as his creation exists. As Baudelaire wrote: 'La beauté est une qualité si forte qu'elle ne peut qu'ennoblir les âmes.'

Esmé Stuart.

THE PAN-BRITANNIC GATHERING

Before attempting the task of entering somewhat into detail about the idea of a Pan-Britannic and All-Anglian gathering, which I ventilated through the pages of this Review in September last year, and which I am happy to say continues to gain in popular favour, I think, especially in these days when there is so wide a public to educate, that it might be advisable before proceeding further to call to mind what I stated was the object of this idea. I aimed, if the seed which I was sowing ever sprang to sapling and grew to a sturdy tree, to bring about, outside of existing political and commercial organisations which are sometimes of a disintegrating nature, a common periodical representative gathering, and to establish a National and Racial Festival say every fourth year. The scheme, as originally designed by me, was divided into three sections: Industrial, Intellectual, and Athletic (Amateur); and so general has been the support accorded to the idea in America, Australia, India, and South Africa that its complete realisation seems to be but a matter of time and co-operation. Committees have been formed to put the project into practice, and many of the leading Amateur Athletic bodies have already given it their hearty support, whilst it is also proposed to establish a number of scholarships in conjunction with the scheme which shall be open to the whole Empire. Such is a brief definition of the project given in *Hazell's Annual* for this year, and I think it a fair one. In the article referred to I also draw attention to the fact that the idea must not be confused with Imperial Federation, though it might help on that abstract aspiration. I aimed at the formation of something built on social lines, where people might forget their politics and commercial rivalries for a time, and where the Newlanders and the Englanders of our Ocean Commonwealth might meet now and again on a common footing, and where, as it were, the facts of a common language, free speech, the same traditions, and the blood bond for the bulk of those who inhabit English-speaking lands might be rebaptised. In the article to which I have referred I spoke with confidence, in consequence of the favour with which it had already been received, of the growth of the seeds carefully sown, and I have not been disappointed. Practical effect has been given to the

idea in all the great Colonies, and suggestions have been poured in upon me with a view to its realisation. Men and money have also been offered, and I therefore regard it as a plain duty that I should no longer shrink from attempting, in however general and halting a way, to venture upon details.

I have often thought that the man who could invent an acceptable common name for all citizens of the Empire as such, like German, would do more at a blow to solidarify, if I may coin the word, the Queen's subjects than all the Federation schemes under the sun. But the more you come to look into the feasibility of such an effort, the more difficult it appears to be. We are, indeed, one of the most mixed races on the earth, but it is this mixed strain which has given us our nature of adaptability to circumstances, fitted us for a governing people. This fusion of races is still going on, most noticeably in America, and I should like to know how many Germans each year marry and settle in London and in our big manufacturing cities, never to return to the Fatherland. Anglo-Saxon is a term which has been generically applied to us, but we are leavened throughout with the sympathetic, passionate Celtic elements. Then again, English-speaking, as a term covering even the subjects of the Queen, would be resented by a majority of the inhabitants of the Empire, not only in India, but also in the Canadian Dominion, the South African Colonies, Ceylon, Mauritius, and other territorial acquisitions of British arms and treaties. For want of a better title this scheme was originally called a 'Pan-Britannic and Pan-Anglo-Saxon Olympiad.' The term 'Pan-Britannic' seems to have caught on, and the idea is frequently referred to by that name in the public prints. But the term 'Pan-Anglo-Saxon' is as unwieldy as it is historically inaccurate. 'Pan-Anglican' has been used, but that savours too much of Church matters. All-Anglian would be better, for it comes easier to ears familiar with the term All-England, and it is historically more free from unhappy memories of feud, and we come originally, do we not? both Saxon and Angles, from a little district now called Sleswick, but which in the fifth century after the birth of Christ was called England. The Jutes were here too, and they were all three bound together by the ties of a common blood and a common speech. How close was the union of these tribes, says Mr. Green in his 'History of the English People,' was shown by the use of a common name, while the choice of this name points out the tribe which, at the moment when we first meet them, must have been strongest and most powerful in the confederacy. Although they were all known as Saxons by the Roman people, who touched them only on their Southern border where the Saxons dwelt, and who remained ignorant of the very existence of the English or the Jutes, the three tribes bore among themselves the name of the central tribe of their league, the name of Englishmen. From Anglia, then, or

England come the Angles and Saxons, known as Englishmen, and whatever may be the arguments in favour of or against Anglo-Saxon and Anglian, All-Anglian is certainly more euphonious than Pan-Anglo-Saxon. It removes also a basis of conflict that All-Anglian refers not only to the people from whom we came, but also to the old home, with its prim little townships, its black-timbered homesteads, and its pleasant pastures, where many a game and tough tussle took place in the open air. According to the traditional story, when Gregory the Great was but a deacon, walking through the slave market at Rome, he noticed some exposed for sale with fair faces and golden hair. 'From what city do these come?' 'They are English, Angles,' the slave trader replied. 'All-English' has been unacceptable to the Scotch or Irish supporters of the principle of this scheme, and the opposition which they have also raised to the title of Anglo-Saxon has made me think that All-Angles would be the best covering term for us all, but perhaps All-Anglian is preferable.

Then again with regard to the term Olympiad. It is an affectation, but it has been educational, and having served its purpose it had better be abandoned. I don't think 'Pan-Britannic' as a term covering all of her Majesty's subjects, whether they speak the English language or whether they do not, would be objected to; and for the rest of the English-speaking world certainly All-Anglian is more euphonious than Pan-Anglo-Saxon, and equally correct historically, and likely to rouse more sentiment, as it refers rather to the old home than to the old people, who were probably no better than a lot of pirates and freebooters. Upon the difficulty of finding a suitable name for the proposed gathering a correspondent writes: 'Might I be allowed to suggest that the terms "Pan-Britannic" or "English Festival" are somewhat local in expression, too much like Παναθήναια or Πανιώνια would be to the Greek, who could speak of the national festivals of Olympia &c. as the Πανελλήνια? The American and Australian should feel, as did the Dorians and Ionians, that he is present at a festival whose name reminds him of the hero-worship and brotherhood of a great race.' With a view to get rid of the language difficulty, Sir Thomas Upington, the Chief Justice of the Cape Colony, suggests that the periodical gathering should be of 'Inhabitants of the Imperial Dominions and of the English-speaking people of the world, with the view to the establishment of a national festival.'

It is undoubtedly the athletic portion of this scheme which is most popular, and it is easy to see why. The concrete side of it has been quickly appreciated by the multitude, but no less interesting is it to contemplate the federating force which it may bring into action, as well as immediate tangible benefits of an educational character. The dramatic symbolism of the gathering and the ceremony proposed ought to be a periodical object lesson as to what the

Empire is, alike to Colonial and home-born. Colonel Howard Vincent was very angry with Mr. Froude when he suggested that athletic contests formed the only possible federation for the British Empire. And why should not athletics be utilised to this end? In the first place, surely the gathering can do no harm to the purity of sport. According to the scheme which I advocate, it ought still further to ennoble amateur sport, make it more general, and raise athletes to a position which they have never held since the Greeks met in immortal conflict on the plains of Olympia, when all racial differences subsided for the time being, and every Greek was a brother and each contestant a hero. In the second place, why should not athletics provide a federating force round which all can gather, forgetful of the jarring interests of the Empire? I can see nothing in the conflicting political world, or the commercial world, which appeals more to the common instincts of the race, and to its simpler and more sentimental side than such a gathering; and if we are to fall down and worship anything in unison for a time as a people, let us fall down and worship that which cannot be bought: health, pluck, physical vigour, self-denial and fair play. These are not only the attributes of sportsmen, but they are also the attributes which have won the Empire, and if they go from us no diplomatists or politicians can save us. Great leaders of men there have been, truly, with feeble physique, great spirits in puny bodies, but when eminent they have always had good sound matter to work upon. It has been either by the self-neglect of the physical qualities in the natural constitution, or by the onslaught of the noble savage, that every great empire in the world has gone down. Leaders of the men are useful enough in their way, but their abilities are only of importance when they have men to lead. People talk about wars ceasing and all that sort of thing. Well, the wish is often father to the thought, but human nature will always fight in some way or other if it has got a fight in it. Churchmen and philosophers may say what they like, but, depend upon it, physique is the conquering force in healthy societies of mankind, and where brain purpose and stamina are combined the world goes down before them. The fox is a terror among ducks and geese, but, though wise in counsel and often leading a luxurious life on dainties, he is voted as vermin by men and the nobler brutes. It has been said that the time is not yet ripe for such gigantic contests as I am assumed to recommend. Well, all I can say is that I must be very much misled by my Colonial and American correspondents if this is true. The difficulties which really lie in the way are two: firstly, finance; and secondly, the variety of games which may be called national, or rather native to the United States, to Canada, and to the Homeland. Finance, as I will point out later on, is a disappearing impediment. Of games indigenous to one section of the Empire and but slightly known to the others, I will treat here.

Take cricket first, for an instance. It is our national game here, but it has a feeble existence in other lands, except in Australia (and there it flourishes only in about half a dozen large towns) and perhaps in South Africa. In America it is little played, and there is hardly a man in twenty-five who knows anything about the game; only the third-rate athletes, who can do nothing else, play it in the schools and colleges. It is, however, popular in Philadelphia, and there is a fair team there. The Americans are, in fact, no more a cricket-playing people than we are in the Homeland a baseball-playing people. Then again as to La Crosse, the representative game of Canada. There are a few clubs in England and in Australia, but La Crosse players here and there occupy much the same position in home and colonial sport as cricketers do in America. Probably, however, a really representative game could be arranged between Pan-Britannic representatives and the Americans in this pursuit, for the Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States writes to me that he does not anticipate any objection being made to the inclusion of La Crosse in the international contests, as, although the Canadians are reputed invincible, the A.A.U. is fostering the grand game so energetically that the United States can be represented with credit. In this contest the Canadians would probably have to do battle for the sportsmen of the Empire against their opponents. Football again is much played in America, but is, in rules and manner of proceeding, an entirely distinct development from anything here. Lawn tennis, on the other hand, is as popular in the United States as it is here and in the Colonies. It is well to see where we are, and I take it that football would be eliminated as unseasonable, while cricket would resolve itself into a Pan-Britannic contest, and baseball into an exhibition game between opposing American teams. In aquatics and athletics each nation or colony can produce, without doubt, its tried men, and in these contests there will be a common meeting ground for all. I take no notice of feats of strength and exhibitions of that kind, because they are at the best only pot-house speculations.

With these few prefatory remarks, I pass on to a more detailed narrative of the scheme:—

I

Chief object of the idea.—The principle of the scheme is based essentially on that of the family; it involves no artificial ties. On the other hand, it is the embodiment of free and unfettered gatherings, which are now only worked in an irregular and hap-hazard way, as a recognised sign of the unity of the English-speaking race, scattered throughout our Ocean Commonwealth. A correspondent writes: 'I do not in the least demur to the comparison with the Olympian games and other Hellenic contests. It is precisely the same spirit of

emulous but friendly rivalry, of absorbing popular interest, or patriotism, that you want to excite, and that should be stimulated in a far greater degree among the people of an empire that covers the globe than it ever was amid the dependencies of a small nation restricted to the Mediterranean.'

Other objects of the scheme.—'The creation of an atmosphere of mutual regard,' for 'kind hearts are more than coronets;' a symbol of a nation confident against the world in arts, natural resources, and arms; a correction to that distemper of peoples, as of individuals, which the late Earl Russell once called a 'little spasm of independence,' but these little spasms of independence require attention where, as in Australia, two-thirds of the population are native-born. Looking at it from a physical point of view the scheme ought to act as an antidote to the debilitating effects of luxury, wealth, and civilisation, for should it be carried out in its full conception the honours which it affords should be those for which the flower of the Race would chiefly strive.

II

Name.—(*a*) Pan-Britannic covers that section of the scheme which should consist of contests between inhabitants of the Imperial Dominions; (*b*) All-Anglian covers the contests which will take place between the champions of the Britannic contests and those whom our kindred in the United States of America send after preliminary trials there. Upon this point Mr. G. A. Adee, well known for many years in connection with Yale University sport, writes me that after considerable inquiry he has no doubt that American champions would be willing to compete with the winners of the proposed Pan-Britannic contests, in an international contest for the championship, All-American *versus* All-Great Britain and Colonies. This scheme takes no cognisance of the rest of the world, but if fitting combatants are produced, the Pan-Britannic and All-Anglian champions might meet those of other countries at a time subsequent to the periods of the contests under review.

III

General idea.—The general scheme deals, in addition to the popular element of Athletics, with a formal opening, and a ceremony of state, to which the President of the United States shall be invited as Chief Guest of the Empire. At this opening ceremony, a poem or song, composed for the occasion, shall be recited on the subject of the Empire and the unity of the Race outside of politics. The general scheme also includes a Conference upon matters of social, scientific, commercial, and industrial importance to the Empire and the Anglo-American people. Exhibition games of cricket, La Crosse, cycling, baseball, and an aquatic contest at Henley, and

other gatherings, as well as social festivities in accord with the spirit of the scheme. The scheme also includes an Imperial Review by the Queen, who shall be attended by a body-guard representing the whole of the Home, Colonial, and Indian forces; also the establishment of scholarships. The Saturday of the Festival week shall be a general holiday throughout the Empire, and upon this day there shall be another state ceremony, at which the prizes shall be distributed. A suggestion has been made by a Colonial writer that the champions of the final contests should be empowered to tender to the Head of the British State a renewal of the allegiance of the youth of the Empire. This would certainly be a novel, and it might be made an impressive, sight.

The Festival shall cover Monday to Saturday inclusive, in the second full week in July, which is Henley week.

IV

Athletics.—Athletics which demand no exceptional expense and no aid outside of Nature's endowment and practice, such as running, jumping, walking, and putting the weight, shall form the backbone of the sporting section. There will also be exhibition games, inclusive as far as possible of the games of the Empire and of the Race.

Let it be understood that the athletic contests, while open to the whole Democracy, are purely amateur; that is, they are to be for those who engage in such exercises for the pleasure they find in them and the benefits other than pecuniary that they derive from them. These contests will be in walking, running, jumping, both with and without weights, putting the weight, and the other events which usually fill the card. I think that both the Colonials and Americans should be consulted before the events should be definitely settled upon. A cycling contest will also take place.

My object in suggesting that the Festival shall always take place in Henley week is, that if the Colonies or America send representatives they shall be able to contest there. For amateur aquatic competition the organisation is perfect, the gathering almost a household word, and the winners of the Grand Challenge and the Sculls there may be regarded as the champion amateur eight and champion amateur sculler of the world. When we know whether colonial representative crews or scullers, not such scratch contestants as may appear this year, are really coming, some arrangement will have to be made with the Henley Regatta Committee. If it is further desired to row between Putney and Mortlake, this must be considered. I know that colonial and American oarsmen are discussing much this scheme, but they have an idea that they are not quite up to Grand Challenge form. Still, there is nothing like making a start, even if there is a chance of being beaten. What should we think of Cambridge if her

oarsmen declined to row Oxford next year or any other year, on the ground that the contest was a foregone conclusion? A race is always a race, and if speed is not always obtainable, it is pluck, and endurance, and experience which have made our people what they are.

With regard to the exhibition games I have no doubt but that both the American baseball and Canadian La Crosse teams could pay their expenses by a tour through England. As for cricket, I think there would be little difficulty in getting up a good team of Colonial cricketers for representative matches, especially as in all probability a South African team will be in England next year.

Other competitions might also be arranged which would give ample scope for the exercise of other physical excellences not covered by the programme outlined.

V

Scholarships.—It is suggested that a certain number of historical, scientific, and technical scholarships shall be founded, open to all subjects of the Queen, and examinations for which shall be held simultaneously at various centres of the Empire. It is suggested that one of these scholarships shall be founded by each city of the Empire of over 80,000, or by individual givers. Each scholarship to be called after its founder.

The aim of these scholarships is: first, to enable clever young men to travel and to study the resources of our great Empire, and to use them and their reports as fertilisers, to instil into the great British public some notion of what the Empire is like, which some of them seem to hold so very cheap.

Secondly, to enable young men, trained to the very highest pitch in the Colonial Universities (and as they are all open by scholarships to every clever Board School boy, this means all the pick of all the classes) and capable, let us hope, of sound original work, to come home and have the two-fold advantages we can offer here. First, the most distinguished men in every branch of life as teachers, men who must from the very necessity of the case be head and shoulders above our Colonial brothers; second, free views of our libraries and museums, crammed as they are to the roof with the world's choicest possessions, the heritage of ages and ages of man's genius and gifts.

Every such student on his return would be a centre of light and leading, would necessarily raise the tone all round him, and would do much to wipe out of the too eager credulous young Colonial the idea that the Mother Country is an effete played-out old place not worth troubling about.

The following is an outline for the proposed establishment of the Britannic scholarships:—(1) Two divisions—(*a*) Home; (*b*) Colonial and Indian.

Home.

(*a*) Tenable for two years.

(*b*) At least twenty given annually.

(*c*) Holder to travel in Colonies or India, to study resources of some particular industry or group of industries.

(*d*) To submit reports at end of, say, each six months, and a final report at expiration of two years, embodying results of inquiries, and giving suggestions for future improvement in trade &c. connected with industries studied.

(*e*) These reports to be published by Colonial or Indian Offices.

(*f*) Scholarships to be awarded on the results of examinations, or on recommendation of some university at which candidate has been a distinguished student for a certain length of time—perhaps both plans might be adopted.

(*g*) Value to be sufficient to cover living and reasonable travelling expenses.

Colonial and Indian.

(*a*) Tenable for four years.

(*b*) At least one hundred given annually.

(*c*) To be divided up as under: Australia twenty-five, Dominion of Canada twenty-five, South Africa ten, Indian Empire thirty, West Indies &c., five, smaller colonies, say five.

(*d*) To be awarded on result of examination only, same papers for whole of Empire, but candidates to have choice of a certain number of subjects out of a larger number.

(*e*) Papers to cover: Medicine, Pure Science, Arts and Literature, Engineering, Law. Hence a candidate might win scholarship in any one of these divisions.

(*f*) Home Education Office to undertake appointment of Examiners, local authorities to supervise and arrange actual examinations.

(*g*) Home Education Office to supervise work of students while in Great Britain, and to receive reports as to work of students. Also to pay allowances.

(*h*) Student to undertake to return to own Colony.

(*i*) Value 200*l.* a year, and free passage home and out.

(*k*) Students to have free choice of place and method of study, it being understood that they would mainly devote themselves to original work in their own branch.

(*l*) Technical students would spend part of their time on works or in factories.

(*m*) Actual cost to Home Government would be very small, only that of fees to examiners and control.

(*n*) Candidates would need to give, say, twelve months' notice of their intention to compete, and to select their subjects, so that examination papers could be prepared.

Conference.—A Conference shall sit for five days, at which subjects of importance shall be discussed. Notice of the subject to be given six weeks previous to the opening of the Pan-Britannic. It may be pointed out that next year the British Association meets at Oxford, and features of Colonial interest might be imparted to it. This Conference shall not be confined to inhabitants of the Empire, but be open to Americans of the United States. In connection with this Conference visits of Colonial delegates should be planned to the chief seats of industry, and every effort should be made to bring the Colonial artisan into touch with his fellow-workers of the older world, his isolated position being productive of a narrow thinking power, and with it a restricted and crude knowledge of his craft. In connection

with the Pan-Britannic idea a movement is already on foot in Melbourne for a visit to London as an educational trip for a party of Australian artisans. But I fear the financial conditions now prevailing there will not further the plan.

Minor Festivals. —In the original sketch of this scheme by me, I made no reference to certain minor festivals which have since occurred to me. I now suggest that during the three years which will elapse during the first and fourth celebration of the Pan-Britannic and All-Anglian gathering, a festival social, athletic, and military shall be celebrated in each part of the Empire—in 1895 in Canada—in 1896 in Australia—in 1897 in South Africa—and that at these festivals the Heir-Apparent, or some one specially delegated to represent the throne, shall be present, attended by a body-guard representing the military forces of the Empire. There is no doubt about it but that if Royalty wishes to keep its hold over the outlying democratic and independent spirited communities of the Empire, its representatives must be seen there more frequently, and why not at regular intervals if the occasion is found? as it might be in the establishment of a Canadian periodic gathering, an Australian and a South African. I do not think I go beyond contemporary opinion in suggesting the establishment of these minor festivals, for did not his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales remark at the twenty-first anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Colonial Institute on March 1889: 'It is the duty, if it be possible, of all Englishmen, and above all, of all statesmen, to visit these great Colonies, which will prove to them how proud we may be of being Englishmen, and of what the indomitable energy of Englishmen can do'?

I see no reason whatever why it should not be one of the main duties of the Heir-Apparent to spend two or three months of every year in such a visit, voyage included, to the Imperial Dominions or the American continent, in Africa, and in Australia. Such visits would do much to keep alive the feeling of sentiment and kinship which it is so desirable to foster, and the establishment of them would found, I am convinced, a new era in monarchical government, and would be received by an outburst of loyalty before which would sink into feebleness the disruptive promptings of self-seeking, or perhaps really patriotic, Colonial politicians. It is not what the Colonies are now, but what they will be in a few years, that we have chiefly to consider. I merely make this suggestion. It is for the leading men in the great satrapies of the Empire and the public there to take it up if they think it worth while. As the senior outlying part of the Empire, Canada should have the first visit in 1895. A great ceremonial gathering could be easily arranged, and further weight might be given to the visit if the Meeting of the British Association be held in Canada, as is proposed, for that year. It has been well and wisely said by royal lips: 'We regard the Colonies as integral

parts of the Empire, and our warmest sympathies are with our brethren beyond the seas, who are no less dear to us than if they dwelt in Kent or Surrey.' It is very pleasant for the colonists to hear these things, but, to use an old phrase, seeing is believing, and if monarchical principles are to keep in touch with the growth of Canadian, Australian, and South African thought, royal personages must be seen there more frequently. 'Out of sight, out of mind,' is another old saying, founded on experience.

Finance.—Lord Lorne said in writing to me, when I first proposed the Pan-Britannic scheme, that its expense would be enormous. I suppose he meant to the Mother Country. I must confess that at first I was rather inclined to this view also, but the more I have looked into ways and means the less I think of it, and the view taken by the late Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies of the matter I prefer. He, Sir Robert Herbert, says: 'Agreeing that the prizes shall not be money, or of any great value, I am disposed to think that the competitors coming from a distance to the festival should, in some cases, have assistance towards their travelling expenses from a central fund. Such a fund, probably, need not be very large, as the rich and populous communities should not call upon it.' When Sir Robert Herbert wrote me this in November last year I must further confess that I thought he erred in an optimistic direction, as I am convinced now that the former view is an erroneous one. The attitude, moreover, which the greater Colonies are taking up towards the financial support of their representation proves that Sir Robert Herbert's view is a correct one. They are making an appeal for funds to co-operate in the scheme 'without going cap in hand to the British enthusiast, who will find ample scope for his generosity in assisting the smaller dependencies of the Empire.' In Australia, South Africa, and Canada, proposals have also been publicly made that some of the expense of representation shall be put upon the Government estimates. But it would be much more advisable, for many reasons, if financial support was voluntary and spontaneous. There is good ground to work upon. For instance, the Secretary of the Victorian A.A.A., in writing to the *Melbourne Argus* under date of the 19th of April, says there are nearly a thousand athletes connected with the Victorian Association as members of the public schools, the leading private schools, the university, and the various athletic clubs in Melbourne and the chief towns of the Colony. This only refers to one Colony, and I do not think I am wrong in stating that the New Zealand and New South Wales Associations are equally strong, for it must be remembered that the team of athletes coming from the Australasian Colonies is to be representative of the whole. Upon this joint representation the secretary of 'The New Zealand Amateur Athletic Association' thus corresponds a mail or two back: 'It is almost certain that we, in New Zealand, will join hand and help to make the team an Aus-

tralasian one. At any rate I intend moving to this effect at the next meeting of my Association, and it is almost certain that my motion will be carried.' The same movement to obtain financial support for a thorough representation of each is also going on in America and South Africa among the members of athletic associations. I have not referred to promises of individual support from wealthy men and Federationists throughout the Empire.

I think I have said sufficient to show that in the greater Colonies the idea has emerged from the theoretical and discussion stage into the practical, and that men are looking about for ways and means to carry to an early conclusion an idea which has been approved of. I do not say that money will not be wanted here. It will be wanted both to help the Colonies which are not in good position to help themselves, and to help towards the ordinary working expenses of the scheme.

I merely treat here from a financial point of view of the athletic representation at the festival, not of the proposed State functions, nor of the permanent endowment which will be necessary for the foundation of the proposed scholarships. For less worthy and useful schemes much more money has been found than will ever be demanded for the completion in its full entirety of the Pan-Britannic and All-Anglian idea.

What has been done.—From the foregoing it will be seen that the idea has been thoroughly discussed, and that it has entered upon its practical stage. In Great Britain, a strong and representative Committee has been formed. In the Colonies, in addition to the support of the athletic organisations, it has found friends among the public men. In Australia Sir Frederic Sargood, the Hon. James Service, the Hon. Alfred Deakin, the Hon. B. R. Wise, the Hon. Mr. Best, and the Hon. William MacMillan; in South Africa, Sir Thomas Upington, the Chief Justice, Sir James Sievewright, and others; in the West Indies, Sir Henry Blake, the Governor of Jamaica, are at the head of an organised and active movement to bring the full idea to fruition; while in Canada Sir John Thompson has promised to bring it before his cabinet. The idea is a new one, and the English people are slow to move; however, I think it will be admitted that a great deal has already been done, but much more remains to be done before this gathering is founded as an institution for the Pan-Britannic and All-Anglian people. Men write all over the English-speaking world, that interest has already been quickened in manly games by the mere proposal, and if they can only be carried out on the scale and with the magnificence which I have in my mind's eye they ought to be an agent and incentive to friendship and manliness for many generations to come. As a nation and a race we are at a critical period of our existence—we are often reminded of Capua, but seldom of Sparta. By the simplicity of the prizes which the old Greeks gave

to their champions in the Olympic games, I have no doubt that the institutors of those games wished to imply that it was honour and honour alone, and not mean and sordid motives, which was the main-spring of all great actions. Once firmly graft that principle into the youth of a nation or a race and they are capable of almost anything. When the Persian General Tigranes heard what was the value of the prizes for which the Greeks broke their hearts, he exclaimed to Mardonius, the commander-in-chief, 'Heavens! against what men are you leading us? insensible to interest, they combat for glory.'

I do not claim for this scheme that it will eternally preserve the Empire against discordant interests, but I do think it will tend to strengthen the common sympathies, reconsecrate the blood bond in an unassuming way, and it may help on indirectly a more complete political unity yet to come. If people do not know one another they cannot be friends; by estrangements those who were before friends cease to be friends. This scheme will bring the members of the different portions of the Empire and of the Race together periodically in some centre, and make them know each other by placing facilities in the way for the express purpose. Such gatherings will soften angles and may pave the way for something larger and more comprehensive in course of time. The timid and conservative may regard such an idea as an innovation; but, as Lord Bacon says, 'Surely every medicine is an innovation, and he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils, for time is the greatest innovator; and if time alters things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them for better, what shall be the end?'

J. ASTLEY COOPER.

SOME DAY DREAMS AND REALITIES

When the autumn holiday comes at last to the town-dweller, and he has made up his mind to 'go' somewhere or 'do' something, he is often (without deserving the character or incurring the disasters of the personage I am thinking of) like the spirit which 'went about seeking rest and finding none' till he gets home again. Even if, being young, he succeeds in breaking Alpine records (instead of his neck) on the Matterhorn the cream of his enjoyment rises to the top after he has come down from that eminence, and gives its most pleasant flavour when poured out in the company of fellow-climbers at, say, Paddington. The safe experience of foreign trains, too (with success in the matter of scenery and hotels) commends itself best to paterfamilias, if not to his party, when he feels his own latch key in his waistcoat pocket once more. I am inclined to believe, indeed, that, so long as he evades or ignores the arrival of business letters (believing that the world will turn round even if he takes his hand off the crank), there is no 'rest' to the townsman of ripe years like such as may be found in a spell of what is called 'rustic seclusion.'

The way to enjoy the country is to live in London. When the City-dweller dawdles to the village station to meet a friend or see whether his box from Mudie has arrived, the sense of the contrasting change which a return ticket has wrought for him is intensified by the impatience of the train, which cannot stop for a minute without fuming to be off. And when (the box having been opened) he lies in his hammock under the silent shading beech with the last novel in his hand, and hears the distant cough of engines as they pause, or the scream with which they whirl up dust and scraps of straw in rushing past the little wooden platform, they seem to tell him of a striving restless world in the turmoil of which he has no part. Then, too, as he cuts the morning paper (one of a parcel flung out by the iron messenger from London) he thinks, perhaps, for a moment of the strain and toil with which the latest words and thoughts from all quarters of the world have been swept together and impressed on the sheet before him since he smoked his last evening pipe. He reads, but seems to be almost incalculably removed from the whirlpool which sucks all this in and spreads it on his breakfast table along with fresh-

laid eggs. Possibly, though, what he reads presents itself to him with a sense of distance and perspective hardly realised when, in town, he 'glanced' at his paper before the business of the day began, or 'looked it through' as he sat in a club arm-chair with the iron hum of Piccadilly outside his curtained windows. He thinks, e.g., that he sees an answer to questions which have headed letters in a long newspaper correspondence, such as 'Who began boycotting?' the fact being that its genesis coincides with that of humanity, the process having as many names as there are languages upon earth. Each time it is 'a new application of an old work,' as the boy said when the school-marm spanked him with 'Robinson Crusoe.' The real question is, 'When did it begin to be unfair?' the answer in this case being as obscure as in the other. Then, too, he wonders why people should dispute as to whether or no it is essentially 'wrong' to put a compulsory legal limit upon the hours of labour, since they might surely admit that its legality is recognised in a certain 'commandment,' though the question there is not about 'eight hours' but 'six days.' The principle not only of compulsion but of its universal insistence is conceded in that clause of the 'moral law,' though the minuteness of its severity is more or less evaded by even the most obedient Christians. The real difficulty, affecting all individual conduct of life and national legislation, lies in determining 'where to stop.' General 'coercion,' however, is obviously an inevitable accompaniment of 'civilisation, which involves a discriminating but unprejudiced use of handcuffs' as well as an appreciation of telephones.

Much as the town-dweller (busy while there) congratulates himself on getting hold of a really entertaining novel when he has becalmed himself in the country, he reads his paper with a thoroughness and appetite unapplied and unfelt amid the importunate surroundings of a city. There it is partly associated with the pressure of daily life. He sees its enticing invitations at the corner of every street and has them shouted in his ears. In his country retreat the only copy which he hears of throughout the day is left at his door by the rural messenger from the station, and he cuts it open with a relish all the keener because of the contrast it invites between this little slice of the great world and that portion of the smaller one which is around him. It changes places with the novel, so to speak. In town that represents, and indeed brings, a period of repose. Though it may be called sensational, and sometimes even keeps him awake, it really fulfils the function of sleep, inasmuch as it takes him out of himself and detaches him for a while from the importunity of waking life. However stirring or calamitous the events which it records, they do not make any call upon him for exertion, or disturb his prospects. It brings an hour of mental quiescence and freedom from responsibility. But that is what characterises the whole day in his retreat, and

thus (after the first yawning week of well-earned rest) the law of compromise presently asserts itself and he wants a little more vinegar in his salad. This the newspaper provides for him, and he reads it with a steadiness and perception impossible in London. Things appear in it with an unforeseen freshness or novelty of announcement. When, e.g., he learns that the first 'engine' has entered Jerusalem he is conscious of something being brought about like a 'disestablishment' of the Scriptures, but the invasion brings home to him the magnitude of the change which has upset the world since the harvest waggon, creeping along the lane, was supplanted by the ocean-going steamer, and the song of the reapers by the racket of the screw. When will this be followed by the keeping of our cows in Australia or Brazil, and the arrival of our milk in frozen blocks instead of pails, the dairy being an ice house in a ship? We may expect, however, that though sheep have to submit to shearing by machinery, there will be an unconquerable reluctance on the part of its possessors to the transfer of milk by the same means. Still, possibly, some one will invent a tin calf, with india-rubber suctional arrangement, which shall be wheeled under the credulous and impatient cow at suitable hours. Anything is conjectural in the progress of that unfeeling ingenuity with which agricultural traditions are being dispelled.

Meanwhile the town-dweller, steadily assimilating his paper in hours of rustic repose, looks up from its sheet with a glance at the evidences of that pathetic perseverance in rural usage and nomenclature by which he is surrounded. Nothing can exceed the unconscious conservatism of the present middle-aged peasant, who votes with vague sincerity for the Radical candidate. Is not his wish (when it is felt) for a 'small holding' indicative of a desire to return to long-past procedure? We go back to classical methods of warfare when we arm our ships with 'rams,' but his views are still more retrospective so far as he thinks of a small plot under spade cultivation, and the planting of a garden with fruit trees for home consumption and disposal—another Eden (enlightened by a daily arrival of the *Star*), in which Eve shall wear silk on Sundays, and Cain and Abel attend a board-school of which Adam is a manager.

Among the reasons which make it desirable that a townsman should seek recreative change in the secluded parts of his own country is his frequently astonishing ignorance of what it is like—not outside, but inside. There are minute details of rural economy which it is impossible for him to realise from any descriptions of them, however realistic. Suppose, for instance, that having read *La Terre*, his social curiosity tempts him to spend an autumn holiday in a French country district peopled with hard-fisted 'peasant proprietors.' We will say nothing about any repulsive confirmation of M. Zola's impressions which he may meet with, but take one innocent familiar feature of thrifty management which enables 'Jules Martin' and his

neighbours to help in supplying the English market with French eggs. The townsman who has left Bayswater for only a month asks himself (not others) why the peasant in his own land neglects so profitable a branch of industry as the rearing of fowls about his cottage. Now Hodge is an honest fellow, and in many ways would show a favourable contrast to his foreign neighbour of the same class; and it is much to be regretted that when (as should be the case always) he has a garden and allotment he does not turn his mind to the keeping of common poultry more than at present, and so take some wind out of the sails of French and Italian hens. But those thrifty toilers 'Martin' and 'Nardi' live upon the produce of their plots, and do not supplement their incomes by working for another to whose fields and barns they have daily access. Now we all might know that fowls live chiefly upon grain, and thus (rightly or wrongly) a farmer is tempted to discourage the keeping of them by the labourers on his land. No householder is accused of being unfairly suspicious if he is careful not to leave small uncounted coin lying about his rooms, but the provision for the speedy disposal of pocketed handfuls of corn by peckish hens is an enticement not altogether unlike that which is afforded by stray coppers and threepenny-bits left on the dressing-table or dropped on the floor. This is one of the (unpleasant) hints which an observant visitor might pick up in his endeavour to form an accurate estimate of the position of a peasant in the agricultural district.

There are wheels within wheels in every rural parish, and the readjustment of its administrative machinery by the creation of 'village councils,' &c. &c., is no such easy business as it may be made to look on paper. There are ingrained jealousies all round, in support of which the aversion of some farmers to the keeping of fowls or a pig by the labourers on their land may be taken as a sample. There are social traditions as strong as those which enable a peasant to remember the temperament of every acre of ground in the place. To the passer-by one field is like another, except for the crop which it may happen to be bearing. The ploughman and the reaper know every 'burning' patch of soil within the borders of the farm where they work. And it is the same with their estimate of each family (rich or poor) which has lived any time in the parish. Along with this (however minute the details of village gossip) the local exclusiveness of the agricultural peasant has made it difficult for the squire, parson, or farmer to do more than guess at what he thinks in respect to his new social position. This, indeed, is not to be wondered at, since (whatever personal kindness and consideration he may have met with) he has been treated as a serf rather than a citizen. He has had no recognised part in the government of the community to which he belongs, as churchwarden, overseer, or even guardian of the poor, and many who have hitherto filled these offices still smile

or growl at the thought of his being appointed to either of them. They do not realise the inevitable ultimate result of his having a finger in the conduct of the Empire itself, and being strenuously invited to move it by legislators (in *posse* and *esse*) for their own ends. Perhaps the observant visitor from the town is better able to guess at the complicated agricultural outlook than the countryman. He has not become familiarised with the traditional condition and attitude of peasants who are slowly but surely taking in what is involved in their having votes instead of voices. As he hears the perplexed farmer's groans over wheat at thirty shillings a quarter and the migration of young labourers to towns (where a growing number of artisans resent their arrival), he wonders whether any cry of 'England for the English' will tempt the country labourer to question the use of its markets for the benefit of American corn-growers. When, too, he reflects that the 'beaters' in a wood have identical electoral rights with the 'guns' outside it, and foresees that 'members' may be 'paid' and a magistrate's 'property qualification' be made the same in the county as in the borough, he asks himself what modification of the game laws will come to pass. For work or play the agricultural outlook is pregnant and perplexing.

Among his rural day dreams he possibly has one about the public-house; and in working his way through the letters which episcopal suggestions have produced he wonders why so little, or such incomplete notice has been taken of the place which it ought to fill in a country parish. It is not really 'public,' but mostly in the exclusive possession of a 'class,' whereas it ought to be the meeting-house of all within the place. Working men's institutes, labourers' clubs, and village reading-rooms have blinded philanthropic eyes to the possibility of realising what a 'public'-house might be, and have tended to make it more than ever a mere channel for the sale and consumption of strong drink. Properly equipped, and no longer managed by the agent of a brewer (miscalled a licensed 'victualler'), it should be the recognised place of common social resort in each country parish, as a secular handmaid of the Church, and a wholesome centre of influence and good feeling—the parson dropping in to have a game of draughts with the clerk or a chat with his 'sheep' about the events of the day. In the ideal 'public'-house such familiarity would never breed contempt, and as the peasant comes to apprehend his citizenship there is nothing in the nature of things which ought to make such a realisation impossible.

Talking of the Church and the parson, our town visitor, uninterrupted in his secluded assimilation of news from the distant world, will hardly fail to perceive the incompleteness of the language used in such letters as were produced by the 'Grindelwald Conference' about the 'reunion of the Churches.' It is obviously an excellent thing for Christians who look at the same facts from different points

of view to meet without biting and devouring one another; but why should anybody desire universal agreement? For one thing, this would take the wind out of the sails of Christian charity, and make the virtue of religious toleration impossible. For another, supposing all men to be of one mind, and yet knowing only 'in part' (as St. Paul says) to have arrived at the same theological opinions, a mistake would, necessarily, be universal. As dislike of pain, hunger, and cold—or, in other words, discontentment with our natural condition—is the divine provision for, and assurance of, human happiness and progress, so diversities of religious method, sentiment, and belief are the inevitable accompaniments of corporate Christian growth. That was so at the first, when the contrasts between believers were accentuated by their nearness to the Judaism or heathenism from which they have emerged, and some claimed the exercise of nonconformity so far as to 'esteem every day alike.' And St. Paul did not meet this dissenting difficulty by advising them (in modern language) to 'sink' this difference, and, however they interpreted it, to agree in the observance of such a divinely historical institution as the Sabbath, whether recognised on the last or first day of the week, but said: 'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. He that regardeth the day regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it.'

Surely what is most needed for the Churches, sects, or separate Christian communities (by whatever name we may distinguish them) is that each may give his neighbour credit for honesty, and admit not merely that there is more than one side to the same truth, but that there are different degrees of light in which the same side of a truth may be seen.

In regard to one question which exercised critics of the late Grindelwald Conference, we hardly need the calm of observant seclusion in order to perceive that (in the eyes of its devoutest upholders) the real value of episcopal ordination is the divine validity which it gives to the acts of the minister, so that, *e.g.*, without it the Holy Communion is no more spiritually effective than a marriage ceremony performed by an actor in a play is legally binding. That is the point, beside which all questions about the forms of Church government are comparatively unimportant. It is a desire to be assured that there has been no 'solution of manual continuity' in the apostolical succession of the Anglican Church which makes so many anxious to prove the due consecration of Archbishop Parker. You may have an intermittent line of office clerks, in which the last is as good as the first; you may start a new one in, say, Melbourne or Sydney. But an episcopal Church cannot be so officered. The fresh foundation of an episcopate in a colony is ruled to be radically impossible. It can be introduced only through the mystic wire of sacerdotal mechanism, which, once broken, cannot be mended or replaced. It is this, and

no mere question of the Papacy, which makes the irritating difference between the Roman Catholic and one who claims a priestly pedigree but is compelled to submit to re-ordination ' if he joins the Roman Church. That utterly ignores Anglican episcopacy, not as a rival mint (the coins of which, though illegally stamped, are yet of gold), nor as an illicit still (the produce of which, though contraband, has genuine alcoholic influence), but as baselessly pretentious, and no more able to transmit the grace of sacerdotal power than a telegraphic instrument without a wire is to send a message. When, therefore, an English bishop talks about the 'reunion of Churches,' involving an invitation that Nonconformist ministers should recognise episcopal formation, he virtually denies that sacerdotal validity of his Church which is claimed as radically essential to its being by a multitude of its ministers and members (since no honest Dissenter would admit it any more than he would profess allegiance to the Church of Rome), and thus promotes discord rather than union. 'Many men, many minds.' When shall we arrive at the conclusion that, after all is said and done, in our present state of imperfect religious knowledge (admitted by our acceptance of distinct Scripture sentences which assume it) there can be only one sure bond of union among Christians, capable of being recognised and acted upon by all, namely, a readiness to allow the sincerity of those who differ from ourselves, along with an honest desire to accept and use such increments and interpretations of the light of truth as we are able to bear?

HARRY JONES.

HOW TO CATALOGUE BOOKS

It is of importance that the vast stores of literature that we possess in our public and semi-public libraries should be made more accessible to students—accessible in the sense of the subject-matter of the books being intelligently made known, and not, as is now the case to a great extent, hidden by the very various, unsystematic, and peculiar modes of cataloguing them. To this end it is necessary that sensible bibliography should be treated scientifically, and studied to a greater extent than is now the case.

The term 'literature' as it is used in this connection does not, of course, comprehend all printed matter, but it includes the books, journals, or printed material usually found in libraries. Its definition would be long and varied—indeed, we have not yet had a completely satisfactory one—but in the following remarks it will be found to have a very expansive reach.

The practical study of bibliography has been much neglected; and it is now proposed to show that there are many matters of moment in the details of the subject which not only seriously affect literature and libraries but the public generally. Such questions as—

1. The best system of cataloguing books—*i.e.* whether they should be arranged under the authors' names or under the subjects, and the possibility of formulating a uniform system.

2. The classification of the *subjects* of literature.

3. The possibility of having a general catalogue of books, or index to literature, with an arrangement indicating the books that are in our national institutions, and the proper authority for carrying this out.

4. The provision of a subject-index to periodical literature, completing the work of Poole's *Index to* [general] *Periodical Literature*, which at present does not include the articles in scientific journals and in the Transactions of learned societies.

Let us take these subjects in order. In this connection the subject of cataloguing is of the first importance. It is by the means of catalogues, or should be, that we find out what has been written in any department of human knowledge, and are enabled to avoid the repetition of researches and investigations that have been already

performed. In the department of science especially it occasionally happens that investigations which have been made with great care and labour are afterwards found to have been already made and published, and that for want of a convenient reference time, labour, and money have been lost. In other cases the precedent work is of great assistance in new investigations in literature and science; and the catalogues are of real value in giving information as to what has been written on the various subjects. The catalogues of our libraries, therefore, should be treated as works having a special value. But at present each public library appears to have an arrangement of its own with regard to its list of books, though there appears to be a singular unanimity with respect to the practice of placing a book under the author's name as the initial word—that is, if it is possible to obtain it. There are exceptions with regard to periodicals, encyclopædias, collections, sacred books, and of course anonymous works. This author-heading practice is so simple and easy, that whatever may be the after-arrangement, classification, or division, it is now generally the initial word in the arrangement of books in catalogues. In the catalogue of the library of the British Museum the alphabetical-author arrangement is adopted with the exceptions indicated. But in this case there is also a special innovation interfering strangely with facility of access to the literature required—that is, the periodical publications of all kinds are catalogued under the names of the places where the journals, or the institutions whose proceedings are recorded; are situate or published, rather than under the title of the journal or the name of the institution. For instance, the following are the first two entries under the heading 'Manchester'—*Ab-o'-th' Yate's Christmas Annual*, &c.; *The Alliance*, a weekly journal, &c.

This is an eccentricity that has not been found necessary in any other public institution excepting the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, where periodicals are placed under the heading 'Academies.' A few libraries have of late made a *subject-index* at the end of the alphabetical-author arrangement, and in the result, as, for instance, at the Manchester Free Library, the *subject-index* volume of the catalogue is invariably used instead of the catalogue itself.

The exceptions called for by the arrangement of books under the authors' names in catalogues are many and varied. As before mentioned, there are the anonymous books: great books such as the Bible, the Talmud, the Koran, &c. (whilst their exegesis are placed under the commentators' names); and encyclopædias and periodical publications, which are usually placed under the first word of the title not an article. In the case of biographies it is the general practice to catalogue the books under the names of the writers; but there is no reason why the subject of a biography should not be treated to a subject-matter heading in cataloguing, just as the subjects of investi-

gation by scientific men, and the fanciful titles of poems, plays, and novels are so treated when anonymous.

To connect minor things with greater, the worry consequent on the present want of system may be illustrated by daily experience. The issues of catalogues by the booksellers have largely increased. Immediately one becomes known as a book-buyer, or as connected with one of the learned societies that publish lists of their members, booksellers inundate him with their catalogues. These are mostly author lists, and we have to wade continuously through a large number of columns of small type to see if, by chance, there may be a book on a subject in which we are interested. To those connected with public and semi-public libraries it is worse, for they must consult large numbers of catalogues for *desiderata.* In addition, the publishers are continually issuing lists of new books or of current stock, and in the case of a few of these a little progress is being made in the way of systematic arrangement, for occasionally a rough classification is adopted. Thanks are also due to the publishers of Whitaker's *Reference Catalogue of Current Literature* and Low's *English Catalogue* for the progress they have made in their particular lists. They are a step in advance, and are useful; but still the lists are invariably arranged under the names of the authors alone, and would be much more useful if the goods advertised were under the names given to them.

It is from no want of reverence for literature that the term 'goods' is used, for, after all, the subject-matter of a book is the book itself, the *raison d'être* of its existence. The author is, or ought to be, secondary. The reverence for the few great names known to earlier literary history interfered with our proper estimate of the real purposes of literature and created a custom, and, as in the case of many other customs, the practice of it has created a prejudice in its favour. But literature should be made accessible by its material, its subject-matter. By this only can it be arranged in order. Order is a necessity throughout nature and should not be abrogated in literature.

Librarians have sometimes raised a doubt as to the existence of sufficient skilled labour to produce catalogues of books under an arrangement of subjects. During thirty-five years' experience in a college, a proprietary, and a free public library, I have had a large number of assistants who were quite capable of doing this. It is many times easier than the production of an English dictionary, for instance, in which the etymology, with occasional criticism, of each word is carefully studied. And it is worth while to remind the doubters that every word of the Bible, Homer, Aristophanes, Æschylus, Pindar, Tacitus, Thucydides, Shakespeare, Shelley, Tennyson, Milton's Poetry, &c., has been indexed by persons without any special technical training for the purpose. The work of Agassiz

(Louis) in the great *Nomenclator Zoologicus*, 2 vols. 4to, and the *Bibliographia Zoologiæ et Geologiæ*, 4 vols. 8vo, though of a somewhat different nature, is another instance of simple useful industry valuable in its results. It should be noted that the latter important work 'was mainly composed by the professor for his own private use during the leisure moments of a life of almost incessant scientific research' (*vide* preface). The grand work that Dr. J. S. Billings has done for medical bibliography in his *Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office of the United States Army* may also well illustrate this point. In this catalogue there are literally thousands of subdivisions of subjects of medical science, alphabetically arranged, together with author-entries, and including not only the separate works, but also the subjects of articles in more than two thousand sets of periodicals. It has proceeded as far as 'Shu' in twelve volumes imperial octavo, and there are 496,533 subject-matter entries, in addition to 219,237 authors'-name entries. It is a standing monument of the truth of the assertion that dictionaries of subjects treated in literature are practicable, and would be an inestimable benefit to science and to literature.

A committee (consisting of Professors Cayley, Grant, and Stokes) appointed by the British Association for the Advancement of Science 'to consider the formation of a catalogue of philosophical memoirs' reported on the 13th of June, 1856:

The committee are desirous of expressing their sense of the great importance and increasing need of such a catalogue. . . . The catalogue should not be restricted to memoirs in transactions of societies, but should comprise, also, memoirs in the proceedings of societies in mathematical and scientific journals, ephemerides, and volumes of observations, and in other collections not coming under any of the preceding heads. . . . There should be a catalogue according to the names of authors, and also a catalogue according to subjects.

Concluding:

The catalogue according to authors' names would be the most readily executed, and this catalogue, if it should be found convenient, might be first published. The time of bringing out the two catalogues would of course depend upon the sufficiency of the assistance at the command of the editors; but if the catalogue be undertaken it is desirable that the arrangements should be such that the complete work might be brought out within a period not exceeding three years.

The work was in part proceeded with, and the *Royal Society's Catalogue of the Scientific Papers contained in Scientific Periodicals*, alphabetically arranged under the authors' names only, was produced. There are now eight volumes quarto, giving the author-lists from all the principal scientific journals from A.D. 1800 to 1873, and the half of a second supplement to 1883, giving the names to 'Gis.' Its insufficiency is daily proved by the specialists; for unless the names of all the authors who have ever written on a certain subject are known

by the investigator, much that has been written is locked up from his knowledge, and in any case much time is lost.

The Americans and the Germans are in advance of us in the study of bibliography. The Scandinavians also appear to be coming to the front. I have just seen the *Kongl. Bibliotek, Stockholm. Sveriges Offentliga bibliotek, Stockholm, Upsala, Lund, Goteborg. Accessions Katalog 5,* 1890. *Utg. af. K. Biblioteket genom E. W. Dahlgren* (Stockholm, 1891, 8vo). It is a continuation of the combined *classed* catalogues of the twenty-two public libraries in these four cities. The libraries containing any individual work are shown by heavy-faced initials of each library at the end of the catalogue-entry of such book or work.

It is not scientific or necessary to mix up the subjects of books in a catalogue under the authors' names. It is as little scientific as to mix up biological scalpels and microscopes, chemical balances and tests, astronomical telescopes and clocks, physical dynamometers and thermometers, or the hundred other scientific appliances of the special departments of science, in one laboratory. Take the catalogue of the British Museum in illustration. It is for the use of students, and every student must be a specialist when using it. The problem he has to solve is to find, under the alphabetical arrangement of authors' names, the books in the library on the subject he is studying. The problem is soluble; but consider the enormous amount of time and labour to be spent on each occasion it has to be solved! Yet a catalogue exists for the purpose of aiding the advance of knowledge.

The second question is the subject of the classification of literature. It has been often discussed, but the growing necessity for specialisation in study demands that the results of the discussion should be formulated. It is a subject on which much imagination and fancy has been used, but its pith may be readily epitomised.

It is hardly possible to deny that all real literature may be placed under the three heads that Francis Bacon indicated in A.D. 1605—namely, History, Philosophy, Poetry; or, in other words, Memory, Reason, Imagination, 'the fountains of human learning.' The only exceptions would be encyclopædic works and general periodicals. Perhaps it would be more applicable to the practical methods of present-day expression of knowledge to use the terms Research, Record, and Applied Knowledge. However this may be, the division of all literature under certain heads or classes and their nomenclature are fair subjects for settlement. It may be assumed that the question would at first be restricted to the main heads of literature, the subdivisions naturally following. A practical and authoritative decision on so important a subject should be formulated and distributed. It is important because of the extraordinary variety of classifications now used. I have before me nearly two hundred various systems of classification, from Aldus Manutius, A.D. 1498, to the present time,

but, intrinsically, the variations are differences in the terms of expression only. If a simple scheme were discreetly arranged by competent authority and promulgated, the librarians, the booksellers, and the public generally would prove its utility. This settled, the questions of the subdivisions and author-entries, or subject-entries, would be much simplified.

It has been argued that there are books which it is impossible to classify, but it is obvious that with a section for encyclopædic works and general periodicals a book of this nature could not be found; also, that some books can be placed in various classes; but the answer to this is, of course, 'Put them in.' That the divisions of intellectual knowledge, however, are sufficiently definite to allow of a working decision may be illustrated thus: In the Owens College Library, Manchester, containing more than fifty-three thousand volumes, there has been no difficulty in creating departmental libraries, or in placing in separate rooms the books relating to (1) Theology; (2) Language and Literature; (3) Mental and Moral Science; (4) Political and Economical Science; (5) Legal Science; (6) History and Geography; (7) Mathematical and Physical Science and Astronomy; (8) Natural History; (9) Medical Science; and (10) Fine Arts. The classes or departments are divided into sections and subdivisions of sections, each alphabetically arranged on the shelves as near as possible according to the catalogue. Pamphlets are bound together according to their subjects and placed in the divisions or sections of their classes. The periodicals relating to the subjects of each department are placed in the 'general collections' of that department, and the general or polygraphical literature of general encyclopædias, periodicals, bibliographies, and literary history are placed in a separate department and cross-referenced as far as necessary. These are what is called the Reference Department.

In America, as before said, they have found out that traditional customs required to be adapted to the scientific needs of the present, and their catalogues are very much superior to British catalogues. Our traditional customs have a stronger hold, and we have too easily followed the precedents of the earlier ages; but it is as absurd to quote the immature efforts of the centuries that have passed with regard to cataloguing and the classification of knowledge as to quote inexperience in other matters of applied science. A really good departure has been made by the Patent Office of the United States in a classified index to all the periodicals received in its library from the 1st of January, 1891. This office indexes 175 journals in English and Continental languages in the classes Electricity, Engineering, Chemistry, and Photography, under leading headings of the subjects, with their subdivisions; the alphabetical arrangement being repeated in each division and subdivision. The indexes and sub-indexes to Allibone's *Critical Dictionary of English Litera-*

ture and of British and American Authors are instances of close classification. The book itself contains, with the supplement, 83,000 authors, and more than 220,000 subjects. There are at the end 40 indexes of classes of literature, and 273 sub-indexes to these. This has been necessitated simply because the book is in the form of a biographical dictionary of British and American authors; many of the authors, of course, writing on various subjects. The classes are—

1. Agriculture.
2. Antiquities.
3. Architecture.
4. Astronomy.
5. Bibliography.
6. Biography and Correspondence.
7. Botany.
8. Chemistry.
9. Divinity.
10. Domestic Economy.
11. Drama.
12. Education.
13. Essayists.
14. Fiction.
15. Fine Arts.
16. Games.
17. Geography.
18. Geology.
19. Heraldry.
20. History.
21. Juvenile.
22. Law.
23. Literary History.
24. Mathematics.
25. Mechanics.
26. Medicine.
27. Mental and Moral Philosophy.
28. Morals and Manners.
29. Music.
30. Natural History.
31. Natural Philosophy.
32. Naval and Military.
33. Philology.
34. Poetry.
35. Political Economy.
36. Political Philosophy.
37. Topography.
38. Trade and Commerce.
39. Travels.
40. Voyages.

And there has been no difficulty in arranging all British and American literature under these heads and their 273 sub-heads.

We may also instance Reith's *Repertorium der technischen Journal-Literatur*, arranged under a classification of subjects, and the 'Systematisches Register' and 'Sach-Register' of the *Berichte der deutschen chemischen Gesellschaft zu Berlin*, and Carus and Engelmann's *Verzeichniss der Schriften über Zoologie welche in den periodischen Werken enthalten*, continued by Taschenberg, systematically arranged (or classified) with author and subject indexes, to show what the Germans are doing in this direction.

The strong impulse in the direction of technical instruction recently exhibited in this country should point out the necessity of a strong movement in the direction of rendering more readily accessible the technical and scientific literature we possess. Knowledge should not only be free but accessible. Its accessibility is only obtained by organisation; by systematic arrangement and classification. The orderly arrangement and classification of its material is necessary to the true advance of knowledge. It is the thread which leads the explorer through the labyrinths of past attempts. By it we save time and labour, and necessarily encourage the higher learning; discouraging the dilettantism which has become so prevalent, and which appears to be enervating our appreciation of the true principle and purpose of literature.

The third question, of the possibility of a universal catalogue of

books, is not so impracticable as might at first sight appear. It would necessarily be a great task to begin; but when once achieved it could be kept up by annual supplements. The Society of Arts Committee on the proposed Universal Catalogue of Printed Literature, presided over by the Prince of Wales, reported in 1879 'that the great size of the catalogue affords no argument against printing it,' and the authorities at South Kensington very readily published (1870–75) a *Universal Catalogue of Books on Art* in three small quarto volumes. There is a very large amount of the work already done so far as regards the raw material, and the early completion of the *Catalogue of the Printed Books in the Library of the British Museum* will supply very good additional material for providing a universal catalogue of books.

We are apt to overlook some of the component factors in the production of literature: the large amount of capital and the number of persons employed; that it is subject to the same economic laws as other commodities; and that the *matériel* of a book, the paper, the printing, the binding, as well as the circulation of the matter, are as essential and as necessary as the ideas which animate it or the information it contains. But the unlicensed facility which has grown in the publication of literature of all kinds has probably interfered with our proper appreciation of the work of the men engaged in the mechanical art of circulating it. This unlicensed facility is exemplified in the fact that two of our leading journals, the *Times* and *Punch*, have lately, one after more than a hundred years, and the other after fifty years of existence, for the first time registered themselves at Stationers' Hall.

This prompts the question of the utility of Stationers' Hall as a registry of books. Surely there cannot be any doubt of the great advantage to literature of its institution! Though the Stationers' Company was originally formed and afterwards incorporated as a guild, or association, or brotherhood of the crafts of the printer, bookbinder, and publisher, it, soon after the adoption of printing in this country, became a national institution. Every publication, from an edition of the Bible to a ballad, was required to be entered at Stationers' Hall. This service is not now legally enforced, but under the Copyright Act the proprietor of every published work is required to register his claim, for his own protection, in the books of the Stationers' Company, before legal proceedings can be taken. Is it too much to say that if a book has been considered worthy the pains of the writer, the printer, and the publisher, it ought to be considered worthy the registering, the cataloguing, and the rendering accessible? There can be little doubt but that it is to the enthusiasm of the small band of newly incorporated stationers of the Elizabethan period, and their fervent respect for the maturing art of printing, that so much of the Elizabethan literature—the literature of Spenser, of Shakespeare,

and of Francis Bacon—is preserved to us. The possibility of utilising the practical position of the Stationers' Company in the formation of a powerful body, under Government supervision, to take in hand the publication of a General Catalogue of English Literature is worthy the highest consideration.

4. An advantage likely to accrue from the more persistent study of bibliography is the greater attention that would be given to our periodical literature, and the utilisation of much of it. Times have changed, and some of the best literature is now contributed to periodical publications. It is in course of cataloguing to a great extent (on the subject-heading system), by means of Poole's *Index to* [general] *Periodical Literature* and Supplement. This work is very incomplete as far as regards the scientific journals and societies. What is now wanted is the placing of the scientific articles (including the Proceedings and Transactions of societies) in one general index of subjects. The material is provided to a great extent in the *Royal Society's Catalogue of the Scientific Papers contained in Scientific Periodicals*, though under the authors' names. The re-forming of these under the subjects as the headings or initial words would be necessary, and would be of inestimable benefit to literature and to science.

Poole's *Index*, so far as it goes, is a valuable illustration of the principle contended for throughout these remarks, that cataloguing under subject-headings is not only possible, but that it is, even when incomplete, of the greatest possible use.

This is a slight contribution, in the way of suggestion only, to the consideration of a very important subject—more important than may at first sight appear. Literature has grown to a great extent of late years; and there is much work for the librarian, the cataloguer, and the bibliographer generally. Specialism in study has also grown; and in the growth of literature of all kinds it has become very necessary that specialism should be aided by the study of practical bibliography. Practical, because these matters of detail that have been indicated are simple and practicable; they have been tested by experience, and experience reports that they may be readily applied.

J. TAYLOR KAY.

COOKERY AS A BUSINESS

We may live without Poetry, Music and Art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books;
But civilised man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

OWEN MEREDITH.

THE want of competent cooks is very generally acknowledged to be a source of great domestic difficulty; and, as time goes on, is felt more and more to be one which seriously threatens the health and comfort of the nation. To the inquiry 'Where are the cooks?' echo answers 'Where?' They do not appear; increased wages, perquisites, and privileges fail to attract them. In England and the colonies there is a great and increasing demand for cooks, and there are very few women who are able to fill with credit the situations open to them. But, strange to say, whilst many people, both at home and abroad, well able to employ others, are obliged to do their own cookery, much is being said of the necessity for a *new industry* to meet the needs of the many women *who are unable to obtain employment.* One of the last suggestions I have seen on this subject is that, in view of this pressing want, women should be allowed to find employment as *sailors.*

There is no doubt that the present dearth of cooks is largely due to the fact that facilities for learning cookery for domestic service have never been placed within the reach of the working classes. It has never been realised by the English that cookery which is to be *practised* as a *business* should be *learned* as a *business*, and that to obtain the experience and manual dexterity which combined make the difference between the amateur and the expert, it is as necessary to serve an apprenticeship in cookery as in dressmaking, carpentering, or any other trade. There is a common saying amongst the English that 'the French are born cooks.' It has been said so often that it is now accepted as a truism. But it has no foundation in truth, and the

French themselves are in no way responsible for it. 'It takes fifteen years to make a cook, and even then a man has much to learn;' this statement, recently made by a distinguished French chef, is scarcely that of a man who considers cookery, so far as his nation is concerned, as a matter of inherited genius. The difference between the English and French cuisine is really due to the fact that the French have realised that cookery is a business, or profession, which requires years of practice under competent superintendence to insure perfection, whilst the English regard it as something which can be *picked up* in domestic service.

Once make cookery (says Sir Henry Thompson) a distinct business to which the young may be trained—which it never yet has been—and the chance of now and then producing a first-rate cook who may advance the art is within reach. Hitherto the practice of cookery has been merely a resource for wage-getting among ignorant women, who took to it at hazard, and acquired such traditions as pertained to the kitchen they happened to enter. Still further, until it is recognised in this country as a profession which a man with some education and natural taste can exercise, we must be content to rank below other countries in rearing artists of the first order.

In his concluding observation, Sir Henry mentions another cause of English failure, and that is the want of realisation that a certain amount of education is necessary for success. On this point all experts agree. Speaking of women as cooks, a chef at one of the leading clubs once remarked to me, 'Women—women are no good; they haven't the brains.' He, however, afterwards explained this apparently very discouraging statement about the female intellect by saying that nowadays the greater number of women who entered the kitchen were not only too uneducated, but too mentally inferior, to make cooks. 'Formerly,' he said, 'we had women of education, farmers' daughters and others; now women of this class don't come to us.' Another leading chef expressed the same opinion, adding, 'In ten years there will be no cooks.' He was, of course, speaking in reference to the women who have the exceptional advantage of service in club kitchens.

But it may be said in answer to this that, although there never has been any public effort made to place facilities for learning cookery within the reach of the working classes, in bygone days people were able to obtain, if not excellent cooks, yet fairly good ones. But in bygone days less was required in the way of cookery, and the mistresses could teach their servants. The average modern mistress is unable to teach and train her servants, for domestic management has not formed part of her own education. She is a 'blind leader of the blind,' and the result has been the inevitable fall into the 'ditch.' Mrs. Lynn Linton has forcibly described the present position of affairs:—

Once (she says) it was considered an essential of womanliness that a woman should be a good house-mistress, a judicious dispenser of the income, a careful guide to her servants, a clever manager generally. Now practical housekeeping is a degradation, and the free soul which disdains the details of housekeeping yearns for the intellectual employment of an actuary, of a law clerk and a banker's clerk. Making pills is held to be a nobler employment than making puddings; while to distinguish between the merits of Egyptians and Mexicans, the Turkish loan and the Spanish, is considered a greater exercise of mind than to know fresh salmon from stale and to lay in household stores with judgment. But the last is just as important as the first, and even more so, for the occasional pill, however valuable, is not so valuable as the daily pudding, and not all the accumulations made by lucky speculations are of any use if the home bag which holds them has a hole in it.

The old order has indeed changed, and there seems no prospect at the present time of a very general return of Englishwomen to the simple ways of living and the domestic habits of their great-grandmothers, when practical housework formed a part of the daily occupation, and mistresses and servants, who were often poor relations of the family, worked side by side. It is no use harking back to what was done in days gone by; for, in spite of all that is being said of the mischievous effects, both mentally and physically, on the average girl of cramming for examinations; and in spite of the fact, so often pointed out, that the acquirement of a knowledge of facts does not by any means insure any intelligent appreciation of their significance, the average parents are not satisfied unless their daughters' education is conducted with a view to passing examinations and obtaining tangible proof of their mental advancement in the form of certificates. Therefore, although one whole day a week during a girl's school life devoted to learning practical household management under competent guidance would effect an enormous change for the better in the average English home, the time cannot be spared from other work if examinations are to be successfully passed.

At present the only approach to an apprenticeship (outside a club kitchen) open to an Englishwoman is to enter service as a scullerymaid and work her way up to a cook's situation in a gentleman's family; but in these days better-educated girls object to the unceasing drudgery of the scullerymaid's place, and her inferior position in the household, and if they enter service at all prefer to do so in some other capacity. As the number of households where scullery- and kitchenmaids are kept is very limited, compared with those requiring cooks, very few women can have even this form of training, and the result is frequently unsatisfactory. Two or three years may be spent in scullery-work, then comes promotion to the kitchenmaid's place. Now the girl's ultimate success depends not only on the ability of the cook she is under, but on her disposition to impart her knowledge. She is under no obligation to teach anything, and frequently guards with jealous care her culinary secrets from her underlings. 'She

always shuts herself up when she is going to do anything particular, is a common complaint of the disappointed kitchenmaid who finds the door to the acquisition of higher knowledge of her art barred against her. An ambitious kitchenmaid has a remedy; she tries to get into a kitchen under a chef, and if she has the good fortune to get into a good kitchen, and is careful and painstaking, her success is assured, and the prize of an excellent situation within her reach.

But most of the women who are acting as cooks have had no training at all in kitchen-work; many have entered service in some other capacity, and when advancing years have made it more difficult to obtain employment, perhaps as parlour- or housemaids, have taken advantage of the demand for cooks to enter service in that capacity. They trust to the ideas they have obtained in service, and to the practical knowledge they can gain in as many cookery lessons as their limited monetary resources will allow them to take. Very useful these lessons are, enabling many to do what would otherwise be impossible, but they cannot supply the place of long and systematic training. Perhaps the most inferior of kitchen servants (for it is a misnomer to call them cooks) are those who have left school as early as possible, and for a small wage and a home have been the household drudges in little places. Here ideas of something higher than the conditions of cottage life are obtained, but the little household drudge frequently gets into muddling habits. When old enough she takes a situation as general servant, and she again 'picks up' more information; and as time goes on, enticed by the higher wages offered and supported by the courage which is born of ignorance, she boldly enters service as plain cook. Of her wastefulness, want of knowledge, and general misdoing have we not heard enough, and more than enough?—for alas! even the women who are intellectually above discussing the merits of a pudding are not above discussing the demerits of their cooks—a much less pleasing theme. Our English cook is the Aunt Sally of drawing-room conversation at which we all take our fling in turn. We hear as much about her as the weather—more, for the weather topic is soon exhausted: a few emphatic utterances on the heat or cold of the day, on the shining of the sun or the raining of the rain, and the subject is laid to rest until another meeting with an acquaintance or friend compels its resurrection. Not so our cook; she is always with us, providing an inexhaustible fund of uninteresting anecdote and biographical detail.

This, then, is our present situation:—The modern mistress has ceased, as a rule, to be the teacher of the servant and has provided no other means for her instruction. The servant has no straw to make her tale of bricks, and yet the mistress is as peremptory in her demands as the most severe of Pharaoh's taskmasters: 'Fulfil your works, your daily tasks as when there was straw.' Is it to be

wondered at that the servant gets weary of wandering after stubble to fulfil unreasonable demands? Can it be reasonable to say that the want of cooks is only to be traced to 'these schools,' 'all this over-education,' and 'the democratic spirit of the age'?

At the present time much might be done to remove the evil, public funds from which all classes have equally a right to benefit being available for education, and the teaching of cookery as a business would benefit all classes. I know it will be said, in answer to this, that the funds for Technical Education must not be used in teaching trades. True, but domestic service is not a business in the ordinary acceptation of the term. To train cooks for ordinary domestic service would interfere with no trade or other existing interests. Dairy-work is being taught as a business, and, after all, what is butter-making but a branch of cookery? I am told that an exception is made in the case of dairy-work, as it is 'a process of agriculture.' Well! 'a rose by any other name will smell as sweet.' If this removes the difficulty, why not let the same term be applied to other cookery operations; is not the conversion of wheat into bread or fruit into jam as much a process of agriculture as that of turning milk into butter? Surely we may claim for most of the operations of plain cookery that they are 'processes of agriculture'? In vain will money be spent in improving agricultural products if equal attention is not paid to the proper conversion of them into food for the human species. A well-known author, writing some years ago; has remarked: 'The greater part of human labour is occupied in the direct production of the materials for human food. The farming classes and their labourers devote themselves to the planting and rearing of oats and other cereals, and the grazing farmer to the production of cattle and sheep for the maintenance of the population at large. All these articles, corn, beef, mutton, and such like, are handed over to the female half of the human species to be converted into food for the sustenance of themselves and their husbands and families. How do they use their power? Can they cook? Have they been taught to cook? Is it not a fact that in this country cookery is one of the lost or undiscovered arts?'

The establishment of kitchens, in which girls who wished to do so could obtain a training in cookery on leaving school, would soon put an end to the present difficulty, and open the door to an industry now practically closed to the majority of Englishwomen; for, in spite of all that is being said about the distaste of the working classes to domestic service, it is a fact that there are many more domestic servants now than formerly, and I know that there are very many working people who would prefer that their daughters should be in good service than get their living in the fatiguing and unhealthy employments of the workroom, with the temptations accompanying

them. Quite recently the wife of a London coachman told me how much she wished her little girl could have gone into service. She had kept her at school until after thirteen, but at that age, as her mother said, the child would only have a chance of getting into 'a little place to drag a baby about; and those kind of places,' she remarked, 'do them more harm than good; they don't make good servants afterwards.' Very reluctantly she allowed her to go to a dressmaker, for there appeared to be no other opening. In the country girls are somewhat better off in this respect, as there is more chance of better service at an early age.

Training institutions for cooks would give the girls who show an aptitude for cookery in elementary school classes an opportunity of continuing the practice of it on leaving school, and it is beyond doubt that many would gladly do this. They are too young for service when they leave school, and have no alternative, therefore, but to drift off into dressmaking, millinery, or some other occupation which is often of little use to them in after life; for they seldom get a sufficient all-round grasp of the business they enter to earn an independent living by it. In a dressmaking establishment, for instance, they are generally 'hands,' not 'apprentices.' They work at skirts or bodices, sleeves, machining, buttonhole-making; and they are usually kept to the one occupation, which is monotonous, uninteresting, and fatiguing. There is no doubt that this monotony of work leads to the demand for the cheap novelettes which are read so extensively by these girls. Sometimes a girl will spend as much as sixpence a week (a large sum in proportion to her earnings) in this way; but her reading is not limited to six—exchanges are made with other girls who have made equal provision. It is scarcely realised how harmfully the time not spent in the workroom is passed. There are the same drawbacks to many other employments which girls can enter at an earlier age than domestic service. Many of these are merely created by passing fashions such as that of 'bead-work,' i.e. sewing beads on lace and other fabrics.

Institutions for teaching cookery as a business would present these advantages: a girl could fit herself for good domestic service as a cook immediately on leaving school; they would provide her with occupation which would be physically and mentally beneficial; she would be able after her training to obtain very remunerative employment. If she married, her knowledge would greatly add to the comfort and happiness of her home (and of how few occupations can this be said!); and if she was left a widow, or her husband fell out of employment, she would have the means of maintaining her family; for a woman who is a good cook is always sure of a livelihood. It is impossible to over-estimate the benefits that would result to the community generally by opening the door to such an

industry as cookery. One result which might be confidently expected would be that girls of a higher class than now enter service would become cooks; for a dignity would be given to the work which in England it does not now possess, although it does so to an eminent degree in some other countries where the subject is better understood.

The study of cookery is also found to have a beneficial effect in quickening the powers of observation and developing intelligence. It is an occupation which cannot be carried on mechanically; thought and judgment are required. Perhaps not the least benefit would be the development of the faculty called *judgment*, for it is just the development of this faculty which makes the difference between the wise man and the fool; for learning alone does not make a man or woman wise. How few people there are who possess what we variously describe as 'nous,' 'gumption,' or 'common-sense'! If you cook by hard-and-fast rules you will as often fail as succeed. 'I use my judgment' is an answer very often given by experienced cooks to the question, 'How long will such and such a dish take to cook?' You must be able to judge, for instance, how long a joint will take to roast; when it is cooked 'to a turn'; when the dough for bread is sufficiently 'plumb,' as they say in Devon, to make into loaves; when fruit for preserving has been sufficiently boiled. If, in roasting meat, you always allow a quarter of an hour to each pound, according to a rule so often given, you will as often fail as succeed. 'That joint of beef,' said a chef of one of the best clubs to me, pointing out one hanging before a large open fire, 'weighs forty pounds; it will take four hours to cook,' he added. But, according to the rule, it would have taken ten! What would be the result of roasting a joint for ten hours when it would be cooked in four? If allowing dough to rise for a certain time will always insure its being ready for baking, and you could predict with absolute certainty how long your fruit must be boiled for preserving and so on, cooking would be a much more simple matter than it is. To cook well requires the experience only to be gained from constant practice and observation. There is, as I saw it somewhere remarked, a very prevalent opinion 'that cooking is one of the simplest of all the known sciences; you put something into a pot and bake it, or something into a pot and boil it.' This is quite an ordinary view of the matter. If, in answer to the question so often put, 'Has not every woman an instinctive knowledge of cookery?' you reply (according to facts) that she has no more an instinctive knowledge of cookery than she has of medicine or electrical engineering, you are looked at with surprise as an unbeliever in as commonly received an opinion as that the earth is round. There is no more a royal road to a knowledge of cookery than there is to a knowledge of medicine. It is a subject by no means easy of

acquirement; for notice how many and varied are its operations. How different is the operation of bread-making from that of roasting meat; that of boiling a potato to that of making jam; the manufacture of pastry to the making of a jelly; the cooking of an omelet to the preparation of beef-tea! One might multiply instances almost indefinitely. Then there is the education of the palate, which occupies such a prominent position in the training of French cooks. The necessity for this is almost lost sight of by the English.

More than a year ago I wrote a letter to the *Standard* on this subject, and I received so many letters of approval of the suggestion (many of which, I regret, I was unable to answer) that I had hoped before this the matter might have been taken up. There is but little doubt that if one county (or, in London, a City company) made a successful experiment in this direction, others would soon follow suit. It is quite possible that, in time, such kitchens might be made self-supporting. This could not, however, be done, as some of my correspondents suggested, by using the food cooked for a restaurant, the cooking for a restaurant being essentially different to the cooking for a household. Another suggestion I received, and one which had already occurred to me, was that there would be an opening for such kitchens in connection with the flats now being built in many places to which a public dining-room is attached. The basement of offices, it has been also suggested, might in many places be used as kitchens to the benefit of those who worked in them. In fact, there are many ways in which such kitchens might, in time, be made self-supporting.

The training would have to extend over a period of years, according to the abilities of the students and the branches they took up; three, I think, should be the minimum for even plain cooking. Although a knowledge of cookery could be more rapidly acquired under definite and systematic instruction than by going through the stages of scullery- and kitchenmaids' places, yet the training, to be a *training*, must insure not only instruction in the best methods, but repetition, until the pupil can not only cook well, but to cook well has become a habit. No training is complete until the *habit* of good workmanship is established. It might at first be desirable to encourage girls to enter for the training by offering scholarships for cookery training as for agriculture. It has been suggested that a sum of 12*l.* a year for five years might be competed for by girls who had shown an aptitude for cookery in elementary school classes, and whose general school-work and conduct had been good. Girls not fortunate enough to obtain these would have to be content with free tuition. The teachers for these institutions would have to be thoroughly trained French and English cooks—those who had served apprenticeships in the best kitchens. The instruction would have to take the form of ordinary kitchen routine, the different meals usually served in the

day being prepared in due order, and the work begun sufficiently early in the day to insure the formation of habits of early rising. In short, the kitchen should be so ordered that the girls entering should have all the advantages to be gained in a gentleman's kitchen, with none of the disadvantages of bad teaching and wasted time. I have been asked whether such kitchens would not be likely to turn out cooks quite unsuited for ordinary middle-class people, and who would want both expensive materials and apparatus to cook with? By no means. The students would begin with scullery-work, passing on to plain cookery, which they would learn with simple apparatus. It is not the skilled cook who demands expensive materials and apparatus, but the unskilled. Many girls anxious to be earning money early would, no doubt, be satisfied with proficiency in plain cookery; indeed, the advancement to higher stages might well be made dependent on scholarships or fees. I have also been asked 'Would not the wages cooks so trained could ask be very high?' Not necessarily higher than at present, but good work always deserves good wages, and is worth it. If the wages are higher, there would be more than a proportionate decrease in kitchen expenditure when food was not spoiled in preparation, and nothing thrown away which could be turned to account.

In an article I wrote some years ago on 'Kitchen Economies,' I pointed out that the great expense at which so many households are carried on is due to the fact that as much food is wasted as used in the kitchen, to say nothing of fuel, &c.; that 'after a simple dinner, comprising, say, such dishes as clear soup, fish, mutton cutlets, game, and custards, let a mistress inquire what has been done with any spare materials after its preparation, and this is what she will probably discover: that the meat used both for making and clearing the soup has been deemed of no further value and given to the cat; that the trimmings of the cutlets, which will be far greater in bulk than the cutlets themselves, will have been put with the cook's perquisites as fat; that the crusts of the bread used for breadcrumbs and bread sauce will have been thrown away; all the white of eggs to spare after making the custard will have shared the same fate; and the vegetable from which a garnish was cut for the soup will also have been considered not worth saving. It is probable that more food will have been wasted than consumed. And not only in the preparation, but afterwards, the waste will be considerable, the carcases of birds, remains of fish, puddings, &c., being thrown into the dust-hole or hog-tub without the slightest compunction, to say nothing of the food which will spoil in a neglected larder.' Now, a well-trained cook would have learned to throw nothing away which could be turned to account. Thrift in food would have formed an essential part of her training.

Whether or not, as some have predicted, the cook of the future will come in the morning and leave again in the evening when her work is done, to secure greater independence than she can have when living under her employer's roof; or even if central kitchens for the cooking of dinners were to be established generally (such institutions could only supply the needs of a certain number of people in towns), cooks will always be wanted; there will always be abundant employment for capable persons. One of the chief causes of friction between mistress and maid would be removed. The cook would no longer work in the dark, harassed by the want of knowledge she has had no means of obtaining, and which she is at present so unjustly blamed for not possessing. A good cook is a treasure a mistress rarely wishes to offend. How often does one hear a woman say something like the following, after recounting faults of a most serious character on the part of her cook: 'Still, I cannot afford to part with her, for she is a far better cook than I can get elsewhere. She satisfies my husband better than any we have had; and you know how difficult he is to please. There is no peace if his dinner does not please him.' A great cause of friction between husband and wife would also be removed. 'If a woman is at the mercy of the cook, and she is not good,' as a writer I have already quoted has remarked, 'her table will soon become intolerable. Bad soup, soft and flabby fish, meat burnt outside and raw within. The husband will soon fly from the Barmecide feast, and take refuge in his club, where he will not only find food that he can digest, but at the same time fly from the domestic discord that usually accompanies ill-cooked victuals at home.'

Bad cookery may seem a small thing in comparison with other evils, but the results are as dire as those that followed the proverbial lost nail in the horse's shoe—wasted incomes, impaired health, drinking habits, family discord. Bad cookery, more often than not, causes 'the little rift within the lute' which by-and-by makes the music of married life mute. 'Whom God hath joined in matrimony ill-cooked joints and ill-cooked potatoes have often put asunder.'

I might add, with regard to the suggestions I have made for training cooks, that they have been submitted to, and received the approval of, some eminent chefs, who have also expressed willingness to help forward with their valuable advice any scheme of the kind.

I have spoken only of training girls, but there is no reason why similar institutions should not be started for boys. Another useful work one would gladly see taken up by County Councils or City companies is the providing of special courses of cookery instruction for intending emigrants of both sexes.

'No nation can improve except through the improvement of the nation's homes and these can only be improved through the instrumentality of women. They must *know* how to make homes comfortable; and before they can know they must have been *taught.*'

The fate of nations depends on how they are fed.'

MARY HARRISON.

GREAT BRITAIN AS A SEA-POWER

THE gross cost of defending the British Empire, to the British taxpayer, amounted, for the year 1892-93, to over 35½ millions of pounds, 20½ millions of which (in round numbers) were devoted to expenditure on the Army, and 15 millions to expenditure on the Navy. The estimates for these two great services are passed through Parliament year after year with some slight criticism on points of detail. It is a cogent argument in favour of the policy of such measures as the Naval Defence Act, that it compels Parliament from time to time to consider broadly the requirements of the country for the purposes of defence. On ordinary occasions few of those who are responsible for granting these enormous sums of money, fewer still among the general body of taxpayers, have paused to consider whether we are proceeding on the right principles in allocating the expenditure. It is true that there is a general feeling that for the 20 millions spent on the Army, the most efficient part of which is in India, and is paid for by the Indian taxpayer, the nation by no means gets its money's worth. Lord Hartington's commission, composed though it was of able men, and after conducting an exhaustive inquiry into the whole subject, was able to suggest little in the way of reform. Sir George Chesney, Mr. Arnold Forster, and 'Vetus' in the *Times*, could only point out defects of administration. One writer who has gone to the root of the matter has shown that, until the British people and British statesmen make up their minds as to the part they expect the Army to play in the defence of the Empire, our military expenditure is likely to continue wasteful and misdirected.

There are three forms of attack which we must be prepared to meet in the event of war with a first-class European power: attacks on commerce, attacks on colonies and dependencies, invasion.

In former wars in which we have been engaged our commerce, though suffering heavy losses, steadily increased in volume. In any war of the future no one can doubt that our commerce will be much exposed to attack. The British Empire, according to Lloyd's Register, possesses, at the present time, more than half the total merchant tonnage of the world. Nearly two-thirds of the tonnage

of steamships, which are generally considered to possess three times the carrying efficiency of sailing-ships, are owned in the British Empire. Turning from shipping to cargoes, the total trade of the British Empire in 1890 amounted to nearly 1,200,000,000*l.*, 750,000,000*l.* representing the share of the United Kingdom alone. The trade of the United Kingdom is of vital importance. One hundred years ago England was nearly, if not quite, self-supporting. To-day we are not provisioned for more than six weeks or two months.

The young school of naval officers, led by Admiral Aube, has laid it down that the naval force of France when employed for offensive purposes should be concentrated on the attack of British commerce. Admiral de la Reveillère, in a recent article in the *Marine Française*, observes: 'La Jeune Ecole se trompe assurément sur la portée de ce genre de lutte quand elle s'imagine, avec quelques torpilleurs dans la Manche et quelques croiseurs très rapides, condamner l'Angleterre à périr d'inanition; mais ce n'en est point moins le vrai moyen de combattre.' In adopting the 'guerre de course' as the be-all and end-all of their policy, the naval strategists of the Jeune Ecole hardly pay sufficient regard to the teachings of history. The whole maritime energies of the French Republic after the battle of the 1st of June in 1794, and of the French Empire after the battle of Trafalgar, were directed to the subjugation of England through the destruction of her commerce. The command of the sea was not disputed. British fleets and British cruisers were, if possible, to be avoided. The first principle of naval warfare was sacrificed to an ulterior object. Captain Mahan, in his recent work, has conclusively shown that, in thus acting, the French Government singularly failed to attain the object which they had in view. British commerce, indeed, suffered numerous losses at the hands of French ships and French privateers throughout the war, but its steady ebb and flow was never seriously affected by these means. The number of British merchant vessels captured during the twenty-one years 1793–1814 amounted to 11,000; the average number of ships entering and clearing the ports of Great Britain, exclusive of the coasting trade, amounted annually to over 21,000. From these and other considerations Captain Mahan draws the conclusion 'that the direct loss to the nation by the operation of hostile cruisers did not exceed 2½ per cent. of the commerce of the Empire; and that this loss was partially made good by the prize ships and merchandise taken by its own naval vessels and privateers.' It should be further observed that the total number of vessels belonging to the British Empire rose from 16,875 in 1795 to 22,051 in 1805 and 23,703 in 1810. What was the result of the war to our opponent? Before the Revolution, Admiral de la Reveillère asserts that the foreign commerce of France equalled that of England. The revolutionary war had not been long in progress before the French Directory was constrained to admit (in 1799) that 'not a single merchant-ship is on the sea

carrying the French flag.' The history of the great war established beyond contravention the principle that no serious interruption to commerce is possible by the naval forces of a power which has not first obtained the command of the sea. It illustrates the fallacy of the idea that England can be reduced to scarcity while the relative strength of the two navies remains as it is now. On this point Admiral de la Reveillère is again worth quoting: 'S'imaginer que nous pourrons suffisamment bloquer les côtes anglaises pour reduire le pays à la famine. . . est une idée qui ne pénétrera jamais dans une tête saine.' In any future war in which the British Empire may become involved, British commerce will undoubtedly suffer losses; their number and extent will depend on the strength and efficiency of the British Navy; but it is only in the case of that strength being allowed to fall to a point which will leave the command of the sea in doubt that British commerce can be seriously interrupted. In such a case it is idle for British merchants to talk of securing the safety of their trade under a neutral flag. No power with which we might be at war would respect the neutral flag where ships were carrying food supplies absolutely vital to the existence of the enemy. Place the command of the sea in doubt, and the ruin of British commerce and the British Empire is assured.

Of all the colonies and dependencies of the British Empire, India and Canada alone are open to serious attack by land. Though the Navy is powerless to prevent these two great British possessions from being attacked, the power to defend them depends absolutely on the command of the sea. In the event of war with Russia we can place reinforcements to our Army on the north-west frontier of India far more easily, far more cheaply, and probably more expeditiously than the Russians can bring forward their invading forces. Deprived of the power of reinforcing the army in India by sea, England's hold upon India is gone for ever. The contingency of war with the United States no Englishman cares to contemplate. Should Canada be ever again liable to invasion, our power of defending Canadian soil depends, as in the case of India, on the power of transporting British troops by sea. Canada is defended from the attack of any other power but the United States; Australasia and South Africa are secure from the attack of every power, by the fact that they are of large extent and occupied by a numerous and friendly population. An army of 50,000 men would be required to conquer and hold either of these great colonies or dependencies. Such a force cannot be transported across the ocean by surprise. To make the attempt while the command of the sea was in doubt would be madness.

Canada, Australia, South Africa, and, we may add, India are by many considered liable to serious attack by hostile navies, which would assail their ports and prey on the shipping on their coasts. Halifax is the only port in these colonies which can possibly be

considered within the radius of action of fleets in European waters. The ports of the Cape Colony, of India, of Australia and New Zealand, possess an important element of safety from attack in their distance from Europe. The bases of the enemy in their neighbourhood are few. The naval force maintained by foreign powers in the Eastern seas, whether in the Indian Ocean, in the China Sea, or the Pacific, is quite insignificant compared with that maintained by the British Empire. It is clear that no power could withdraw a fleet of ironclads for operations in distant seas without abandoning to us the absolute command of European waters and without setting free a proportionate number of British battleships. Attacks on commerce by one or two cruisers, keeping generally out of sight of the coasts, are the most probable form which the operations of an enemy would take on the coasts of India, Australia, or South Africa. Occasional raids on territory might be made with the object of obtaining supplies; but it may be safely asserted that few captains of cruisers would waste ammunition on bombardment with the chance of falling in with an enemy's cruiser before they could return to their base to obtain a fresh supply. Against attacks on commerce the best form of defence is an active naval defence, by ships which are able to pursue and fight the cruisers of the enemy wherever they may be found. In accepting the localisation of the vessels of the special Australian squadron, in deference to the wish of the colonies, we have acted on a principle unanimously condemned by students of naval strategy and seriously hampered their utility. The naval defence of Australasia and Australasian commerce is amply provided for. A few guns to deny the ports to the cruisers of the enemy are all that is required on shore. Unfortunately at Melbourne large sums of money have been spent on providing a defence sufficient to keep a fleet of armour-clads at bay. In other words, Melbourne is defended against an attack which it is inconceivable could be made upon it under present conditions.

Our minor possessions divide themselves into colonies and coaling stations. The former have no local defences; they depend for their immunity from attack on the power of the British Navy. The latter have been lately provided with modern defences in accordance with the recommendations of Lord Carnarvon's commission. Our most important coaling stations are on the routes to the East, on that *via* the Suez Canal, Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Ceylon, Singapore, Hongkong; on that *via* the Cape of Good Hope, Sierra Leone, Ascension, St. Helena, Cape Town, Simon's Bay, and Mauritius. In the West Indies we have Port Castries (St. Lucia) and Port Royal (Jamaica); in the North Atlantic we have Bermuda; in the South Atlantic we have the Falkland Islands—an important station as yet undefended. Of all our coaling stations, Gibraltar and Malta alone can be considered open to attack by a powerful fleet, and against such an attack

they must be defended. The Straits of Gibraltar is by far the most important strategic point in the British Empire. Gibraltar is insecure and inconvenient in many respects as a port, but for want of a better in the immediate neighbourhood it is the base on which must rest that British fleet on which the main burden of the defence of the Empire will fall. It must also be the base for the cruisers protecting our trade with the East, whether by the Cape of Good Hope or the Suez Canal, and the trade with South America. While the strategic importance of Gibraltar is absolute, that of Malta is only relative. It is a convenient base for operations in the Eastern Mediterranean, and for protecting the Mediterranean trade. After Gibraltar the Cape of Good Hope is the most important strategic point in the British Empire. Some, indeed, would place it first. As a base for cruisers protecting trade this may be true; but, while Gibraltar has very great importance in this respect, as an indispensable base for our fleets it is without a rival. The strategic importance of our other coaling stations as protecting one or other of our trade routes is sufficiently obvious. Of those the defences of which have not yet been undertaken, it may be observed that Esquimalt is of little value except for the deposits of coal at Nanaimo, and for the fact that it secures the Pacific end of the great Canadian line of communication against attack from any other power but the United States. Esquimalt is ill situated for protecting British trade with the West Coast of America; and Canadian trade with China and Japan, though growing, is as yet of slight importance. It is clearly a position which, if worth defending at all, should be defended almost entirely at the cost of the Colonial Government. The Falkland Islands are the only base from which protection can be afforded by our cruisers to the homeward-bound trade from Australia and to the important trade with the West Coast of America.

Most of our coaling stations proper are islands, and Aden and Sierra Leone are practically cut off from the rest of the world except by sea. Gibraltar is the single exception, and it is only in the improbable contingency of war with Spain that Gibraltar can be considered as anything but an island. The power to hold our coaling stations, therefore, depends absolutely on the possession of the command of the sea. In the wars of the French Revolution and Empire we were long, far too long, before we bent our energies to the task; but by 1812 the colonies of France, of Holland, and Denmark had fallen before the British arms. Issuing from the Isle de France and the French West Indies, French privateers had done considerable harm to British commerce. They were opposed with energy by our cruisers, but it is difficult to understand why the attempt was not made earlier to capture these important hostile positions.

Bases for ships operating at a distance from the mother country are far more necessary than before the introduction of steam. Sailing-

ships could, and did, remain at sea for many months at a time. Their power to remain at sea was only limited by the amount of water that they carried. The period during which a modern ship of war can remain at sea is determined mainly by her coal endurance; and, to a great extent, by the necessity of effecting repairs in port to delicate machinery. The coal endurance of modern ships of war is even more limited than official figures, so far as any are available, lead us to suppose; and when Lord Salisbury placed the limit of the striking distance of a ship of war at 2,000 miles—viz., the distance at which she could deliver a blow and return to her port—he certainly did not underestimate her powers. The country which possesses the most numerous coaling stations and the best situated as regards trade routes will have a great advantage in a future war. In this respect the British Empire is without a rival.

While a navy depends for its power of operating in distant waters very largely on coaling stations, the existence of the latter depends absolutely on the power of the fleet to protect them. No local defence, whether in fortifications or men, will preserve them to a power which has lost the command of the sea. The history of Malta during the great war affords an admirable instance of the interdependence of fleets and coaling stations, though it must be admitted that the lesson to be drawn is to some extent weakened by the need of modern ships for coal. Many people consider that the possession of Malta is indispensable to the maintenance of British influence in the Mediterranean. How far this is true may be judged from the fact that Nelson won the battle of the Nile when Malta was in the hands of the French, and that Malta fell into our hands, though not for some time, as the direct consequence of that battle which gave us the command of the Mediterranean. Captain Mahan summarises the conclusions which should be drawn in these words: 'Its fate, when in the hands of France . . . gives warning that the fleet depends less upon Malta than Malta on the fleet.' If this be true of Malta, it is still more true of other coaling stations which do not lie in such proximity to the ports of foreign countries. We have acted wisely in giving to our coaling stations sufficient defence against one or two hostile cruisers. More than this is not required. As long as our Navy is maintained at its proper strength, and is efficiently officered and manned, it should not be possible for a serious expedition to leave the enemy's port without a British fleet being immediately in pursuit.

The local defences of the coaling stations throughout the Empire are in the hands of the Army—a policy which is not adopted by other nations. To this system many object on the grounds (1) that their defence more properly belongs to the sphere of the Navy; (2) that the Navy possesses in our magnificent Marine Corps a force which is far better adapted to the garrisoning of isolated and distant coaling

stations than a short-service army. It is urged, and urged with force, that it must be absolutely destructive of the efficiency of a regiment to place three companies in garrison at Mauritius, one company at St. Helena, and the remaining companies at Cape Town—roughly 2,000 miles away from either of the detachments. The principal objections to a change come from naval officers themselves, who consider that, if responsible for the defence of coaling stations or coasts, they would be tempted to keep their ships in the neighbourhood of their ports, instead of pursuing the enemy wherever he might be found, and making, as we have done in past years, our frontier line our enemy's coast. Though much money may be wasted under our present system in providing defences, whether forts or submarine mines, which the circumstances do not require, the naval objection to a change of system must be admitted to be of great force.

If, for the protection of our commerce, our colonies, and coaling stations, we depend in great measure on the Navy, still more do we do so for protection against invasion. The ideas put forward by the author of the *Battle of Dorking*, to a large extent, prevail. Our military authorities have, in the last few years, elaborated a system of defence for the metropolis; large sums of money have been lavished on forts intended to protect Chatham, Portsmouth, &c., from the attack of an invading army. It is surely better to prevent an enemy from landing than to take elaborate and costly measures to meet him after he has landed. 'Aucune personne de bon sens ne songera à nous voir assez maîtres de la Manche pour opérer un débarquement et pour ravitailler une armée débarquée.' So says Admiral de la Reveillère in the article already quoted. In England it has been generally the practice of late years to estimate the probabilities of invasion in defiance of the lessons of our history. Two hundred years ago Lord Torrington demonstrated the value of the 'Fleet in being' as an absolute protection against invasion, as has been so well pointed out by Admiral Colomb. For nearly two years Napoleon lay encamped on the heights above Boulogne with over 130,000 of the flower of his army, waiting for that opportunity which never came; and it must be remembered that Napoleon had one chance of success which cannot occur again. The boats and vessels in which the invading army was to be embarked could be propelled by means of oars; the British ships which were to destroy them were mainly dependent on the wind. In a calm it was possible for the Boulogne flotilla to have moved without the British ships being able to reach them. Such a chance of success is not possible in these days of steam.

In the fine passage with which he opens his account of the history of these two years Captain Mahan points out how the British fleets, which by Lord St. Vincent's strategy were continually maintained before Brest, Rochefort, Ferrol, and Toulon, were the real obstacles to the army of invasion. Our greatest naval victory won by

our greatest naval hero was merely an incident in that well-planned campaign. The battle of Trafalgar was not necessary to prevent England being invaded, but it did render the prospect of invading England hopeless. As it was then, so it will be again to-day. In the event of war with France—and France is the only power whose fleet gives her the least prospect of being able to invade Great Britain—our protection against invasion will not consist in forts on the English coast, however well manned, and however well armed. By far the finest portion of the French Navy is now in the Mediterranean. The force maintained in the ports on the Atlantic and the Channel is comparatively insignificant. Our energies will be devoted to keeping the Mediterranean squadron in port; and if, as many naval authorities now hold, a blockade is no longer possible, we must bar the passage into the ocean through the Straits of Gibraltar. As in the day of Napoleon, so now, we shall hold the interior position and be able to combine our fleets at will. Our defence against invasion will rest primarily with the Mediterranean fleet. If that fleet is defeated in battle, and such a contingency has to be contemplated, it will not be defeated without inflicting serious damage on its opponents. To provide against such a contingency the Navy must be of sufficient strength in battleships to admit of a reserve squadron being maintained, capable of meeting the French Mediterranean fleet after it has been in conflict with our own. 'No amount of foresight or calculation,' Lord George Hamilton has said, 'can anticipate naval combinations and naval movements; therefore it seems to me essential that, for the purpose of meeting such unexpected blows, we should have a considerable margin of reserve.'

There is one form of attack which does not fall under any of the three heads under which we have been considering the principles of Imperial defence. The British naval manœuvres of the last three years have shown (1) that the English shores of the Channel are well within the range of torpedo-boat attack from the stations which have been recently established from Dunkirk to Brest; (2) that the mere menace of torpedo-boat attack is sufficient to seriously retard the junction of two powerful fleets. In view of our recent experience, it is probably true to say that the principal danger we have to fear in the event of war with France is an attack by torpedo-boats on our assembling fleets at Plymouth, Portland, or Spithead—similar to that made by Captain Barry's flotilla on Sir George Tryon's fleet in Plymouth Sound in the manœuvres of 1890. An offensive defence, it was clearly shown by the manœuvres of 1891, is the best way of meeting such an attack. We must have numerous 'torpedo-boat destroyers,' fast enough to catch and powerful enough to destroy the torpedo-boats of the enemy. We may congratulate ourselves that a first step has already been taken in this sound line of policy. More than this is required by the circumstances of the case. The anchor-

ages at our Channel naval ports sorely need additional protection, by means of breakwaters, against an attack to which they are at present so much exposed.

The principles of imperial defence may be summarised by considering what our objective is to be in time of war. Our first and principal object is obviously to defeat the enemy's main fleet in battle or to completely checkmate its operations. An effective army, powerful fortifications, superiority in cruisers, will not compensate for a deficiency in the line of battle. Battleships alone can give us that command of the sea which is indispensable alike to the safety of our commerce, our colonies and dependencies, and the shores of the United Kingdom. Our secondary object must be to maintain a sufficient force of cruisers to deal either with hostile cruisers designed to prey upon our commerce, or with expeditions intended for the attack of colonies, which might escape our principal fleets. It is a sounder and cheaper policy to endeavour to deal with these at the point of departure than to provide elaborate defences to meet them on arrival at their destination. The cruisers defend not only the point to be attacked, but they also secure the integrity of the trade routes over the ocean. Our third object should be to capture the coaling stations and colonies of the enemy which are indispensable to his depredations on our commerce. This is an object, as has already been stated, to which the attention of those responsible for directing the forces of Great Britain, in the great war, were not early enough directed. How many millions of pounds would have been saved if we had earlier seized Mauritius, Martinique, and Guadalupe! In this connection Captain Mahan points out that, contrary to the general principles of strategy, whether military or naval, for a power which has command of the sea, dissemination of force within reasonable limits is advisable. Convenient harbours for coaling etc. in all parts of the world are indispensable to attacks on a commerce so widely distributed as that of the British Empire. Deprive the enemy of these, and his attacks on commerce are to a great extent rendered impossible; but without some dissemination of force such a policy cannot be carried out.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre said in the House of Commons on the 7th of May, 1889:

France has greatly increased her empire, not only in China and Tonquin, but in Africa, and has extended her interests in other parts of the world; and in the event of a war with this country all these interests would be jeopardised, and in a very short time France would be cut off from communication with all her outlying dependencies in different parts of the world.

When we hear that the French have occupied the Kerguelen Islands, St. Paul and Amsterdam—which, by the way, are marked as British possessions in most English maps—or that the United States

contemplates the annexation of the Sandwich Islands, it should not give us dissatisfaction. Such acquisitions only increase the vulnerability of states whom we are practically powerless to injure in their own territory.

In view of the military forces now maintained by continental powers under a system of conscription, extended operations on the Continent are no longer conceivable. The part which the British Army can play in a war with a first-class power is only a secondary one, except in the cases of war with Russia or the United States. Though secondary, it is still important. The Army has not only to defend our own coaling stations: it will have to co-operate with the Navy in the capture of the colonies and coaling stations of the enemy. The capture of St. Pierre and Miquelon, of Diego Suarez or New Caledonia, would not, perhaps, be great achievements for the British Army, but the conquest of Algeria would test its powers to the utmost. With Algeria hostile in time of war, the trade route up the Mediterranean could never be absolutely secure, and it might be advisable to abandon it altogether. For the Eastern trade this would only mean serious inconvenience. For the trade with the Mediterranean and Levant it would mean absolute extinction for the time—and British trade with the Mediterranean bears a large proportion to the total trade of the country.

To those who have studied and grasped the principles of warfare which are applicable to a sea power like Great Britain—principles which we have to thank Captain Mahan for so clearly setting forth—the relative proportions of naval and military expenditure in the British Empire appear strange indeed. If these proportions were reversed, the British Empire would be infinitely better defended than it is at present. For our naval expenditure we obtain a navy powerful indeed, but by no means sufficient for our needs. For our military expenditure we are able to provide the defences and garrisons of our coaling stations, we have a home army from which we hope to be able to reinforce the army in India in case of need, but which is in any case most costly, yet insufficient in numbers to undertake offensive defence.

T. A. BRASSEY.

THE SITUATION AT WASHINGTON

It has been said that there is something very august in the election of an American President, when sixty-five millions are choosing their chief. There is something more august, I should say, in the Inauguration, when the apparatus and practices of the election are out of the way. Inauguration, it is true, is the triumph of a party leader; but American parties take defeat with good humour, and on these occasions enthusiasm is general, and national spirit prevails.

This was particularly the case the other day at the Inauguration of President Cleveland. That the triumph was that of a party one was reminded by seeing on the breasts of the victors the party emblems, the rooster of the victorious Democracy, and the Tammany tiger, as well as by the pensive appearance, in the progress from the White House to the Capitol and back, of the outgoing President in the carriage beside his successful rival, which seems rather the cruel part of the ceremony. But the concourse, which was immense, and the sentiment were national; the procession took four hours in passing a given point. The President was expected to review it, and he showed a physical power of endurance which may stand him in good stead on other occasions, by remaining all that time in the open air on a bitter day which had opened with snow and sleet. Amidst snow and sleet the President and ex-President had driven in an open carriage to the Capitol, the assemblage had gathered, and the vast procession had formed. Several deaths from exposure were afterwards recorded in the newspapers. Why not at once change the day from the 4th of March to the 4th of April, by which time at Washington you can count on mild weather? Because, the date being imbedded in the Constitution, the change would involve a constitutional amendment. An amendment of the Constitution is a cumbrous process in any case. In a serious and debateable case it is a process of tremendous difficulty. For sixty years no amendment passed. It was only at the time of the Civil War, when the foundations of the political world had been moved, that important amendments passed with ease. Such is the conservatism of the American Constitution. In ordinary times it is almost immobility. This is a fact to be borne in mind by you who are going headlong down the hill of democracy,

fancying perhaps that you are assured of safety by American success. With you, when the multitude is master of Paliament, it will be a sovereign power, and may turn anything upside down at its will. In America change is limited by the adamantine barriers of the Constitution, including the article which forbids legislation impairing the faith of contracts.

Mr. Cleveland is the most powerful President since Lincoln, who, though no man could be less prone to the assumption of power, was by force of circumstances towards the close of his Presidency a dictator. What Mr. Cleveland would do was almost the only question when I was at Washington in February and March, and that secret was still locked in his own breast. For three months, from the day of the Presidential election, the wheels of the political machine had been almost standing still. When the incoming President is of a different party from the out-going, power during the four months which intervene between election and inauguration is parted from authority, and nothing of importance can be done—not to say that the out-going administration is tempted to throw all difficulties and burdens as much as possible on its successor. The most memorable and fatal instance of this interregnum was the interval between the first election of Lincoln and his inauguration; while Buchanan, a slavery man, remained President and when secession was going on. Had a President with full power been then in office, and had he been such a man as Jackson, it is possible that secession might have been stayed. But Buchanan's administration was dead, and even had he been a man of different opinions and stronger character, his position would have been one of hopeless weakness. He thought of nothing but temporising till he could hand over responsibility to his successor. In the same way a dead House of Representatives is allowed to hold a session after the election of its successor, with the same results if the balance of party has been reversed at the polls. In reading the American Constitution, and estimating the wisdom of its framers, we must bear in mind that the framers evidently did not foresee the action of that which was destined to be the great political force of the future. They did not recognise organised party as the mainspring of government. Had they been asked the question, they would probably have said that party was a distemper. As a distemper it was certainly regarded by Washington, who thought that he could put an end to it by bringing the leaders of the opposite political schools, Hamilton and Jefferson, together into his Cabinet, though the rupture in which the combination ended might have forced the truth upon his mind.

The same blindness of the Fathers to the destined influence of party had till the other day been making itself felt in the working of Congress. Unless the same party prevails in both Houses, there is apt to be a deadlock in legislation. Since the last Congressional

election the House had been Democratic by an overwhelming majority, while the Senate was still Republican. The consequence was that no measure of importance in which party had any interest could pass: there was a general paralysis of legislation. Recent elections to the Senate have given that also to the Republicans, and the deadlock is now at an end. We here see a weak point in the bi-cameral system. It is needless to say that the British system is not at present really bi-cameral, the House of Lords not being in fact a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature, like the Senate, but having at most a suspensive veto. But if instead of ending the House of Lords you decide to mend it, you will have to guard in some way against the possibility of deadlock.

I have spoken of Mr. Cleveland's exceptional power. There seems to be a personal interest about him such as there has not been about any of his predecessors since Lincoln. All his doings and sayings, however trifling, are recorded with the minuteness of a court journal. The sentiment extends to his family, and one is almost reminded of the feeling towards royal families in monarchical countries. Miniature likenesses of the baby Ruth, Cleveland's little daughter, were being sold in the streets of Washington. The nation wants reform. It feels that of late it has been going astray. It desires to be led back into the right path, and believing Mr. Cleveland to be strong and patriotic, it is disposed to give him a free hand. Very remarkable was the uprising of the silent vote, that index of the reserve force, in his favour at the election. It baffled the calculations of politicians, none of whom, I think, expected anything like such a majority for Mr. Cleveland. This way of giving a trusted man at a national crisis adequate power, without prejudice to the Constitution, is an advantage to be set against the evident evils of Presidential elections. At Washington, before the Inauguration, not only political action, but political thought, seemed to be suspended till the new President should take up the reins of power. That Mr. Cleveland felt his position to be more national than that of the ordinary nominee of a party he showed at once by appointing to the chief office, that of Secretary of State, Mr. Gresham, whose singular fitness all acknowledged, but whom thoroughgoing democrats accepted with difficulty as a recent, and they seem to think not unqualified, convert to the party.

The nation wants reform of the tariff, retrenchment of expenditure, and restoration of the currency. The tariff was the principal issue at the election, and the result, if I mistake not, is a death-blow to the system of Protection on this continent; for the effect has extended to opinion in Canada, and the Tory and protectionist Minister of Finance has been on a tour the practical object of which was to see how far he could meet the general cry for the reduction of duties without losing the vote of the Manufacturers' Association. The

tariff under which the people of the United States have been living for the last thirty years is, in fact, the war tariff sustained by the party which the war had left in power, and which, to prolong its ascendency, has been always appealing to war traditions and feelings. In the same way after the war of 1812 the manufacturers, who, having while the war lasted enjoyed practical protection, finding themselves at its close invaded by British competition, called for and obtained legislative protection. The political authors of the protective system were clay, and the set of politicians who had made the war; while Webster, who had opposed the war, also opposed Protection in a series of most admirable speeches, though when it had gained the day, he felt or affected to feel himself bound to fall in with the dominant policy, and make the best bargain he could for the special interests of his constituents. Alexander Hamilton, the father of American finance, had been a protectionist, but of a school, for that age, very mild. In 1831 the system culminated in the 'tariff of abominations,' a medley of protectionism produced by a scramble of sinister interests: New England wanting high duties on woollen and cotton fabrics, and low duties on raw wool, iron, hemp, and molasses; Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Kentucky wanting high duties on raw wool, iron, hemp, and molasses, and low duties on woollen and cotton fabrics; while the South, exporting staples which were sure of a market everywhere, and manufacturing nothing, wanted low duties all round. The tariff was passed, as every protectionist tariff must be passed, by monopolist log-rolling. It was about that time that George McDuffie, of South Carolina, made, in the House of Representatives, a speech which was not forgotten in later times:

Sir, when I consider that by a single Act like the present from five to ten millions of dollars may be transferred annually from one part of the community to another, when I consider the disguise of disinterested patriotism under which the basest and most profligate ambition may perpetrate such an act of injustice and political prostitution, I cannot hesitate for a moment to pronounce this very system of indirect bounties the most stupendous instrument of corruption ever placed in the hands of public functionaries. It brings ambition and avarice and wealth into a combination which it is fearful to contemplate because it is almost impossible to resist. Do we not perceive at this very moment the extraordinary and melancholy spectacle of less than one hundred thousand capitalists, by means of this unhallowed combination, exercising an absolute and despotic control over the opinions of eight millions of free citizens and the fortunes and destinies of ten millions? Sir, I will not anticipate or forebode evil. I will not permit myself to believe that the Presidency of the United States will ever be bought and sold by this system of bounties and prohibitions; but I must say that there are certain quarters of this Union in which, if a candidate for the Presidency were to come forward with the Harrisburg tariff in his hand, nothing could resist his pretensions if his adversary were opposed to this unjust system of oppression. Yes, sir, that Bill would be a talisman which could give a charmed existence to the candidate who would pledge himself to support it; and although he were covered with all the 'multiplying villanies of nature,' the most immaculate patriot and profound statesman in the nation could hold no competition with him, if he should refuse to grant this new species of imperial donative.

To say that Free Trade has gained the day was too much. Nowhere is there Free Trade in the proper sense of the term. England still raises a great part of her revenue by import duties, and thus falls short of Cobden's ideal. But tariff for revenue has triumphed. This is the old fiscal principle of the Democratic party, and accords with its old political principle of construing the Constitution strictly and limiting the central power, the imposition of taxes for the regulation of industry or any other purpose than necessary revenue having been certainly a stretch of the Constitution. Not that any great change is to be immediately expected. The contrary impression prevailed at Washington. Industries and interests have been built on the existing scaffolding which its sudden withdrawal might bring to the ground. This is felt by tariff reformers. Mr. Cleveland in his letter of acceptance responded very cautiously to the strong denunciation of Protection in the Democratic platform. But protectionism as a principle, I repeat, has probably received its death blow, while that of tariff for revenue has definitely prevailed. Whether English industry will be the gainer by the change which sets American industry free from the shackles of Protection is a question which time must answer. To all industries, however, commercial liberty is welcome as making for peace, as it certainly does, though it may not be the sure safeguard against war which the Manchester school took it to be. Of the anti-British feeling in the United States one element, at all events, has been protectionist horror of British goods.

Not only does Free Trade make for peace abroad, it makes for purity of government at home. Nobody doubts that the protective system was upheld at elections by the purse as well as by the influence of the group of interests whose gains it swelled. That members of Congress were bribed by the manufacturers' lobby I believe almost as little as I believe the stories told by protectionist organs of the corruption of American constituencies by the gold of the Cobden Club. There may be, and probably there are, two or three black sheep in Congress who would take money. Of sacrifice of the general good to the pressure of sectional interests, there are, no doubt, instances enough, as there are in one way or another wherever the party system prevails. But of personal corruption, while there is a deplorable amount in some of the State legislatures and in some of the municipalities, I feel pretty sure that there is very little at Washington. The Government departments, even by the most censorious, are allowed to be pure.

It can hardly be doubted that the expenditure which has reached so great a height, and fixed on the last Republican Congress the nickname of the Billion Congress, had a sinister connection with the protective tariff. The people at large rested in the belief that their money was being taken for the necessary expenses of government,

the incidence of the taxation only being so regulated as to foster native industries. This belief the surplus belied, and it was consequently necessary to get rid of the surplus, which was done by a lavish expenditure. The most startling of the outlays has been the pension list, which this year will amount to 140,000,000 dollars—more than the total cost of a great European army—and is expected still to increase. Of this, however, as of the Pension Arrears Act, which is its especial source, the blame must be shared by the politicians of both parties, for all alike succumbed to the influence of the Grand Army Vote. The history of the army has been a double surprise. People in Europe, while the Civil War was going on, judging from historical precedents, thought that when the war was over the army would remain a menace to the State, and perhaps raise its chief to supreme power. Instead of this, the army was disbanded with perfect ease, melted away like a snowdrift in spring, without giving for a single moment the slightest cause for political apprehension, and was absorbed by civil trades and callings. Everybody then thought that the last had been seen of it; but, behold! it reappears in a political form as the Grand Army of the Republic, levying by its votes a prodigious tribute on the nation. Nobody seems to doubt that the system covers great abuses, or that pensions are being received by deserters, malingerers, bounty-jumpers, and men who never served the nation at all, to say nothing of the share which goes to pension agents; yet nobody has dared to open his lips in Congress, not even the Southern members, who, though their constituency is paying enormously for its own subjugation, are afraid, by opposition or criticism, to compromise the Northern wing of their party. If the people of the United States had any warlike propensities, which they have not, the Pension Arrears Act would bind them over to keep the peace, for they could not bear a doubled pension list. In that conviction Chile, if she had known it, might have dared them to the fight. A citizen army seems much more costly than a regular army, while it is probably less efficient. That Mr. Cleveland, in his former Presidency, ventured to veto some pension Bills is not the least of his claims to the confidence of reformers. But, as he cannot repeal the Pension Arrears Act, his power of retrenchment is small, and the country, as it was told the other day, must look for relief to the scythe of death, which in the case of pensioners is well known to lose its edge.

The immediate difficulty with which Mr. Cleveland is called upon to grapple is that created by the Silver law (named, with some injustice to Senator Sherman, the Sherman Act), which is heaping up in the Treasury masses of silver, bought at a price above its real value, while, by flooding the country with silver tokens and with token notes in the shape of silver certificates, it is driving out the gold, as bad money always drives out good, and threatening to bring

on a currency crisis. The credit of the United States is now so strong that means may almost certainly be found, by the issues of bonds or other expedients, of tiding the Government over any financial difficulty; otherwise a terrible day of reckoning might be at hand. Currency is the paradise of chimeras, and in regard to it there is no saying what delusions may prevail. Inconvertible paper money is the delusion of men who have failed to grasp the elementary fact that a bank-note is not a piece of money, but an instrument of credit, like a cheque, and that when it changes hands gold passes, as in the case of a cheque, at the bank of issue, from the credit of the giver to that of the taker. But American minds are keen, and it is not likely that many legislators at Washington are really victims to the silver delusion. If members of Congress had been free to vote according to their convictions, the task of averting a currency crisis would not, I suspect, have been left to Mr. Cleveland. The forces by which the Silver law was carried and has been kept in operation are two—that of the Silver States, bent on keeping up the price of their commodity; and that of the party which, like the Greenbackers of happy memory, wants 'cheap money' and an easy method of paying debts. These currency controversies always call ingenuity into play. One economist, apparently so far enlightened as to see that you cannot legislate proportional any more than you can legislate positive value into a commodity, proposes a coin made half of silver, half of gold, which he fancies will be self-balanced; as if the fluctuations in the value of one metal would always be such as exactly to balance those of the other. Another suggests that, to keep up the price of silver, which he shrewdly perceives to be the main object in view, all the servants of the State, including the footmen, shall be made to wear silver buttons. He does not say whether the price is to be levied on the public or on the footmen, nor does he say why the community should be interested in keeping up the price of silver any more than in keeping up the price of salt. The payment of congressional salaries in silver was a suggestion more to the point. The matter, however, is most serious. It has compelled Mr. Cleveland to call an extra session of Congress, which is supposed to be very dangerous to an Administration, and he will have to exert all his influence to get the Silver law repealed, and avert a crash. He will probably find that his only course is to call in his token money and redeem his silver certificates in gold, just as the redemption of the greenbacks in gold was the only mode of restoring the currency after the war. The coercion of Congress by a combination so limited as that of the Silver men is an ominous proof of the influence which hungry interests playing on the balance of parties may exert. The same influence is exerted by bodies of enthusiasts, such as the Prohibitionists, exclusively bent on the attainment of their special object, and regardless of the general policy of the country. This is a growing distemper of elective institutions.

Mr. Cleveland had the support of the solid South. Happily he had also support enough at the North, and has sufficient force of opinion behind him to preserve him from being the slave of a geographical section. It will be strange if he has not in some way to deal with the Southern difficulty. That the negro is debarred from voting is a grievance of which his best friends do not bitterly complain. Perhaps his safest condition for the present is the enjoyment of personal and industrial rights without political power. But the lynchings of negroes are shocking, and indicate a dangerous as well as a hideous state of things. The English press probably noticed the other day that in Texas a negro who had outraged a white woman was bound to a tree, with his clothes steeped in petroleum, and slowly burned alive, in the presence of applauding thousands, the injured woman applying the match with her own hand. There have been several burnings, and there have been lynchings of negroes without number. The general cause is outrage on white women, to which, it is said, negroes are so desperately given that, in districts where they are numerous, no white woman can leave her home without fear. This is a state of things which can hardly last long without an explosion of race hatred on a larger scale. The negro is careless and callous. He is not stirred by these atrocities as a man of a more sensitive race would be. But there is in him a latent ferocity, which in Hayti was fearfully displayed. It is a desperate problem, this of race in the South, the barrier between the races being not, as in the case of ancient slavery, artificial, but natural, and fusion, which was the end of ancient slavery, being in this case out of the question.

Very notable was that part of Mr. Cleveland's letter of acceptance in which he protested against 'Paternalism,' and proclaimed the old American principle of individual liberty and self-help. The socialistic craving for State help and regulation, which Mr. Cleveland calls Paternalism, has hitherto made much less progress in America than in Europe, at least so far as the native Americans are concerned; for there is a certain amount of immigrant anarchism in New York and Chicago. Amongst native Americans the socialistic tendency has hitherto been repelled by the general possession and the almost universal hope of property, but it is now beginning to appear. It has taken the shape of a People's party—Populists, as, by a barbarism, they are called—who seek State relief in different ways, some of them extravagantly chimerical, including, of course, an inflation of the currency, for the farmer, from the distress which, he alleges, is caused by the fall in the price of his products and his mortgage debts; though Mr. Atkinson, a first-rate authority on these subjects, traverses the allegation, and contends that the condition of the farmer has really improved. A rise in the farmer's standard of living, by elevating his desires, may, perhaps, have increased his expenditure,

and stimulated his discontent, and still more that of his sons and daughters. The Populists showed considerable strength in the late election, and were able, partly by bartering their votes with the other party's, to gain some seats in Congress. They reckon three or four representatives in the Senate. The party, however, is now showing symptoms of dissolution, and seems likely to be absorbed by the regular organisations. This was the end of the Anti-Freemason and Knownothing parties of former days, and has hitherto been the end of all such abnormal growths. But, in the meantime, the politicians have been compelled, in some degree, to pander to Populism, and ostensibly to flatter chimeras which they are covertly combined to defeat. This salutary art of quietly breaking political waterspouts has, so far, been practised with skill and success; but it has its limits. There is no saying that some day an extravagance like Populism may not, by coercing party, carry its measure through the legislature, and even over the President's veto, which is usually the last safeguard. What will then follow? Look at the working of the elective system on whichever side we will, we find that the system is on its trial.

Mr. Cleveland is, no doubt, personally well disposed to give full effect to the Civil Service Act and to promote Civil Service reform. After being beset as he was in the days following his inauguration by the mosquito swarm of office-seekers, he must have sighed for the total abolition of patronage. It was as much, I suppose, by desire of escaping the nuisance of applications as by love of purity that British statesmen were induced to adopt the system of competitive examination. But there are limits to what any President elected by a party vote can do in this way. The party organisation cannot be kept on foot, nor can elections be carried, without workers, and the workers must be paid. This is a fact which the Independents—Mugwumps, as they are nicknamed—to whom, and particularly to their late admirable leader, Mr. George W. Curtis, Civil Service reform is due, have hardly looked in the face. The Mugwumps themselves are not a party. They have no organisation; their position is merely that of critics unattached: with the necessity of paying workers they have not to deal.

One of the last acts of the outgoing President was to agree to draft a treaty of annexation with the Hawaiian Commissioners, whose flag, with broad red and white stripes and the Union Jack in the corner, floated for some weeks over Wormley's Hotel. For this Mr. Harrison was accused of party manœuvring. But whatever his alleged defects as a political leader, he is thoroughly patriotic as well as upright, and he was here moving on his natural line. The Republican party, since the final exhaustion of the war sentiment and the overthrow of Protection, has no life left in it, except as the party of national aspiration. That field is still very much its own, its rival

being, since the departure of its slavery element, in all respects Conservative and opposed to any projects of aggrandisement. Nor would such a line be unhopeful if the nation, wearied with these party struggles for the Presidency, should ever be inclined to refresh itself by a return to objects beyond party strife, and conducive to national greatness. But the balance of public opinion, after wavering for a time, seemed at last to turn against the annexation of Hawaii. The idea that Americans thirst for territorial aggrandisement, and that Canada is 'lying beneath the shadow of a rapacious neighbour,' is entirely baseless. Slavery sought territorial aggrandisement for four very substantial reasons: it wanted more land to replace that which was exhausted by slave labour; it wanted votes in the Senate, which it obtained by the creation of more slave States; it wanted to strengthen and extend its institution; and it wanted to keep at bay Emancipation, which was advancing in the British and Spanish possessions and in the South American Republics. But with slavery aggrandisement died. Did not San Domingo, with all its natural wealth, throw itself into the lap of the Republic, and was it not shaken out again in spite of all that President Grant could do to bring about the annexation? The Americans now are so far from coveting territory that they shrink from extension, believing that it would imperil unity, and especially from the annexation of islands which would require a navy for their protection. Thus they rejected St. Thomas even after the bargain had been struck with Denmark and the cession had been made. But there was another cause of hesitation. What was to be the political relation between Hawaii and the American Republic, the incorporation of Hawaii being inconvenient from the distance, to say nothing of the alien character of its native population? This brought to mind the question whether a democracy could govern dependencies. Great Britain is likely soon to be a democracy unbridled, though under monarchical and aristocratic forms. How will she govern an empire? It is strange that in all these controversies about the suffrage and the abolition of the Upper House, this question should have never presented itself. Do the Radical constituencies which demand universal suffrage and the final divorce of representation from property by the adoption of the principle of 'one man, one vote,' consider that they are lords of two hundred and fifty millions of Asiatic subjects who have no vote at all? Is it possible that the United Kingdom should be broken up and put together again, as Home Rulers and Federationists propose, without totally deranging the Imperial system? It seems strange, I repeat, that this question should never have been raised. Already its serious character begins to be seen. British empire in India, the native army having been now placed on a sound footing, is apparently in no danger from internal insurrection, nor likely to be till there is far more union among the motley races and religions than there is at

present. Nor does it seem likely that Russia, the extension of whose empire in Central Asia is not less natural than the extension of British empire in Southern Asia, though she may stretch her dominion over barbarous or semi-civilised tribes, will attack a civilised power unless England bars her way to something absolutely essential to her in Europe. The chief danger to the Indian Empire is from the interference of British democracy with its government, and this has begun to appear.

I have said that there is no foundation for the idea that Canada is the object of rapacious designs on the part of the people of the United States. During twenty-five years of intercourse with Americans of all parties and classes, I have never heard any wish or thought of aggression upon Canada expressed. The general feeling about the Canadian question has been one of singular indifference. It has been seldom mentioned in American journals, and never, so far as I recollect, in party platforms or campaign speeches. Generally, as I have said, there is a shrinking from territorial extension, though in this case the extension would apparently be safe, since it would be natural, and even dictated by nature. At the same time, I should say that the question of the relations between the United States and Canada has of late been entering on a new phase in the councils of the Washington Government. These incessant disputes about fisheries, Behring Sea, canal tolls, customs duties, and what not, are bearing their fruit. The Canadian Government, feeling that it is safe under the broad ægis of Great Britain, is naturally tempted to pursue a spirited policy, as the British Foreign Office and the British Embassy at Washington can tell. It was in reference to a Canadian dispute that Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, said, in a letter to Lord Malmesbury, the Foreign Minister, 'These wretched colonies will all be independent in a few years, and are a millstone round our necks. Nor would Lord Malmesbury have been likely to publish the letter if he had not felt the truth of the remark. The Tory party in Canada, also, is always expressing and working up feeling against the Yankees. At the last general election, the Government and its partisans made an open and direct appeal to that sentiment in a manner highly offensive to the Americans, whereof the Americans did not fail to take note. Canadian protectionists fan the flame of antipathy against Americans, as American protectionists fan the flame of antipathy against the British. The division between the two portions of the continent, if it were natural, might be friendly; being artificial, it can hardly be perpetuated without keeping the antipathy alive. American statesmen, though they may not desire territorial aggrandisement, are being awakened to the danger of allowing a power hostile to the United States to be created to the north of them under European influence. Politicians of both parties at Washington feel this, and it is perhaps the one question on which they are likely

to act together. Few can think their anxiety unnatural, or doubt that British statesmen placed in a similar situation would take the same view of their policy and duty. Allusions to the Monroe doctrine—which, be it remembered, was the doctrine of Canning as well as of Monroe—are beginning to be heard. The Canadian question had nothing to do with the passing of the McKinley Act, which was not levelled against any foreign nation in particular, but was simply a dead-lift effort to consolidate and perpetuate the protectionist system by bringing all American industries, especially that of the farmer, within the pale. But it may not be without influence on the approaching dealings with the tariff. To repeat an illustration used before: if Scotland were a dependency of the United States, and under their auspices were always being placed and placing itself in antagonism to England, there would be trouble in Great Britain, as there is upon this continent. On the other side Canada, since the passing of the McKinley Act, has been feeling more keenly her commercial isolation. Her agricultural products, her barley, peas, hay, eggs, wool, lean cattle, can be sold to the United States no longer, and her export of horses is reduced. In eggs alone she has lost a trade of nearly two millions of dollars. Exports to Great Britain have increased, but nothing like in proportion, nor do the sales appear to have been very good. The egg trade from Canada seems to be a failure. The province of Quebec especially suffers, its products being unsuited for exportation to Europe. As a consequence the exodus from Canada to the United States increases. Already there are a million of Canadians on the south of the line. Some villages in Quebec have lost a great part of their population. In Ontario almost all the towns and villages are stationary or going backwards. The American Consulate in Toronto has had little else to do during the past year than despatch emigrants to the United States. In the city, five thousand houses are vacant, and though this is partly due to over-speculation in land and over-building, it is also partly due to emigration. It was the president of a Conservative association who said the other day, that soon 'the Americans would have all the men, and we should have all the mud.' Toronto is the stronghold of British sentiment and of the Canadian protectionism which finds fervent love of the mother-country available as a safeguard against American competition. Englishmen who visit Canada form their notions of Canadian sentiment from what they hear at Toronto or at Ottawa, which, as the official city, is, of course, the centre of attachment to the existing system. If they went among the farmers, especially in the border counties, they might form a different estimate. In the Province of Quebec a movement in favour of independence has been set on foot by Mr. Mercier, the Nationalist leader, who, having been prosecuted for corruption by one of the political parties and disclaimed by

the other, is now acting independently of both, and seems in a fair way to recover his ascendency over his own people. The French clergy have hitherto been opposed to continental union, fearing loss of their privileges and the contagion of American Liberalism. But they are alarmed by the exodus of their flocks, and by the impoverishment which threatens to render those that remain less willing and less able to pay the tithes. Moreover, the spirit of the quiet French *curé* of former days, who was a remnant of the old Gallican school, is being supplanted by that of the Ultramontane and the Jesuit, who are less quiet, and more inclined to act with their Roman Catholic brethren in the more important sphere of the United States. If the Roman Catholic bishops in the United States countenance the movement, it will become strong; the independence, which is Mr. Mercier's professed aim, would soon turn into annexation; for an independent Quebec is almost inconceivable, especially when there are so many French emigrants in the adjoining States of the Union that New France may be said almost to be astride of the line. Sentiment is a motive always respectable, and sometimes practicable, but from what motive except sentiment Great Britain should cling to her connection with this continent it is hard to say. She derives from it neither strength nor profit. Canada has gone fiscally out of the Empire, and lays protective duties on British goods, the crowning measure of that kind being the duty imposed on British iron by a Canadian Finance Minister, who now represents Imperial Federation in London. Your investments here are very large; they have been reckoned at the enormous sum of a hundred and thirty millions sterling, though this estimate, no doubt, includes an immense amount hopelessly sunk in railways, especially in the ill-starred Grand Trunk, which seems now to be succumbing to the force of its new and aspiring rival, the Canadian Pacific. But the value would be enhanced by the admission of Canada into the American Union. You hold probably by far the larger part of the Canadian debt, which at present the Americans would certainly take over, but which they might not take over if the present system were to break up in a storm. As to military force, it is amusing to hear Imperial Federationists in London discussing the contingent to be furnished to British armaments by a confederacy in whose councils the French of Quebec, with the tricolour floating over them, have the casting vote. Englishmen always think of Canada as a British colony, forgetting that it is a conquered colony of France with British settlements added. If France was your enemy, the more practical question would be how to provide the force necessary to hold down Quebec. The growth of European navies has divested England of the supremacy, though not of the primacy, of the sea, and the maritime defence of a distant dependency which has no navy of its own would be more than ever difficult. The dependency,

meantime, suffers from commercial atrophy, the inevitable consequence of fiscal severance from the continent of which it is a part, as Norfolk and Suffolk would suffer if they were severed from the rest of Great Britain. Its people are docked of the fair earnings of their industry, and are forced to leave their homes—a perpetual wound to family sentiment, which may be set against any advantages of political sentiment derived from the connection. Added to this is exposure to the possibility of a war with the United States, in which Canada, whatever the bravery of her people, would be hopelessly overrun by an enormously superior force, and of a war between Great Britain and some European power, perhaps about Egypt or Hindustan, by which Canadian commerce would be suspended or cut up. The notion that Canada is being fostered under British protection till she is strong enough to hold her own against the United States is another case of Horace's clown waiting for the river to run dry. The United States grow much faster than Canada, while the growth of Canada is retarded by isolation. Much the same might be said of the proposal to keep Canada in political swaddling clothes till she has become a nation. The independent spirit of nationality can never be acquired by remaining in dependence. As to the exercise of political tutelage over Canadian democracy by the British democracy, of which not one man in ten thousand knows anything about Canadian affairs, it is too absurd for discussion. Imperial Federationists may think that they have the solution of the problem. But let them inquire in Quebec, and they will find that the very name of Imperial Federation is hateful there, and that the people were at first inclined to receive the Governor-General coldly, because they fancied that he leant that way. The movement has little strength here, so far as I can see, except what it borrows from protectionism, which is ready to take advantage of any cover for a shot against free trade with the United States. My own opinions, I dare say, are heretical; it matters little whether they are or not. What seems to me pretty certain is that, as events are now shaping themselves and American opinion is moving, the question of the relation between Great Britain and Canada will, at no distant time, present itself to you in a practical form. Before you decide upon maintaining the present system, with its burdens and risks, acquaint yourselves not only with postprandial speeches, with the effusions of Canadian High Commissioners, or with the polite sayings of the social magnates of Toronto in their visits to London, but with the decisive, though perhaps unwelcome, facts.

Goldwin Smith.

MEDIÆVAL MEDICINE.

It has been said that nothing is anything, except relatively. It is an epigram pregnant with truth and worthy of being pondered. In the present paper we propose to consider what medical science and practice were in the Middle Ages, to the end that we may take comfort by seeing what they are—relatively—in the present year of grace. It is common enough at the present day to hear sneers at doctors, more particularly when the sneerer is in no immediate need of one. Nor can their most devout disciples maintain that they are infallible. Perhaps they never will be, until such time as the human race shall, in process of evolution, develop a sliding door beneath the fifth rib, by means of which its interior derangements may be studied with accuracy. But it may in all truth be said that our physicians and surgeons, as compared with those of classic and mediæval days, are as gods, knowing all things.

Nor has the growth of their higher knowledge been a very gradual one. It has come by leaps and bounds within the last two centuries, after remaining stationary for more than sixteen hundred years. The nineteenth century especially has been a period of activity and progress in the various branches of science such as the world has never seen before. Nor could it have been seen before. The full light of liberty—liberty of action and liberty of thought—was necessary for any great forward movement, and the world was lying in the bonds of darkness and superstition. The tree of Liberty is a plant of slow growth, that has fought its upward way painfully, bowing its head often beneath the blasts of persecution, and often broken beneath the foot of the oppressor. Like Igdrasil, the tree of Life, it has its roots deep below in the Kingdom of the Dead. It was not till this century that it had attained such growth as to burst into the blossom which is everywhere bringing forth noble fruit for the service of man. Had Hahnemann and Stephenson, Herschel and Edison lived in the Middle Ages their genius would have availed mankind nothing. The slow world was not ready for them, and it would have crushed and silenced them as it did Galileo and many another brave spirit that was born out of time. They would have gone under, and shouts and hymns would have celebrated another triumph of orthodoxy and authority. Authority was the Juggernaut beneath whose car

all the best and boldest spirits were crushed in the sacred name of Religion.

In almoste al places of studie (wrote Cornelius Agrippa) a damnable custom is growen, in that they binde with an othe the schollers which they receive, never to speak against Aristotle, Boetius, Albert, or any other of their Schollers being accompted a God, from whom if a man differ a finger's breadth in thought, immediately they will call him Heretike and worthy to be burned.

Montaigne, too, adds his protest to the same effect :—

The opinions of men (he says) are received, according to ancient belief, by authority and upon trust, as if it were religion and law, and thus the world cometh to be filled with lyes and fopperies. It is not enquired whether Galen has said anything to the purpose, *but whether he has said so and so*; and 'tis irreligion to question any of Aristotle's decrees.

The old Frenchman adds quaintly :—

Whoever should bundle up a lusty faggot of the fooleries of human wisdom would produce wonders.

So long as it was considered impious to pry into the mysteries that surround us, or to risk making any discovery that might prove to be at variance with some pre-existing belief, what progress was possible in any direction? The difficulties under which medical science laboured may be estimated from the fact that dissection was forbidden by the clergy of the Middle Ages, on the ground that it was impious to mutilate a form made in the image of God. We do not find this pious objection interfering with such mutilation when effected by means of the rack and the wheel and such other clerical rather than medical instruments. But in the reign of Philip the Second of Spain a famous Spanish doctor was actually condemned by the Inquisition to be burnt for having performed a surgical operation, and it was only by royal favour that he was permitted instead to expiate his crime by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he died in poverty and exile.

This being the attitude of the all-powerful Church towards medical progress, it is not surprising that medical science should have stagnated, and that Galen and Dioscorides were permitted to lay down the law in the sixteenth century as they had done since the beginning of the Christian era. Some light is thrown upon the state of things herefrom resulting by a work translated from the German in the year 1561, and entitled '*A most excellent and perfecte homish apothecarye or physicke booke, for all the grefes and diseases of the bodye.*'

The first chapter is 'Concerning the Head and his partes.'

Galen sayth, the head is divided into foure partes: in the fore part hath blood the dominion; Colera in the ryght syde, Melancholy in the left syde, and Flegma beareth rule in the hindermost part. If the head doth ake so sore by reason of a runninge that he cannot snoffe hys nose, bath hys fete in a depe tub untill the knees and give him this medicine . . . which riseth into hys head and dryeth hys

moyst braynes. Galen sayth He that hath payne in the hindermost part of hys head, the same must be let blood under the chynne, specially on the right side; also were it good ofte to burne the heyre of a man before hys nose. The braynes are greved many wayes; many there are whom the head whyrleth so sore that he thinketh the earth turneth upsyde doune: Cummin refraineth the whyrling, comforteth the braynes and maketh them to growe agayne: or he may take the braynes of a hogge, rost the same upon a grede yron and cut slices thereof and lay to the greved parts.

This doctrine of like helping like was of universal application, and in medical works of the Middle Ages we meet constantly with such prescriptions as these:—

Take the right eye of a Frogg, lap it in a peece of russet cloth and hang it about the neck; it cureth the right eye if it bee enflamed or bleared. And if the left eye be greved, do the like by the left eye of the said Frogg.

Again—

The skin of a Raven's heel is good against the gout, but the right heel skin must be laid upon the right foot if that be gouty, and the left upon the left. . . . If you would have a man become bold or impudent let him carry about him the skin or eyes of a Lion or a Cock, and he will be fearless of his enemies, nay, he will be very terrible unto them. If you would have him talkative, give him tongues, and seek out those of water frogs and ducks and such creatures notorious for their continuall noise making.

On the same principle we find it prescribed as a cure for the quartane ague to lay the fourth book of Homer's *Iliad* under the patient's head; a remedy which had at least the negative merit of not being nauseous.

Our homish apothecarye tells us that

if a man be greved wyth the fallinge sicknesse, let him take a he-Wolves harte and make it to pouder and use it; but if it be a woman, let her take a she Wolves harte.

For those who are very weak and feeble,

Hartes fete, Does fete, Bulles fete, or any ruder beastes fete should ofte be eaten; the same comfort the sinewes. The elder these beastes be, the more they strengthen.

It is strange that, of all these rude beasts, none should now have their feet recommended, and that the youthful calf's alone should be held in estimation.

Somtyme is the cause of the palsye that the two stringes comminge doune from the brayne through the backbone into the fete—through the one goeth the naturall hete, and through the other the colde—that the same stringes I saye, are stopped, either the one or both.

The author proceeds to give directions for providing a vapour bath in this singular case, and adds that 'such a bath is good for them that will not gladlye wet their fete,' of whom, doubtless, there were many not only in his day but in succeeding centuries, otherwise there would have been no point in Ida Pfeiffer's famous retort, anent the

prejudice entertained against eating foxes. The following advice falls with comic effect on our ears, but is given with quaintly delightful gravity:

If a man have a sounding or a piping in hys eares, let him put oyle of Hempsede warm into hys eares, and after that let him leape upon his one legge, upon that side where the disease is; then let him bowe doune hys eare of that syde, if haply any moysture would issue out. . . . if a mannis nose bleede, beat egges shales to pouder and sift them through a linnen cloth and blew them into hys nose: if the shales were of egges whereout yonge chickens are hatched it were so much the better.

For sore throat a 'drinke of Lycoris' is prescribed, and the patient is enjoined to 'hold it a little in the mouth and wambel it roundabout.' For weak eyes the patient is to 'take the tounge of a foxe, and hange the same about his necke, and so long it hangeth there his sight shall not wax feeble, as sayth Pliny.' The hanging of such amulets round the neck was very frequently prescribed, and the efficacy of them is a thing curiously well attested. Elias Ashmole in his diary for 1681 has entered the following—

I tooke this morning a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and they drove my ague away. Deo gratias!

A baked toad hung in a silk bag about the neck was also held in high esteem, as was a toad, either alive or dried, laid upon the back of the neck as a means of stopping a bleeding at the nose; and again,

either frogg or toade, the nails whereof have been clipped, hanged about one that is sick of quartane ague, riddeth away the disease for ever, as sayth Pliny.

We have even a striking instance of the benefit derived from an amulet by a horse, who could not be suspected of having helped forward the cure by the strength of his faith in it.

The root of cut Malowe hanged about the neck driveth away blemishes of the eyen, whether it be in a man or a horse, as I, Jerome of Brunsweig, have seene myselfe. I have myselfe done it to a blind horse that I bought for X crounes, and was sold agayn of XL crounes—

a trick distinctly worth knowing.

A good pouder for the jaundis is as followes: take earthwormes and cut them small, and braye them wyth a litle wyne so that ye may swalow it: drincke the same fasting.

Worms were also said by Paracelsus to be good for the purpose of removing whitlows; used as follows:—

Take a Worm and winde him, being alive, about your finger, and there hold him till he be dead, which will be within an hour. The pain will presently cease, and the matter dry away. I do not know a more admirable remedy.

For toothache many recipes are given:—

Seeth as many litle greene frogges sitting upon trees as thou canst get, in water: take the fat flowynge from them, and when nede is, anoynt the teth therwyth. The graye wormes breathing under wood or stones, having many fete, these perced through with a bodken and then put into the toth, alayeth the payne.

Jerome of Brunsweig gives admirable advice respecting temperance in drinking wine:—

Dronkennesse [he says—and it might be written in letters of gold] doth weaken the wytt and the memorie so sore that a man knoweth no more what he doth than an unreasonable beast. . . . If a man be in a hot place, and much noyse, to which he is not accostumed, the drynck doth swetely overcomme hym; but he that knoweth he is greved wyth that impediment, the same ought so muche the more to take heede, for it maketh feeble every mannis body and soule, hys understandynge, witte, and honestie.

In a chapter headed thus, *To knowe whether a man be possessed wyth an evill spirit*, it is advised to

take the harte and liver of a fysshe called a Pyck, and put them into a pott wyth glowynge hot coles, and hold the same to the patient so that the smoke may entre into hym. If he is possessed he cannot abyde that smoke, but rageth and is angry.

It is to be feared that possession by evil spirits would prove to be sadly common if this test were widely applied.

It is good also to make a fyre in hys chamber of Juniper wood, and caste into the fire Franckincense and S. John's wort, for the evill spirits cannot abyde thys sent, and waxe angry, wherby may be perceived whether a man be possessed or not.

The author goes on to describe many distinct kinds of madness proceeding from various sources, and the best methods of dealing with them:—

He that is become madde with sadness, ought to be fayre spoken, and *manye things should be promised him, and some be given.* If it commeth of Flegma, then are hys braynes corrupt, and to suche an one doth the devill gladly accompany: hys beste meates were old hennes or ccokes well sodden. If a man becommeth madde of colde, it were good forthwyth to take a black henne, quicke, and open her upon the backe and laye the same warme to hys head, for the same doth warm his heade and braynes very well.

If a mannes wittes were spred abroad, and thou wilt gather agayn the scattered wittes, then take a greate brasse basin and set it sidelings to the wall so that it do leane wholly upon the wall, and take a laver wyth a cock, full of water; set that hygh upon a cupborde, and open the cock a litle, so that the water drop by litle and litle upon the basin, and make a ringinge, and run out of the basin agayne. Into this chamber lay the patient so that he cannot see this; then doth he muse so muche upon that droppinge and ringinge, what it may be, that at the last he fastneth his wittes and gathereth them agayne.

These were all strikingly mild and gentle measures towards mad people, in an age when the most famous physicians prescribed for treatment the casting of them into the sea, or immersing them in water until nearly drowned. We find the memory of this practice in France perpetuated in the name given to part of the shore at Biarritz

which is known as the *Côte des Fous*, by reason that formerly mad people were brought there and held down while the Atlantic rollers broke over them. In Cornwall it was the soothing practice to seat the patient on the brink of a certain pool, when the unsuspecting victim was,

by a sudden blow on the breast, tumbled into the pool, where he was tossed up and down by certain strong persons, till, being quite debilitated, his fury forsook him.

'Autres temps, autres mœurs,' is a truth of blissful significance to all those who are afflicted in mind or body.

The mixture of childish superstition and inhuman cruelty which dictated many of the remedies prescribed is astonishing in its ingenuity, even for an age when humanity to animals was not so much as dreamt of. The efficacy of the remedy seemed, indeed, to depend largely upon the amount of suffering it entailed on the animal whose medicinal virtue was called into operation. The heart of a snake, of a seagull, or an owl, was constantly prescribed, but was to be torn from the living animal. So too were the eyes and tongues of many animals, as also the 'prettie litle snout' of a mouse; but it was specially added that the creature thus mutilated was not to be put out of its misery, but was afterwards to be set free. Frogs and toads in particular were singled out for barbarous treatment, and were deemed sovereign remedies for many ailments if impaled or flayed or ripped open. Hares and other animals became of much esteem when drowned in oil or wine; and even honey was said to be of higher efficacy if it were honey in which many bees had been killed.

Men's hearts being thus wholly hardened to the sufferings of dumb animals, it is no great matter for surprise if their treatment of their fellow-men was not marked by any great tenderness or gentleness. Their remedies were often of a highly heroic character. In one case it is advised to 'take a paving-stone and hold it upon the sore place,' adding that, 'though this does not wholly ayde, yet doth it not hurt.' One would have thought that such very qualified commendation might equally have been given to some less ponderous remedy than a paving-stone. When treating of asthma the author prescribes a singular remedy, which would so startle a patient of Sir Andrew Clark's that it might even be the means of effecting a miraculous cure.

Another experience for him that cannot wel take breth, which I have often shewed poore people, namely, *to pull the patient sore by the earlap upwardly*, and incontinently he shall be healed.

Again, in cases of fainting, the gentle Doctor says:—

If the harte be faint by reason of the superfluous emptynesse of the body, then let his face be cooled with water, *pul him by the nose, and scratch him about the pit of the stomach.*

Enough has, I think, been said to prove that our forefathers must have suffered much of physicians, and we can only suppose that they had recourse to them as rarely as was possible. Agrippa, writing in 1530, said with pleasant irony that Physic was 'a certaine Arte of manslaughter,' and that 'well neare alwaies there is more daunger in the Physition and the Medicine than in the sicknesse itselfe.' He gives us a lively picture of a fashionable doctor of those times:—

clad in brave apparaile, having ringes on his fingers glimmeringe with pretious stoanes, and which hath gotten fame and credence for having been in farre countries, or for having an obstinate manner of vaunting with stiffe lies that he hath great remedies, and for having continually in his mouth many wordes halfe Greeke and barbarous. . . . But this will prove to be true, that Physitians moste commonlye be naught. They have one common honour with the hangman, that is to saye, to kill menne and to be recompensed therefore.

Montaigne had an hereditary and very intelligible detestation of doctors, and is said to have been 'very obstinate in his hatred and contempt of their prescriptions;' nor can we feel surprise. Many of them were of a nature too disgusting to allude to; yet because they bore the Hall mark of authority and dated from classic times it would have been heresy and ruin for a doctor avowedly to contemn them, whatever his own private convictions may have been.

Who is there now living who cannot sympathise with the more intellectual minority of those days in their long unequal struggle to shake off the galling, crushing yoke of authority and tradition under which all departments of knowledge groaned? Or who is there now living who can honestly wish that his lot on earth had been cast in those good old days, as they are fondly, if ignorantly, called? Those who look with distrust and fear on the liberalism of thought and action which now is making such rapid advances in all directions, may surely take heart when they look back at the relative state of things which existed during those long, long centuries when conservatism and authority held a practically undisturbed sway in the world of thought, and admit that, if light and liberty be attended with danger in the future, so also were their opposites in the past.

E. A. KING.

THE APOSTLES' CREED

A TRANSLATION AND INTRODUCTION

DURING the past few months the attention of all those who are interested in questions of religious education has been strongly drawn to the controversy which has been going on, both within the London School Board and in the press which reports its proceedings, as to the nature of the 'religion' taught by the Board under the Act of 1870, and as to the amount of correspondence which exists between what the Board teaches and what the parents of London school-children desire. Mr. Athelstan Riley and Mr. Meredyth-Kitson, representing, as they maintain, a large body of orthodox opinion among the ratepayers, declare that what is called the 'Compromise' of 1870 has been worked in London in the interests of unbelief; that the religious instruction given under the Board is either inadequate or definitely hostile to the main dogmas of Christianity; that a great number of religious parents are profoundly discontented, and that the time has come to put pressure on the Board to teach not only 'religion' but 'the Christian religion'—the Christian religion being defined as 'that religion which includes as essential a belief in the Incarnation of the Son of God—that is to say, that Jesus Christ our Lord, born of the Virgin Mary, is both God and man;' or, again, the religion which is 'explained in the Apostles' Creed.'

The discussion, since the introduction of Mr. Athelstan Riley's first motion, has taken a varied and interesting course. It has been marked by the presentation of a memorial to the Board, in support of the existing state of things, drawn up by the veteran Dr. Martineau, and signed by a large numbers of persons of liberal opinions in London; by the immediate production of a counter-memorial, called by its friends 'the Christian Memorial,' in which the teaching of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation in the religious instruction of the Board is demanded as the very minimum which the 'Christian conscience' of the London ratepayer can accept; by the appearance of some notable letters, especially that in which Lord

Halifax—with the unconscious arrogance which belongs to the convictions which have 'big battalions' behind them—denied, or those in which Dr. Martineau asserted, the right of such persons as do not accept the Incarnation to the 'much-loved' Christian name; and, finally, by the suggestion on Dr. Martineau's part of an alteration in the existing system, by which, in every Board School, two sorts of religious teaching should be given, an 'undogmatic' and a 'dogmatic,' of course by different teachers—a suggestion which, so far, has been received with favour by the orthodox side, and may be said, for the moment in which I write, to hold the field, whatever may be its ultimate fate.

Whether, therefore, we are to see the next School Board election 'fought on the Apostles' Creed' is not yet apparent; but it is evident, from the present temper and composition of the majority in the School Board, that such a fate might at any moment overtake us, and that we may see the London ratepayer definitely asked to declare whether in his judgment the Christian religion includes as essential 'a belief in the Incarnation of the Son of God—that is to say, that Jesus Christ our Lord, born of the Virgin Mary, is both God and man.'

Now, curiously enough, we are not the only community which is agitated at the present moment as to the place of the Apostles' Creed and the doctrine of the Incarnation in religious teaching. Learned and religious Germany was last year shaken by a storm of controversy, excited by a pamphlet on the Apostles' Creed, written by Professor Harnack, one of the most eminent representatives—perhaps, taking into account his position at the great University of Berlin, his relation to theological study throughout the Empire, and the volume and variety of his published work, the most eminent representative—of German scientific theology at the present day, in response to a requisition addressed to him by certain students of the University. 'In the course of the summer term (of 1892),' says Professor Harnack, 'I was surprised by a question which was addressed to me by a group of students personally quite unknown to me, as to whether they, in conjunction with sympathisers from other "Hochschulen," should or should not address a petition to the "Oberkirchenrath," praying for the abolition' (in the conditions of ordination) 'of the Apostles' Creed.' The notorious case of a pastor deprived of his living for heresy—the Schrempp case—in which the principles of religious freedom seemed to be vitally concerned, had excited the demonstration. At the moment Professor Harnack happened to be lecturing on the church history of the nineteenth century, and to be especially concerned with the proceedings with regard to the Creed which took place at the German General Synod of 1846. He took the opportunity which these lectures gave him of dealing with the application of the students in detail. Then, having suc-

ceeded in calming down the rising agitation, he circulated a written summary of the main lines of his reply; and finally, to avoid misunderstanding, he published this summary as a pamphlet. Whereupon a tumult arose, of which the signs are everywhere apparent throughout the University and periodical literature of the moment. The Professor's pamphlet itself ran into numerous editions (the one now before me is the twenty-fifth); replies and counter-replies abounded. The Emperor, even, at a public dinner, could not refrain from touching on what was, for the time, in spite of Army Bills and Social Democracy, the chief topic of public interest; and as to what the final effect of the whole matter may be on German religious opinion, all one can say is that the end is not yet. The historical facts marshalled in the pamphlet seem to have been hardly touched by the long controversy. 'The conclusions they represent,' says Professor Harnack, 'are hardly any of them the fruits of my own researches. They are the results of long-continued toil on the part of Protestant science as a whole—toil in which I have shared during the last twenty years.' Broadly speaking, what may be called the younger theology of Germany has rallied with enthusiasm to the support of the pamphlet, eagerly endorsing its author's contention that 'it is the privilege and sacred duty of Protestant theologians, untrammelled by considerations of favour or disfavour, to labour towards a clear understanding of the Gospel, and openly to declare what, in their conviction, is truth, and what is not. It is also their duty to speak on behalf of those numerous members of the Evangelic churches who, being sincere Christians, feel themselves oppressed in conscience by many clauses of the Apostles' Creed, if they are called on to recite them as their own belief. More than *one* way is conceivable by which the difficulty now pressing on so many Christians might be removed, and, within the Protestant churches, love and common faith will certainly in time discover the right way. One method was tried in vain by the Protestant General Synod of 1846 (*i.e.* the omission of the Apostles' Creed from the Ordination Service, and the substitution for it of a new creed, from which the articles Virgin Birth, Ascension, and Resurrection of the body were left out as not essential to the faith). Another way—the optional *liturgical* use of the Apostles' Creed—has been already adopted by several Protestant national churches. Protestant theologians show a true appreciation of their office when they are employed in pointing out these and similar paths by which the various parties in the Church may be brought to a mutual understanding and to the bearing of each other's burdens. "No more is required of stewards but that they be found faithful."'

What, then, in the opinion of 'Protestant science'—that is to say, of that great movement of the German mind which, during the last half-century, has done so much to revolutionise the religious conceptions of Europe—is the Apostles' Creed—and what authority,

historical or religious, can the Christian mind of to-day attribute to its various statements?

The answer—or partial answer—given to these questions by Dr. Harnack deserves to be read with the very greatest care. The detailed arguments of which it is so gentle and judicial a summary may be found in various other publications[1] of the writer, mentioned in a note at the close of the German pamphlet, especially in his *Lehrbuch der Dogmengeschichte*, a great book, already largely read in England, and soon, I hope, to be adequately translated. Let me, however, repeat the Professor's assurance that they are not his arguments or his conclusions only; they are the arguments and conclusions of a great historical school, working under conditions of freedom and independence practically unknown to us in England. The very terseness and moderation with which they are stated is in itself evidence that the discussion to which they relate has reached a high point of maturity and common agreement.

One word more: I have spoken of Dr. Harnack's answer as 'partial.' No doubt, there are many points which it leaves untouched. It tells us what to think—historically—of the Virgin Birth and the Ascension. But it leaves us somewhat in the dark as to what the writer's own relation is towards other clauses in the Creed of greater importance. Clearly the 'only Sonship' of Jesus Christ and his Resurrection *did* belong to the earliest tradition. But in these pregnant pages now before us Professor Harnack does not attempt to analyse their first meaning, nor the sense in which he to-day finds himself able to accept them. The reader must be referred to his own books, and to other sections of the great literature of which he is in some sense the official head. For myself, I would say that, if any person pondering these questions should feel the need of any statement with regard to the *first* or primitive stage of Christian belief and teaching as moderate and as convincing as this statement of Dr. Harnack's with regard to the *second* stage, now represented in the Apostles' Creed, let him turn to a book lately described in the language of an important memorial[2] signed by some of the foremost scholars, classical, theological, and philosophical, in England and Scotland—amongst others, by the Oriel Professor of Interpretation of Scripture at Oxford, by the Principal of Glasgow University, and by the Oxford Latin Professor—as a work 'thoroughly historical in spirit and critical in method, which will put students in a position to realise the best results of criticism of the New Testament

[1] See (1) the article 'Apostolisches Symbol' in Herzog's *Real-Encyklop.* 2nd ed. 1877. (2) 'Vetustissimum ecclesiæ Romanæ symbolum e scriptis virorum Christianorum qui i. et ii. p. Chr. n. sæculo vixerunt illustratum,' in Gebhardt's *Apostolische Väter*, i. 2, 1878.

[2] A memorial addressed to the Hibbert Trustees asking them to undertake the translation of the work. It must not, of course, be supposed that all the signatories of the memorial endorse Dr. Weizsäcker's doctrinal position.

in an historical form.' 'Since Baur's time,' says the Oriel Professor of Interpretation, 'no such work has been produced. It is capable of regenerating English study.' The book is *The Apostolic Age*,[3] by Karl Weizsäcker, the veteran professor, who, on Baur's death, some thirty years ago, succeeded to the famous chair held by that great pioneer in Tübingen University. It could not have been written in Baur's day; but it is the ripened fruit of seed sown by the Tübingen school. In its quiet pages, expressed with a terse simplicity and significance which almost conceals, except for those who have some initiation, the long effort of many minds which lies behind, any one who will, may find a picture of the first Christian reality, which throws a curious light on the interpretation of that 'much-loved name' claimed by Lord Halifax and his friends, and incidentally on this whole School Board controversy. There one may see, moving and living once more under our eyes, the whole progress of that first missionary effort which, in the five years after the Crucifixion, covered Judæa with those earliest Christian congregations of which St. Paul speaks in his letter to the Galatians. The critic of to-day bids us turn our eyes from the legendary and misleading stories of the Acts[4] to the evidence which the Gospels themselves contain. Here, in the account of the instructions to the Twelve and the Seventy—instructions which reflect the conditions and motives of the earliest missions, and have been then transferred within the Evangelic tradition, by a perfectly natural process, to the mouth and time of the Master himself—we come upon traces of the first moment; we see the first missionaries hurrying from city to city and house to house within the chosen nation, summoning the lost sheep of the house of Israel, proclaiming that the kingdom of Heaven is at hand, that Jesus the Crucified One is Messiah, is risen, and will return. They are poor, and they preach to the poor; they preach in haste, because the time is short and redemption nigh; they have loved and known, and therefore they believe; and for their faith, and for that of those to whom they speak, the Messianic hope and the religious conceptions common to all devout sons of Israel supply the fitting form which gives cohesion, which makes a 'society' with common laws and a common faith possible. Jesus, the wonderful, the gracious, whom they trusted should have redeemed Israel, and whose words of moral kindling and spiritual renewal are in their ears and hearts—Jesus has been put to a shameful death. But from the apparent overthrow—by passionate reaction—the first theology of Christendom has arisen. The picture of the suffering servant of Jahveh, already, in all probability, close to the Master's thoughts and often in his

[3] *Das apostolische Zeitalter der christlichen Kirche*, von Karl Weizsäcker. Freiburg im Breisgau, 1886. 2nd ed. 1891.

[4] So valuable and interesting, however, in their own way, as bearing witness to the conceptions of a later generation.

speech during his last days, has been appropriated with the quick insight of grief, has become Messianic, and thereby the starting-point of a whole new world of thought, the charter of a new world-religion. But, if Messiah suffers, he cannot be *holden* of death; and these earliest preachers show to their hearers how prophet and psalmist foretold both his humiliation and his glory, adding to the texts which, for teachers and taught alike, under the new light thrown upon them by events, define and prescribe the Resurrection faith, some first record, no doubt, of those impressions on the strained and yearning sense of the Galilean survivors which grew later into the various accounts of the bodily resurrection, but which, in their beginning, were the natural complement of three antecedents—the anguish of wounded affection, current beliefs as to a future life, and the Jewish mode of using the Jewish sacred books.

The Kingdom, then, is at hand—Jesus is Messiah, Jesus is risen, and Jesus will return. But there is more than this: there are conditions attached to membership in Messiah's Kingdom. 'It was not enough to say that the Kingdom is at hand—not enough to quicken the universal expectation of the Jews; that expectation—that hope—was to be purified and shaped; it had to be shown *what the Kingdom was*. For this purpose no more was needed than the sayings of Jesus himself. In the Sermon on the Mount the Matthew-Gospel has put together the leading themes and motives of the infant movement in a writing—the nucleus of it is to be found also in Luke—which certainly belongs to the purest tradition of the words of Jesus. Here is the exhortation to put aside, to escape from the cares and desires of the earthly life, in order that the soul may be free to give itself, whole and undivided, to the seeking of the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. Here also is the description—in its leading features as clearly genuine as the rest—of the nature of this Kingdom, which forms, indeed, the introduction to the whole. The eight beatitudes are the simplest and noblest expression of the entire Christian hope in these earliest days. Blessing and consolation, the mercy of God and the filling of the soul with His righteousness, to see God and to be called His children—that is, or will be, the Kingdom of Heaven; therewith are all its goods described, its whole nature exhausted.'[5]

A new consciousness of God, a new kindling of love to man, obtained through the preaching and personality of Jesus of Nazareth—this is what it meant to be a Christian in the days before Saul was converted, or the writer of the fourth Gospel had heard the story of Christ. This is what, through all the Christian centuries, it has always meant, whatever other meanings it has taken, or seemed to take, to itself in addition. And this is what it means to-day for thousands of men and women to whom Lord Halifax and the

[5] *Das apostolische Zeitalter*, p. 28.

orthodox majority on the London School Board would deny the name of Christian. No; for these teachers of ours it is not enough to see in Jesus of Nazareth the historical Master of those who care for the things of the soul; it is not enough to go forth in the morning and lie down at night with his image in the heart; it is not enough to rise through the moral experience of life to a passionate resting upon, an intense self-association with, that perfectness of faith which was in him the ripe and fitting flower of a heavenly goodness, and will make him, while history lasts, the chief among many brethren; not enough to be so drawn on to the hope of eternal life. No; you must hold certain beliefs about him—beliefs sprung from the devout imaginings or the passing speculative needs of a bygone age: the Christian religion is 'explained by the Apostles' Creed.'

Well then—once more—what, in the judgment of 'the best ecclesiastical historian now living,' is the Apostles' Creed?[6]

MARY A. WARD.

THE APOSTLES' CREED,

HISTORICALLY EXAMINED

By DR. ADOLF HARNACK, *Professor of Theology at the University of Berlin.*

I

When we trace the text of the Apostles' Creed back through our catechisms and other printed versions of it to the oldest of all, and back again through them to the manuscripts and to the writings of the later Fathers, we are brought up in the second half of the fifth century. Not only is it impossible to trace the text used in the present day by Catholics and Protestants alike further back than this, but there are strong reasons for believing that it did not exist as it now stands before the middle of the fifth century. About this time, however, we meet with this text of the Creed in the Church of Southern Gaul, and in this Church alone. Hence it follows—and this conclusion is now, so far as I know, universally accepted—*that the Apostles' Creed in its present form is the baptismal confession of the Church of Southern Gaul*, dating from the middle, or rather from the second half, of the fifth century. From Southern Gaul the Church carried the South-Gallican Creed into the kingdom of the

[6] The words are Lord Acton's, and occur in his remarkable memorial sketch of Dr. Döllinger, in the *English Historical Review*, 1890.

[7] Owing to lack of space I have not been able on the present occasion to translate the 'Nachwort,' or Appendix, attached to the later editions of the pamphlet. And I have ventured for the same reason to omit a passage referring to Luther which seemed to me specially addressed to German readers.

Franks, and it spread with the expansion of this kingdom. The relations of the Carolingian kings with Rome brought it to the capital of the world (at least we have no authority for believing that this happened any earlier); it was adopted at Rome, and thence imposed upon all the countries of the West, so that from the ninth or tenth century onwards it may also be called the *New-Roman* Creed—New-Roman because, as we shall see, there was also an Old-Roman one.

The Creed in question, however, at least from this time onwards, professes to be much more than the Creed of a provincial Church; it claims, indeed, the very highest authority, professing to be 'apostolic' in the strictest sense of the term—that is, composed by the Apostles themselves. This idea was then expressed in the belief that each Apostle had contributed one sentence. The common tradition ran thus, or nearly thus: 'On the tenth day after the Ascension, when the disciples were gathered together for fear of the Jews, the Lord sent among them the Comforter whom he had promised [the Holy Ghost]. His presence kindled them as though by fire, and they were filled with the understanding of tongues, and composed the Creed in the following order:—

Peter said: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth,
Andrew: "And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord,
James: "Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary,
John: "Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried;
Thomas: "He descended into Hell, the third day He rose again from the dead;
James: "He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty;
Philip: "From whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
Bartholomew: "I believe in the Holy Ghost,
Matthew: "The Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints,
Simon: "The forgiveness of sins,
Thaddeus: "The resurrection of the flesh,
Matthias: "And the life everlasting." '

This conception of the origin of the Creed held its ground, so far as I know, unbroken and unopposed all through the Middle Ages and throughout the jurisdiction of the Roman Church; the Greek Church alone maintained that she knew nothing of an Apostolic Creed. It is easy to imagine what authority a Creed must have had to which such an origin was attributed! Unconsciously it came to be classed on an equality with the Scriptures. When, therefore,

shortly before the Reformation, Laurentius Valla came forward to challenge the traditional view, and even Erasmus expressed doubts, it seemed as though a terrible blow had been struck, which threatened to destroy the Christian faith. There has never been a more critical moment in the history of the Creed. Had not the whole of Western Christendom, clergy and laity alike, been taught that the Creed had been composed by the Apostles in the manner already quoted, and should it now be said that the Church had been under a delusion all these centuries? It was indeed a serious shock to faith, a shock hardly to be borne. The doubts of Erasmus were censured by the Theological Faculty of Paris. They appealed to the tradition, which Erasmus appeared not to know: 'Hæc nescientia impietati deserviens scandalose proponitur,' they cried to the scholar. And at first Protestants also stepped forward to vouch for the truth of the threatened tradition. Soon, however, opinion changed in their ranks, and they courageously gave up the traditional view in obedience to the overwhelming historical evidence. The Catholics followed slowly. The *Catechismus Romanus* holds fast the Apostolic authorship of the Creed, but it maintains no longer as certain that each Apostle contributed a sentence. In the Evangelical Churches the Creed has altogether ceased to be held sacred on the ground of its origin. Yet these churches have maintained themselves. They have survived this revolution of thought, as they have so many others arising from an improved knowledge of history, which have obliged them to relinquish the form for the substance, external authority for inner content, the letter for the spirit.

II

But how did the confession of a provincial Church, the Creed of Southern Gaul (for such we have seen the Apostles' Creed was), attain the honour of a legend which declared it to have been composed sentence for sentence by the Apostles, so that, armed with this tradition, it procured acceptance throughout the Roman Church?

This fact would have been simply inexplicable, had not this very legend been attributed in earlier times to another and more important Creed, and carried over thence to the Gallic confession.

During the period between *c.* 250 and *c.* 460, and probably still later, the Roman Church used in her services a Creed which she held in the highest honour; to which she would allow no additions to be made, which she believed to be directly descended from the twelve Apostles in the form in which she possessed it, and whereof she conceived that Peter had brought it to Rome. We find this confession in a number of manuscripts, so that we are able to render it, with almost perfect certainty, in the words in which it once ran, namely these:—

'I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ his

only begotten Son, our Lord, who was born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary; crucified and buried under Pontius Pilate, who rose on the third day from the dead, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father, from whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead, and in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Church, the forgiveness of sins and the resurrection of the flesh.'

Rufinus and Ambrose, writing at the end of the fourth century, tell us that this Creed was composed by the Apostles ; nay, one may even perhaps conclude that the story which attributes a single sentence to each of the twelve was already known in the time of Ambrose, since he declares it to be divided into twelve clauses. Rufinus, however, writing a little later, knows nothing of this story, but only mentions the *joint* composition of the Creed by the Apostles which took place soon after Pentecost, before they separated upon their mission to the world. But the point whether each Apostle was conceived as individually contributing a sentence, or as concerned in some other way in its joint composition, is a matter of small importance. The belief that it was as a whole composed by the Apostles stood firm, issuing, indeed, as Rufinus says, 'ex traditione majorum.' In any case, such was the dominant belief in Rome at the beginning of the fourth century, possibly already in the third century. The consequence was that every word in the Creed was guarded with the most anxious care. 'If,' says Ambrose, 'it is not even allowed us to take anything from or add anything to the writings of *one* Apostle, we may certainly not take anything from or add anything to the Creed, which we accept as having been composed and handed down to us by *all* the Apostles. For such is in truth the Creed which the Roman Church possesses—that Church over which Peter, the chief of the Apostles, presided, and whither he brought the "common belief" (*communem sententiam*).'

This idea, however, concerning its baptismal confession held by the Roman Church cannot be as old as the confession itself. This is abundantly evident from the fact that *the other Western Churches* (from the end of the second century to the ninth, and still later) *possessed Creeds of their own, all of which indeed show themselves to be descended from the Old-Roman Creed, but which differ from the latter by the admission of more or less numerous additions.* We are now acquainted with a very large number of old Western Creeds, such as those of Carthage, Africa, Ravenna, Milan, Aquileia, Sardinia, Spain, Gaul, Ireland, and other places. They may all, without exception, be deduced from the Old-Roman Creed ; but hardly one of them repeats that Creed word for word : on the contrary, they allow themselves to make modifications and transpositions, and often very considerable additions. (We cannot trace *omissions*, at least not with certainty.) Such liberties would be inconceivable if these Churches had received from Rome, together with the Creed, the

legend that it had been word for word composed by the Apostles, and that its actual text was therefore sacred. How, for instance, would it have been possible for the African Church to render the third article thus: 'I believe in the remission of sins, the resurrection of the flesh, and life everlasting *through the holy Church*,' if a different wording from this had come down to her as *Apostolic?* How could we explain the numerous additions if these Churches regarded the Creed in the same light as Ambrose—that is, as Apostolic, and therefore to be held verbally sacred and inviolate?

The conception of the strictly Apostolic origin of the baptismal confession was therefore *a Roman innovation*, which must be dated later than the time when the Gospel, and with it the Creed, was carried forth from Rome into the provinces of the empire. This we learn from the provincial confessions. Moreover, they teach us that a certain elasticity of Creed-formation prevailed for centuries throughout all the provinces of the Western Church. The Roman confession was in all cases the foundation-stone. But on this foundation each individual Church built up an independent confession according to her special needs. In the Aquileian Creed, for instance, we find the words 'the invisible and invulnerable' appended to the first clause, 'God the Father Almighty,' and so forth. This furnishes us with a new standard by which to measure the influence of Rome within the Western Church. The Creed of the city of Rome governed the whole Creed-formation of the West, but as yet there was no anxious enforcement of the letter outside the walls of Rome. While the Church of Rome, within her own border, was jealously guarding the text of her baptismal confession, and elaborating, by way of safeguard, the legend of the Apostolic origin of the Creed; she suffered alterations to be made in it all over the provinces. How she regarded these alterations we do not know. But we do know that Rome was the first to invest what was originally the testimony and expression of the Church's faith with the strict authority of law, and to throw into shape the deliberate legend of its Apostolic origin.

There is yet more to learn from a comparison of the provincial Creeds with the Old-Roman confession. On direct lines it is impossible to trace the date of the latter Creed further back than the second half of the third century at earliest. But the fact that all the Western provincial Creeds are evidently offshoots of the Roman demands that we should go back almost a century more. If the African Church had already in the time of Tertullian (*c.* 200 A.D.) a fixed baptismal formula of her own, and if this was, as it is impossible to doubt, a later recension of the Roman Creed, the latter itself cannot have come into existence later than the middle of the second century. This result, at which we arrive by external evidence, is, moreover, confirmed by a closer examination of the *contents* of the Old-Roman confession. This examination renders it highly probable

that the Creed arose about the middle of the second century, while on the other hand it forbids us to carry the date of its composition appreciably further back. We may regard it as an assured result of research that the Old-Roman Creed, the text of which has been given above, came into existence about, or shortly before, the middle of the second century. It was composed in Rome itself—(for if it had been brought to Rome from the Eastern Church we should expect to find more authentic traces of it in the East than we actually know of; and, moreover, it is not even certain that a similar or indeed any complete and fixed baptismal confession existed in the East in the second century, though in any case the Eastern rules of faith were closely related to the Roman Creed), and in Rome it did not at first count as *Apostolic* in any strict sense. On the contrary, the legend of its Apostolic origin most probably sprang up some time afterwards in Rome, between 250 and 330 A.D., after the Creed had spread over the Western provinces. It arose out of the older supposition that the doctrinal tradition of the Church in general, together with its fundamental institutions, goes back to the Apostles. Originally this 'handing down' was more loosely conceived. Whether, however, already by the time of Irenæus a closer relation between the Apostles and the baptismal confession was not assumed, has still to be investigated.

III

It will now be possible to connect the statement which we made in our first section with the conclusion which we have established in our last. The Apostolic Creed which we use at the present day, and which we have seen to be the Creed of Southern Gaul in the second half of the fifth century, is one of the later recensions of the Old-Roman symbol. It differs from the latter—to say nothing of minor stylistic differences—in the following important additions and amplifications: (1) 'Maker of heaven and earth;' (2) 'Conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary,' instead of 'born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary;' (3) 'Suffered;' (4) 'Died;' (5) 'He descended into hell;' (6) 'Catholic,' as an addition to 'the Holy Church;' (7) 'The Communion of Saints,' and (8) 'Everlasting life.' All these additions, indeed, one alone excepted (the 'Communion of Saints'), are to be found long before 500 A.D., one here and another there, in other baptismal confessions and in the tradition of the Church—only not in this order. Still we have not yet solved the problem how it came about that the Roman Church gave up her old Creed in the eighth or ninth (possibly even the tenth) century in exchange for the younger confession of Gaul, when it has been clearly proved that up till the fifth century she valued it above everything else and would not suffer the slightest alteration to be made in it. Though the obscurity enveloping this exchange has not yet been

cleared away, it has been lightened to a considerable extent. From the last third of the fifth century onwards, large numbers of Arian Christians poured into Rome, and in a short time became the lords of Italy and of her capital. We may take it for granted that, in opposition to these Arian heretics, the Roman Church decided to give up the use of her ancient Creed at baptisms and to adopt for this purpose the Nicene or Constantinopolitan Creed, in order to express from the first, and through this sacred function, her hostility towards Arianism. For the Old-Roman Creed, as anyone may easily convince himself, is neutral with regard to the opposition between orthodoxy and Arianism. An Arian can perfectly well recite it, for he does not deny that Christ is 'the only Son of God,' but, on the contrary, maintains it, together with all the other statements which are combined in the Creed. And so, in order to confess the orthodox Nicene doctrine at baptism, and thus definitely to separate herself from the Arian Ostrogoths, and, later on, from the equally Arian Lombards, the Church of Rome dropped the use of her old Creed in the liturgy from the end of the fifth century. At the same time it is quite possible that the hostility to Arianism had nothing to do with the change of Creeds, but that Rome went over to the Creed of Constantinople in the sixth century (or rather towards the end of the sixth century), because she was at this time in a position of general dependence on the Byzantine Empire.

Whether the exchange cost many struggles, or how it was brought about, we do not know; all that is known to us is the fact itself. But when once the Old-Roman Creed had been banished from use in the liturgy, it seems to have gradually sunk into oblivion, even in Rome itself. For some two or three hundred years Rome used the Creed of Constantinople in the baptismal service. That is a long time—long enough to make it clear to us why the old Creed disappeared from memory; for in those days nothing maintained itself in the life of the Church which was not used in her ritual. The written liturgies were the depositaries both of the ritual and ecclesiastical tradition. It still remains, however, a very remarkable fact that even such an exacting legend as that concerning the origin of the Creed should not have been powerful enough to protect it permanently, or to preserve it from overthrow. Only in obscure corners of the Christian tradition has the Old-Roman Creed been rediscovered in the seventeenth century and in our own day; in the great main tradition of the Christian Church it has disappeared almost without a trace, above all in Rome itself.

With the second half of the eighth century came a change in the internal and external relations of Rome. The bond with Constantinople was loosened—nay almost severed—Arianism was dying out. There was no longer any danger to be apprehended from this quarter, and so a Creed which was specially directed against the Arians

was no longer needed. On the other hand, very close relations had sprung up between Rome, the Roman Church, and the Franks. The latter had been Catholic for centuries, and under Charlemagne they made themselves masters of Rome. The Pope and his Church became absolutely dependent on the great Frankish king; and it must have been then, or a little later, that a second exchange took place in the Roman Church. She dropped the use of the Byzantine Creed at baptism, and went back to a shorter confession. Not to her old one, however—that had disappeared from her ken—but to the Gallic confession, which had now become the Creed of the Franks. She adopted this creed; and straightway the most surprising thing happened: without more ado she transferred the legend of the strictly Apostolic origin of the baptismal confession, which, as we know, referred to the Old-Roman Creed, and is to be found in the writings of Ambrose, Rufinus, and others, to its offspring, the Gallic Creed, which had never before laid claim to such an origin, a transference which called for a fresh division of its articles among the twelve Apostles, as it contained more clauses than the Old-Roman Creed.

Such are the strange vagaries of history! The Roman Church gives her old Creed to Gaul. There in the course of time it becomes enlarged. In the meantime the Church of Rome builds up the legend of the strictly Apostolic origin of her unchanged Creed. Then, under the pressure of outward circumstances, she lets it drop after all, and it ceases to exist. Meanwhile its child, the Creed of Gaul, presses forward into the land of the Franks and there wins for itself the supreme place. The kingdom of the Franks becomes the world-kingdom and the master of Rome. From it Rome receives her old Creed back again, but in an enlarged form; she accepts the gift, invests the new form with Roman authority, and crowns the child-Creed with the glory of its mother by transferring to it the legend of strict Apostolic origin.

The most interesting point in these historical transactions is the importance of the kingdom of the Franks for the Roman Church of the Carolingian time. There is perhaps no other instance in which this importance comes out so forcibly and so effectively. The kingdom of Charlemagne gave Rome her Creed. Nay, it also gave Rome, and through Rome the whole of Western Europe, a second Creed, the so-called Creed of St. Athanasius. Thus *two* of the *so-called œcumenical Creeds are really Gallic or, rather, Frankish.* Perhaps we may, however, be allowed to assume (having no positive knowledge on the subject) that the Roman Church would not have so readily adopted the Frankish Creed as her baptismal confession if she had not recognised it as an old friend. It is, indeed, probable that there was still enough historical tradition alive in Rome to make the Frankish confession remind people of Rome's own ancient and once highly honoured Creed. The differences were overlooked, or not held worth consider-

ing. Thus the legend which shed a glory over the old Creed was revived on behalf of the new, and became once more and for long a power in the Church, till it was overthrown in the time of the Renaissance and the Reformation.

IV

After its readoption, we should expect the text of the Creed to have been watched over with the most scrupulous care in the Middle Ages. And in general this was indeed the case; but small deviations are not wanting to prove to us that a living Church will not cling rigidly to words if she can find better, or if from the words she has she can derive no certain meaning. So it happens that in a few mediæval formulas the words 'He descended into hell' are left out. Further, the immediate proximity of the two clauses 'Holy Church' and 'the Communion of Saints' aroused perplexity. Therefore, in some formulas they both melt into one, or the second clause receives additions. We find 'Christendom' instead of 'Church'; in some cases even the word 'Catholic' is left out[8] or 'Christian,' in the sense of 'faithful' or 'believing,' substituted for it. This last alteration is important, because Luther and the Lutheran Church adopted it. They wrote 'a holy Christian Church' in the German Creed for 'sanctam ecclesiam catholicam.' We find additions to the Creed in many mediæval versions, sometimes taken from the Byzantine Creed, and sometimes free inventions. 'Especially does the need assert itself of setting forth the *life* of Christ on earth in its *historical* features—a need we trace but rarely in the early Church.'[9] After Bernard of Clairvaux and Francis of Assisi had held up the image of the historical Christ—his poverty and humility, his love and sorrow —before the eyes of the soul, we can indeed well understand how it was that the few facts given in the Creed were no longer sufficient. How far, however, the attempt to discern the historical Christ so conceived in the Creed influenced the exposition, even the form of the Creed itself, in the Middle Ages, is a point which has still to be worked out.

So far, we have attempted to describe the origin of the Apostles' Creed and the main outlines of its external history up to the Reformation. Not taking into consideration the eight additions given above or the Lutheran substitution of 'Christian' for 'Catholic,' we may safely say that the Creed dates from the *post-apostolic* age and from Rome, the mother-Church of the West. The author of it is unknown. The purposes for which it was composed can be determined with certainty from our knowledge of its uses: it sprang out of the

[8] Cf. Hahn, *Bibliotek der Symbole*, 2nd edit. § 54, 57–59.
[9] Von Zeschwitz, *Katechetik*, II. i. p. 127.

missionising and catechising function of the Church, and was originally merely the confession to be used at baptism ('ter mergitamur, *amplius aliquid respondentes* quam Dominus in evangelio determinavit'). The opinion of the older scholars that the Creed represents a gradual deposit from rules of faith drawn up in opposition to Gnosticism, and that it has therefore a polemical origin, is untenable. On the contrary, the reverse is true. The various anti-Gnostic rules of faith presuppose a short, settled, formulated creed, and this must in the second century have been the Old-Roman Creed. It dates from the time before the bitter struggle with heresy had begun, or, at any rate, it takes no notice of the struggle.

A Creed as old as this, which is only removed by one or two generations from the Apostolic age, and which has become either directly or indirectly the root of all the other Creeds in Christendom, claims at our hands that we should carefully endeavour to ascertain both its original meaning, whether in general or in detail, and also its relation to the earliest preaching of the gospel. Even if, according to the universally recognised principles of the Protestant Church, we cannot impute to it any *independent* authority, and still less an infallible one, and even if, in spite of its great antiquity, it dates from a period which gave birth to much that the Church of the Reformation has rejected, nevertheless the question, 'What was actually professed and stated in the Creed?' deserves the closest investigation.

At first sight this question seems very easy to answer. A large number of its sentences can be verbally paralleled from the older Christian tradition behind it, and the confession, as a whole, appears to us so simple and so transparent that it needs no explanation. But if we look closer and compare it with the Christian theology current in the age in which it arose, we shall find that much of it takes another aspect.

The Creed is *the baptismal formula enlarged*; a true understanding of it must start from this point. Accordingly, it is in three parts, like its prototype. The splitting up into twelve sections is manifestly an artificial device of later times in conflict with the whole drift of the Creed. The expansion was so contrived as to describe more closely the three members of the baptismal formula—'Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.' The Christian community felt the need of plainly defining them so as to confess before all men what she possessed in them, and through her faith in them.

Perfect testimony to the faith of the Church, and one which no other expression could replace, is contained in the words of the first clause: 'I believe in God the *Father* Almighty' (or, perhaps, 'God the Almighty Father'). It is true that if we examine the contemporary ecclesiastical literature we no longer find in it the full evangelical understanding of the name 'Father': as a rule, when the authors of

it call God 'Father,' they only think of Him as the Father of the Universe. The expression itself is not even frequent with them. God is generally called 'The Lord' (δεσπότης) or the 'Creator.' It is all the more welcome that we do find it in the Creed. Even though the author himself did not probably attribute the same meaning to the word as it bears in Matthew xi. 25 ff., Romans viii. 15, he does not stand in the way of such a meaning. In any case, the early Church soon lost sight of this primitive meaning. It appears from time to time in commentaries on the Lord's Prayer (for instance, in Tertullian and Origen), but in the exposition of the Creeds we seek for it almost in vain.

Equally simple and strong, evangelical and apostolic, is the amplification of the second clause—'Christ Jesus, His only Son, our Lord.' Here we have in close connection the two decisive titles of Jesus Christ which embrace all that the Gospels say about his nature. Out of all the definitions given in the Christian preaching of the primitive time, the two which are most comprehensive have been chosen. Whether in the placing of 'Christ' before 'Jesus' we have a reminiscence of the fact that Christus='Messiah,' we cannot say. 'Only Son' is an epithet only found in the Gospel according to St. John; but we find the *substance* of the expression in Matthew and Luke as well (Matthew xi. 27 ff., Luke x. 22 ff.), and the primitive tradition unanimously attests it. Jesus Christ is not only *a* Son of God, but '*the* Son,' which means the *only* Son.

We must understand the word 'Lord' in the pregnant sense in which it was understood by the first communities. Not only has Luther, who, in his Greater Catechism, has included the exposition of the whole second clause under the exposition of the word 'Lord,' seized what is the right idea catechetically, but in his own way he has restored the original meaning of the Creed: 'This is the summing-up of this article, that the little word "Lord" cannot at the simplest mean less than a Redeemer—that is, one who has brought us from the devil to God, from death to life, from sin to righteousness, and who makes us to abide therein.'

Still, however, we require an explanation of the term '*only* Son.' After Nicæa, these words came to be unanimously believed by the Church to refer to the prehistoric and eternal Sonship of Christ, and every other interpretation was regarded as heretical. So Luther also interprets them, 'Very God, born from everlasting of the Father.' But to transfer this conception to the Creed is to transform it. It cannot be proved that, about the middle of the second century, the idea 'only Son' was understood in this sense; on the contrary, the evidence of history conclusively shows that it was not so understood. Wherever Jesus Christ was called 'Son,' and whenever his birth was mentioned, the thought of that time went back to the historical Christ and to his earthly appearance; the 'Son' is the Jesus Christ

of history. Speculative Christian apologists and Gnostic theologians were the first to understand the word differently and to discern in it the relation of the prehistoric Christ to God. Later still, the whole doctrine of the double nature was infused into the words: 'the only Son' was taken as describing the divine *nature*, and only in what follows was the human nature made manifest. It was some time, however, before this exposition won a footing in the Church, thenceforward to become the universal interpretation, and to supersede the older one. Whoever, therefore, insists on finding the idea of 'eternal Sonship' in the Old-Roman Creed reads into it a meaning other than that it originally bore. Nevertheless, after the third century, everyone who stood by the original meaning of the Creed and refused to cede to the new interpretation was dubbed a heretic.

The Creed was not content to bear witness to Christ as the 'only Son, our Lord,' but added five (or six?) sentences, viz. 'Who was born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary; crucified and buried under Pontius Pilate; on the third day He rose again from the dead; ascended into heaven; and seated Himself at the right hand of the Father, whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.'

What was precisely meant by these sentences? Some have thought that they were especially designed to proclaim the fulfilment of Old Testament prophecy, just as the apostle Paul writes in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, xv. 3 ff.: 'For I have delivered unto you that which also I received, how that Christ died for our sins *according to the Scriptures*, and that he was buried and rose again on the third day *according to the Scriptures*.' But if this had been the object of the writer, we should be able to trace it more distinctly. In reality it is nowhere indicated. Others are of opinion that the writer wished to insist upon the most important separate facts of salvation. This conception comes nearest to the truth, but we cannot, all the same, accept it in this form, for it introduces something which was in reality foreign to the primitive faith. In the thought of that age Jesus Christ was the Redeemer, and his whole life-work a work of redemption; but the idea of the stringing together of a particular number of separate salvation-facts, each of them representing a special benefit, was quite strange to it. If at this point in the Creed we had only 'Who was crucified for our sins, and rose again on the third day,' and nothing else, we should certainly conclude that special prominence was given to these events as facts of salvation (as by Paul), but, in view of the whole series of statements, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that the Creed was intended to give an *historical account* of the Lord, the Son of God. The main facts of his life, a life which distinguished him from all other beings, were here to be set forth. *What* he is is attested by the introduction—'The only Son of God, our Lord;' his *history* (the history, that is, of the Redeemer) is declared in the statements which follow.

These selected statements coincide in the main with the *original* preaching of the gospel. Nevertheless, they are no longer in entire agreement with it. If the Creed had only the following: 'Who was crucified and buried under Pontius Pilate, and rose again on the third day from the dead, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father, from whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead,' there would be no difference between the two; but it is one of the best established results of history that the clause 'born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary' *does not belong to the earliest Gospel preaching*, and for these reasons: (1) It is wanting in all the Epistles of St. Paul, and, moreover, in all the Epistles of the New Testament. (2) It is not to be found in the Gospel of Mark, nor, for certain, in that according to John. (3) It was not included in the original material of Matthew and Luke, and in the sources common to both. (4) The genealogies of Jesus contained in both these Gospels go back to Joseph, and not to Mary. (5) All four Gospels bear witness, two of them directly and two indirectly that *the first proclamation of Jesus as Messiah dated from his baptism*. It is as certain that the birth of Jesus 'of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary' had no place in the first preaching as it is that by the middle, or probably even soon after the beginning, of the second century, this belief had become an *established* part of the Church tradition. The oldest preaching started from Jesus Christ, Son of David according to the flesh, Son of God according to the spirit (Romans i. 3 ff.), or, rather, from the baptism of Christ by John, and the descent of the Spirit upon him. Compared, therefore, with the first preaching, the omission from the Apostles' Creed of the Davidic Sonship, the baptism, and the descent of the Spirit upon Jesus, and the substitution for these of the birth 'from the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary' is an innovation, which of itself proves that the Creed does not belong to the earliest time any more than the Gospels of Matthew and Luke represent the earliest stage of evangelic history. Not long after the composition of the Creed, the Church further demanded that the *perpetual* virginity of Mary should be understood as implied in the epithet 'Virgin.' This interpretation, however, has been rejected by the Protestant Churches.

There is another deviation from the oldest teaching, which is not so important, but which ought not to be overlooked, in spite of the difficulty of an exact appreciation—I mean the special prominence given to the Ascension. In the primitive tradition the Ascension had no separate place. However, it is not quite certain that the writer of the Creed so conceived it, or that he did not rather intend to describe one single action by the three words, 'risen,' 'ascended,' 'sitting.' In the first Epistle to the Corinthians (xv. 3 ff.), in the letters of Clement, Ignatius, and Polycarp, and in the *Shepherd* of Hermas, the Ascension is not mentioned at all. But *it is also wanting in the first three Gospels*. What we now read there on the

subject are later additions, proved to be such by the history of the text. In some of the oldest accounts the resurrection and the sitting at the right hand of God are taken as parts of the same act, without mention of any ascension. In the Epistle of Barnabas, both resurrection and ascension happen in one day, and only the Acts of the Apostles, in the New Testament, tell us that forty days elapsed between the two.* Other ancient witnesses give us yet a different story, and make the interval eighteen months. It follows from this fluctuation of opinion, which lasted a long time, that in the earliest teaching one single fact was described in different words and that the differentiation of it into several acts was the work of a later time. Such a differentiation is, however, no small matter; for it tends to give each point in and for itself a special significance, and so to weaken the importance of the main point. On the other hand, the clause 'risen from the dead' required to be supplemented, for it was not enough to believe in his merely coming back to life, but men were also to believe in his being raised to power and dominion in heaven and earth. And this demand was expressed in the primitive teaching *either* by the belief in the Ascension *or* by the belief in Christ's sitting at the right hand of God.

The third part of the baptismal formula, 'I believe in the Holy Ghost,' is supplemented, not by way of personal definition, like the first two, but by way of material addition—by the three items, 'Holy Church,' 'Forgiveness of sins,' 'Resurrection of the Flesh.' It looks, therefore, as though the writer of the Creed did not conceive the Holy Ghost as a *Person*, but as a *Power* and *Gift*. This is, indeed, literally the case. No proof can be shown that about the middle of the second century the Holy Ghost was believed in as a Person. This conception, on the contrary, is one of much later date, which was still unknown to most Christians by the middle of the fourth century. Thenceforward, in connection with Nicene orthodoxy, it made good its footing in the Church. It sprang from the scientific Greek theology of the day; for it cannot be shown that the (real or apparent) personification of the Holy Ghost in John's Gospel as the 'Comforter' influenced the matter. Whoever, therefore, introduces the doctrine of the Three Persons of the Godhead into the Creed, explains it contrary to its original meaning, and alters its true sense. Such an alteration was, of course, demanded of all Christians, from the end of the fourth century onwards, if they did not wish to expose themselves to the charge of heresy and its penalties.

In the Creed the Holy Ghost is conceived of as *a gift*, but as a gift by which the Divine life is offered to the believer; for the Spirit of God is God Himself. (In this sense there was never any doubt concerning the personal nature of the Spirit.) Three *goods* or blessings are added—which, however, are only developments of the *one* gift—and here the Creed gives full and faithful expression to the

Apostolic teaching. They are 'Holy Church,' 'Forgiveness of Sins,' and 'Resurrection of the Flesh.' Everything that is contained in and created by the belief in Jesus Christ is included in these words —the community redeemed by Christ, endowed with the Holy Spirit, and therefore herself holy, which has her citizenship in heaven, but already possesses the Holy Ghost here on earth; the renewing of the individual through the remission of sins, and the resurrection from the dead. Nevertheless, it is as certain that the *form* of the last clause is neither Pauline nor Johannine as it is that the three clauses embrace the whole content of the evangelic offer. Paul writes (1 Corinthians, xv. 50): 'Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption;' and in the Gospel of John we have (vi. 63): 'It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing.' In her conception, therefore, of the resurrection and the life everlasting, as the 'resurrection of the flesh,' the post-apostolic Church overstepped the line commonly observed in the oldest preaching. We can hardly doubt that from the very earliest times the resurrection of the flesh was preached by a few Christians, but it was *not* a universal doctrine. Moreover, many witnesses of the primitive time speak simply of 'resurrection,' or 'life everlasting,' instead of 'resurrection of the body.' On the other hand, when the Church had soon after to enter the lists against Gnosticism, she insisted upon the *bodily* resurrection, so as not to lose the resurrection altogether. But, however comprehensible this may be (and in the conflicts of those days no other formula would seem to have sufficed), the recognition of the fact that the Church was at the moment in a position of great need does not make the formula itself legitimate.

Hitherto we have been examining the text of the Old-Roman Creed, and ignoring the eight additional sentences in the Gallican or New-Roman Confession (our present Apostles' Creed), which we have already recorded. Five of them do not require any discussion, for they are obviously nothing more than amplifications. That 'suffered' is placed before 'crucified,' 'dead' before 'buried,' and 'life everlasting' after 'the resurrection of the body'—that God the Father Almighty is described as 'Creator of heaven and earth;' and, finally, that 'conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary' is substituted in place of 'born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary,' makes no change in the material contents and in the real meaning of the old Creed. The most that can be said is that the last clause represents an elaboration which the old Creed avoided out of justifiable reticence. The case is different with the three yet remaining additions—namely, 'descended into hell,' 'Catholic Church,' and 'community of saints.'

The phrase 'descendit ad inferna (inferos)' appears, as far as I know, for the first time in the baptismal confession of the Church of

Aquileia, and then in the Irish, Gallican, and other Creeds. Its first appearance in the East is in the formula of the Fourth Synod of Sirmium, in the year 359. It does not exist in the Nicene and Byzantine Creeds, but in writings as early as the second century, and in both orthodox and heretical authors, we come across the belief that Christ—before him John the Baptist, and after him the Apostles—descended into the under-world and preached there. Whether the passage in the First Epistle of Peter, iii. 19, afforded a starting-point for all these stories we do not know. As soon as the clause appears in the Creeds—that is, from the second half of the fourth century onwards—it is explained with the rest by the commentators. But the explanations vary a good deal. As far as I know, scarcely anyone in antiquity thought of 'hell' in this connection, but of the under-world—Hades—the domain of the dead. Some of them simply explain the words as a complement to the phrase 'buried,' and only think of them as meaning that the Lord did in reality descend into the place of the dead. Others follow the lead of the First Epistle of Peter, and speak of a preaching of Christ in the under-world and of the release of the Old Testament saints from Hades. The explanation given by Luther in a sermon, and prescribed by the 'Formula Concordiæ,' the words of which are, 'We believe implicitly that after burial the whole Person, both God and man, descended into hell, and there overcame the devil, destroyed the power of hell and deprived the devil of his dominion,' is not to be found in the old commentators—indeed, is strictly excluded by almost all of them. The clause is too weak to maintain its ground beside the others as equally independent and authoritative, and on this account one cannot but hold that it was rightly omitted from the Creeds of the Church before Constantine, whichever interpretation—Luther's curious paraphrase among the rest—one may prefer.

The addition of 'Catholic' to the phrase 'holy Church' was abolished by the Protestant Churches of Germany and replaced by 'Christian.' On this occasion, therefore, there is no need for me to deal with it. Nevertheless, as it remained in the Latin text (see, for instance, Luther's Great and Little Catechisms), it calls for a few words of explanation. The description of the Church as 'Catholic' is a very old one in ecclesiastical literature, at least as old as the Old-Roman creed, and it first appears in the East. Originally it meant nothing more than the 'universal' Church, the whole Christian community called of God on earth. The idea of applying it to the concrete, visible Church, was not yet thought of. Consequently, if the word had been taken up into the Old-Roman Creed, we should have to understand it there in this first sense. But after the end of the second and the beginning of the third century, the word 'Catholic' took a second meaning, which gradually came to be regarded in the West as of equal authority with the first. It described the visible,

orthodox Churches which, under definite organisation, had grouped themselves round the Apostolic foundations, and especially round Rome, as distinguished from the heretical communities. It was in Africa in particular (and in Africa by Cyprian) that the idea was developed in this direction. And so, after the word 'Catholic' had been incorporated in the Latin Creeds from the third century onwards (it did not become thoroughly established in the Creeds till the fifth century), we are obliged to construe it there in the sense described—naturally also in our Apostles' Creed. But in this case it is evident that the Church of the Reformation could not consent to retain an epithet which was to be thus interpreted. Either she must interpret it differently, or else do away with it altogether. The first alternative was adopted with regard to the Latin text. Luther, however, by his substitution of 'Christian' in the German text, went back to the oldest sense of the word, disregarding its meaning in the Creed.

The most perplexing of all, in respect of origin and primitive meaning, is the addition 'community of Saints.' It has been supposed that this idea was connected with the clause 'He descended into Hell.' By the former, it is suggested, was meant the community of saints in heaven; by the latter, the community of the righteous of the Old Testament, who had been redeemed from Hades. But this combination is artificial, and, if it ever existed, late. We must look at the phrase in itself. It does not occur at all on Greek ground. If it were literally translated into Greek, it would mean common rights in sacred things—that is to say, common rights in worship, and above all in the Holy Eucharist. It is a purely Latin formation, and, moreover, we do not meet with it in ecclesiastical Latin literature before the time of Augustine and the Donatist dispute. (In the Creeds, also, it is not to be found earlier.) Here, however (in the Donatist dispute), it appears as a leading idea, about which there was much difference of opinion. Augustine and his adversaries both take it to mean the 'Community of the true saints or believers on earth,' but they are disagreed as to the relation between this community and the existing Catholic Church. (For Augustine it is one of essential identity.) Consequently, when this conception appears for the first time in the Creed, we should expect it to be understood there as a more exact explanation of the phrase 'Holy Catholic Church' as 'the communion of saints, *which is the Catholic Church.*' If this were so, we should have here the rare instance of an addition being made to the baptismal confession in consequence of an ecclesiastical dispute. But the oldest commentators on the Creed do not explain the expression after it has penetrated into the confessions of Gaul, in the Augustinian, anti-Donatist sense, but take it to mean 'communion with the saints perfected,' or '*of* the saints perfected.' We must even go a step further. In all probability, not only is the oldest exposition

of the Creed in which the expression occurs that of the Gaul Faustus of Reii, but he is also our oldest witness to the existence of the clause 'communion of saints' in a Creed at all. How, then, does Faustus explain the words? He writes: 'Let us pass on to the phrase "communion of saints." This expression refutes those persons who profanely assert that we may not reverence the mortal remains of the saints and friends of God, and who refuse to celebrate the glorious memory of the blessed martyrs by honouring their sacred tombs. These people have been false to the Creed, they have lied to Christ in baptism, and have by their unbelief given place to death in the midst of life.' ('Ut transeamus ad Sanctorum Communionem. Illos hic sententia ista confudit, qui Sanctorum et Amicorum Dei cineres non in honore debere esse blasphemant, qui beatorum martyrum gloriosam memoriam sacrorum reverentia monumentorum colendam esse non credunt. In Symbolum prævaricati sunt, et Christo in fonte mentiti sunt, et per hanc infidelitatem in medio sinu vitæ locum morti aperuerunt.') Faustus, therefore, makes use of the words against the followers of Vigilantius, the opponents of the worship of the saints. He has no other idea but that the expression in the Creed refers to 'the *Saints*,' in the significant Catholic sense of the word, and that it implies and upholds the worship of the Saints. But, as we have before remarked, Faustus' Creed is the oldest Creed that we know of which contains the words 'communion of saints.' Bearing this in mind and remembering also that the words first appear in the Creed in Southern Gaul (in the last half of the fifth century), and that Vigilantius worked and made disciples not far from thence, in Barcelona, in the first half of the same century, we shall have to consider it as highly probable that the words in question were actually taken to mean 'communion with the martyrs and the chosen saints.' Thus they were, to begin with, a continuation and not a mere explanation of the phrase 'Holy Catholic Church.' If, however, this is their original sense, the Churches of the Reformation were clearly bound to understand them in another. And this change of meaning was all the more easily effected because a good and fitting interpretation—which still was not the primitive meaning of the clause *in the Creed*—was to be found in Augustine. This interpretation, also, had never been lost sight of all through the Middle Ages. Still the fact remains that at the present day no one who understands the original meaning of the clause accepts it in its first sense. He explains it in his own way precisely as he does—on other grounds—with the expression, 'resurrection of the flesh.'

A few words in conclusion. Whoever turns from the perusal of the Apostolic Fathers and the Christian Apologists to the Old-Roman Confession cannot but render a meed of grateful admiration to the Roman Church for the act of faith which she has here made in her baptismal Creed. If we consider with what strange and curious

notions the Gospel was already at this time often associated, in what a meagre spirit it was often conceived, and how Chiliasm and Apocalyptics on the one hand, and legalism and Greek philosophy on the other, threatened to destroy the simplicity of Christ, the Old-Roman Creed will seem to us doubly great and venerable. Next to its confession of God the Father Almighty, what gives it its greatest and lasting value is its confession of Jesus Christ 'our Lord, the only Son of God,' and its declaration that through him came the holy Christian Church, forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting. Only we miss in it all reference to his preaching, to his characteristics as the Saviour of the poor and sick, the publicans and sinners—to the *personality*, in short, as it shines in the Gospels. The Creed contains properly only *headings*. But so understood it is incomplete; for no confession is complete that does not paint *the Saviour* before our eyes and stamp him upon our hearts.

(ADOLF HARNACK.)

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INDIA BETWEEN TWO FIRES

The Editor of this Review having asked me to write a few pages about the situation of India as affected by the simultaneous advance of two great European powers, Russia and France, upon its North-west and North-east borders respectively, I feel it a duty to comply. Without suggesting that there is any conspiracy, or even connivance, in this simultaneous movement, or that anything but accident is responsible for the news that the Cossack is patrolling the Pamirs at the same moment that French gunboats are threatening Bangkok, the concurrence of these incidents is yet sufficiently remarkable to merit thoughtful attention, while, under not improbable contingencies, it might easily develop into a danger of the first magnitude. That at all costs India must be defended, not merely from attack, but from peril of attack, is an axiom which I imagine that no Englishman would now be found to dispute. It has become the first condition of our imperial existence. But if this be accepted, let us also fully realise the scope and character of the menace against which it is incumbent upon us to defend her.

The trans-frontier history of India during the past fifty years may be roughly divided into three epochs. The first of these was the period of supreme and, as I think, criminal indifference, based upon a measureless geographical ignorance, at home; while steadily from west and east Russia and France were pushing forward new columns of colonisation or of conquest, ever abridging the distance that separated them from India, and resolving the insuperable mountains and impassable deserts of our Downing Street geographers

into easy passes and commodious plains. During this period if any one suggested that Russia would ever approach within even 1,000 miles of the Indian frontier, he was invited not to be 'Mervous,' and was derided for harbouring 'old women's fears.' Similarly the few who hinted that the foundation of a new French Asiatic Empire in Indo-China might not be without hostile or detrimental consequence to India, were as voices crying in the wilderness. A few spirits, better informed and more patriotic, continued to sound their *cave*; but the warning fell on dull ears, and the prophet was denounced as an alarmist or a jingo.

In due time, however, this fairy structure of mingled credulity and imbecility toppled down with a crash, undermined and shattered by facts which not even geographical empirics could impugn. Russia was found to be intrenched almost at the gates of Herat, and to be planting her sentinels on the mysterious 'Roof of the World,' within sight of the snowy ramparts of the Hindu Kush. France was observed to have completed the absorption of Tongking, Annam, Cochin China, and Cambogia, and to be steadily impinging upon Siam. Then ensued the second period, the distinguishing feature of which was the hurried and artificial construction of buffer States, more or less independent, more or less friendly, and sustained either by the moral comfort of often unsolicited advice, or by the more practical consolation of rifles and rupees. Afghanistan was erected into a buffer State, of the more complete and stringent type, on the west; the lofty region of the Pamirs seemed to provide the requisite barrier upon the north; Siam was gratefully accepted as a serviceable volunteer in a similar capacity on the east; and once again public opinion breathed at the successful postponement of the peril.

Now buffer States on the confines of a dominion like India, and in relation to the advance of possible rivals, such as Russia and France, have unquestionable advantages. In the case of a buffer State like Afghanistan, whose ruler, in return for a subsidy, is supposed to submit his foreign policy to the Indian Government, and the integrity of whose territories is pledged by a formal guarantee, the result is undoubtedly for a time to arrest the encroachment of any other power, to put that power in the wrong whenever it does finally advance, and to provide a respite which may be utilised, as it has been utilised in India, for the perfection of the inner line of frontier defence. A buffer State of the accidental and unformulated type, such as Siam, may similarly exercise a postponing and pacific influence, provided it has the inherent stability which in the other case it is sought to communicate by outside aid. A merely physical buffer, like the Pamirs, is not less serviceable in keeping apart those whose interest it is to be separated. But buffer States of either class are subject to drawbacks and to dangers against which it is almost impossible to guard. Firstly, their existence is, in the East, mainly dependent upon the character, personality,

and capacity for rule of the individual prince or potentate at their head. Afghanistan, for instance, would not have held together for two years after 1880 but for the happy accident that induced us to place upon the throne the strong, if savage, personality of Abdurrahman Khan. Siam, though it has had rulers of great enlightenment, has not been fortunate enough to find in its royal family men of strength. Secondly, buffer States, which are *ex hypothesi* weaker than their formidable neighbours, are dependent for their span of life upon the exigencies or designs, frequently upon the unauthorised, even if deliberate, extravagances of the power whose interest it is, in despite of morals, to advance. And thirdly, they carry with them responsibilities of interference or protection, which may, as in the case of Afghanistan, be precise and solemn, or, as in the case of Siam and the Pamirs, be undefined and ambiguous, but which cannot in either case be ignored by the power that has profited by the buffer arrangement, and will suffer by its collapse or withdrawal.

These considerations, which seriously affect the existence of buffer States, prepare us for the third period, upon which we are now entering, in which their integrity is beginning to be assailed, their power of resistance is being put to a severe strain, and the responsibilities which they entail are emerging into ugly and formidable prominence. Then arises the question of the steps that should be taken by the power chiefly interested to arrest or resist this process of detrition, or to devise some new policy to counteract it. To what extent are imperial interests really jeopardised? Is the advance of the enemy to be considered a *casus belli* or not? Is the buffer State to be defended at all costs, and reconstructed? or is compromise patriotic and partition possible? Must the outer frontier be defended, or shall a new and nearer line be substituted in its place? What will be the effect of any such operations upon the ruler and natives of the territory assailed? What will be their consequence upon imperial prestige?

These are among the problems with which the Indian Government is already, and will in the ensuing years be more and more frequently confronted. Strange to say, the first application of the difficulty has occurred in the quarter where perhaps it was least expected—namely, not on the North-west but on the North-east border, not in Afghanistan, but in Siam. The French have had disputes and conflict with the Siamese. Claiming a large extent of territory (adjoining their protectorate of Annam), which up till a few years ago was coloured in their own official maps as Siamese, which is inhabited by people of the Siamese stock, and which has been occupied by Siamese troops and administered by Siamese governors during the greater part of the present century, they anticipated the discussion and delimitation that were innocently proffered by the Siamese Government by the despatch of a series of marauding expeditions, which

proceeded to expel the various Siamese posts and to annex the entire country in dispute. When, in the course of these operations, one Frenchman was killed and another taken prisoner, they abruptly shifted the scene of action to a larger stage, seized a number of islands in the Gulf of Siam, moved the French fleet to Bangkok, and, in despite of assurances, pledges, orders, and treaties, forced with two gunboats the passage of the Menam river, and menaced the capital. From this vantage-ground they then hurled at the head of the Siamese monarch an ultimatum the severity of which excited the indignation and pity of all civilised observers. Exorbitant pecuniary indemnities were required; and at the same time that M. Develle was assuring the French Chamber and the British public of his sympathetic regard for the integrity of Siam, she was called upon within forty-eight hours to submit to a territorial dismemberment, of which, as I write, it is still doubtful whether it involves the surrender of one fourth, or of one half of the entire Siamese dominions.

Such is the nature of the assault that has been committed upon the buffer State of the East. However the matter may terminate, the utility and the capacity for resistance of the buffer will have been irreparably damaged. The passions of the stronger power, coupled with the infirmity of the weaker, have exemplified, in the case of Siam, the two initial dangers to which I have shown that such States are subject. But the third and most serious danger has arisen also, and as I write is the subject of negotiations, the momentous character of which cannot be exaggerated, between the Cabinets of London and Paris. If the French demand for the cession of the left bank of the Mekong be held to apply to the entire course of that river from China to Cambogia, such appropriation, quite apart from its wanton and exorbitant character in relation to Siam, would materialise and call into existence those very British responsibilities which I have argued that even informal buffer States have the tendency to create. No British Government can acquiesce in an arrangement that would involve the cession by Siam of States which became British by the conquest of Burma, and have only been ceded to Siam by ourselves, subject to a condition that they shall not be handed over to any other power. No British Parliament can tolerate the wholesale extinction of a great and yearly increasing British trade with Yunnan and the provinces of South-west China. No section of British public opinion can desire that the buffer State should not merely be crippled, but squeezed out of existence, and that possible rivals, such as England and France, should be planted face to face in the distant recesses of the Asian continent, with nothing but a river or a malarial forest strip to separate them. France is on the brink of occupying—she is frankly desirous to occupy—such a position. Let our eyes not be shut to the fact.

If from here we transfer our gaze to the opposite or western

quarter, we find a situation less immediately acute, but not less pregnant with possible peril. I have spoken of the buffer of Afghanistan. Let me describe the steps that are being taken by Russia to threaten or to supersede it. Now, as regards Afghanistan itself, Russia, even if she had the desire, is not in a position to act as France has acted towards Siam. It is only eight years since the North-west boundary of Afghanistan, *i.e.* the boundary between Afghan and Russian territory, was formally demarcated by British, Russian, and Afghan Commissioners. That boundary was further guaranteed to the Amir by the British Government, and any infringement of it could only be perpetrated by Russia at the cost of hostilities with Great Britain; a consideration which, added to the known pacific tendencies of the Czar, imposes an adequate, if only a temporary, check upon the too notorious impetuosity of Russian frontier officers. Nevertheless, just as I have shown that the Afghan buffer State has only hitherto retained its reality by reason of the man of blood and iron who is its ruler, so the Russians know as well as ourselves that his death or removal will probably upset that structure like a pack of cards, while in the turmoil consequent upon the crisis they look to find an opportunity for that advance for which they are now steadily preparing. A chain of Cossack outposts along the entire frontier from the Zulfikar Pass to the Oxus, a large fortified camp and garrison at Sheikh Junaid, less than 100 miles by easy road from Herat, persistent intrigues with the captains of Afghan detachments and garrisons across the border, and greatly improved railway and road communications in the rear, are the preliminary steps to a movement which, when the hour strikes, is as certain of occurrence as is the revolution of the seasons, or the diurnal succession of darkness and light. The Western buffer will then crumble also; and we shall be face to face with an even graver problem than that which now confronts us on the Upper Mekong.

Afghanistan, however, being removed by the above-mentioned conditions from the possible arena of immediate activity, the Russians are now engaged upon a skilful attempt to slip round the corner of the Afghan buffer, by an advance through the mountainous region of the Pamirs, the remoteness, inaccessibility, and doubtful ownership of which have constituted it a sort of physical, though in no sense a political, buffer, in the trans-frontier region north of Kashmir. Taking advantage of the conflicting claims of Afghanistan and China, but feebly supported by armed force, in a region where population is sparse, life the reverse of comfortable, and borders ill-defined, and inventing different and contradictory counter-claims as they proceed, they have during the past two years established themselves upon the Central Pamirs, have built a large fort and stationed a permanent garrison at Murghabi, at the junction of the Aksu and Ak Baital rivers—a point far south of any line that can, by treaty or other

official document, be contended for as a legitimate Russian frontier, and are pursuing the now familiar practice of anticipating by prior occupation the labours of the Frontier Commission, the discussion of the preliminaries of which between the Governments of London and St. Petersburg is meanwhile crawling laboriously on. An apparently well-authenticated rumour has just reached England that a fresh Russian expeditionary column has left Ferghana for the Pamir region; but the most definite and repeated assurances appear to have been given by the Russian Government that no such expedition shall be launched during the present year, and the troops in question are represented to be merely reliefs for the stationary garrison. Some suspicion of these assurances may be permitted to those who remember that when Colonel Ianoff started on his first Pamir expedition in 1891 (which culminated in the expulsion of Captain Younghusband and Lieutenant Davison, and in the crossing of the Hindu Kush by a Russian detachment) the British Government was officially informed that this was merely a hunting party going out for rifle practice at *ovis poli*; while after a reluctant apology had been given for the expulsion of the British officers, the Russian commander, who had perpetrated the outrage, was rewarded with a personal gift from the Emperor; or again to those who remember that when Colonel Ianoff started a second time, in 1892, on the expedition which resulted in the fight with Afghans at Soma Tash, the most positive assurances were received from St. Petersburg that no such expedition was contemplated at all. But even supposing that the *status quo* be maintained inviolate during the present year, are English readers aware that the Russians are even now stationed at a point less than ninety miles distant as the crow flies from the advanced frontier of India, and that the latest version of their claims brings them right up to our border, and plants them cheek by jowl with our Kashmir levies on the Hindu Kush? In other words, while the Afghan buffer remains intact only as long as prudence demands that it should be respected—a period probably synchronous with the life of the present Amir—that buffer is being ingeniously circumvented in the north; the Pamir buffer is being nibbled away, inch by inch; and a coterminous relationship between Russia and Great Britain in the heart of Central Asia is being as dexterously and surely planned as is the similar situation between France and Great Britain on the Upper Mekong.

These are the facts of the twofold situation. What are the conclusions to be drawn from them? Now I anticipate the query, If a buffer State is in its essence transient, why advocate its retention, or lament its disappearance?—a question which is, I think, sufficiently answered by a balance of the advantages and disadvantages as I have set them forth, and by the experience even of Siam, Afghanistan, and the Pamirs. But a second query may follow. Why object to a common frontier and to coterminous relationship

at all? The *Temps*, which is the most thoughtful of French newspapers, in an article which it kindly devotes to my argument for a buffer between England and France on the Upper Mekong, boldly declares that no such barrier is needed, and that neighbourhood is no danger to powers such as Great Britain and France, and I suppose equally Great Britain and Russia, in Central Asia. Inasmuch as in the answer to this question is contained the first of the consequences that will spring from the unchecked advance of France and Russia in Siam and the Pamirs—viz. the local perils of a common boundary—I will state clearly what is the case against territorial juxtaposition.

It involves a fourfold danger, burden, or risk. Firstly, there is the increased chance of friction, and even conflict, between the two nationalities. At present there is not a single point in Asia where the English meet the French or Russians on a common frontier. In each other's territories they travel as friends or guests, and are treated, as I have been in both Russian and French dominions, with courtesy. But if a common frontier were instituted, incidents such as those which have constantly happened on the Alsace-Lorraine boundary between French and Germans would arise, the more so in a region where little check can be kept upon the temper of military outposts, and where military advance is the sole topic of conversation and interest of life. Secondly, the contiguity of a formidable rival, of Russia for instance, on the Pamirs or in Afghan-Turkestan, would involve a very large and permanent addition to the frontier garrisons of India, and must in the long run necessitate an increase of the Indian army. The prodigious armaments and the new Army Bills of Europe are the direct consequence of a system of common frontiers. It is obvious that where invasion is possible from an easy distance, and almost without warning, adequate forces must be posted to prevent any surprise, while the power that has hostile inclinations can virtually dictate the degree of military burden to its rival by the numerical ratio of its own troops. Should Russia be permitted to advance to the Hindu Kush, either north of Kabul or south of Wakhan, I tremble to think of the drain upon the Indian army that would be required to hold on the one side the lines Kabul-Jellalabad-Peshawur, and Kabul-Ghuzni-Kandahar, and on the other side the line Chitral-Yasin-Gilgit-Hunza. Thirdly, and this is a direct consequence of the last, there is the enormously increased outlay that would be imposed upon an already straitened exchequer and a sufficiently taxed native population, with the result of discontent, agitation, and the neglect of other and more productive public undertakings or works of social and industrial amelioration. And fourth, and perhaps worst of all, there is the element of unrest, fermentation, and intrigue that would inevitably be introduced among the turbulent and unreliable tribes along the entire frontier fringe. Their loyalty can only be imper-

fectly relied upon while they are brought in contact with or are subsidised by one superior power. But when they were exposed to the temptation of a double appeal, when bribes would be offered, when local jealousies, historic animosities, and religious feuds would be revived or fomented to serve political ends, and when the question would perpetually arise in their minds as to which was the stronger of the two great nations engaged, the situation might easily develop from one of doubt into one of positive danger, and a thousand miles of frontier might be simmering and sputtering with a chronic commotion. Were Russia so brought up to our borders, still more if France was so brought in addition, I say that no viceroy of India could lay his head upon his pillow at night without a feeling of uneasiness and alarm.

For all these reasons I believe that the contiguity of Great Britain with either France or Russia in Asia is profoundly to be deprecated, in the interests alike of good government, economy, and peace. But in the concurrence, be it fortuitous or designed, of their centripetal and converging advance, and on the field of Imperial and international politics, I find an even more powerful battery of argument against any such consummation. The question is not one of Asiatic or Indian politics only, but of European politics as well. For here in the heart of Asia, and on either flank of the Indian Empire of Great Britain, are planted the two sole European nations who regard this country with hostility, and might, under very easily conceivable circumstances, desire to do us injury; two nations, moreover, who have lately executed in the eyes of Europe an almost hysterical *rapprochement*, who affect a community of interest and action, which the instability of French governments and the cautious pride of the Czar probably alone prevent from developing into a common alliance, and the popularity of neither of whom has been sufficient to procure them any other friend. In Europe England is well-nigh invulnerable, even against their combination; for the invasion of these islands is not to be attempted with a light heart, our military outposts in the Mediterranean are powerfully fortified, the most formidable navy in the world has to be reckoned with, and not even Egypt provides a battlefield on which the fate of Great Britain is at all likely to be decided. Moreover a war of any kind in Europe is certain to unchain the armed watchdogs who are eagerly waiting to spring, each in his own kennel; and even were the assailed without friends, the assailant would not long remain without other foes. But in Asia these conditions are one and all reversed. We have a long and vulnerable land frontier to defend, India is surrounded by great battlefields on which the fate of the Eastern world has more than once been decided, there will be anxiety and possible danger behind our own lines, the Triple Alliance will be useless to us, we may require to fight for our existence without a solitary ally. Perilous as this might be against a

single enemy and on a single quarter, the peril would be much more than duplicated in the event of a twofold attack coming from both sides. Between the upper and the nether millstone there is little turning room, and not too much space either for complacency or comfort.

Or take another case, more probable perhaps than that of a concerted and common attack, but in which the safety of India might be not less compromised by the exigencies or the vicissitudes of Europe. Russia might be advancing upon Constantinople, and England might be deploying her full strength to resist that movement. Is it inconceivable that at such a moment news of an outbreak might arrive from Upper Burma, or that the French should be reported as having crossed the Upper Mekong? Or again, France might decide to invade Egypt, and England might be involved in a fierce struggle for the mastery. What would be our position if at such a juncture there flashed across the wires the tidings that the Russian flag was flying from the citadel of Herat, or that a dozen squadrons of Cossacks were encamped amid the ruins of Balkh? Nor is it to be supposed, as by some sanguine sentimentalists has been done, that did either Russia or France secure her primary object in Europe or on the Mediterranean, did the cross once again surmount the Crescent on the cupola of St. Sophia, or did a second battle of the Pyramids give Cairo to the legions of the Third Republic—all chance of rupture with England would be removed, and the three nations would sit down in convivial harmony at the Asian *triclinium*. India holds out too rich a bait to those who have starved amid the sands of Transcaspia or shivered on the windswept uplands of the Pamirs, to admit of any sudden halt being cried to the Muscovite battalions. France has too many points of contact and friction with ourselves in Newfoundland, in Madagascar, in Central Africa, on the Pacific Ocean, to allow of the chivalrous abnegation of any one opening, where her pressure might fret, or worry, or gall.

Let us therefore measure full well in advance what the simultaneous approach towards India of these two great powers signifies, what are the perils which it may evoke, what are the sacrifices which it demands. Let no weak concession to sentiment or fear of decisive action induce us to acquiesce in, much less to precipitate, their final contact. The safety of the Indian Empire is the determining test by which our policy must in each case be shaped. That that safety stands more secure while both powers are at a distance, that it will be seriously impaired by their nearer advent, that it might even be endangered by their common impact, are the propositions which I have sought to establish. India under fire would, I believe, render a good account of herself; but India between two fires might easily become India in jeopardy. Should such an emergency arise, I have little doubt of the attitude that would be adopted by this country.

Whilst I question if one shot will ever again be fired from a British cannon or one bullet from a British musket to prevent the voluntary secession of any British colony that is fully minded so to secede, yet I believe that we would gladly expend the last projectile in Woolwich Arsenal, and that each English home would cheerfully give its last son, to prevent any enemy from ever setting foot on Indian soil. *Salus Indiæ suprema lex.* Only, in proportion as we cherish that conviction, so let us adhere to the policy that will postpone as far as may be its reluctant but resolute vindication on the field of arms. If the buffer States give us peace, let us not lightly or timorously throw them over.

GEORGE N. CURZON.

THE CRISIS IN INDO-CHINA

THE reappearance of France, after the lapse of a century, in the arena of Asiatic politics is an event of striking importance; and, unfortunately, it does not bode well for the peace of that continent. French love of military glory has been, for more than 200 years, the principal element of disturbance and cause of war in Europe. It has now obtruded itself into the affairs of Asia with a clearly defined sphere for its manifestation in the weak and unoffending kingdom of Siam. The example and memory of Dupleix have left the French an incentive for Colonial Empire, but the causes of his failure have not taught them the true, if unpalatable, lesson of permanent abstention from a career for which they are unsuited. The vanity of the *grande nation* has again led it to embark on a course of adventures beyond the sea which provide some momentary gratification, but no solid benefit to either the fame or the power of France, while they imperil, at an increasing number of points, the good relations with this country, on whose attitude towards France depends her fate in the next war with Germany. In Egypt, Newfoundland, Morocco, on the Niger, and now in Indo-China, France has gone out of her way to oppose us, and to show, with a wilful perversity that can only be attributed to a remembrance of ancient rivalry, that her interests clash with ours, even where she has none to uphold. The barren result of her efforts in Indo-China, where she has been carrying out, for nearly thirty years, a State, or, rather, an official policy, justifies the assertion that she has not yet learnt the elements of the art of colonisation, and that even military successes have not brought her any commercial or administrative advantages. The gravity of the situation demands this plain speaking, and it is not a friendly act to France to mince words and to use polite phrases which may lead her into the fatal mistake of believing that England will allow her to work her will on Siam, and to add any considerable portion of its territory to the dominion she has established on the ruins of Annam and Cambodia. Even the most exaggerated regard for the *entente cordiale* with our neighbour across the Channel could not sanction acquiescence in a blow which,

apart from its direct injury, would be fatal to our reputation for justice throughout the East.

Those who have carefully watched French proceedings in Indo-China since the acquisition of Saigon were prepared to see the policy that reduced Cambodia, Annam, and Tonquin to vassalage culminate in an attempt to bully Siam and to place the ruler of Bangkok on the same footing as Norodom and Tuduc. Twenty-six years have elapsed since France began her political campaign in Indo-China by concluding a treaty with Siam—dated the 15th of July 1867, signed in Paris, and ratified at Bangkok in the following year—on the subject of Cambodia. This treaty was dictated by the fact that the old claims of Siam to treat Cambodia as a vassal State had been formally admitted and set forth in a treaty between Siam and Cambodia dated the 1st of December 1863. With a view to setting aside this inconvenient convention, which tied its hands in the Mekong Delta, the French Government entered into negotiations with Siam for a fresh arrangement which should annul the dependence of Cambodia on Siam. In this respect French diplomacy was successful, and in 1867 the Siamese Government not only admitted the protectorate of France over Cambodia, but also declared its own treaty with that State of December, 1863, to be null and void. On the other hand, France pledged herself 'not to take possession of Cambodia for the purpose of incorporating it with her possessions in Cochin China;' and she also promised that 'the provinces of Battambong and Angkor (Nakhon Siemrap) were to remain part of the kingdom of Siam.' This treaty, which exposes the wrong France is attempting to perpetrate at the present time, has been denounced as a *sottise* by her go-ahead officials in Indo-China, who would wish to treat it as non-existent, and who have advanced the extraordinary theory that a subsequent private arrangement between them and the King of Cambodia, to which Siam was no party, has set aside and superseded the solemn treaty to which the rulers of France and Siam placed their seals! In 1884, when France had attained success in her schemes in Annam, she tightened her hold on Cambodia by concluding a fresh convention with King Norodom. It is of this agreement that M. de Lanessan, the energetic and able French Governor of Indo-China, has declared that it annuls the treaty with Siam of 1867. His words are—

Ajoutons, du reste, que le traité de 1867 doit être considéré comme n'existant plus depuis la signature de notre nouveau traité avec le roi de Cambodge.

France began her operations against Siam by inducing its government to waive its inherited claims, recently ratified and defined, over Cambodia, on the condition that its possession of the important provinces of the Great Lake, Battambong and Angkor, should be recognised. Having thus gained a free hand in Cambodia, the French

authorities seek to repudiate the instrument which conferred it, and to appropriate, either by direct conquest or by the sinister suggestion of a territorial guarantee for an indemnity, those very provinces in which they explicitly recognised the Siamese authority. Unfortunately for the good name of Europe, this transaction is typical of all French proceedings in Indo-China. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

The maps hitherto accepted as the best of Indo-China, not only by European geographers but by French authorities, have placed the eastern frontier of Siam in the mountain ridge which extends along the Annam borders at a distance varying from fifty to two hundred miles east of the Mekong river. This frontier was admitted by Garnier, the pioneer of French enterprise in the whole of this region, and even M. de Lanessan has been unable to deny the fact. He endeavours to get out of the difficulty by declaring that the Siamese conquered by force of arms the region between the Mekong and these mountains about sixty years ago, and by leaving the reader to infer that what has been conquered once may be reconquered—a statement which human experience cannot controvert, but which is at least incompatible with the French disclaiming all designs on the integrity of Siam. As it is well to avoid all chance of its being said that M. de Lanessan is misrepresented, his precise words may be quoted :—

> Ainsi qu'on peut le voir plus haut dans l'exposé de la géographie politique du Mékong, les Annamites ont jadis occupé tout le territoire qui s'étend entre les côtes de la mer de Chine et le Mékong, qui dans cette partie de son cours se rapproche beaucoup de la mer. Ils n'ont été refoulés jusque dans la chaîne de montagnes de l'Annam que par la violence et depuis une cinquantaine [in 1885] d'années seulement ; jamais ils ne sont inclinés que devant la force, soient qu'ils aient été chassés des bords du Grand Fleuve [Mekong] par les armées siamoises, soient qu'ils aient reculés devant les hordes des Hôs ou autres pillards descendus de la Chine.

M. de Lanessan, therefore, admits in the fullest degree the conquest by Siam of the disputed region on the left bank of the Mekong, and that Siamese authority has been established therein by force of arms—precisely the same basis of French authority in Algeria. The Siamese case is almost identical with the French admissions. They claim this territory by right of conquest and formal occupation, while, with greater historical accuracy, they show that the conquest was consummated a hundred, and not sixty, years ago. Siam had no reason to believe that her claim over this region would be seriously challenged until a comparatively recent period ; and it was only in March of the present year that the French put forward their audacious pretension to the left bank of the Mekong. Before that, parties of Annamese who had received some military training and who were led by French officers, crossed the mountain ridge and advanced into what Siam considered, and still considers, her territory ; establishing posts at several points, and threatening, if not molesting, the Siamese ; and beginning

operations which have now developed into what may be called unofficial warfare. When the authorities at Bangkok learnt of these disturbances, and of the grave situation that was being created, they at once made a suggestion which established their good faith and which, if it had been accepted by France, would have prevented the matter attaining its present grave proportions. Prince Dewawongse, the Chief Minister of Siam, in a letter to M. Pavie, the French representative at Bangkok, suggested that a neutral zone of fifty kilomètres, extending from 13° to 19° N. latitude, should be recognised as a *status quo* pending the delimitation of the frontier. It should be stated, in proof of the moderation of the Siamese Government, that the whole of this zone was to be taken out of territory to which it believed that it possessed an indisputable title. At the same time the Siamese Minister disclaimed all intention of encroaching on Annam, and even offered to at once order the evacuation by Siamese forces of any territory to which the French would give proof that Annam had a claim. This moderation and conciliatory language did not find a response from the French representatives, who may even have concluded from the concession offered by Prince Dewawongse that the Siamese were terrified, and would yield all that was demanded. The reply of M. Pavie to this note was to the effect that France required the left bank of the Mekong as her frontier.

When the French plans were thus officially stated for the first time, the Siamese Government at once protested in the most energetic and emphatic manner against a demand that was opposed to justice, to all the previous declarations of the French themselves, and that would detach from Siam not a small district here and there, but a vast strip of country from Cambodia to China. Prince Dewawongse pointed out that this demand was not one for the mere rectification of the frontier, but for the surrender of an integral and important part of Siam—territory, in fact, almost as large as what would be left to its sovereign after the severance of the region east of the Mekong. Even in face of this unreasonable and unexpected demand, which revealed the extent of the schemes and hostility of France, the Siamese Government adopted a studiously moderate tone, and the reply of its chief representative contained the expression of Prince Dewawongse's complete confidence that France would do nothing without proof, and that Siam would wait without misgiving for the production of the evidence on which she supposed France must base such an extreme demand. At the same time Siam would recognise and conform to the *status quo* on the basis of actual possession, and she was prepared to submit any disputed point to arbitration. The French made no reply to these suggestions. Arbitration was the last thing they could wish, as their own formal engagements had put them out of court and would furnish the clearest exposal of their own unwarrantable proceedings. They resorted to the only means to

establish their case, and to attain their ends, *force majeure*; and while they prosecuted military operations on the middle course of the Mekong with greater vigour they sent the gunboat 'Le Lutin' up to Bangkok with a view of cowing the Siamese court. From first to last the difficulty has been caused by France refusing to formulate her demands upon Siam until she presented them as an ultimatum. In the region in dispute she has acted on the principle of grabbing first and talking afterwards, believing that possession is nine points of the law. It is the policy of the jumping cat waiting to see how far it may go, not from a regard for justice or from a reluctance to bully the weak, but from a doubt as to the intervention of others.

The demand of France to the left bank of the Mekong is the gravest circumstance in what is admittedly an exceedingly grave situation. It is based not merely on what is a flagrant supersession of the rights of Siam, but on a violation of all the promises made to this country by the French Government that it had no designs on the integrity of Siam. It can only make good its word by showing in the light of day that the territory east of the Mekong does not in any part belong to Siam; and this, in face of the admissions of M. de Lanessan and other French officials, is impossible. How then does France propose to establish her good faith and at the same time to achieve the object of her policy?

The importance of the surrender of the region east of the Mekong, as I shall endeavour to show, is not conducive to the attainment of French designs, for their realisation would have far-reaching consequences on the stability of our position in Burmah and the Shan States. The most sanguine French official must surely fail to convince himself that, great as is the indifference of England, she will permit the independence of Siam to be destroyed, and France to appropriate what remains under native rule of Indo-China, without calling her to account for the promises she has made to a friendly Power. The 'left bank of the Mekong' is a phrase that, however significant at Bangkok, may be thought to have little meaning in London; but in indulging such a hope, the French are presuming too much on our supposed ignorance. The left bank of the Mekong up to 15° N. lat. may not, as has been said, be worth the bones of a single British grenadier; but when it trends westward, as it does for 300 miles, towards our own Shan States, the same indifference is impossible. If the French obtained this boundary they would secure not merely an extensive but a most important region as far north as the Chinese province of Yunnan, with probably the easiest mode of reaching the whole of south-west China. The great prize that the French have in their eyes from the advance to the left bank of the Mekong, is the acquisition of Luang Prabang, the Shan or Laos State subject to Siam, which alone intervenes between British and French territory. The claim of the Siamese to most of the region between the Mekong

and the mountain range of Annam, impartially considered, is probably a good one, but it is absolutely unimpeachable in the case of Luang Prabang. If there were any doubt about it, the acts and admissions of the French themselves would establish the fact. In 1888 a joint Franco-Siamese Commission, of which M. Pavie, the present Minister at Bangkok, was the French member, visited Luang Prabang, and defined its boundaries towards Tonquin. When the French Government wished to have a Consul at this place, it was at Bangkok that the necessary representations were made, and its Consul holds his exequatur from the King of Siam. Here at least the French cannot with any decency put forward the dormant or superseded pretensions of Annam to dominion. Yet Luang Prabang is situated on the left bank of the Mekong, and its surrender is involved in Siam's compliance with the terms of the French ultimatum.

Of the importance of Luang Prabang there is also no doubt. In his masterly exposition of French policy in Indo-China, M. de Lanessan has indicated with prophetic accuracy the successive points of importance in the region of the Mekong, Stung Treng, Khong, Bassak, and, above all, Luang Prabang. In the Report of the French Commission on Tonquin Railways, it is stated that in the political and commercial control of Indo-China 'Luang Prabang will be called upon to play a preponderating *rôle*.' This appreciation of the importance of this place explains the anxiety of France to acquire the left bank of the Mekong under the plausible pretext that there is no other suitable or convenient western boundary, while she may hope for the attainment of her object by the weakness of Siam and the apathy or excessive good-nature of England. Whatever is done in this quarter can only be with a full knowledge of the admitted importance of Luang Prabang, and of the preponderating *rôle* which the French authorities intend that it shall play. If we acquiesce in the demands of France, and the Siamese Government is anxiously awaiting our decision about the territorial question, it will not be open to us to say that we did not know the importance of what we were surrendering, or that, when we advised Siam to give up all the territory claimed by France, we had no idea that we were making ourselves a party to the destruction of Siam's independence and resigning to France the premier place in the affairs of Indo-China. If a stand is to be made against the excessive encroachments of France, it can only be on the basis of maintaining the integrity of the Siamese dominions; and of these the greater portion of the territory east of the Mekong is an essential part. If we abandon that principle we shall find ourselves involved in inextricable confusion, and without a valid case for opposing the further operations of the French outside our own restricted frontier. A consideration of the ulterior plans of France will show how necessary it is to make a stand against them at the earliest possible moment and on the only sound

principle, which is established by the admissions and declarations of the French themselves, of respect for the integrity of the kingdom of Siam.

If the thought be entertained that France would rest satisfied with the left bank of the Mekong, an examination of all that the same French authorities who have acquired it have said on the subject will show that her schemes are not confined by that river. As a matter of fact, she already holds a considerable extent of territory on the right bank in Cambodia, and M. de Lanessan has put forward in a serious manner a claim to the Se Moun river as the natural boundary of French influence. The Se Moun is an important tributary of the Mekong, and on its banks is the city of Korat, the second place in the kingdom of Siam, and less than 200 miles from Bangkok. M. de Lanessan thus explains what France expects in this direction.

Cette frontière montagneuse doit être considérée par la France comme la limite naturelle de son empire indo-chinois du côté du Siam. Ayant repris les provinces du Grand Lac qui dépendaient autrefois du Cambodge, le bassin du Mékong et celui du Se Moun, nous devrions nous attacher à respecter et à protéger au besoin l'indépendance du Siam.

In this cynical avowal that it will be necessary to retake the provinces of Battambong and Angkor, which France formally recognised as Siamese by the treaty of 1867, and to establish French authority on the Se Moun, M. de Lanessan reveals how very far short of French plans the territory on the left bank of the Mekong falls, and that the independence of Siam will only be respected and protected by France when its dimensions have been reduced to the Lower Menam valley. This statement lends special significance to the demand now put forward by France that the provinces of Battambong and Angkor should be ceded to her as guarantee for the payment of an indemnity. There can be no doubt that if they were so ceded they would never be restored, and, with the complete control of the Great Lake of Tale-Sap and the left bank of the Mekong France would soon know how to acquire that possession of the Se Moun which M. de Lanessan deems necessary for the realisation of his mission in Indo-China. Well, it depends entirely on England whether this project is to be realised or not. Siam is far too weak in a military sense to offer any protracted resistance, and unless our proceedings are both prompt and vigorous we may find ourselves helpless in face of accomplished facts. The very minimum of our requirements should be that Luang Prabang is not severed from Siam, and that the provinces of the Great Lake are not assigned to France as security for any indemnity.

In forcing events, and in endeavouring to compass the greater part of the official programme at a single *coup*, the French authorities

have been impelled by the apprehension that unless they struck quickly they would lose the golden opportunity, and find fresh obstacles created in their path. The railway from the Menam to Korat, now being rapidly constructed by English engineers and capital, has disturbed M. de Lanessan, who sees all the importance of this fact, and that, unless steps are taken to counteract its effect, French influence on the Se Moun can never be established, and the trade of Eastern Siam will not be diverted to the Mekong. These considerations explain the extremities to which France has gone in her coercion of Siam with the object of losing none of the reward which she had sketched out for herself, and upon which she had so confidently been counting. The decision rests with the British Government whether she shall be allowed to accomplish her purpose, to the disadvantage of Siam and the detriment of every other European engaged in the peaceful commercial development of Indo-China. It must be recollected that France has no trade to support or advance in Siam. Her proceedings, arrogant and indefensible as they are, inflict no injury on any French subjects. Foreigners generally are discredited in Siam, the passions of the people, whose instincts are still anti-foreign, are aroused, and commercial operations are embarrassed and rendered precarious—but all this injury does not fall on French shoulders. It is we who suffer and pay the penalty for the high-handed proceedings of M. de Lanessan and his lieutenants. The blockade of the coast, the interruption of trade, and still more the profound distrust and dislike of foreigners aroused by arbitrary and unjust acts, will not cost the French any appreciable sum. The forfeits are paid by British subjects; it is their money and their interests which are at stake. Such a situation of affairs is intolerable, and, however much the reluctance of our Government to speak frankly and therefore unpleasantly to France may at first contribute to the creation of that state of things, will not be long or patiently endured.

This is not the first occasion on which France has shown by her high-handed mode of dealing with the weak States of Asia that she is regardless of the consequences to other and friendly Powers, and that she has no sense of the common obligation all Europeans owe to one another in face of peoples, like the Siamese and Chinese, who have a difficulty in distinguishing between them. Her conduct during the last war with China, when she carried on an unofficial war so that the laws of neutrality should not come into operation against her, and when by an inexcusable act of treachery her ships passed the Min forts as a friend, in order to take them in reverse as a foe, discredited Europeans generally in that country, and was one of the contributing causes to the anti-foreign riots that have more frequently occurred in the last few years. The same methods of warfare have been employed against Siam. Instead of making an attempt to gain her objects by diplomacy, by advancing proof in support of the Annamese

or her own pretensions to the left bank of the Mekong, and by accepting the repeated offer of Siam to submit the question to arbitration, France has resorted without a trace of compunction to warlike measures against a weak and nominally friendly State that are not creditable to her good name. Without a declaration of hostilities, and in callous indifference to everything Prince Dewawongse said and wrote with a view to an amicable settlement of the territorial question on the eastern side of the Mekong, the French authorities sent armed bands to attack the Siamese posts in territory which they had themselves acknowledged that the Siamese had conquered. The blood spilt in this unprovoked and unjustifiable attack is already considerable, and it will be only a natural retribution if it yet recoils on the heads of its authors. The acts performed on the Mekong have had their counterpart on the Menam, where the French gunboats sent to reinforce the 'Lutin' acted in an equally arbitrary manner, and in defiance of the treaty stipulations, to which, at least in a time of peace, it might be thought that France would show some form of respect. But her acts here were as reprehensible and as repugnant to our sense of justice as they were on the Mekong. The 15th article of the treaty of 1856 provides:—

> That French men-of-war may go up the river [Menam] and drop the anchor at Paknam; should they want to proceed to Bangkok they must inform the Siamese authorities, and arrange with them as to the place where they may anchor.

This stipulation is unequivocal, and finds expression in all the treaties of foreign States with Siam. There has never been any reluctance on the part of the other Powers to comply with it; and when Admiral Humann arrived at Paknam there was no reason for his not waiting for the necessary pass. He may have thought that the Siamese, departing from all precedent, would refuse permission, but at least he might have taken the trouble to inquire. Had he done so he would have received the communication M. Pavie is alleged to have sent him, but too late, ordering him, on the part of his Government, not to come up to Bangkok, but to remain at Paknam, when much trouble might have been averted. But, instead of conforming to usage and the treaty, Admiral Humann steamed up to the Siamese forts and engaged them. Whether the Siamese fired first or not under this provocation matters nothing in apportioning the blame, as the French admiral committed the first offence, and the Siamese officer could only interpret his proceedings as hostile. In both quarters, on the Menam as well as on the Mekong, the French acted in the same fashion, showing that the terms of the treaties would in no respect deter them from employing force when there was no danger in doing so, and when it seemed the easiest way to attain their ends. This mode of carrying out the official policy sketched by M. de Lanessan in Indo-China cannot be characterised

as agreeable to those onlookers who have material interests at stake, and who see them injured by such reckless and needless conduct.

Even if the British Government fails to show the firmness necessary to arrest French proceedings before the existence of Siam is imperilled, it is by no means certain that France will be allowed to have matters all her own way in Indo-China. China is directly interested in Siam, and has a constitutional right to intervene as its protector, and she may not be as unmindful of her duty and dignity as is assumed. Timid as have sometimes been the resolutions of her Government, it has on other occasions shown remarkable boldness and determination, and in none more so than when the question at issue relates to its connection with a vassal State. The French may be disposed to make light of this sentiment because they succeeded in subduing Annam, which was not less than Siam a tributary of China; but perhaps this sense of gratification would be diminished if they realised the disturbed condition of Tonquin, which is in a chronic state of revolt, and where what would elsewhere be called a serious engagement takes place once a month. It is even possible that the desire to recover what was lost in Tonquin may operate as an inducement in the eyes of Chinese statesmen to act with exceptional vigour in regard to Siam, which has special claims on their consideration. In the first place, Siam has paid tribute to China every three years for at least six centuries; and in the second place, one of the most flourishing Chinese colonies is located in that country. It has been estimated that half, and the richest and most prosperous half, of the population of the Menam valley is Chinese; and considering this fact it is not surprising that an ancestor of the present Chinese Emperor should have specially named it 'The Happy State of the South.' The fate of Siam is not likely to be regarded with indifference at either Pekin or Canton, and France will be undeceived if she fancies that the opposition of England, whether it prove feeble or vigorous, will be all that she has to encounter. No doubt China does not yet feel sufficiently strong to be precipitate in taking up the cause of Siam by delivering to France in her turn an ultimatum, more especially as she may reasonably think that England is equally interested in the matter; but the attempt to execute M. de Lanessan's programme will sooner or later bring China into the field, and her opposition may prove more serious than the Parisians affect to believe. Every year adds to China's power for war; and our information must be singularly at fault if she has not very skilfully undermined the French position in Tonquin. Prophesying is rash; but I have no doubt that, whether it be in ten years or in a century, China will turn France out of Tonquin; and the French, by their attempted bullying of Siam, may have expedited the date of their own discomfiture.

In the meantime it should be clear that we have sufficient material interests at stake to render it incumbent on our Government

to formulate and carry out a definite policy on the subject. Our action should not be imitative of the slow moving of China; and when we feel the obligation of speaking out, our language should be frank and easily understood. There can be no doubt that the plans of M. de Lanessan, as formulated in his public writings, and to which he is now giving effect, are incompatible with the rights and position we have acquired in Siam without injuring its people or diminishing its independence. The significance of those plans is not obscured. They aim at reducing Siam to such a state of insignificance that it will be a matter of no moment whether the remnant of that kingdom retains its nominal independence or not, and at acquiring for France the control of the trade by the Mekong, which it is hoped will prove the future outlet for the commerce of south-west China. If France can attain this latter object in a legitimate manner and without inflicting unmerited injury on the Siamese, she will not receive any adverse criticism or opposition from this country. But her present methods are not to be approved; and both our reputation and the interests entrusted to our charge compel us to protest against, and in the last resort to prevent the continuation of, acts which will bring permanent discredit on the name of all Europeans. Already it is apparent that interested Governments are anxious to make as much capital as possible out of the projects of France in Indo-China. Russia realises that they promise to embarrass this country; and, with positively indecent haste, seeing that nothing was known of the merits of the case, her ambassador at Paris hastened to assure the French Government that Russia would support France in the task of coercing a weak State, of which operation his country has had such wide experience. It is said that Russian war-vessels are to proceed to the Menam to give emphasis to this declaration; and Russia shows that she looks for the appearance of France as a fourth Great Power in Asia to tell in her favour as a set-off against China, with regard to whose power and policy Russia has good reason for feeling dubious. These wider considerations are calculated to inspire our policy in Indo-China with greater vigour, and if France decides to be made a catspaw of by Russia she will sooner or later have to pay the penalty; but for the immediate present we must only hope that Lord Rosebery will show his usual firmness, and that he will not allow the French to mislead themselves into the belief that we shall stand looking idly on while they effect the dismemberment of Siam and acquire a paramount control over the destinies of Indo-China.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

EVOLUTION IN PROFESSOR HUXLEY

So many adventures of gods and heroes, alternately defeated and restored, with so many other myths of earlier religions, merely (we are told) describe, in figurative language, the simplest physical phenomena, that most of us now expect to find 'the dawn,' or 'sunset,' latent in every one newly met with.

Our fairy-tales also may be similarly treated, but most of them will also serve to represent, under an allegory, notable events or circumstances of human life.

The history of that gentle animal, beloved of our childhood, the White Cat—an enchanted princess, doomed to bear that feline form, till freed, through the loss of head and tail, by the sharp sword of her royal lover—admits such an allegorical interpretation.

Some learned professor might tell us its real purpose was to show that pain and loss can serve to restore a noble soul, deformed by evil influences. He might also enlarge upon the text, describing how the spell-bound maid herself demands the blow, and point out we ought to learn from this that our higher aspirations should bid us brave death itself if, by a voluntary martyrdom only, we can so hasten on the triumph of 'the good, the beautiful, and the true.'

But this transformed princess, as also the Sleeping Beauty, Riquet with the Tuft, and Beauty and the Beast, all may alike serve to image forth an aspect of the Cosmos which is particularly interesting to us to-day. They all indicate, by some astonishing transformation, how everyone and everything is affected through new conditions of environment, how change pervades the universe, and how all of us must undergo a process of evolution, though not, by any means, one in the entirely beneficent direction, nor with the rapidity these fairy-tales indicate. But rapidity is essentially a relative term; and so the swift sword-stroke of the one prince or the awakening kiss of the other can quite well symbolise the slow, as well as rapid, processes of the natural world.

That universal and unceasing process of change which goes on throughout the Cosmos must affect the mind as well as the body of every one of us. Nor could a reasonable man wish that it were altogether otherwise with him, since 'to cease to change is to cease to live.'

But we naturally shrink from decay, and should do so from mental degradation, while evolution (as above said, and as everyone knows) is not universally or necessarily beneficent. Amongst the many evils around us (the existence of which none but an irrational optimist will deny) are the results of evolution in certain minds—minds which, in the battle of life, have become more and more morally degraded and intellectually darkened, and so continue till the end.

We might, in truth, put forward as an argument in favour of a brute element in our being, the fact that increasing years so often fail, in men as in monkeys, to produce any visible increase of 'sweetness and light.' On the other hand, we are most of us fortunate enough to know men in whom long life has served to ripen the most precious mental fruits.

It is the process of evolution in the mind which should above all things interest us. The great cosmic process considered as evolving suns and planets and bringing forth vegetal and sentient life is of course a wonderful and admirable process. Yet it is nothing to the formation of a single self-conscious being. So far as our knowledge extends, it is true that

> In nature there is nothing great but man:
> In man there is nothing great but mind.

Phases in the development of one human intelligence must therefore form a really nobler object of study than that of myriads of stellar orbs devoid of intellect.

But if mental processes should be thus interesting, *a fortiori* should they be so if they are those of a great expositor and apostle of the doctrine of evolution itself. Above all ought they to concern us if that expositor exercises great influence, is looked up to by multitudes of disciples, and has been in the habit of coupling with his expositions, precepts respecting matters which most of us think extremely important.

These considerations lead me to think that the time has come for some one to say a few words with respect to the process of evolution which seems to have taken place in the mind of Professor Huxley. I venture, therefore, on the following observations.

Though it cannot be affirmed that any sharp edge of criticism has transformed him as the sword-blade transformed the enchanted princess, nevertheless, some changes of aspect are, I think, to be detected in certain of Professor Huxley's recent utterances.

To these I desire to call attention, since they appear to justify the hope that ripened experience and mature reflection have called forth statements which, if (as is possible) they do not denote any consciously changed views, must surely, at the least, indicate their latent presence.

There are two matters with respect to his last publication[1] especially noteworthy: (1) The first of these concerns our ethical perceptions; the second (2) relates to the nature of man as contrasted with that of other organisms.

Besides these matters, I would also refer to certain corollaries which, in my humble judgment, result from the views he has put forward with respect to humanity and ethics.

The present inquiry is no hostile one, but is made in a spirit of sympathy—such as a decade of pleasant memories should occasion. Long ago,[2] and also recently,[3] I said: 'No one, I believe, has a greater regard for Professor Huxley than I have, and no one is more convinced than I am of the uprightness of his intentions and his hearty sympathy with self-denying virtue.'

If I may have the great satisfaction of finding that, as to ethical perceptions, he has approximated to the standpoint I long ago advocated, that satisfaction will be free from any taint of triumph. I am far too keenly aware of my own past difficulties to wonder at another intellect having been obscured by clouds which so long overshadowed my own. Indeed, the clearing away of those obscurities is indirectly due to Professor Huxley himself. Such is the case, since it was in that lecture-room in Jermyn Street—where, owing to his kindness no less than his ability, I gained much of the biological knowledge I possess—I made the acquaintance of a dear and valued friend, whose acute intellect first taught me to fully understand in what the essence of 'goodness' consists, as his virtue led me to appreciate its active exercise. But my enlightenment ultimately resulted in controversy; and, in order that my readers may be able to judge what signs of ascensive evolution Professor Huxley has lately shown, I must briefly refer to a passage of arms which took place between us one-and-twenty years ago.

I had, in a little book, then recently published,[4] contended that the process of 'Natural Selection' could never have evolved our ethical perceptions and our clear intellectual idea of 'duty' as distinct from mere feelings of 'sympathy,' 'fear,' &c. I said:—

These two ideas, the 'right' and the 'useful,' being so distinct here and now, a great difficulty meets us with regard to their origin from some common source. For the distinction between the 'right' and the 'useful' is so fundamental and essential that not only does the idea of benefit not enter into the idea of duty, but we see that the very fact of an act *not* being beneficial to us makes it the more praiseworthy, while gain tends to diminish the merit of an action. Yet this idea, 'right,' thus excluding, as it does, all reference to utility or pleasure, has, nevertheless, to be constructed and evolved from utility and pleasure, and ultimately from pleasurable sensations, if we are to accept pure Darwinism: if we are to

[1] *The Romanes Lecture*, 1893.
[2] *Contemporary Review* (Jan. 1872), p. 196.
[3] *Essays and Criticisms* (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.), ii. 101.
[4] *The Genesis of Species* (Macmillan & Co.), 1871, 2nd edition, p. 219.

accept, that is, the evolution of man's psychical nature and highest powers by the exclusive action of 'Natural Selection' from such faculties as are possessed by brutes; in other words, if we are to believe that the conceptions of the highest human morality arose through minute and fortuitous variations of brutal desires and appetites in all conceivable directions.

It is here contended, on the other hand, that no conservation of any such variations could ever have given rise to the faintest beginning of any such moral perceptions; that by 'Natural Selection' alone the maxim *fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*, could not have been excogitated, still less have found a widespread acceptance; that it is impotent to suggest even an approach towards an explanation of the *first beginning* of the idea of 'right.' It need hardly be remarked that acts may be distinguished, not only as pleasurable, useful, or beautiful, but also as good in two different senses: (1) *Materially* moral acts; and (2) acts which are *formally* moral. The first are acts good in themselves, *as acts*, apart from any intention of the agent which may or may not have been directed towards 'right.' The second are acts which are good, not only in themselves, as acts, but also in the deliberate *intention* of the agent who recognises his actions as being 'right.' Thus acts may be *materially* moral or immoral in a very high degree without being in the least *formally* so. For example, a person may tend and minister to a sick man with scrupulous care and exactness, having in view all the time nothing but the future reception of a good legacy. Another may, in the dark, shoot his father, taking him to be an assassin, and so commit what is *materially* an act of parricide, though *formally* it is only an act of self-defence of more or less culpable rashness. A woman may innocently, because ignorantly, marry a married man, and so commit a *material* act of adultery. She may discover the facts and persist, and so make her act *formal* also.

Actions of brutes, such as those of the bee, the ant, or the beaver, however materially good as regards their relation to the community to which such animals belong, are absolutely destitute of the most incipient degree of real—*i.e.* formal—'goodness,' because unaccompanied by mental acts of conscious will directed towards the fulfilment of duty.

By the examples thus given, it was surely plain that I represented the *formally* moral character of an act to reside in the *intention* wherewith it was performed, as distinguished from mere good results, and also in the goodness of that intention. This was made still plainer in my *Quarterly* article [5] on 'The Descent of Man.' Therein, to guard against the absurdity of supposing I meant that it was necessary in order that an action should be good, for its goodness to be deliberately thought of and reflected on, I said:—

An action which has ceased to be directly or indirectly deliberate has ceased to be moral as a distinct act, but it is moral as the continuation of those preceding deliberate acts through which the good habit was originally formed, and the rapidity with which the will is directed in the case supposed may indicate the number and constancy of antecedent meritorious volitions.

Professor Huxley reviewed [6] my book and this *Quarterly* article, simultaneously and at much length, in an exceedingly interesting paper entitled 'Mr. Darwin's Critics,' which I strongly advise those

[5] See *Quarterly Review*, July 1871, p. 82; and also my *Essays and Criticisms*, 1892, ii. 49.

[6] See *The Contemporary Review* for 1871; and also his *Critiques and Addresses*, 1873, p. 251.

interested in the question to read before reading my reply to it. Therein, entirely siding with Mr. Darwin, he did not hesitate to say[7] (as to my distinction between 'material' and 'formal' morality):—

For myself, I utterly reject it, inasmuch as the logical consequence of the adoption of any such principle is the denial of all moral value to sympathy and affection. According to Mr. Mivart's axiom, the man who, seeing another struggling in the water, leaps in at the risk of his own life to save him, does that which is 'destitute of the most incipient degree of real goodness,' unless, as he strips off his coat he says to himself: 'Now, mind, I am going to do this because it is my duty, and for no other reason'; and the most beautiful character to which humanity can attain, that of the man who does good without thinking about it, because he loves justice and mercy and is repelled by evil, has no claim on our moral approbation. The denial that a man acts morally because he does not think whether he does so or not may be put upon the same footing as the denial of the title of an arithmetician to a calculating boy, because he did not know how he worked out his sums.

I wondered, and I wonder still, how Professor Huxley could have written this, he having before his eyes the passage of mine, just above cited, from the article of the *Quarterly Review* which he was criticising!

However, my point now is simply to remark how far the Rt. Honble. Professor then was from assigning 'motive' as the one essential character of a good action. Most certainly, neither sympathy nor affection is always moral, and as to unconscious beneficent actions, I remarked, and repeat, How can a man 'love justice' if he cannot distinguish it from injustice? Can he appreciate 'mercy' without knowing it?

A calculating boy who does not understand arithmetic cannot be properly termed an arithmetician, whatever his automatic power of rendering solutions may be. But my opponent not only took the opposite view to this, but went still further; for he wrote[8]:—

If a machine produces the effects of reasoning, I see no more ground for denying to it the reasoning power because it is unconscious, than I see for refusing to Mr. Babbage's engine the title of a calculating machine on the same grounds.

It would be hardly possible to imagine a better illustration of the absence of discrimination between what is merely 'material' and what 'formal' in reasoning; and this defect runs singularly parallel with the absence of a like discrimination—the discrimination as to motives—in the domain of ethics on the part of Professor Huxley in 1871.

Finally, so complete was then his identification of 'duty' with 'pleasure,' that, when attempting to assume, for the moment, the position of an 'absolute moralist,' he wrote[9]:—

To do your duty is to earn the approbation of your conscience or moral sense; to fail in your duty is to feel its disapprobation, as we all say. Now is approbation

[7] *Critiques and Addresses*, p. 288. [8] *Loc. cit.* p. 281. [9] P. 289.

a pleasure or a pain? Surely a pleasure. And is disapprobation a pleasure or a pain? Surely a pain. Consequently all that is really meant by the absolute moralists is that there is, in the very nature of man, something which enables him to be conscious of those particular pleasures and pains.

Inasmuch, therefore, as Professor Huxley would then have said that the proper object of life is to do one's duty, he must likewise have thereby meant that its object also was to *escape from the pain and sorrow* consequent on its non-fulfilment. Such is the necessary consequence of identifying an ethical perception (a matter of intellect) with a 'feeling.'

But it is not a fact that every perception of duty performed, and recognised as such, is necessarily pleasurable; nor every consciousness of duty similarly violated, a painful experience.

In a perfect nature, of course, moral sentiments will always harmonise with ethical perceptions. But who is perfect? To do right is often a labour and a sorrow, and it is certainly not less meritorious on that account.

But unhappily, men sometimes take pleasure in acts which their conscience disapproves, and enjoy them the more on such very account. 'I'm a sad dog, I am, no mistake about that!' has been said, now and again, with a pleasurable chuckle of immoral self-consciousness, by men not by any means the worst of sinners.

Real merit depends exclusively on motives, and thus one and the same act may be moral or immoral, according to the direction taken by the will in performing it—as in the instances above given of the sick nurse and the woman materially an adultress.

But this ethical distinction between acts, *formally* and only *materially* good—the distinction of motive and consequent merit or guilt—is the most important distinction which it is possible for us to draw in the whole domain of human thought, from elementary arithmetic up to the highest regions of philosophy.

The reader will readily understand then my satisfaction when, on perusing the Rt. Honble. Professor's recent lecture, I read as follows [10]:—

Civilisation could not advance far without the establishment of a capital distinction between the case of involuntary and that of wilful misdeed; between a merely wrong action and a guilty one. And, with increasing refinement of moral appreciation, the problem of desert, which arises out of this distinction, acquired more and more theoretical and practical importance. . . The idea of justice thus underwent a gradual sublimation from punishment and reward according to acts, to punishment and reward according to desert; or, in other words, according to motive. Righteousness—that is, action from right motive—not only became synonymous with justice, but the positive constituent of innocence and the very heart of goodness.

The position of the absolute moralist could not be better ex-

[10] P. 11.

pressed than in those admirable words: The 'very heart of goodness' lies in action due to right motives and good will.

I add the words 'good will' because, with the attribution of guilt or merit to actions according to the motives of the doer of them, a certain freedom must also be attributed to the will itself. Moral blame or approbation cannot (as the universal custom of mankind shows) be attributed to any being destitute of all power of choice or of any control whatever over the actions he performs. Professor Huxley will not deny that 'our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events.'

An act of free will is no uncaused event. Its cause is the spontaneous self-determination of him who freely acts.

But some noble words in the recent Oxford lecture specially merit notice as containing in them an energetic repudiation of the utilitary theory of morals. They are:[11] 'We should cast aside the notion that the escape from pain and sorrow is the proper object of life.'

I will now pass to the second of the two processes of evolution which his recent writings seem to indicate as having taken place in the mind of Professor Huxley.

He and I worked simultaneously and harmoniously to show how much less the human body differs from that of an ape, than does that of an ape from any other animal.

In his work on 'Man's Place in Nature' (1863), he diverged from Cuvier and followed Linneus by including man in one order—Primates—with the apes and lemurs. In the first scientific paper I ever published,[12] I went yet further and reduced man (anatomically considered) to the rank of a section of a suborder of the Primates, for which section I first proposed the term 'Anthropoidea.'

But while the Professor took the position of an entire sympathiser with and supporter of Mr. Darwin's views as to man's origin, I have ever maintained that, in spite of the closeness of bodily resemblance, the psychical gulf between him and them constitutes a profound difference not merely of degree, but an absolute distinction of kind—one involving a difference as to origin.

The position I at once assumed, which I have unfalteringly upheld, and now maintain more confidently than ever, is that no mere process of evolutionary natural selection, no cosmic process, could ever have produced from irrational nature a being 'looking before and after'—a being who could say either 'this must be absolute truth,' or 'such is my duty and I will, or will not, do it.' It was with great satisfaction, therefore, that I perused some of the passages on this subject in the recent Romanes lecture.

[11] P. 37.

[12] *Proceedings of the Zoological Society*, 1864, p. 634. See also *The Philosophical Transactions*, 1867, p. 300.

Therein, after having affirmed [13] that the mere animal man had attained his position by the cosmic process—a view I had supported [14] in 1871—the lecturer makes the following statement [15]:—

The practice of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion it demands self-restraint; in place of thrusting aside, or treading down, all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect but shall help his fellows; its influence is directed, not so much to the survival of the fittest, as to the fitting as many as possible to survive. It repudiates the gladiatorial theory of existence.

We read also:—

Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical process. It depends (he tells us on the next page) not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it.

It is yet further said [16]—

The history of civilisation details the steps by which men have succeeded in building up an artificial world within the Cosmos. Fragile reed as he may be, man, as Pascal says, is a thinking reed: there lies within him a fund of energy, operating intelligently, and so far akin to that which pervades the universe that it is competent to influence and modify the cosmic process.

I have always maintained that the cosmic process, since it often favours the ill-doer more than the virtuous man, could never by any possibility have evolved the ethical ideal.

Professor Huxley now bears the most satisfactory witness to this truth, saying [17]:—

The thief and the murderer follow nature just as much as the philanthropist. Cosmic evolution may teach us how the good and evil tendencies of man may have come about; but, in itself, it is *incompetent to furnish any better reason why what we call good is preferable to what we call evil than we had before.*

Just so! It would be difficult to declare more emphatically that ethics could never have formed part and parcel of the general process of evolution.

But with that change, whatever it may have been, which first introduced into this planet an intellectual, and therefore ethical, nature, it is no wonder that consequences thence resulted destructive of antecedent harmonies.

Many persons deplore the ravages which the one intellectual animal (man) has effected on the fair face of nature. As a naturalist I feel this strongly, and the extinction of so many curious and beautiful forms of life which human progress occasions, is very painful to contemplate. It seems to us hateful that the harmonious results of

[13] P. 5. [14] See *The Genesis of Species*, p. 325. [15] P. 33. [16] P. 35. [17] P. 31. The italics are mine.

Nature's conflicting powers should be disturbed and upset to meet the vulgar needs of uncultured human life.

Yet reason should convince us that this sentiment is a mistaken one. We may, indeed, most reasonably regret the loss of species of animals and plants which greater care and foresight might have preserved; yet we should never forget that over the irrational world man legitimately holds sway, and that weighed in the balance with him the rest counts for nothing. The very poorest homestead, the ugliest row of cottages, the most commonplace suburb, and the manufacturer's chimney, with its grimy surroundings and furnaces which make verdure impossible, are each of them priceless in value compared with all the charms of irrational nature which the most skilful poet can depict. They are of such value, because each is an arena wherein good thoughts and words and deeds may find a place and so help on the world to fulfil what is for us its one great end.

A nature must be wonderful indeed which demands for its existence the reversal of that great cosmic process which, so far as we know, has ever and everywhere prevailed antecedently to its advent. The difference between a being of so transcendant a nature and every other must surely be something altogether different from the difference between mercury grass and a field buttercup, or between a wolf and a badger!

But the reader must not imagine I would represent Professor Huxley as an entirely conscious convert to a view opposed to that he had before advocated. Some of his utterances concord with the latter, and I cannot presume to say to which he will ultimately adhere.

Thus, as to the future of evolution, he tells[18] us—

> Some day, I doubt not, we shall arrive at an understanding of the evolution of the æsthetic faculty.

He affirms also that those who seek to find 'the origin of the moral sentiments' [the Rt. Honble. Professor's term for ethical perceptions] in evolution 'are on the right track.'

In a note[19] he declares that—

> Strictly speaking, social life and the ethical process, in virtue of which it advances towards perfection, are *part and parcel* of the general process of evolution, just as the gregarious habit of innumerable plants and animals, which has been of immense advantage to them, is so.

Is this only an inconsistent adherence to old opinions, or is it meant to be seriously maintained as an essential truth? If the latter, it nullifies all that was said as to the distinctness of the ethical process and the wonderful reversal of the great cosmic process by man! Everyone knew that gregarious creatures, such as wolves, have different

[18] P. 31.

[19] Note 19, p. 56. The italics are mine.

habits from solitary animals, such as badgers, and many know that the growth of mercury grass has consequences whereof that of the buttercup is devoid. No prophet need arise in Israel to tell us such things as these. No special university lecture was required to teach them to us, and I, for one, must decline to believe that all those eloquent expressions which have been quoted—respecting 'righteousness being the very heart of goodness'; the explicit denial[20] that evolution can teach us why good is to be preferred to evil, and the representation of the ethical, combating the cosmic process—mean no more than that a difference has been established essentially similar to that which exists between social and solitary caterpillars.

I am confident that in my interpretation I can only be doing the Rt. Honble. Professor justice, for who out of Bedlam would call the gregarious mode of growth of a patch of mercury grass, an *ethical process*? We might just as truly attribute 'calculation' to crystals, and 'amorousness' to oxygen.

Of course evolution will cause a social organism so to grow or so to act as not to destroy itself. To do this is one thing, to see that it is its *duty* so to act is quite another.

Professor Huxley informs us[21] that to his knowledge no one

> professes to doubt that, so far as we possess a power of bettering things, it is our paramount duty to use it and to train all our intellect and energy to the service of our kind.

But it is questionable whether some pessimists would not only doubt, but even deny, this assertion; and it is only too plain that, without *professing* to *doubt* it, multitudes of men and women by their actions practically *deny* it. Professor Huxley's assertion is an uncompromising 'categorical imperative,' and, of course, will receive the support of absolute morality; but whence does he derive such an ethical ideal? Man did not voluntarily and consciously invent it. It was *in* him, but not *of* him. To this it may be replied, that only developed man has such perceptions, and that the thoughtless brains of a savage are devoid of all ethical intuitions, while everyone must admit that the infant gives no evidence of their presence. But to say that because the infant does not *manifest* them it does not possess them, would be as reasonable as to say that because a field shows no sprouting corn there can be no corn beneath its surface! As to savages, I have elsewhere[22] stated my reasons for believing they have essentially the same nature that we have ourselves. If I were wrong in this, I should not regard them as men. I should not care if it could be proved that intellect and ethical perception did not anywhere exist a hundred years ago. I know that they exist *now*, and I know that a being who possesses them is, and must be, of an absolutely different nature

[20] P. 19. [21] Pp. 30–31.

[22] See *On Truth* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), chapter xix. pp. 282–294.

from one who does not. As a fact, I think few will dispute that most infants which live to adult age and many savages who come in close contact with Europeans clearly demonstrate that their '*nature*' was rational, however tardy and impeded may have been their manifestation of rationality.

But the advent of a being who has such faculties as man has, and whose career *really* conflicts with, and reverses the great process of cosmic evolution, may well have had an origin different in kind from that of every other animal—at least, so far as regards his intellectual principle.[23] For he is a being with two natures in one person, and thus it is that when we speak of 'the whole of Nature,' or 'the natural world,' a definition of our meaning is needed in order to avoid ambiguity. The term 'Nature' may be used in a broad or in a narrow sense.

In the broad sense[24] of the word, it includes man with all his powers and their effects, while in the narrow sense of the word Nature he is excluded from it.

Much may be said for the latter use of the term, since man, by his intelligence and will, is able to change the whole course of physical causation. Thus his power when contrasted with all the other powers of nature known to us, may, in a sense, be termed 'supernatural,' and he may be truly said to 'perform miracles.' So great, indeed, is the contrast and distance between man and the world of irrational nature, that it suggests now, as it suggested of old, a contrast and difference on the other side—I mean, it suggests the existence of a 'real supernatural'—of a mode of being which is raised above all human nature, as man himself is raised above all infra-human nature.

And so I come to one of the corollaries which I think results from such a change of view with respect to man as the words above quoted[25] from Professor Huxley would seem to indicate—namely, the recognition of a Divine All-perfect Creator of the world and man.

This corollary Professor Huxley seems as yet indisposed to admit, although he has elsewhere[26] spoken of man as 'here and there reflecting a ray from the infinite source of truth!' He is, as yet, plainly

[23] In my *Genesis of Species* (1871), p. 325, I said: 'Man, according to the old scholastic definition, is a rational animal (*animal rationale*), and his animality is distinct in nature from his rationality, though inseparably joined during life in one common personality. Man's animal body must have had a different source from that of the spiritual soul which informs it, owing to the distinctness of the two orders to which these two existences severally belong. . . . That the first man should have had this double origin agrees with what we now experience. For, supposing each human soul to be directly and immediately created, yet each human body is evolved by the ordinary operation of natural physical laws. . . . Man is, indeed, compound; in him two distinct orders of being impinge and mingle; and with this composite nature an origin from two concurrent modes of action is congruous, and might be expected *à priori*.'

[24] The sense used by me in my *Lessons from Nature* (John Murray), 1876.

[25] See p. 205.

[26] See *Man's Place in Nature*, p. 112.

indisposed to admit it, because he declares [27] that the existence of evil is incompatible with the existence of an omnipotent and infinitely beneficent Cause.

But, assuming the existence of evil to be to us inexplicable, we are but thereby landed in a choice of difficulties, between which, it seems to me, no rational man should for one moment hesitate.

One difficulty is the existence of a complex Cosmos, which could never have been naturally selected, and whereof intelligence and goodness (in ourselves) form part, without an adequate cause—*i e.* without God.[28] To regard this non-theistic view as a possibility is, in my eyes, the acme of irrationality.

The other difficulty is the possible accord with God's infinite goodness, of evil, permitted for purposes we cannot conceive of, and due to attributes higher than, though not inconsistent with, beneficence. How anyone, who has not the presumption of pretending to understand what God is, can really find this second difficulty a serious one, is to me amazing.

Christianity can supply not only an explanation but also a profound consolation for the troubles of this life, and mere ordinary experience shows us that things we have now and then desired would, if obtained, have been baneful for us, as also that apparent evils have been blessings in disguise. Professor Huxley, indeed, very truly says [29] :—

> That there is a soul in things evil is unquestionable; nor will any wise man deny the disciplinary value of pain and sorrow.

On this we have often insisted; but none the less we are from asserting that ours is the best of all possible worlds. All I would affirm is that God must have created a Cosmos such as to respond most fitly to the intention of a Being infinite in intelligence and goodness, but also possessing attributes of which we can have no conception whatever.

Heartily do I echo Professor Huxley's denunciation of the words, 'Whatever is, is right,' as opposed to all our noblest aspirations, and most true is his remark [30] that—

> To the man with an ethical ideal, the world, including himself, will always seem full of evil.

But the teaching of the lecture, as a whole, is a depressing one. Many years ago Professor Huxley taught [31] that in 'sadness' lay 'the essence of all religion,' and little comfort is to be gained from his latest utterance. He tells us [32]: 'The theory of evolution

[27] *Romanes Lecture*, p. 23.

[28] As to 'Natural Selection' in this relation, and as to adequacy and the eternity of the Cosmos and its Cause, see *On Truth*, chapter xxvi. pp. 450-499.

[29] P. 25. His difficulty rather concerns the merely animal world. As to this question, space does not allow me to do more than refer my readers to my book *On Truth*, p. 471.

[30] P. 54. [31] *Lay Sermons* (1870), p. 15. [32] P. 36.

encourages no millennial anticipations.' This is true, indeed; and though the world's existence may seem long when measured by the span of a human life, it is but 'a flash in the pan' compared with the infinite ages. And if we suppose the cosmic process to continue indefinitely, and suns, with their attendant planets so to pulsate into and from separate existence, yet it promises nothing for all mankind but absolute annihilation and utter nothingness.

The Oxford lecturer, however, discoursing on truly 'vain philosophy,' predicts a mere recurrence of pulsations for the best human thought. Its modern form, he tells us,[33]—

is making a fresh start from the base whence Indian and Greek philosophy set out; and, the human mind being very much what it was six and twenty centuries ago, there is no ground for wonder if it presents indications of a tendency to move along the old lines to the same results.

The human mind is, of course, very much what it was, but it has now what then it had not—the light of Christianity to aid its progress. Its influence has ground and sharpened the weapons of the intellect as they have never been ground and sharpened before. No doubt, the prejudices which have grown up under the teaching of Descartes and Locke, which have been intensified by Berkeley, and which culminated in Hume, will continue to dominate those who cannot extricate themselves from that sophistical labyrinth wherein I was once myself imprisoned. The labyrinthine spell, which makes escape impossible, consists in the words: 'We can be supremely certain of nothing but our own present feelings.' Hypnotised by this formula, the victims fancy they cannot know with certainty their own substantial and continuous existence. But the spell is at once dissolved by the recognition that such feelings are *not* primary declarations of consciousness, but simply the result of an act of reflection parallel with that which tells us of our own persistent being.[34]

The dreams of Brahmanism and Buddhism, Ionian philosophy, Idealism, which may be called the philosophy of Janus,[35] and the noble inconsistencies of pantheistic Stoicism are all impossible for those who have come to apprehend the truths enshrined in Christian philosophy.

It would be an important approximation towards that philosophy on the part of the second Romanes lecturer, if those words of his I

[33] P. 29.

[34] It is, of course, impossible in these pages to draw out the reasons which justify the above assertion. For them the reader is referred to my book *On Truth*, chapters i. ii. and ix.

[35] Because the system can readily be inverted so as to become materialism. Its materialistic face belongs to it as properly as does its idealistic visage. Professor Huxley says (p. 19): 'Granting the premises, I am not aware of any escape from Berkeley's conclusion.' Neither am I. But I am no less unaware of any necessity to accept those premises, the truth of which I unhesitatingly deny.

have here cited signify an acceptance of the distinction between what is 'formal' and what only 'material' in the sphere of ethics on the one hand, and an appreciation of the essentially distinct nature of man on the other. His expressions seem to me to justify the hope that the process of mental evolution has in him had this result.

I cannot, however, regard them as decisive. It may be I have been deluded by my earnest wish that those words,

Whose faith and work were bells of full accord,

which have been said of a valued friend of us both, may one day also be said of him. If, however, I have been mistaken, I shall not on that account cease to hope that ultimately my wish will be fulfilled.

For my own part my conviction grows ever stronger that, though corporeally man is but a sort of ape, his intellectual nature is so distinct that, thus considered, there is more difference between him and the orang than between the latter and the ground beneath its feet.

But high as he is raised above the rest of Nature, the very limitations of his reason, considered in the light of the highest ethical aspirations of his being, demand something beyond Nature—a Divine revelation.

This is what the higher races of mankind seem to me to have, consciously or unconsciously, sought and striven for, from the dawn of history till the advent of Christianity. The acceptance of that revelation (of course without the surrender of a single truth of physical, biological, historical, or any other science) is, I believe, the logical outcome of the Theistic corollary implied by that power of ethical intuition which so forcibly proclaims both the responsibilities and the dignity of man.

St. George Mivart.

THE FUTURE OF EDUCATION

Some months ago it was my privilege to speak out in this Review concerning the defects of modern education. What I said excited both warm assent and lively opposition, and was made the text of more than one amusing essay, wherein, with the complacent self-eulogy that marks this age, it was triumphantly shown that my alarms were only veiled pessimism, and that not only what was actual, but what was possible, in the way of progress justified our greater hopes, and taught us to condone what was amiss or defective. We were told we must make the best of our materials; that we cannot expect deep or thorough learning in the masses, but that the spread of what is called modern education had added greatly to the comfort and the respectability of the lower classes. There seemed, moreover, a strong tendency in my critics to assume a democratic tone even in learning, to deny that we should spend time or money in keeping up a select minority, a superior society pursuing knowledge for its own sake, and apart from practical applications. There was an evident tendency to look upon university extension lectures, cheap evening classes, standard examinations for the masses, degrees by mere examination, and other such travesties or parodies on real education, as the distinction or even the glory of the generation, instead of its reproach. Far from striving to bring back education into its old condition—a contact between individual human minds, the teacher and the taught, where the former not only tells facts, but inculcates ways of thinking—these people desire it to be made more and more impersonal, a perfect machine where an anonymous paper is answered by a cipher candidate, and where marks are given on such mechanical principles, that when the mistakes are ascertained, any clerk can tot up and apportion the credit. We used to speak of a great provost, a great tutor, a great professor—men who perhaps wrote no books, and yet left their stamp upon a whole generation of students. But it cost both money and time to go and live under their influence. Now the poor worker in some City garret who goes down periodically to a public hall to hear a youth giving extension lectures, and then gets examined with 5,000 others in sections, which cover every manufacturing centre in England, this modest and diligent creature is to be

ranked as equal, or superior to, the university man of a former age. Text-books are so good, and science (the only subject fitted for such treatment) is so precise, that any person anywhere can read his book, and any intelligent paper will find out whether he knows it. What more do you want? And so you will get rid of all the folly and the vanity of an aristocracy in letters, of a class who look upon the public as outside the bounds of real refinement, and as incapable of enjoying the higher pleasures of the select minority.

I am not concerned to defend myself against the charge of disliking and even despising such a prospect. It leads us into the melancholy path of so-called progress, which Mr. Pearson has so ably presented to us in his remarkable book. It means the triumph of average mediocrity, or, at all events, of docility, and the extinction of genius, if, indeed, it be possible for man to extinguish that 'candle of the Lord.' What was urged in my last paper, and what need not be further urged here, was simply this: Let us have teaching, and not examining; let us have men, and not machinery, for our educators; and let us not, under the guise of democratic fair play, saddle ourselves with a system of competition which seems to be designed expressly for the rich. For never was there a time when the intellectual prizes offered by our public service required so imperatively the outlay of capital to attain them.

But now let me deal with those fairer critics who urged that mere complaints are not practical. Admitting that the condition of things in education is bad, and that our Education Department is going on either blindly or ignorantly, can nothing be done in detail to mend the matter? If we cannot obtain at once a great and radical reform, should we not at least make such suggestions as may lead our directors into some better way? Is your whole province criticism, and not instruction?

In reply to these questions, it may be urged, in the first place, that, without detailed criticism, men will not admit, or even recognise, the vices of the existing systems. Nor is any real improvement possible till these vices are clearly admitted. Contrition is the necessary antecedent to repentance. Otherwise, all proposals to alter and improve are met with the objection that great changes have already been made, that splendid results have already been obtained, and that we have only frightened ourselves with a bugbear of our own invention. If this point is not clearly made out, if it is not admitted that reformation is really required, all suggestions are idle. On the other hand, every practical educator must admit that, to reverse a large policy, to go back on measures once adopted, and endeavour to start again as if nothing had happened, is well-nigh impossible. If your horses are bolting, you had far better hold the reins and guide them, than either jump out, or then stand in the way and try to stop them.

I will therefore suggest what seems to be feasible as regards the various branches of the subject, while reminding the reader earnestly that education is no panacea for human ills. It will not banish crime; still less will it secure happiness; nay, rather, it is quite certain, as it is now carried on, to create a large spread of unhappiness, of a type most difficult to cure—I mean the unhappiness of Discontent. Let us begin, then, with primary education. This is what we consider the boon demanded by the poor, and from which nobody should be excluded. The three R's may be admitted as fit for everybody, and I am not disposed to quarrel with those who insist that they must be forced on everybody. I will only remark upon this that there are many cases of children going to school for six years, and not learning to read. Such cases are before me at present, even in Ireland, where the children are far more intelligent (on the average) than they are in England.

But the first question to be answered is this: Do you mean to make this primary education of the simplest kind a thing definite and inclusive or is it to be only the introduction to something higher and more various? Are you going to have higher classes in the primary schools, and additional subjects, so that poor boys and girls may be tempted to attack other studies than those necessary to a life of manual labour? The popular notion holds all education to be one, or at least homogeneous, and all its grades the ascending steps of a ladder, reaching from earth to heaven. But these modern democrats seem also to hold the old absurdity of Rousseau and his school, copied into the preamble of the American Constitution, that all men are equal in rights and capabilities. Inequality is, and ever must be, the first condition of any society. There must always be labouring classes, serving classes, whose food is earned by physical exertion, for most of which other people pay them. 'The poor,' says our Lord, 'ye have always with you.' Will it make this large and permanent class better able to perform their functions to society if you give them a smattering, say of French, or of that jumble of science called geology, and make them believe that, under possible circumstances, they might rise from their humble station, and rival those whom they now see with higher knowledge, and apparently with greater leisure? Surely, though we may specialise in higher education, and allow each pupil to work at what he chooses, or likes best, with the poorer and more ignorant classes it is imperative to choose for them what they ought to know, and to restrict our general system to something clear, definite, and almost universally attainable. The plan which induces those who are only learning the three R's to believe that they are inferior to others, that their education is incomplete, that if they studied Latin, and French, and Euclid they would be happier and earn higher wages—this plan must conduce both to the bad and imperfect studies, and to much unreasonable discontent.

But what, the modern theorist will ask, are we to do for those, even of the lowest class, who turn out too good for their primary school; to whom Nature has given, if not genius, at least mental endowments far above the average? Are we not to provide him with a chance of perfecting his education, and rising to higher things? Certainly; but let us understand clearly what it is 'to have his education completed,' and what the higher things are to which he should attain. The present system tends to put him into a different kind of school—what is called a grammar school—and teach him things which will probably turn him into an inferior member of another class, whereas what we should teach him is to become a really superior man in the class to which he belongs. The real way to promote happiness in any society is to raise a class, not to raise its best members out of a class. The best means for this great end I take to be the establishment of proper technical schools, which will teach the thinking members of any class, especially of the lowest, to do the work set before them more intelligently and thoroughly than before.

In a public criticism of my former article, the Duke of Abercorn remarked that I had wholly omitted the topic of technical schools. This omission will now be repaired. But let us understand clearly that technical schools should include widely diverse kinds of teaching. There is no better or more useful technical school, for example, than a good cookery class, in which young women of the poorer sort are taught to make intelligent use of simple materials, and so contribute both to the economy and comfort of their homes. In Ireland, especially, where the lower classes either reject, waste, or spoil the best materials by their scandalous ignorance of the first principles of decent cookery, such training may fairly be regarded as second to none in practical importance. But to introduce into such technical teaching principles of hygiene, the chemistry of fermentation, &c., is surely useless and absurd. Such teaching should be purely practical. A school of engineering is a technical school of another kind. Here we must presuppose some knowledge of both pure and applied mathematics, and the proper place for such a school is in connection with a university, where the arts course gives the necessary knowledge of theory, before the student comes to handle his materials as an engineer. There should therefore be a clear division established between primary and secondary technical schools; or if, as I think is usual, the term technical school is confined to the primary or practical kind, let us insist that this is a different thing from a professional school, and intended to train a different class in a different way. Schools for shorthand writing and for practical telegraphing, which require more ordinary intelligence and quickness of hand, are very useful primary technical schools for a city population. But here, again, we have a danger that our poorer country children will be taught that these city occupations are more noble as well as more

lucrative than the duties of intelligent agriculture. There is good reason to believe that such an ancient and honourable pursuit as the tilling of the soil suffers so much from ignorance, and from the contempt into which the ignorance of farmers has brought it. It is as old as the book of Ecclesiasticus for the man of books to exclaim: How can he have wisdom whose talk is of bullocks?

It is a practical fallacy that because pastoral and agricultural work *can* be done by ignorant people, that neither of them deserves an intelligent study. Yet anyone who has seen one clever tenant farmer on an estate raise himself to opulence while all his neighbours, with the same capital and means, remained paupers, will feel at once how much could be done by raising the intellectual level of the grazier and the farmer. In Ireland, at all events, one may say confidently that the loss occasioned by useless fences, neglected weeds, and the mere delays of idleness deprive the population of half the produce of their farms.[1]

So also cottage gardening could be taught in a primary technical system, and if arrangements were made to instruct smart country boys in the art of ploughing or working with the newer machinery upon farms, in the art of growing vegetables and such kindred occupations, the general character and the comfort of our rural population might be vastly improved. The organisation of such a system of technical instruction in country districts would no doubt require great skill and, at the commencement, both outlay and patience on the part of the State; but, so far as I know, no real improvement of this kind was ever sudden or cheap. Some beginnings of this kind have been made, mostly by private benevolence, in the department of sea-fishing, and the results already attained show that in Ireland at least an industry of the first order has been lying idle for want of intelligence and thrift. But it is all-important to note that many isolated attempts, perfectly successful so long as they were watched and controlled by the originator, have died out as soon as he grew weary or died. It seems to require some generations of training to create a hereditary instinct of work in classes which have been from time immemorial thriftless, improvident, and idle. Probably the quickest road to an enduring improvement is to import new blood and promote intermarriages of intelligent immigrants with the natives.

But, quite apart from all these special contrivances to make the eternal duties of the country poor not only more lucrative, but more honourable, and therefore more efficiently performed, there is the general duty lying upon us that, when we teach all our population to read, we shall put something worth reading within their reach.

There is, perhaps, no more serious outcome of all our efforts at primary education than this: we know perfectly well, and without

[1] Of course I am speaking generally. There is an occasional oasis of good farming in Ireland which astonishes the traveller. The best example of it known to me is the neighbourhood of Ballindrate, between Strabane and Raphoe.

doubt, that most of what poor people read is not only not improving, but positively injurious to them. For what is the nature of our cheap literature? It is indeed true that of recent years an occasional spirited publisher has produced sixpenny volumes of great authors, and created for them a very great circulation.[2] But our cheap literature means the penny press, and those weekly papers which season their news with allusions or direct references to the immoralities of modern society. The penny papers are bad enough, inasmuch as they are one and all party papers, whose mission in politics is to justify and laud everything which one side does, while they censure or ridicule every act of the other. Gross partiality and the unfairness which arises from partiality are therefore ingrained in all our political daily papers. To supply such stuff is surely not to give our poorer classes any education in politics. Nor is it a practical answer to urge that they can readily read both sides, and then judge between them. Not one in a thousand, even of our educated classes, makes it his habit to read both sides and study daily two opposite newspapers, far less is it to be expected that those who have only the elements of letters will either care, or be able, to weigh the competing falsehoods, and extract from mis-leaders in opposing prints the true and sober guidance which an impartial critic might afford them. They will rather learn to misinterpret the motives and malign the action of those whom they have been taught to regard as their political opponents. So far, therefore, is the fashionable Radical theory —that the great hope of the future lies in the political education of the people—from being true that we may almost assert the opposite as being practically true: education in politics through the daily press is an immoral education, for it gives daily lessons in unfairness, and tends not to efface but to ingrain the prejudices of ignorant men.

The remedy for these evils is obvious enough, but the application of it almost hopeless. And yet if we will not be weary of well-doing, and always keep before us a high ideal, we may in the end effect some real improvement. The first thing we have to do is to provide not only in our towns, but in country districts, sound free libraries, where all those who have aspirations beyond the mere daily wants of their material lives may find spiritual food by contact with great spirits—novelists, poets, historians, essayists. This, and not the passing of standards, or the competing for prizes, is the true way to enlarge the education of those among our poor who are fit to receive more than the rudiments of letters. A small minority only can ever be expected to take advantage of it, but as regards the rest it is perfectly idle to attempt anything more than to give them the means of learning technically what will support them. To force all human beings into the same mould is the great blunder of all the modern schemes.

[2] I refer especially to Messrs. Macmillan's edition of Charles Kingsley's works, of which copies were bought up to a million.

The establishment, however, of a large system of free libraries—in the country even of lending libraries—will avail but little until we wean the people from seeking for mental excitement in the daily press, or still more in that odious weekly press which would have no existence were it not for murder, adultery, theft, and calumny.

To exclude these promoters of immorality from the reading-rooms of our libraries is perfectly idle so long as people want to read them; for the readers will soon desert the library for the pothouse or the street-corner, where one reads out the tale of prurience or crime, while the rest enjoy the excitement. To improve this bad taste, to engender in the poor a dislike for those vulgar romances which teach them to misunderstand society beyond them, is a task probably beyond the power of any social reformer the world has yet seen. But, nevertheless, the theory of moral improvement is clear enough, and must not be set aside because the practice is difficult and for the present impossible.

There is, then, no use in teaching our people to read unless they have access to reading which will improve them, and such reading should be supplied to them freely. There is but little use in supplying such reading if the ground is already occupied with unwholesome and mischievous mental food. To destroy the taste for the latter and to breed a desire for something purer is the necessary condition of any real improvement in those among the poor who try to think and try to read for themselves. That all the poor should do so is not to be expected in the present conditions of human intellect, and if they did the results would certainly be disastrous.

If the foregoing arguments be correct, they point therefore to the establishment of a large system of primary technical education and a large system of local libraries (excluding newspapers) as the best means of enlarging and promoting our primary education. So far as private reading goes, we should give the people access to a more varied stock of knowledge than they can now command; so far as instruction goes, we should by no means enlarge the number of subjects, but see that those which are all-important are thoroughly taught.

Let us now turn to the higher branches of education, the universities, and the grammar schools, which have always stood in close connection with them. Indeed, as the one leads to the other, we may attain our conclusions by considering university and higher technical education first, and drawing our references regarding higher schools from what we have established concerning the ultimate stages of instruction. Anyone who has read my former article need not be reminded that I exclude altogether those mere examining bodies which are sham universities, which no sensible educator now supports. The present agitation in London, under the very shadow of the most honest and respectable among them, presupposes that London has no university, and a recent Commission has been inquiring how such a

thing can be founded in the metropolis.[3] The problems discussed before the Commission are the very problems which fall within the scope of this paper, so that I shall now put into a terser form what I urged there, as a witness.

The old universities, with the number and division of the subjects for a liberal education fixed for them by long mediæval tradition, have found themselves in this country faced by a great and growing difficulty. Numbers of new sciences and new requirements in knowledge have arisen. The man who wants to turn to practical life after his college days are over claims some practical preparation for his profession. If this lie, as it generally does, outside the traditional arts course, is he right in demanding that the universities shall accommodate themselves to the variety and detail of modern professions, and supply him with what training he requires in any or all of them? or shall we tell him that university education is one thing, and technical and professional training another; that if he demands the former, he must submit to learning things deemed useless by the public, and in any case so purely theoretical; that the application of them to practice is a separate thing, to be attained by subsequent training or experience? Shall we march with the age, and bid for the favour of the masses, by making our universities include technical teaching of all sorts, or shall we run the risk of having our ancient seats of learning thrust aside as an antiquated and expensive machinery for doing badly what is done better and more cheaply by other means? The problem is by means easy of solution, and there is much to be said on both sides.

Let us, in the first place, get rid of some popular mistakes arising from confusion of thought. There are many who think that a university should be the home of universal knowledge, where a student should be able to learn all and every branch of human learning. That is of course an exaggerated, and therefore false, view: under no circumstances was the old conception of a university to include more than the full range of *liberal* studies, and all such pursuits as trades and handicrafts were beyond its scope. But now the boundary-line between handicrafts and scientific pursuits is becoming effaced; the engineer, for example, may be either operative or a man of science—he is even sometimes both—and so this limitation is not very clear or easily defined.

This vagueness of theory leads, however, to a very serious practical mistake. Assuming that a liberal or university education implies

[3] The Commission should have worded its object correctly. Instead of proposing to inquire into the proposed establishment of a 'teaching university in London,' it should be 'of a university' in London. To dissociate the term university from the term teaching is to separate a species from the essential difference which constitutes it. Granting degrees is not essential to a university, and even now there are degrees granted by other authorities, *i.e.* the Archbishop of Canterbury may grant a degree in Music.

general knowledge, we find people who ought to know better insisting that an education which omits teaching in modern languages and natural sciences and political economy is incomplete, and so not only our universities, but our public schools, are invaded by teachers of all sorts of subjects, and our old university courses confounded by the insertion of new and divers requirements, so that the student who was formerly thought well enough trained by pure mathematics must now know physics; he that formerly studied but Latin and Greek must now make English a business, and read the poets not as a privilege, but as a task. We hear intelligent men who have grown grey in the business of education putting forth gravely the following kind of mischievous fallacy: Is it not disgraceful that a young man should leave a place of liberal education without knowing how a locomotive works, or without being able to read a French or German book, or without understanding the composition of the rocks in a mountain chain, or without knowing the origins of his native language and literature? or what not? Each one of these questions suggests an affirmative answer, and makes the vulgar public wonder how the benighted mediævalism of the schools has been tolerated. When they all come together, even an ordinary fool can see that the programme is as chimerical as Mr. Gladstone's programme of 1893, and that, like the child who tries to secure more than the hands will hold, we are likely to drop the best things, and earn not wealth, but dissatisfaction. Hence come such follies at our schools as the apportioning of perhaps two hours in the week to teaching a great and complicated subject such as French or chemistry! The schoolmasters are rather coerced than criminal. Silly parents who have heard the above questions put with that air that precludes a negative answer as absurd, say their children must learn French and physics, so the schoolmasters must pretend to do it. But let anyone who knows French go through the sixth forms of our public schools, which are the best, and find me three boys per cent. who, with every desire to be lenient, can be described as knowing anything worth knowing about the language.[4] And so of the rest of all these subjects so necessary for every man of liberal education to know. The old doctrine that all we can teach the young out of the infinite of what can be known, is *how to know one or two things, so that while the knowing of other things may be made easier, the knowing of other things inaccurately may be despised*—this doctrine seems almost driven out of the world.

Let us now come back to the principles which must underlie the discussion. In the first place, there is a limit to the number of subjects which a university, however complete, can or ought to teach, officially. Secondly, there is a still further, a narrower limit to the number of subjects which it should allow a student to learn.

[4] Excluding, of course, such as have spoken it for years as infants, and who have not yet forgotten to use it under their school training.

As regards the first, I will not deny that the pressure of modern science may compel us to extend somewhat the old curriculum. It is impossible; for example, to exclude the theoretical teaching of electrical science, a subject occupying a very small place in the knowledge of the last century. But whether there should be professors of, and teaching in, modern languages, such as French and German, is far more open to question. A professor of the Romance languages, who does work on the lines of Dietz, or one of Teutonic speech, is another thing. But to supplement the duties of idle parents, and incompetent nurses and governesses, by teaching lads in the university, or rather by pretending to teach them, a practical use of French and German, is to degrade universities into inefficient primary schools. To provide a special training in agriculture—a question now under discussion in Cambridge and in Dublin—is to make the other mistake, and to endeavour to teach men what they can and ought to learn afterwards. But here, again, so far as the pure sciences of chemistry and botany may tend to make a man a more intelligent farmer, so far he may study them theoretically at his university. Our professional schools in universities, which are rapidly replacing the old *faculties*, are in great danger of becoming too practical, and so admitting all manner of collateral and non-liberal studies. They ought not and cannot fit a man completely for practical life. Above all, they must resist the absurd fallacy that, because it is disgraceful for an educated man to be ignorant of this or that subject, therefore they are bound to cram each and every one of them into their curriculum. I have known a very great physician who only acquired a practical knowledge of botany late in life, and never knew the Latin names of that science beyond what he picked up from imitating the prescriptions of his seniors. It was to the great credit of his teachers that they allowed him to spend his time in clinical work, instead of 'fooling round to lectures of dried plants.' And yet is it not shocking, exclaims the doctrinaire, that a man should be prescribing the use of drugs of which he knows nothing whatever in nature? Let us answer boldly: it is not shocking. On the contrary, it is shocking to worry and weary out the student with accumulations of courses and of lectures which occupy his whole day, to the exclusion of all time for thinking, or pursuing any inquiry of his own. The recent action of the Medical Council, insisting upon a five-year course (instead of four) for medical students, is a grave blunder of this kind. Piling on the fuel only puts out the fire.

The universities, at least, should not give way to the weakness of taking up every new fad in science, like an elderly beauty who dreads to be behindhand in the fashions because she feels her charms are no longer undisputed. Thus we learned our classics far better and more thoroughly before the faddists inflicted on us papers on Comparative Philology—a so-called science in which nearly every principle

once recognised has been exploded, so that the great works of one generation wander into the waste-paper basket of the next. Of the same sort is the modern fashion of infecting the study of history with that of political economy and other modern science, in which the first great pioneer still holds his place on our bookshelves, but in which few principles have been steadily maintained, and concerning which authorities even now show irreconcilable differences. And so far the political economists may have succeeded in making our histories drier; they have not succeeded in making them better. In fact, the great qualities for an historian—psychological insight and a vivid imagination—are rather marred by the cold view which estimates men as only items in averages. A careful and accurate study of the facts is perhaps more easily attained without the bias of modern theories. Even if the reader will not agree with me concerning these examples, I am content if he will sanction my principle: not only can universities, or the highest liberal education, never embrace everything that should be known, especially the practical studies of life—they should not even hamper the great old studies, in themselves a very excellent and acknowledged mental training, with appendages of novel origin and doubtful value.

All these arguments will seem most convenient to the specialist, who says to us: 'Very well; I quite agree with you that we are overtaxing our youth and burdening it with many idle studies, which only spoil the thorough knowledge of anything. That was always our view. But I differ with you about limiting the scope of the universities. If they have the means of paying for teachers of all sorts, why not do so? But, far from requiring every student to study a number of different things, let us specialise him; let him take up what suits him and what he prefers. Then insist upon a high standard in *that*, and you will turn out more competent and useful men than you do on the present system. What is the use of an engineer learning Greek, or a theologian mathematics? And this falls in perfectly with your second principle: that there must be a limitation of the subjects taught to each student. Better learn one thing well than three or four badly.' This principle has been so far admitted in both Oxford and Cambridge that, after a very slight test in arts, which they call their Moderations, or Little-go, almost any student is allowed to devote the rest of his course to one subject only; and so we have university men turned out who have not an inkling of astronomy, or ethics, or psychology or mechanics, provided they obtain a creditable degree in Latin or Greek, in law, or modern history.

Is this, then, to be our ideal of a reformed university? Is it to be a conglomerate of schools—nay, even of schools scattered over the country, whose students have no bond save that they come in the same halls for examination, and get a degree pretending to be of

uniform value? Are we to have university men meeting together and calling themselves alumni of the same Mater who have not a single point in common? Is this our notion of a liberal education, that it breeds for us specialists hopelessly ignorant beyond their often narrow sphere? If there be any difference between a technical and a liberal education, it surely lies here. As, therefore, I have been insisting that in all proper education we should limit the number of subjects we undertake to teach each student, so now I take the other side, and insist that every student who receives a liberal education must be taught a certain number of subjects, *whether he likes them or not.* To urge, as many do, that a boy ought only to learn what he has a taste for, is to throw an ægis over sloth and incompetence. The only thing boys generally have a taste for is for amusing themselves; many of them have a taste for mere idleness;[5] only a very small minority have a taste for any definite serious pursuit, and if they have, they will prosecute it under any circumstances. The first step in any education is to recognise that it means drudgery—*improbus labor*, as the Latin poet calls it—and that no human mind has attained anything in the way of training till it can apply itself with vigour and patience to subjects for which it has no liking. Nor is it the least true that men never succeed at studies unless they have a taste for them. The first Lord Redesdale left it on record that he had never met a successful man at the Bar who had taken to the law because he felt for it a natural aptitude. Every one of his successful contemporaries had gone to the Bar from the mere desire of making a livelihood, and in the process of earning their bread had attained a taste for, or a mastery in, their profession. It may, therefore, be laid down as an axiom that, until a man has learned to apply his mind intelligently and without friction to whatever problem is set before him, he is not properly educated. A lad who has been trained to do that, though he may have only learnt it through two or three subjects, is a better man than he who has been lectured upon 'all the subjects which an educated man ought to know,' and therefore knows none of them. This being premised, we come to the question what the compulsory subjects in a liberal education ought to be. The answer has been prepared for us by the wisdom and experience of many generations; and I cannot see that any improvement in principle has yet been made upon it. The largest example of a bustled-up modern education, on the new principle that democracy is to prevail even there, and everybody is to choose what he likes, is the education given by many modern universities in America. I doubt that anyone in Europe would urge us to follow that example. The mediæval idea—things are not

[5] Like the schoolboy who boasted that he had already begun his preparation for his medical studies at the age of fifteen. This interesting preoccupation with his future profession was found to consist in *giving up Greek*.

necessarily false or antiquated because they were discovered in the Middle Ages—is broadly this: no man is educated till he has learned the structure of some language beyond his mother-tongue, and till he has learned to frame a scientific demonstration. For this purpose the wisdom of centuries has selected the terse, logical, well-understood Latin grammar, and the simple demonstrations of plane geometry and algebra. I do not advocate the retention of Euclid any more than that of the Eton Latin Grammar. But the two subjects are not to be superseded; not, indeed, for the shallow reason given by Mill in his *Inaugural Address*, that one makes you think accurately, and the other gives you elegance of form. To write a correct piece of Latin prose is, in the first place, as thorough an exercise in reasoning, as thorough a feat in accuracy, as any demonstration in Euclid. To recast one language into another, to avoid all the blunders and inaccuracies which beset the employment of a foreign language, is a mental exercise which has no parallel as a general mental training in accuracy, in watchfulness, in the general logic of reasoning. Therefore it was—or, at least, not without—this consideration that J. H. Newman said to me, when he was an old man, that, in his experience, the best way to teach a boy to write English was to make him write Latin prose. All the earlier masters of English were taught in this way; nor does it seem likely, when we read the writings of the modern 'English scholars,' that we shall decide in favour of a scientific teaching of our mother-tongue as an adequate alternative. No living language, as has often been observed since Kant first said it, can replace a dead one for this purpose; for its grammar is modified and disturbed by use, and the standards of excellence are sure to vary with succeeding generations. But, in learning the principles of Latin, as in learning geometry, it is not, as with those sciences above adduced as faulty subjects of instruction, where the son must unlearn what his father has taught him.

If the principle be admitted, it is not here necessary to go into further detail, and argue the vexed question whether Greek should be compulsory or not; whether applied mathematics should be insisted upon as they are in Dublin, or ignored as they are in Oxford, as requisite for every degree in arts. It is enough to insist that every boy who desires a liberal education must undertake to learn things he does not like, and things useless if regarded from the lowest standpoint; so every university worthy the name should insist upon a homogeneous course for every one of its students. That those who have satisfied the requirements in this direction should be allowed to specialise, and prosecute one subject far beyond the rest, is but reasonable. But a university man ought to mean a man of a distinct type, and for that purpose the training of all such men should be to a considerable extent homogeneous. It is

most desirable that every soldier who has the gifts and the ambition for it should become an accomplished swordsman or marksman, but that does not in the least abolish the necessity for the ordinary drill, without which no man can be called a soldier, however he may be skilled in certain military accomplishments. The great danger threatening the old and real universities in the present day is that they will sacrifice this essential homogeneity of type to the clamour for practical teaching, for specialising, indeed for teaching at the universities boys who have received no proper education at the schools. No doubt, the old colleges will be far richer if they go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in; but will they remain respectable? And when they cease to be respectable, will they maintain the struggle with those special teachers created by the competitive system?

If these be the principles adopted in true and proper universities, the restoration of our higher schools to the older type would follow as a matter of course. The separation of young boys into classical and modern departments results in this—that every idle lad seeks to escape Greek by entering the modern side, and almost every boy on the classical side is taught his mathematics badly and stupidly. Any sort of mathematical teaching seems to be thought good enough for the classical side, and indeed, until Oxford makes her mathematical tests serious, we can hardly expect the schools to improve. Above all, Euclid should be banished from the classical side of our public schools, and some modern book substituted; not that Euclid is a bad book, but because it is a sort of fetish, which classical ushers imagine they can teach by making boys learn it off by heart. They would hardly dare to do this with a modern book which had no claim to be verbally inspired. All these suggestions are, however, distinctly for those who have means enough to afford a long and leisurely education. So long as some people are cultivated and others not, there must be at least an intellectual aristocracy, and any attempt to lower the highest sort so as to bring it, in time and in outlay, within the reach of the poor, who must earn their bread as quickly as possible, will end in the worst kind of failure. It will spoil the instruction of both rich and poor, and will so confuse the notions of both upon the subject that they will not even feel the greatness of the mischief.

So far we may go in theory; but what about practice? Society is not distributed into rich and poor, separated by a distinct boundary line, but from affluence to indigence there are innumerable degrees; nay more, the majority of those who send their sons to universities may be said to hover upon the boundary-line—just able to afford it—perhaps unwise in making the effort. It is, generally speaking, a laudable ambition in parents to give their sons the highest training, to raise them, if possible, to a higher condition than they have them-

selves attained, even though this latter feeling has done vast mischief among vain people, like the Irish, who are mostly ignorant enough to believe that idleness is the distinction of the better classes. However, the majority, even at our most expensive universities, consists of those whose parents may afford to educate them slowly and expensively, but still require them to adopt a profession and support themselves hereafter. They must, therefore, get technical training with or after their liberal education. The question remains, Is it better to provide this at and in connection with the arts training of the universities, or shall we divorce it from them and confine it to higher technical schools? Or is the course at present in vogue the best—the path of compromise, which gives up some of the arts, and sacrifices some of the practical work, and makes an artistic and a professional training a sort of composite thing? I am not one of those theorists to whom the very word compromise has a hateful sound. It only means the sacrifice of principle, if your principle be one that admits of no modification; and what man of sense will adopt such iron laws in practical life? There are many complicated problems which can only be settled by compromise, and surely it is better, if possible, to go with a movement, and improve it as a friend, than to stand aloof and curse it as an opponent. But here, too, there is a boundary-line where compromise should cease, though the determination of that line is the hardest problem of all, and the right solution of it the great discovery which every sensible theorist strives to attain. From old times we have the indications of what would lead to such a compromise in our universities. The faculties of divinity, law, and medicine, to which modern science has justly added engineering, were distinctly schools tending to lead from mere general theory to the application of that theory to human needs. And now these faculties have come to be regarded as the highest and most creditable way of entering the professions in connection with each of them. But in modern days, according as the needs and requirements of the professions have become more exacting, there has been, even in the old and great universities, a tendency to relax the arts requirements, to allow this and that concession, so that while our youth may acquire technical proficiency of a special kind, they may still count as men of a liberal education and no mere tradesmen at their business. I do not deny the importance of some such compromise, or the importance of keeping young men who are following a special line in close contact with those who are following other lines, still more with those who are obtaining a purely liberal education. On the Protestant side, for example, we have always thought the Romanist method of separating theological students from the rest and teaching them in special seminaries is a bad one, and that our clergy are far better trained by being brought up among lay students and in contact with the study of lay subjects. The history, the philosophy, the astronomy

which has been and is still taught in Roman Catholic theological schools could not stand the test of open discussion among lay students pursuing these studies in a modern spirit. Is it a fair training for any clergy to keep them from understanding these things, and send them into the world maimed in these important branches of human knowledge? But, speaking generally, the important question seems to be, how far we may limit or curtail each side of education, the general and the special, so as to make a fair progress in both possible during a university course? So far as my knowledge of the facts reaches, there have been two mistakes commonly made in this path of compromise. We must remember that there are technical schools, and the old system of apprenticing, even in connection with the learned professions. It is one way of entering such a calling to bind a youth to a great practical master, and make him learn by constantly seeing his master work. Many of our greatest professional men have been so trained, and if the requirements of our public professional schools keep increasing, the day will come when the apprentice who has been treated as a human being will outrun in efficiency, and therefore in public favour, the college student who has been treated as a receptacle. The mistake, however, which most of these higher technical schools make is to fall in with the prevailing insincerity of the age, and set up sham requirements in arts. I have heard of one surgical college in which Greek was required for the matriculation; but any student who could distinguish a ρ from a σ was considered qualified in that subject. The result must be that conscientious boys would spend their time at learning much more than this, and yet not nearly enough to be of any educatory use, while those who are quite ignorant are allowed to pose as 'arts students.' In all such technical schools, there should be a bold rejection of this sham; they should proclaim that they will prepare a lad for his profession with no extraneous qualifications, and so a simple primary education in reading and writing might be combined with great technical skill. There seems to be only one great calling —it is not the fashion to call it a profession—where this truth is recognised. In mercantile pursuits, including the Stock Exchange, young men every day attain to eminence with a merely practical knowledge of their business. I ask, Would these men be one whit better if they were obliged to qualify by an examination in arts for being clerks in warehouses or stockbrokers' offices? To my mind he has had at least one privilege over many professional men; he has never spent his time on sham. This is the position which the higher technical schools should take up in contrast to the universities. They should make the best men they can by mere practical instruction; the day is fast approaching when no one will despise them for this honest course.

The universities, on the other hand, are giving way far too much

in the direction of practical teaching. Every kind of laxity is tolerated, in order that the medical student may live in hospitals, or attend daily clinical teaching, while he is still called a student in arts, and passes a reduced course with many indulgences. This is quite wrong. It is not in practical matters that a place of liberal education can compete with technical schools. The student of a university is first of all and essentially an arts student, and no practical teaching should be allowed to mar this distinctive character.

If it could possibly be attained that no professional studies should begin till after the arts degree, our arts students would gain by it greatly, and I much doubt that the profit to the professional schools would be one whit less. But such a reform would postulate two changes, perhaps too reasonable to be adopted. First, boys should not be kept at our public schools so long; they should be ready to come up to their university under the age of eighteen. To this there is but one serious objection. It curtails our boys' pleasures, for it is not likely that they ever have a year in their lives with more recreation and less cares than the last year at school. Secondly, the professions should be content with a three years' special course; and surely three years devoted exclusively to professional work should be not only ample, but more efficient than the present system of muddling together arts and law, or arts and medicine, for four or five years. The recent recommendation of the Medical Council I have already noted as really mischievous. It may possibly make the worst practitioners a little better; it is far more likely to make the better men somewhat worse. Nor do I think that any sensible medical man will deny that three years devoted to practical work, *by a student already trained in general intelligence by a sound arts course*, is quite sufficient to secure a competent average of knowledge, in any average intellect. No dunce will be made competent in five or even ten years. A finely tempered intellect will be wearied out and disgusted with over-preparation. Such a scheme would enable the majority of young men to obtain a really liberal education, and yet enter their profession at twenty three, the minor limit long since fixed for our clergy and not found in any way oppressive or injurious. Indeed, with the present arduous requirements, such an age may fairly be regarded as the earliest possible, in any but exceptional cases.

The sum of the whole matter is, therefore, this: let us distinguish clearly between technical and liberal instruction, even in the highest forms. To begin with a combination of both at our public schools is perfectly wrong. If they really aim at a liberal education, let that be attended to, and upon the old and well-established principles which have furnished us with cultivated men for many centuries. To allow young boys, or incompetent parents, to select the topics which they fancy useful or entertaining is an absurdity. On the other hand, every effort should be made to have higher technical schools, not only

efficient, but so managed that lads will learn good manners there, and may not be stamped with inferiority from a social point of view. To make mere technical education as refining as the other is no doubt impossible; but every effort should, nevertheless, be used to let those whose lives compel them to accept this narrower course still feel the truth of the old adage that 'manners maketh man.' It is this which affords the strongest argument for having these schools in contact with our old universities, when the very atmosphere breathes a certain kind of refinement not easily attainable elsewhere. But whatever is done in that way, let us not be tempted to muddle the two together, and spoil both, for the sake of making our universities democratic and attractive to the masses.

True cultivation can never be cheap, or hastily acquired. It must always require many years, and so far as our present methods can do it, a great deal of money also. It may yet be possible, not without ample endowment of the teachers, to make it cheap for the learners, though it is not easy to see how this can be done. But until human nature changes completely, cultivation cannot be hurried up, and this large demand upon time is, in itself, a grave item of expense. Instead of petting and pampering the masses, and pretending to them that they can attain anything by means of modern short-cuts, it is only common honesty to point out to them that good and thorough technical education is the highest object they can hope to attain in early life. Any earnest men or women, of any class, may set about self-cultivation in the leisure hours of a busy life, and may so attain to a very high level of culture; but it will be an affair of many years, it will only be attained by minds of exceptional earnestness and grasp, and even so there will be gaps and flaws in the refinement of such people, which very ordinary people of a different class will not show. Whether a day will ever come when these distinctions will be effaced, I know not; that it is very far off I am certain. Whether, if it be indeed possible in the nature of things, it will conduce to human happiness, I very much doubt. But if it is to be the goal of modern reforms in education, let us at least make sure that we all understand what it means, and let us not be led away by shams and impostures from a true appreciation of the enormous difficulties which remain to be overcome.

J. P. Mahaffy.

'MY STAY IN THE HIGHLANDS'

One soft August evening, after two days' hard travelling in the train, we got out to find ourselves far north in Scotland. We had a long drive of some twelve miles, past little crofts of barley still green and meadows full of meadow-sweet, and blue with milk-wort; our route wound along a still river, gliding slowly like a silver ribbon in and out of the tranquil landscape. All was so still that a storm seemed an unimaginable, impossible thing. The eternal hills were dressed in brilliant purple, and enshrouded in mists of blue, and lay one rising above the other on every side.

How lovely is a birch wood! The trees, nestling in amongst the fern and heather, looked almost like a grove of olives, but their boles were covered with long hanging lichens of diaphanous grey, and the moss below them was softer than any Indian carpet. There was a great silence, and the dearth of animal life was striking—no sight of game and no song of bird—a frightened chaffinch alone crossed our path with its alternately bounding and dipping flight, and as it flew we saw the flash of its white wings, whilst a cloud of sad, drab-coloured moths flitted out amidst the birch-trees at our approach. In the meadow below we saw the dun Highland cattle peacefully grazing amidst the rushes, and near the river a bit lassie in a bright kirtle and barefoot came out to drive them back to the homestead. And we, who had come from the crowded capital, felt a sense of rest and calm steal over us impossible to describe, and dreamlike in its contrast to the long journey we were just ending. This sense, however, we knew, like all superlatively good things, could only be of short duration. At last we stopped at the door of a modern house that might be termed commonplace by English eyes were it not for touches in its architecture and surroundings that were entirely Scotch. There was one little tower, a miniature imitation of those at Holyrood. There was also something all un-English in the bright blue of the door-stone, freshly coloured to greet us, and in the windows, all held open, to admit the air, by little pieces of wood. There were no flowers before the sitting-room windows, but Scotch firs rose amidst the heather some twenty yards to the western side of the house, also a tree, hung with bronze-tinted berries, could be seen, the

well-known rowan-tree of song and legend. A month later and this fruit would vie in brilliant scarlet with the plumage of any macaw of the tropics.

As we got out of the carriage, across the ill-kept lawn there came running to greet us in tumultuous joy our favourite dogs. How glad were the faithful creatures to see us again!

Kenneth, the keeper, a giant of nearly seven feet, was waiting to receive us. There is something still feudal and stately about the Highlander; a sense of leisure and old-world courtesy distinguishes him. He seems to be free from the influences of hurry, cheap trains, advertised excursions, and co-operative prices.

There he stood, talking in his musical voice, a picture of manly grace and strength, asking no questions, but answering ours with that touch of canniness that belongs to all Scotchmen tempered by a charm of manner that is found only in races of high altitudes, and then only in those far from 'the madding crowd.'

The next day the old housemaid of 'the Lodge,' Jean, came to me, and I asked her after all the good folk of the strath. 'Badly,' she says, 'they are ganging, for it was aye a dour winter. 'Deed, I am informed there's many of them nae but poorly, and there's many but puir forsaken critters, and times is hard.' I asked if any were ill, and, according to my south-country notions of offering help, suggested that the sick should have dinners sent them from our table. But this revolted the sensitive pride of Jean, and I saw by her face that, although she believed my intentions were good, my proposal seemed to her a daft offer. At last—and oh! the process is not an easy one—I extracted from my old friend that, poor as they are, 'the bit bodies would nae like to come with cans and panniers, like Gaberlunzie lassies; but if I would give each a bittie of tay and some sugar it would be mighty acceptable; for the merchandise bodie at over the shop (some seven miles away) would nae let them have tay and such lik' for naething.' I accordingly fell into her plan and said that she should take them some tea, 'and p'r'aps, my leddy, ye'll nae talk about it in the hous, for they lik' such dealings privy, nae that they're unthankfu', but it's jist the bodies' way.'

One day, after a very wet night and torrents of rain in the morning, I walked over the moorland and rock in the afternoon to a little rough stone and heather-covered cabin, to visit a poor girl that I had known in former years—a poor bedridden girl who, from thirteen years old, had 'just spent her time a weary waiting on her back.'

It was a very primitive abode. Two or three rough ponies, hobbled before the house, followed by their foals, jumped grotesquely over the little ditch that divided the path from the moorland. There was a patch of emerald green—of turnips—that looked like an oasis in a desert, and struck a strong note of colour in the picture, whilst

in the distance rose the purple hills, bathed in soft clouds of vapour. Several wolfish collies rushed out to bark and show their teeth, and then disappeared through the open casement like wild beasts. After a moment or two a man came and opened the door. 'Is it you, Mistress Margaret?' and he put out his hand and gave me a hearty shake. ''Deed, and I'm glad to see you.'

'I have come to see Robina, your daughter, I think,' I answered.

'And I'm glad to see ye; but it's never Robina that ye'll see. She left us come this June a twelvemonth. It was a weary waiting for her, puir lassie, and I'll no say that she's got to the Better Place, but it's weel that she was prepared.'

He did not cry. There was not even a tear in his eye as he, the father, spoke. Nothing seemed to disturb him. On the contrary, David Mackay seemed, in talking of his daughter, to be borne up by a gentle satisfaction that the weary heart was resting and his tired child asleep.

As I stood and looked at the lonely landscape and at the squalid cottage, and thought of the quiet, monotonous lives of its inmates, my mind went back to the visits I had paid there in previous years.

I remembered so well seeing the poor girl lying always on her bed, and the look of the peat fire as it ascended through the hole in the roof in soft, cloudy blue smoke, whilst scones and oat-cake were being baked on a girdle. Then I would go and sit by her, on the only chair, and her mother, Jamesina Mackay, would talk in that loud, hearty way which distinguishes the 'Hieland' matron, and with Eastern hospitality would put all in her cottage at my disposal.

'Is there naething her leddyship would lik' to have? We've a drap o' whiskie, and I ken, by what the gude mon says, 'tis bonnie;' and then in a lower voice she would add, 'and every rason we have to know that the sperit's pure and fine.'

On such occasions I would smile but decline, alleging that I had lunched only just before starting for my walk. Then my hostess would get quite grieved that I'd 'no partake of onything;' but, seeing my pet mastiff, would declare that if 'Mistress Margaret wid no have onything, the bonnie doggie would lik' a drink;' and so, to my dismay, and in spite of all I could say to the contrary, I would see my fat, overfed pet a second later licking up a bowl of new milk as if such a liquid ran from every burn down the hillside. After this, when the little customs and outward formalities of Highland etiquette had been observed, I would turn to Robina and read her some verses from 'The Book;' and then, by her request, I would answer her many questions and tell her of the great far-off city of London—of its fair women, its gay parks, and its theatres. The last, perhaps, from a somewhat 'moral five acts lecture' point of view, for I would not willingly have wounded her Calvinistic delicacy; and when I thus talked I mounted on rose-coloured clouds, metaphorically

speaking, and represented London as some gorgeous city of the Arabian Nights, where diamonds shone on every breast, where all the women were beautiful, and all the men brave and famous. Many were Robina's queries, and she would often say, 'Weel, and I suppose that yer leddyship will often be supping with the Queen and the royal family?' At this I would laugh, and humbly have to say, 'Not as often as you think, 'Bina.' Then I would tell her some of the 'stories' that came back to me, but only the graceful and the fair ones, for I would not have rubbed off for any gold the bloom of Robina's transparent soul, and when I went I left her thinking that the world of Fashion was a fair world, and in that great town so far away from the heather and the pine woods all the laughter there was guiltless of tears, the entertainments unmixed pleasures, and 'ennui' a word unknown. ''Tis better hearing you tell than reading books,' once Robina had said to me, a pink flush mantling her pale cheeks; 'but go on, Mistress Margaret, go on.'

As I stood outside the cabin door thinking of all this and of poor Robina, who now is but a gentle memory, David Mackay held out his hand again and pressed mine, and with a 'Good-bye, Mistress,' I left him and retraced my steps in silence to the Lodge.

It was getting late, and the blues and purples were dying out of the sky, soft lavender-grey clouds rested upon the hills and enveloped the woods. Innumerable and minute rain-drops lay upon the grass and sparkled faintly on the red hairs of the sun-dew, the bent grass of the moorland lay sodden, and the grey sky was reflected sadly in the peat-water pools of the moorland. Running up against the horizon I saw an endless line of fir-posts and wire fencing to keep the sheep and cattle out from a young plantation. How sad this fence looked! It was only placed there a few years ago, and yet each post had grown grey with lichen, whilst the wire was brown and rusty with the ever-falling mists and rains. In these great solitudes the work of man seemed so trivial, so passing, so infinitely sad and feeble, that I hurried on to escape its depressing influences. The evening seemed all unreal in its great stillness and grey sad colouring.

I saw no live creature, and as I walked I felt as if I were moving amongst the shades in the old Norse land of shadows, no sound greeted my ears but the melancholy calling of the whaups as they flew high in the heavens above the Kyle. As I walked along by one little pool I saw a grouse's feather and noted the track of a stag. My dog Brenda sniffed excitedly, but in a few moments followed me again sedately at my heels. I paused for her to rejoin me, and as I did so stooped to fill my hands with branches of the sweet bog myrtle, which scented them with a wild aromatic fragrance.

I reached the Lodge in a frame of gentle melancholy, and found myself in the evening alone with Jean, who is too old, she tells me, to wish 'to gang about lik' the lassies,' for she says there are 'nae

lassies left now for courtin' in the strath. When they're turned fifteen they all gae to Glasgie or Edinburgh, and it's only the auld and the sad that come back to die in their Hieland glen.' The population of these mountain villages is dying out, and every decade one or more of the old rough stone and heather cabins falls into utter decay and the gowans grow where once ascended the peat fire. Before the Sutherland evictions on the east coast many of the poor folk used in winter time to camp out on the sands of the sea-lochs and live for months on the shell-fish that they could find. Heaps of broken shells can still be seen, and this is the history of their origin. But this was when the people of the Highlands were much more numerous than they are at present. Now the younger generation are beginning to lose the old terror of change, and seek, and often make, their fortunes south.

In talking to Jean I made inquiries after the new minister. Our old minister, Mr. Cameron, died last winter from inflammation of the lungs caught in visiting 'a puir bodie' when the snow was on the ground, and when the east wind blew with the sharpness of a knife over the moorlands and swept down the narrow gorges.

''Deed, but he seems a vera dacent mon,' said Jean, 'and his wife is nae but a tidy bodie. He fetched her back from Ameriky, and we were nae that plaized at first, for we fashed oursels wie thinking it might be some hathenish bodie that wad be comin' to settle among us.'

'Eh! but Mr. Cameron's no lik' to be found again!' exclaimed Jean in one of her rare fits of enthusiasm. 'He was so douce, but he spoke the Word and knew the Spirit. Mony's the time he would come and gie a bit tappit wi' his stick agin the kitchen door and I wud let him in, and it was allus an hour and a bittie that he wud stop and stand prayin' wid me. Auch! and glad it was I was to see him, for when yer leddyship and the family's gone, lonesome and bad it is in the long winter days. For the cold then is dour, and the damp comes in from the outside and freezes in icicles, and I can only stand the cold when I gang into the gentry's apartments by putting cotton-wool down me back and tying a linsey-woolsey petticoat about me shoulders, and this jist keeps me from perishin'.'

'Do you then, Jean, see nobody?' I asked.

'Na, I'll no exacly say that,' she answered, 'but mony's the time when the postman is the only bodie that I'll see from one lang day to anither; and then there's white days,' she added grimly.

'White days?' I repeated inquiringly.

'Aye, white days, when there's naught but snow and ice. Last year mony was the day when I went out of the house to the well and broke the ice with an axe.'

'And what do you do all those long weary days?' I asked.

'Jest cook my dinner, sew a bitie, and read the Word.'

'Don't you feel eerie and lonely at nights?'

'Only sad,' was her answer, 'nae uncanny, for I banish from my mind, when I'm by mysel', all ungodly thoughts of witches and white lichts, and sich lik'! 'Tis best, 'tis best.' Thus speaking, Jean left me.

When she was gone, kindly memories of good Mr. Cameron, of the Free Kirk, returned to me. He was one of those hale, hearty men, religious, but with a strong sense of humour, very human in his sympathies, and who looked a few years ago likely to have lived through many a summer and winter. But fate decreed it otherwise, and he died last winter.

I remembered so well the excellent man's long grace, in which special and reverent thanks were expressed for the pineapple and other hothouse fruit; and how, at the close of dinner, the conversation having grown general, and some one having started spiritualism as a subject for discussion, we all began to ask each other whom individually we should like best to recall and invite to dinner. Some one named Socrates, another Napoleon, a third Shakespeare, a fourth Voltaire, then, turning to Mr. Cameron, we waited for his answer.

'Weel, I think I would lik' to meet Isaiah—Isaiah was a grand man.' As he spoke, something of the rough grandeur of the old Covenanters seemed to pass into his face, and a picture rose before me of perilous meetings where the Faithful had met together amidst the caves and mountain fastnesses of their wild country.

Poor Mr. Cameron! We were destined never again to hear his long but pious benediction, nor his kindly laugh. He married a bride from sunny, smiling Golspie, and one summer afternoon he brought her to call upon us and 'drink tea.' He showed her off with honest simple pride. He seemed so proud of her that I remember he almost appeared to think that he and she were the first that had ever 'gone and got married,' as the children say, and now their little short day-dream is quite over, and he sleeps beneath the green grass in the lonely hillside churchyard. That little God's-acre stands far away from all habitation of man, with four rowan-trees, one planted at each corner. There no sound greets the ear of the solitary wanderer but the roar of the stream as it dashes down in white torrents after a storm, or its gentle murmur as it trickles softly over grey boulders like a silver thread during summer droughts.

His wife, I heard, nursed him devotedly, and followed him to his last resting-place, and then one grey February day, when all was ended, and when the land seemed ice-bound, and all the world seemed covered with a mantle of snow, left for her own home, where she lives with her widowed mother.

Some days later it was the Sabbath. It was one of those still beautiful days, when the habitual grey, subdued colouring of Scotland

changes for the jubilant wealth of the Riviera. The birches seemed bathed in an atmosphere of ethereal blue, and the mountains all lay in clouds of blue, whilst the river pursued its course, resembling a string of brilliant sapphires—all was colour of the brightest kind. Even the slate roof of the little white manse on the hilltop flashed blue. It seemed so fair a day that nothing appeared quite real. All nature seemed under a magician's wand.

We filed in at 11 to our little familiar family prayers—that is to say, all the household but Jean, who, in spite of the heat, had started away an hour ago to attend the service at the Kirk. 'For, saving your leddyship's presence, I'd no lik' to imperil my soul wid ony act of idolatry,' she had once said to me when I had begged her to stay and pray with us rather than take a long walk to the Kirk in drenching rain.

The next day—Monday—was the day of the sports, a great holiday and fête.

The strath games are held in a meadow sheltered by the hills, and all the villagers for miles round attend 'the competitions.' It was an exquisitely mild day, with none of the glory of Sunday. Little islands of tender blue in grey and white clouds could be seen in the sky. The glass spoke hopefully, and so about two o'clock we all started from the Lodge. The children and Smith, our English nurse, looking severe but not openly hostile, proceeded first. They were solemnly driven forth by a gillie in the old tax-cart, a vehicle guiltless of springs, but over the flat this conveyance moves with a regular swing that, when once one is accustomed to, is found to possess for its occupant a certain rhythmic and soothing effect. The children I saw were clad in their Sunday best. Great had been the fuss and flurry over the arrangement; buttoning and pinning of smart clothes. But now, in spite of this past time of affliction, joy reigned again, and three happy little faces beamed upon me. Tommy, proud as a king, had been allowed to sit up by the driver, and held the whip. We followed on to the meadow, about a mile away. As we walked along, Harry and I saw little groups of barefooted lads and lasses, in company with their parents, sitting by the roadside. They were putting on their boots and stockings. We also saw a Highland maiden or two, back for a holiday from Glasgie or Edinburgh, drawing out a smart hat from a neatly pinned kerchief. The Scotch have something of the thrift of our French neighbours. They like to appear at their festivities 'gay and bonnie,' but 'are canny, canny a' the wheel,' and will not allow their best clothes and headgear to be spoilt if the day has the misfortune to turn a 'bit saft.'

We all took a place, sitting on the soft mossy turf of the meadow, with here and there the heather growing in patches. The yellow hawkweed blossoms pierced through the grass and glittered in the field like stars, and grey boulders projected out of the ground covered

with grey lichen or dry moss. All the Highland folk were there, sitting gravely round in a great circle, and taking their pleasure with a sense of responsibility as befitted regular attendants of the Kirk.

Amongst the 'various exhibitions' there was the throwing of the caber, and then races were run by the boys and the men; there was a 'tug of war,' sword-dances, and last, matches on the pipes.

Little Alec, the third son of our gillie, danced the national dance as lightly as a fairy, and was dressed in the most charming of little suits made and woven by his grandmother, old Erppy. I was told afterwards it was made of the purest wool, and dyed by herbs dug out from the moorland. As the afternoon wore on, the good people grew a little enthusiastic from time to time, but always remained 'vera dacent' and decorous in their enjoyments. A little make-believe shower fell, but the sun shone all the while, and in spite of Smith's saying sternly that she knew those 'dear' children would be wetted to their skins, we sat on tranquilly, and saw the white pebbles of the path and the little pieces of quartz in the grey boulders glisten like jewels.

Suddenly I turned round, for I heard Tommy say in a squeaky voice, which he tried vainly to throw into his boots, 'The Devil is beating his wife.' 'Hush, hush, Master Thomas,' Smith answered in a scandalised voice, 'who taught you such dreadful things?' 'I should say my father,' said Tom, attempting grandly to assume the manners of a gentleman at large, and speaking with an offhand callousness which evidently appeared to himself simply superb. 'I heard that remark from my father,' he added. 'Your papa, Master Thomas, is a gentleman, but it never does for little boys to copy gentlemen or members of Parliament,' was Smith's crushing rebuke.

Somehow Smith is of opinion that any mention of his Satanic majesty is impious and, even worse, improper, except by orthodox divines, who do it as their business, and then in sermons on Sunday. After this little episode Tommy collapsed, and my attention was diverted by piper after piper being marshalled up before me. They strutted round me like gamecocks in their glory as they played war-like marches and airs of Jacobite chivalry.

In giving the prizes I was informed great consideration should be bestowed on the manner and bearing of the musicians.

'There is much to consider in their gait and whether they hold themsels fine,' said one of the spectators, who had taken upon himself to laden me with showers of advice, so that, to use his own phrase, 'there might be strict equity in the competeetions.'

As they played, in spite of my English blood, I cannot deny that there was something grand and heroic in the wailing of the pipes when heard thus in their own country and played by Highlanders. The remark of a distinguished officer came back to me: 'There is no music like the bagpipes,' he had said one day, 'to bring men into

action.' As I listened I felt something of the martial ardour, and I seemed to hear in the strange, wild sounds of the pipes aspirations for vengeance and cries of victory.

When the prizes were awarded to the men and the boys, their mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives appeared to the front, and vied with each other in a competition of scones, oat-cake and butter. And very delicious all the good things looked, lying in large baskets and surrounded by the whitest of white napkins. At length even their prizes were awarded, and all the Highland world rose one by one and followed each other out of the meadow into the high road. As they went they talked gently, and the soft accents of their Highland English seemed to melt in the soft air and harmonise with the sylvan scenery.

The next day I was told by Jean 'that a bit bodie wished to spake' with me. I found waiting to see me a tidy old woman with a white cap and a Shetland shawl across her shoulders, whilst in her hands she carried a basket.

'I have brought her leddyship a trifle,' she said, a smile lighting up her kind old face. As she spoke she opened her basket and drew forth a pair of miniature stockings. 'These are for your bonnie lad,' she said, and handed them to me. As I took them I thanked her warmly.

I remembered, two years ago, hearing that Anna Christina, as she is called, was ill. I walked several times to see her at her lonely cottage on the hillside, and brought her at those times soup and jellies. The good soul, although very poor, could not rest without bringing me a gift as an acknowledgment of mine in the past. The Highland folk are very proud and very generous. From an inner depth of her basket she brought out a packet neatly wrapped round in paper. 'This is her leddyship's vest of the skirt she was gude eno' to present me this summer twa year agin. It's nae that I can wear it mysel', as it's too sma', so I'm of opinion that it's best to return it to her leddyship's sel', for I couldna bestow it,' she added, 'on any of the lasses, it being a gift.'

In the evening arrived our budget of letters, as is often the way of Scotch posts. A few minutes afterwards, Smith suddenly appeared in my sitting-room with a face of real sorrow, to tell me that she had just received a sad letter in which she had learnt of her old mother's death. At the same time she said that she must hurry back to help her old father, who is an undergardener to a magnate in one of the southern counties. 'What a good soul Smith is,' I reflected to myself, 'in spite of her high temper, and everyday unlovableness!' I knew that for a long time her savings had all gone to pay the doctor's bill, and to give her mother, who for years has been an invalid, such little luxuries as her father could not afford to buy out of his scanty wages.

But then one of the great world riddles is, that the really heroic actions are done by the tiresome, crusty, mediocre people, who speak with sharp tongues and do gentle deeds. 'My experience of arch-angels is, they generally drive in growlers, and have very common-place surroundings,' a lady once said to me.

The following morning the 'machine' arrived from the little town some nine miles away, and I saw Smith depart, full of tender thoughts and injunctions for the welfare of the children in her absence.

'What can we do now?' said the children, as we returned to the house. I suggested a match of soap-bubbles, as the day looked cloudy. The little ones, in order to carry out my suggestion, tore up-stairs. I retired, in the meantime, to my sitting-room, and began to answer some letters. Presently my correspondence was interrupted by screams of joyous laughter and the shrill high tones of good-natured Lucy, who was certainly improving the shining hour by playing as noisily as possible in the absence of Grimalkin Smith.

I ran to the window and saw outside eight of the keeper's children, barelegged but glowing with health, and looking like illustrated specimens of some special advertised food. Above, from the nursery windows, with the slate roof projecting below, was going on the great operation of blowing soap-bubbles. I heard Hector, the fourth son of our gillie, call gaily to my Geraldine, 'Eh, Gerry, blow us anither doun the slids.'

Then there was a flash of a hundred lovely iridescent colours, and then the ball-like transparency vanished into air. This went on merrily till the rain suddenly fell in deluges, and I heard the closing of the window above, and saw the whole throng of little McCleods, amphibious as they generally were, scuttle home helter-skelter to the 'keeper hous.'

At this little episode I could not refrain from laughter, and I found myself wondering what Smith would do or say if she knew of this invasion.

During our stay at Auchnaroy, Smith had sternly forbidden any intercourse between the 'bits laddies and lassies' of the country and my children.

To a south-country, respectable, well-regulated mind like hers, the contemplation of bare legs and feet was not a source of interest or beauty. Smith, in her angular virtue, has no corners for artistic susceptibilities to hide. The eight little children of our gillie were, in her eyes, 'common, nasty, dirty little things, to be kept in their proper place'—*i.e.* as far as possible from the young lady and gentleman, and entirely exiled from the presence of the 'blessed baby.' Yet hardly had my stern disciplinarian disappeared, when, by silent accord, the children had all agreed to fraternise.

'Somehow, dear good soul,' I said to myself as I took up my pen, 'her absence is very refreshing.' Like 'blue-china,' Smith is hard to

live up to, and now that she was gone the house seemed full of a delightful moral atmosphere of cheery *laisser-aller* and innocent *dévergondage*. In the afternoon I noticed a general tone of emancipation: Gerry wore no gloves, and Tommy's pocket bulged out, I found, with illicit sweets; besides which he was sick in the evening from visiting too zealously the gooseberry bushes in the kale-yard. Baby's tongue also wagged more freely, and Lucy was all blushes when I passed her in the dusk, having met Hughie 'quite by accident.'

Kenneth McCleod, our head gillie, has two little girls. Owing to Smith's departure they now came freely and purred round Gerry, they admired her clothes, but they adored her boots—at least one pair of yellow gymnastic shoes. On fine days, I am told, Elspie Christina, the eldest, goes to Kirk, for her grandmother gave her last Christmas a pair of boots, but Johan Maggie can nae gae west on Sabbath morns with the rest of her family, for as yet that young person is bootless, 'and gret would be her shame,' Mrs. McCleod informed her, 'if her lassie went different lik' from the ither bairns. 'Deed, I wud be thinking she said the discoorse, and her prayers would nae benefit her soul, for there'd be nae bodie in the strath but what wud ken of her state, and I'm thinking it wud be dour even for the mercy of God to penetrate to her in such a condition.' But if Elspie and Johan have ta'en upon themselves the voluntary office of ladies-in-waiting to Gerry, they will in no wise allow Hector or Alec to enter the royal service as pages of the household. When these poor little fellows attempt to join in their games or amusements they scream out, 'Git back to the hous' in precisely the same rough uncompromising voice that their father employs when they attempt to follow his footsteps to the gun-room.

One day the two lassies followed Gerry out walking. They came to a turning in the wood and pointed to a rather solitary-looking path. 'You'd no lik' to gang there by yersel,' said Johan.

'Why?' inquired Gerry.

'Eh, yer might meet a tramp or a sarpent, I'm thinking,' at which remark the three little things took fright like three colts and dashed homewards.

A few days ago one of our guests went off in 'the machine' covered snugly up with rugs. The nose of his purchase, a pepper-and-salt Scotch terrier, peeped shyly out from amidst a heap of gun-cases and fishing-rods.

I was told Captain Hartley had bought the little dog from Alec, the little hero of the sword-dance, for 1*l*. The little boy could not resist the temptation of what appeared to him unlimited wealth. His father, with strict rectitude, had bidden him to consider well before deciding. The child meanwhile had consented, dazed by the sight of the gold coin, to sell his friend, but the night before our

guest departed the poor little fellow's affection for his dog revived, and he had wished himself out of his bargain. His father, however, sternly forbade him to go back: 'You maun bide your word, mon,' he had said.

So 'Bodhach' had gone off the next morning to be a lady's pet, whilst poor little Alec had crept away amongst the heather to cry his heart out.

Alec's elder brother Angus is studiously inclined. His good people are pinching themselves and denying themselves what we should term every comfort so that one day they may realise their highest aspiration, to be the parents of a 'minister.' One winter night, when, as his mother told me, 'we was al' having a bit crack round the fire, his fayther said to him, "Angus, mon, if ye could hae your heart's desire, what wud it be?" "Well," he answered, "it wud be jist all the books from out the big hous,"' meaning our lodge.

Angus has a sweet, wistful face, with a smile as of something distant, a far-off look in his eyes.

'It's nae much he's worth in the management of dogs, I'm thinking,' his father once reported to me, 'but it's in the bouks he puts his mind.' He will sit for hours on the green slope of some hill reading aloud from *Paradise Lost* and glorying in the majesty of the great poet's noble verse, 'and it's nae carnal lust that I can find in that printed paper,' said his old grandmother one day to me, pointing to the tattered copy of the great poem. Being a strict Puritan, Erppy declares that there are many publications in these latter days, 'but they maistly lead to the deil.'

The Highlanders of the older generation are a simple race, not given to sight-seeing, and little versed in new ways or new things. It was only the other day that I was sternly rebuked by an 'auld bodie' riding along the mountain track on a rough beastie of the Rory Bean kind. He thought that the popgun held by Tommy, and which that young person was firing with caps, was capable of dealing out death to himself and to the owner of the weapon in question. 'It's a fine lad,' he said severely, 'but it's nae lang ye'll kep him, or ither folk beside, if ye let him gang aboot wi' sich bloody weapons.' It was in vain I tried to persuade my acquaintance that Tommy held but a harmless toy. 'I'll nae belief that fire can come from a bauble,' he said as he rode away. The children in the Highlands hardly eat any meat. Even the men eat it but rarely. One of the crofters said to our cook, 'I dinna lik' it saft as the Saxons eat it, but when I do git it I lik' to feel that there's wark for the teeth and a bit of a grit-like for the jaws.'

About a fortnight before we left Auchnaroy I asked Jean what kind of little fête would be most liked to be given by us before our departure south.

I suggested fireworks as something new and out of the commonplace run of northern village festivities. As I spoke, however, I saw that my suggestion was not altogether sympathetic to my old friend. At last she answered slowly: 'I'll nae say, your leddyship, that such exhibitions are altogether sinfu', but I'd no lik' to see fiery furnaces sent fleeing up at night in the face of Providence.' As such was her opinion, I mused it might be shared by others, so Harry and I, after talking the matter over, decided we would restrain ourselves to a large village children's tea, which, we hoped, could be given without giving offence to anybody.

The next day I was greeted by Jean in the morning by, 'Has your leddyship heard of the sad news at Invergrecht?' (the next lodge west of ours).

'No,' was my answer.

'Then I am told that yesterday a terrible shooting accident took place. The gentlemen were jist shooting at the back of the plantation, I was informed, on the east march, when a son of Mr. Humphrey, "Young Georgie," the bonnie lad that cam' and drunk tea with your leddyship and carried Miss Gèrry on his back last week, got shot by his ain brother.

'One laddie is eno' when it's the guns the lads are holding, I'm thinking,' said Jean philosophically, 'so the puir laddie gave a kind of screech and fell back into the arms of Angus Munro, and his clothes, puir lad, were red, they said, as if ye had soiled them with a pail of blood.

'They brought him to the house of Lenna of the black rock. It's nae gude reputation that she has; Black Witch says some, and some a puir, harmless, crack-brained bodie, that's got nae English. I'll nae decide, for 'tis best to leave the discovery of sich questions to the God that made the bodie. But when they brought her the puir gentleman they had quite a job to find a clout to stop the blood; but what troubled Lenna mair than a' else when she saw the lad was like to gae was jist that he could only speak English. She said to Angus in her ain tongue, "Jist on the brink of eternity and nae word of Gaelic to get to Heaven."'

A fit of tremulous laughter seized me in spite of my sorrow for my poor neighbour. But I turned away, not to let Jean see my face, for, in spite of her stern exterior, Jean's tender heart was grieving for bonnie Georgie Humphrey.

A few days later I drove over to Robin McClean, some fifteen miles off from our lodge, and in Sutherlandshire. Robin lives near Lairg. As I drove in the old tax-cart, with the fat black pony Tidy in the shafts, I felt as if I had gone back to the early days of this century, for I was to see a loom worked by hand and in a cottage. The night before old Erppy came to me and brought me some patterns of soft greys and of rich orange tints in the purest of woollen materials. ''Tis nae that I wud na weave a suit for your leddyship,'

she said, 'but I'm grown uncertain with the rheumatics, and there is a bit bodie over the river east that canny with his hands, and I'm thinking, too, that he's worthy of the Lord's blessing, for it's gude he is to his auld mither, now I mind me.' So the next day I started according to her directions. We drove, a 'garson' and myself, and we were followed by a wolf-like collie, who jumped over the walls whenever we passed a cart, 'to kep clear of stunes' as my informant told me.

As I mounted the hill I drove very slowly, for the pony was allowed to choose her own pace, and, ''deed, she'll no hurry without the whipie' was a true saying of the 'garson's' as regarded Tidy.

We climbed silently up long hills; every now and then we passed a field of ripening barley or a patch of grass gay with canary-coloured blossom of that unloved flower known in Scotland by the name of 'stinking Willie.' After several hours of driving we stopped at a house built all of granite, with three steps before it leading down to the road. ''Tis here you'll find the mon that works fine at the loom,' said my guide. I knocked at the door and was admitted by an old woman, who I saw understood with difficulty what I said, and turned evidently for all particulars about me from my little companion. Apparently she was satisfied by what he said, for her manner promptly changed from a questioning hostility to a tone of great courtesy as she showed me into her house.

'It's my son that you'll be wanting, my leddy,' she said; 'he is a fine diligent worker at the loom, and, 'deed, 'tis naething but the mercy of God that I have so gude a laddie.' A few seconds later, and she informed me that he would be with me 'in a moment if her leddyship wud tak' a chair.' I looked round and saw a room furnished in a more English style than I had hitherto seen any in the Highlands. There were some old-fashioned prints hung round the room, whilst there was a table covered with patterns of the 'Home Industries' and a flute on the mantelshelf. I had heard from Erppy, our gillie's mother, that Robin was an excellent son. He had lived some years in 'Glasgie,' and was doing well as a confectioner, when his old father died, and left his old infirm mother with no one else to take care of. Robin thereupon wrote to her, asking her to come and live with him in the big town, and keep his house for him whilst he made the cakes and looked after his little shop. But the old lady wrote back that she 'cud nae part with the hills, and that it wud just kill her to live onywhere but in her ain strath.'

He did not argue with her, but just sold his shop and came back and kept the 'bit bodie' and took again to the management of his loom. He never spake, said Erppy (my informant), of any disappointment whatever, 'but I think, for all he said little, he felt it fine, for the lass he was courtin' wud nae be plagued to kep his company as man and wife up in the hills, so far away from kith and kin.'

'And so he lost her?' I inquired. 'Weel, I'll no say that he didna,' added Erppy, 'but I'm thinking there's plenty mair,' she said philosophically, 'and 'tis best for lik' to marry lik'.'

After a few moments the door opened and Robin McClean entered, a tall young fellow, some twenty-six years of age. He met me with the grave courtesy of a Highlander and showed me his woollen stuffs, but in showing them there was nothing of the shopman about him. He never pressed me to buy anything, but showed me his materials quite simply, with an air of high-bred equality. After making my purchases I asked if I might see the loom. He thought for a moment, and then answered: 'If her leddyship will wait a bittie I will bring her;' so saying he left me.

As he closed the door I heard an altercation go on in Gaelic between mother and son. The old woman's tones rose into a high treble. Dolenda, as I afterwards heard she was called, was evidently having a difference with her son. At last, however, her voice ceased, and I was conducted to a large room on the ground-floor adjoining the living part of the house, where the loom was domiciled. I entered, and then guessed what 'the words' had been over. Hanging up from the ceiling was a skinned and freshly killed sheep, covered up by a delicate fine white damask cloth. Obviously it was thought by Robin that the sight of the corpse would have disgusted me; and, in spite of his mother's expostulations, the son had veiled it from my eyes.

The 'murder' had certainly been very recently committed, for the knife lay close by, and each time part of the loom moved in working, the vibrations caused in the room shook drops of blood upon the floor.

I was much struck by the delicacy of my host, who, although living the roughest of lives, still instinctively knew and paid homage to my feelings.

The Scotch Highlander comes of a proud race. When a crofter kills a sheep, he never sells what he does not want for his own use, but gives away to his friends and neighbours the remainder.

The minister of Robin's parish, I heard, does not enjoy the respect and affection of his people. Some years ago he was burnt in effigy by his parishioners, on account of a book he had written on the Crofter Question, in which, apparently, he was not successful in enlisting the sympathy of his poorer neighbours.

Erppy Mackay has since told me that Mr. —— 'is nae respeckit by his people or his elders,' for he is grievously smitten with 'the Genesis Depravity Disease;' in other words, I gleaned that he shared the views of Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch, which so far have not been embraced by Highland congregations.

At last the day arrived fixed for the village children's fête. It was a lovely afternoon; all the children of the neighbourhood—some

hundred boys and girls—were invited, and such of the fathers and mothers who cared to see their children play were begged also to be present.

Harry and his friends good-naturedly forswore their sport, and for one day promised to be happy without killing something.

Punctual to the hour fixed, the children arrived with their 'dominie' and the girls with their mistress, Eila Paul—the last a sad, gentle-looking little woman, who, I was afterward told, 'cud speak foreign tongues, and was weel acquaint with the doings of hathenish bodies.' She had tender, melancholy eyes that seemed full of soul, and although 'jest a girl hersel',' appeared to have a sensitive maternal love in speaking to her children that evidently awoke in some of them a vague response of passionate devotion.

'She's mair to them than mony a mither,' said Erppy, watching the schoolmistress, 'and she's a strange manner of finding for the Lord, and it's a' by love.'

The parents, curiously enough, seemed even more numerous than the children, but we did not make any inquiries, as I was assured that there was plenty of cake and tea for all.

Two pipers preceded the procession, playing gaily, and a vision of Browning's weird story crossed my mind. However, unlike the victims of the Piper of Hamelin, my little guests were able to stop at my door, where Harry and myself and all our party were drawn up in a line to receive them.

There was a little pause, the pipes stopped droning, and breaking out of the line a middle-aged, stout woman advanced to Tomkins, our irreproachable, somewhat splendid butler, and said, 'She wud lik' to speak to her leddyship's sel'.' Tomkins politely bowed, and acquainted me with the fact in his smoothest tones, saying 'that a person wished to speak to me.' On hearing this I stepped forward, and asked the woman what I could do for her.

''Deed, my leddy,' she replied, 'I have cum to excuse mesel'.' She spoke in a loud, distinct voice. 'Being,' she continued, 'as I'm, the "Lyin-in Woman" of the Strath, and holding, your leddyship, a responsible position, having seen so many bairns cum into the wairld; so, although having had nae invitation mesel', I have made so bold as to be present at the grand festivity to-day. I wud'na have lik'd,' she added with a grand gesture, 'to have brought my excuses to any but her leddyship's sel', for in me intention there was nae impoliteness.' Harry and his friends giggled, and Tomkins blushed like a peony. Happily, however, the pipes immediately struck up such a booming and a buzzing that all further talk was impossible. Then began a series of games, in which my children, owing to Smith's absence, took an animated part. There were tugs of war, sugar-plum scrambles, sack-races, and other delights. In the sack-races the active little things, as one lady said, ran like hares. All the children

came in boots 'to honour the occasion,' I was informed. But somehow, when the games began, all the boots were taken off in a twinkling. I was much struck by the great simplicity and a certain grand old-world courtesy in their manners. They were quite free from all servility; all the while they paid me deference but respected themselves, and preserved a tone of graceful equality.

The pipers at the close would not receive any gratuity for their services. 'We have just come to spend the afternoon with the bairns,' was their answer, 'and there is nothing due.'

There was no gormandising at the tea. Everybody ate what they wanted, but no child or parent surreptitiously hid slices of cake or attempted to pocket any spoil from the feast.

At the end of all things, the dominie, a lean, somewhat pompous 'bodie,' collected an audience round him and tendered thanks to us on behalf of the children and the parents. Harry jerked out a few sentences in reply, but very shyly, as an Englishman always does; for returning thanks has always a most distressing influence upon an Englishman's eloquence.

Then the pipes sounded again in martial strain and led the little procession. The children and the parents, with a little murmur of thanks as they passed me, fell into order, and without any fuss and with perfect discipline walked down the drive and so vanished out of sight.

At last came the day for our departure—a grey, still day, soft and subdued in colouring. 'The machine' drove up to the door with a great crunching of gravel. Then we all took our places, and Tommy's face radiated with joy on hearing he might go and sit by the driver. There was a running to and fro, a calling and screaming. My umbrella was nearly forgotten, and the necessary luncheon basket was all but left behind.

But eventually, in spite of all mishaps and rural confusion on the part of English servants and Highland retainers, we got under way. As I turned round to get a last sight of the lodge, surrounded by its Scotch firs, and with its long stretches of heather and grass in the distance, I saw the little McCleods and the gillies waving their caps and handkerchiefs. Then we passed the corner, and 'the machine' pursued its course along the wild valley. The sun peeped through the grey clouds at intervals in a soft regretful way, and its rays lighted up here and there the red trunks of the Scotch firs. The spike-like leaflets of these trees recalled the colour of the Atlantic far out at sea, only that they were powdered by a silver sheen.

By the track-side there was still a fringe of grey mauve—the 'marsh' scabious. The last flower of the year was still flowering feebly, in spite of the night frosts.

Now and then a rabbit scuttled across our path, and flashed his little white scut as he vanished in the brushwood, and here and there

my eyes lighted on the brilliant scarlet fungi that grow at the foot of the birch-trees.

We heard from time to time the echoing sound of a shot, which carried from hill to hill, and resounded down the valley.

For about a mile we drove through a great tract of burnt wood of young Scotch firs. The leaves had not fallen off the dead trees, but remained on, of a warm, reddish-brown colour; but the posts that ran alongside of the pathway were charred and black. It was a sad and sullen sight, and was the result of a careless spring burning of the heather. We drove on through this dead vegetation. All was silent, save for a chill breeze that mournfully stirred the lifeless trees and shivered along the dead, yellow bent-grass that had grown high and thick in the summer. The place, in its desolation, seemed almost a valley of death. No sound greeted our ears but the murmur of the river below and the crunching of the pebbles under the horse's feet. The children crept closer to me as I drew the shawls and wraps tightly round them.

When we cleared the melancholy wood and gained the main road, occasionally a cart laden with 'peats' and the horse decorated with a head-collar that might have come from Normandy passed us. A barelegged child with a cow, or a boy riding a pony, went by and vanished up some lonely hill track. At last our long drive came to an end, and we reached the little station.

In a few minutes the train puffed in, and we took our places. Tommy called out for luncheon: 'I is so hungry,' he cried out. Gerry, only a year older, but much wiser, retorted: 'Greedy boy, you must wait.' Then there followed a running to and fro, a presentation of grouse to the station-master on our part, and all the while a ripple of chatter and laughter from the fish-girls who stood on the platform barelegged, their creels on their backs, but merry and full of chaff, waiting for the next train and watching us.

Then the train moved off, quite gently, as if travelling was a solemn, serious business—nothing jaunty, and with no ungodly speed. The guard gravely whistled, and our heads were turned southward. I sat looking back at the sweet silent country, with the long stretches of rush-grown meadows and moorlands, broken here and there by the little white houses of the crofters and liliputian patches of oats and barley. 'What a gentle time of rest and quiet I had had,' I said to myself as the familiar view vanished from my eyes and I realised that I was returning to busy England. A fuller life lay before me in the future, it was true; but as the train sped on I knew that I left the Hielands and the dear people who live there not without a tender regret and a great longing to return and live amongst them again next year.

CATHERINE MILNES GASKELL.

RECENT SCIENCE

I

The recent speculations as to the structure of the chemical molecule, especially in complex organic compounds, have not yet been introduced before the readers of this Review; and it is not without a certain hesitation that they are introduced now. It seems almost impossible to mention them without covering the pages with chemical formulæ and diagrams. However, the subject is assuming such importance that an attempt must be made to explain, at least, the general drift of modern researches in structural chemistry, even to those who are not initiated in the mysteries of the 'triphenylmethans,' the 'tetramethyl-diamido-benzhydrols,' and other similarly terrific terms used by chemists.

The leading principle of chemical symbolism is very plain. All that we know about the structure of matter leads us to consider it as composed of molecules, which consist themselves of atoms of the simple bodies or elements; and our chemical symbols express the composition of the molecules. Water, so long as it remains water in its physical changes, consists of molecules, each of which is composed of two atoms of hydrogen and one atom of oxygen. Therefore we express it by the symbol H_2O. And as we know that each atom of oxygen is very nearly sixteen times as heavy as the atom of hydrogen, we at once see from the symbol that each eighteen weight-parts of water (grains, ounces, or pounds) contain two parts of hydrogen and sixteen parts of oxygen. In this same way the chemist writes H_2SO_4 for sulphuric acid, in order to express that each of its molecules consist of two hydrogen, one sulphur, and four oxygen atoms. Every chemical compound, however complex it may be, and every chemical transformation it undergoes, can thus be represented by similar symbols.

So far so good. But the question arises, How are the seven atoms grouped which compose the molecule of sulphuric acid? Are they mixed up in a haphazard way, like so many grains of sand? or, are they not perhaps disposed in two groups, one of which might be water and the other a compound of one atom of sulphur with three atoms of oxygen? For a long time this last view prevailed. The molecule of sulphuric acid was represented as water *plus* sulphur

trioxide; and the molecule of any salt of sulphuric acid, or sulphate, was considered as consisting of two groups—the oxide of a metal and the trioxide of sulphur. All acids, salts, and other compounds, as well as all chemical transformations, were represented under this presumption of a dual structure, which admirably suited inorganic chemistry. However, in proportion as organic chemistry took a wider development, it became more and more apparent that the dual representation could be held no longer. It did not answer at all for the representation of organic compounds; it gave no idea as to their structure, and still less as to their origin; and the unitarian system, advocated long since by Gerhardt, coupled with the atomic theory and the theory of substitutions, was introduced.

The new theory entirely revolutionised chemistry; it gave it a sudden impulse, it widened its conceptions, and it became a mighty instrument of research. Under the unitarian system we no longer subdivide the molecule of sulphuric acid (or of any other body) into the above two parts; we simply consider it as consisting of its seven atoms; and when we see its transformations into various sulphates, we say that its two hydrogen atoms are substituted either by two atoms of sodium or potassium or by one atom of copper or calcium; and we conclude, therefore, that one atom of calcium or of copper has the same valency as two atoms of hydrogen—that it is bivalent; while each atom of potassium (or of sodium) is univalent, and has the same valency as one atom of hydrogen. Nothing seems to be changed, and yet a far-reaching conception of a mechanical character is introduced, while in organic chemistry the new theory proves to be simply invaluable. Taking for our starting-point the marsh-gas, whose molecules consist of one carbon and four hydrogen atoms, we can obtain an immense chain of the most varied products by simply imagining that one, two, three, or all four atoms of hydrogen are substituted by an equal number of univalent atoms; or by introducing a bivalent atom instead of each pair of atoms of hydrogen, and so on. And this product of our imagination fully corresponds to realities; we really find bodies having the desired constitution. Moreover, we can also substitute for the hydrogen atoms of the marsh-gas some molecules of certain compounds (or *radicles*) of a well-determined composition, whose affinities, we say, are not saturated, and which come to a stabler equilibrium when they take the place of the hydrogen atom in the marsh-gas.[1]

[1] This idea of compound molecules taking the place of one hydrogen atom may seem strange at first sight, but it answers to real facts. Mendeléeff has endeavoured to throw some light upon it in the following way:—Water, which we represent as HHO (or H_2O), may be considered as HH and O, which act on each other (in accordance with Newton's third law) so as to maintain each other in equilibrium; but we also must consider it as a combination of H and HO, which means that HO can equilibrate H and can be substituted for it. So it is in reality. So also the marsh-gas may be considered as composed of one C and four H's, or as CH and

In this way, after having started from that relatively simple compound, the marsh-gas, we can raise, by successive substitutions, to all possible appallingly complex organic bodies. Organic chemistry is wonderfully simplified. The student who has grasped the theory of substitutions grasps at once the structure, the origin, and the classification of the most complex combinations. But not only that: the symbols thus written are not mere mnemonic expressions; they indicate the various substitutions which are supposed to have taken place, and the barbarously long names of organic chemistry are so long simply because they enumerate the substitutions; but very often the symbols indicate also the real succession of the chemical reactions, and show in what way a complex compound can be obtained in the laboratory; finally, they show at a glance which compounds are possible and which are not. After having split the molecule into its component atoms and thrown them into one heap, the unitarian theory has thus rebuilt the molecule out of its real component parts and taught us how to build it up. So it has often happened, during the last five-and-twenty years, that, as soon as a new combination of atoms and radicles had been figured on paper, the discovery of the corresponding compound, and sometimes its synthesis, immediately followed. The very fact that the benzene-molecule was considered as constituted of six simpler molecules (six CH's), linked together in a chain, led to an immense array of discoveries and of synthetic achievements in the domain of the aromatic compounds—these discoveries (some of which are of a great technical value) giving in their turn a powerful impulse to the whole constructive part of chemistry.

However, chemistry was soon compelled to make a further step.[2] So far it had studied, out of which atoms, or groups of atoms, the molecule is built up; but the arrangement of these groups within the molecule had also to be taken into account. Many organic bodies, although being composed of exactly the same number of the same atoms, appear in two, three, or more varieties, or isomeres, which widely differ in their physical and chemical properties. Just as oxygen is known to exist as oxygen and ozone, or sulphur exists in three different varieties, quite identical as to their chemical composition, but differing in aspect and properties, so also there are immense numbers of organic compounds which appear in two or

three H's, or as CH_2 and two H's, or as CH_3 and one H. The molecule CH_3 can thus be substituted for H, which is really the fact.—See 'An Attempt to Apply to Chemistry one of the Principles of Newton's Natural Philosophy,' in Mendeléeff's *Principles of Chemistry*. London, 1891, vol. ii., Appendix I.

[2] For the historical development of stereo-chemistry and structural chemistry altogether, see Victor Meyer's excellent lecture in *Berichte der Deutschen chemischen Gesellschaft*, Bd. 23, p. 567; and C. A. Bischoff's detailed general review in Richard Meyer's *Jahrbuch der Chemie*, 1 Jahrg., 1892. Also the address, by Prof. Joh. Wislicenius, 'Die letzten Errungenschaften der Chemie' in same *Berichte*, Bd. 25, 1892.

more isomeric varieties, of which turpentine, camphor, and tartaric acid give several examples. Very often such isomeres differ from each other by having different boiling-points, or they rotate the plane of polarisation of light in two different ways; and the very compounds which may be derived from them also are different. It is evident that for such isomeric bodies it is not sufficient to simply state the numbers of different atoms of which they consist. Thus, for tartaric acid it is not enough to know that it is composed of four carbon, six oxygen, and six hydrogen atoms, because there are three different varieties of the same acid, all three having exactly the same composition. Even to state that it is composed of eight groups of atoms and molecules is not enough.[3] The mutual dispositions of the eight groups have to be symbolised in some way if we intend to represent the three varieties of the same compound; and this has been done by chemists for some time, but in a rather clumsy manner.

We write our ideas on paper, that is, on a plane surface, and the chemical symbols were written in the same way. The different arrangements of atoms in the molecule were represented as if all component parts were lying on the paper's surface, and the molecules were figured as flat hexagons, pentagons, quadrangles, stars and so on, with simple, or double, or dotted lines connecting the different groups and figuring their different affinities. Chemical books came out, illustrated with the most fanciful patterns, laboriously composed of letters—poor, imperfect hieroglyphs, which, nevertheless, aided chemists to most splendid discoveries. However, the real atoms are certainly not arranged on flat surfaces, and the molecules are not sheets of paper, but bodies with three dimensions; and, in order to still more approach to reality, chemistry was soon compelled to make its next step. Breaking with the flat surfaces' symbols, it was brought to represent the atoms grouped in space. Stereo-chemistry, or chemistry in space, was thus born, and it found in Van 't Hoff, Lebel, and V. Mayer most able promoters, and a gifted follower in Ph. Guye.[4] Starting from the same marsh-gas, they now represent the atom of carbon as located in the centre of a regular tetrahedron (a pyramid having an equilateral triangle for its basis and three equal triangles for its sides), and the four atoms of hydrogen at the four summits of the figure. Each of the hydrogen atoms

[3] Two molecules of CO_2H, two molecules of OH, two atoms of carbon, and two atoms of hydrogen.

[4] Van 't Hoff in *Archives néerlandaises*, 1874, t. ix., p. 445, and *Bulletin de la Société Chimique*, 1875, t. xxiii., p. 295; also 'Dix Ans d'une Théorie;' J. A. Lebel, 'Le Pouvoir Rotatoire et la Structure Moléculaire,' in *Conférences faites à la Société Chimique*, 1889–92, Paris, 1892, where his previous works are mentioned; Ph. Guye, 'Etudes sur la Dissymétrie Moléculaire,' in *Archives des Sciences Physiques et Naturelles*, Genève, 1891, and 'La Dissymétrie Moléculaire,' in same *Conférences*, p. 149.

can be substituted by either a univalent atom or a monovalent radicle, which take positions at the summits of the tetrahedron; and an immense variety of organic compounds can be derived from this fundamental figure. The structure of the isomeres and their different behaviour towards polarised light are admirably illustrated in such a way by the different relative positions taken by the radicles and the atoms. One sees on such schemes why such compound *must* give two or three isomeres; why they must differently rotate polarised light; why such compound must be stable, and such another must be unstable. Of course, the tetrahedrons are mere symbols, but in some cases the symbols wonderfully approach to realities, and they open the way to further progress. Moreover, the symbols figured in space introduce a new conception; namely, the different masses of the component parts, and the different distances from the centre at which they must be placed for equilibrating each other are taken into account—the tetrahedrons evidently becoming more or less irregular in such case. A still further approach to reality is thus made.

In all such symbols the atoms are, however, represented as immovable at the summits of a geometrical figure, but in reality they must be engaged in continual oscillations round a spot which may be described as the centre of valency. And these oscillations, as shown by A. Werner,[5] if they are increased by heat or electricity, necessarily lead to changes in the composition of the molecule; such and such new compounds, and no others, must arise; and again the previsions are confirmed by experiment. Chemistry thus gradually introduces the idea of mass and motion into its symbols and considers the chemical molecule as a system of very minute bodies oscillating round a common centre of gravity. It recognises in them structures which are analogous to systems of double or treble stars or to clusters of stars, while the physicist sees further the molecule itself oscillating under the influence of heat, electricity, or light. The molecule thus becomes a particle of the universe on a microscopic scale—a microcosmos which lives the same life.

These few considerations will, perhaps, convey some idea of the general drift of modern chemistry. Its present tendency is to get rid of the metaphysical conception of 'affinity' and to construct its theories upon a mechanical basis. The idea of mass and motion penetrates chemistry, and the chemist sees that many obscure points of his teaching will only then become clear when he applies to his science the principles of dynamics, upon which all other physical sciences are built.

[5] 'Beiträge zur Theorie der Affinität und Valenz,' in *Vierteljahrschrift der Züricher naturforschenden Gesellschaft*, 1891, Bd. 36, p. 1; summed up in Richard Meyer's *Jahrbuch der Chemie*, 1 Jahrgang, Frankfurt, 1892, p. 130.

II

We are so much accustomed to receive through the eyes an infinite variety of luminous impressions that in our daily life we seldom make a distinction between light and colours, considered as physical facts, and our own sensations of the same. We get into the habit of considering colours as something inherent to the coloured things, and hardly take notice of the continuous changes in the coloration of our surroundings, which are going on in accordance with the changing position of the sun or the brightness of the sky. Still less do we realise the differences in the sensations awakened in different persons by the very same luminous rays, and we always feel amazed when we meet with a colour-blind man who finds nothing particularly interesting in a glorious sunset, because he cannot see the crimson tinting of the clouds, or with another who maintains that a cherry and the surrounding leaves are of the same colour. And yet, as soon as we endeavour to follow the course of a beam of light, from the moment it has left the sun or the lamp till the moment it becomes a perception in our brain, we at once discover a gap, not yet filled up by science, between the physical fact and the sensations it awakens in our nervous system.

When our eye receives luminous vibrations from an object, and produces, on a smaller scale, a coloured image of the object on the retina, it acts so far as a lens in the photographer's camera. But exactly as luminous energy must be transformed into chemical energy, within the layer of silver salts which covers the photographic plate, before the image is fixed on the plate, so also the energy of luminous vibrations has to be transformed into nervous energy, within the ramifications of the optical nerve which form the retina, before the thus produced irritation is transmitted to the visual centres of the brain. And the question which has preoccupied science for more than a hundred years is, how the transformation of one energy into the other is effected.

The same difficulty obviously exists for all the other senses. The very fact that the nerves of vision, hearing, smell, taste, and touch, all issue from the cerebro-spinal system, spread in countless ramifications, fibres and layers of cells in the eye, the ear, the nose, the tongue, and the skin ; and that each of these ramifications, on being irritated by any agency (electricity, heat, the point of a needle, or pressure), always produces its own specific sensation of light, sound, odour, taste, or touch—this very fact shows that a transformation of energies must take place in the terminals of the nerves, which may be considered as so many outer ramifications of the brain. For the sense of hearing only, the transformation is explained in a more or less satisfactory manner. According to the theory worked

out by Helmholtz, each one of the very numerous fibres which make the terminals of the auditory nerve in the ear can be irritated, like a resonator, by vibrations of one determined frequency only. If we have in a room a series of strings of different lengths, and sing in this room a note of such height that its number of vibrations exactly equals the number of vibrations which can be entered upon by one of the strings, this string resounds, answering to our voice. So also with the ear: when a musical sound of, say, a thousand vibrations in the second reaches the internal ear, the special fibre which can be affected by vibrations of this frequency is stimulated, and the sensation is conveyed to the brain. Each other fibre also answers to one sound of a determined height, and with the aid of all of them we are enabled to perceive all sounds, from sixteen to 40,000 vibrations in the second. Of course, there is something extremely artificial about this explanation, borrowed from the physical laboratory, if not from the piano; but, as no better one is forthcoming, it is pretty generally accepted—at least, as a working hypothesis. But no similar hypothesis can be advocated for the eye, because the eye perceives differences of colour corresponding to undulations of from 400 billions to over 800 billions in the second; and if anatomists estimate at several hundred thousands the total number of cones and rods with which the optical nerve terminates in the retina, it must be borne in mind that every minute part of a square millimetre in the central parts of the retina is capable of transmitting to the brain the impressions of all possible colours. A separate nerve-terminal for each separate colour would thus be an absolute impossibility.

This difficulty is met by the now current theory of colour-vision, which was first proposed by Thomas Young in 1802, and further elaborated partly by Maxwell but especially by Helmholtz, who also slightly modified it.[6] It is based on the well-known fact that all the multitude of colours of the spectrum, as well as all shades of grey and white, can be obtained by mixing together, in certain proportions, three fundamental colours. Opinions may differ as to which three colours are fundamental, and which are derived; but, on the whole, green, red, and violet, or violet-blue, may be considered as the three colours from which all others can be obtained. This is, of course, a physical fact only; but it naturally leads to the conclusion that the optical nerve need not have as many terminals as there are hues

[6] The best exposition of Helmholtz's theory for the general reader will be found in his *Populär-wissenschaftliche Vorträge*, 3 fascicules, Braunschweig, 1876, of which an English translation has been published. The whole theory is worked out in his *Handbuch der physiologischen Optik*, second edition in 1892. Captain W. de Abney's *Colour Measurement and Mixture*, London, 1891 ('The Romance of Science Series'), and his lecture before the Royal Institution on the 'Sensitiveness of the Eye to Light and Colour' (*Nature*, April 6, 1893, vol. xlvii., p. 538), as also R. Brudenell Carter's lecture on 'Colour-Vision and Colour-Blindness' (*Nature*, vol. xlii., p. 55), contain excellent reviews of the whole subject for the general reader.

of colours and shades of grey perceived by the eye. Three sets of terminals would do. Provided they are equally distributed over the surface of the retina, and each of them is chiefly affected by one fundamental colour, and much less by the two others, the result would be that impressions of all possible colours could be imparted to the brain. If a beam of pure red light falls upon the retina it will chiefly affect those terminals which are especially sensitive to the slower vibrations of light at the red end of the spectrum. Then, the fibres of the optical nerve which are connected with these terminals will transmit the irritation to the brain, and we shall have a sensation of red; and if a beam of pure green, or pure violet, reaches the retina, the green-service or the violet-service terminals will be affected in preference to the others, and we shall see the green or the violet colour. As to white light, it affects, under this theory, the three sets of terminals at the same time in a certain proportion; while the sensations of all other compound colours are produced by a simultaneous irritation of two or three sets of nerve-terminals. The retina is thus acting as an analyser of light, it decomposes it, while the brain makes the synthesis of the component sensations.

It must be remarked at once that, even with the most perfect microscopes, the supposed different sets of nerve-terminals have not been discovered in the human retina; but in the eyes of birds we really see cells containing differently coloured pigments, which may be interpreted in favour of the theory. On the other hand, recent researches into colour-blindness decidedly give support to the Young and Helmholtz hypothesis. It has been proved that there are, especially in the civilised nations, a certain number of individuals (nearly four per cent.) who are more or less deprived of the sense of red, or of green, or—exceptionally—of violet, and we can easily admit that in such cases the respective nerve-terminals are atrophied from one cause or another. However, these same researches into colour-blindness have brought to light some other facts which cannot be easily explained under the hypothesis of the three fundamental sensations.

It is known that Goethe passionately fought against Newton's theory of colours, which is the theory of our own time. No amount of argument could convince him that white light is a compound of all possible colours; he continued to maintain that it is something quite different from coloured light, and he attached so much importance to his discoveries in optics that he considered them much greater than all his great poetical works. When he saw that a beam of white light, after having passed through a glass prism, gives origin to six different colours, with all possible intermediate hues, he never would admit, as we are taught nowadays, that white light has been decomposed into its primitive constituents; he affirmed that the glass has *added* something to the white light which it did not possess before. It is certainly not my intention to show here how Goethe's

views might be rediscussed in the language of the theory of vibrations, nor even to analyse an attempt recently made in that direction, but it is most noteworthy that the idea of a fundamental distinction between white light and coloured light—at least in their physiological aspects—is now making its way. It lies at the basis of the two other theories of colour-vision, which I must now mention.

One of them, very similar to the one proposed in 1859 by Mr. W. Poole,[7] is advocated by Professor Hering.[8] It became known during the recent investigations into colour-blindness that, besides those who are partially colour-blind and see no red, or no green, or no violet, there are a few who may be described as totally colour-blind. Colours do not exist for them. The most gorgeously-coloured landscape appears to their eyes as if it were painted in black and white with a slight tint of yellow-grey and bluish-grey. The sensibility of their visual apparatus thus does not raise above that of a photographer's film; but, like the photographer's film, it perfectly well distinguishes the various shades of light and the differences of luminosity of the colours, so that there must be in their eyes some such arrangement as would permit them to receive impressions of luminosity without receiving at the same time the impressions of any colours. Such cases are extremely rare, and only occur in consequence of disease; but Hering has had the opportunity of studying a typical case of the kind on a young musician,[9] and other cases have been studied since. It is evident that such facts, on becoming known, could only revive the doubts already expressed as regards the theory of Helmholtz, and they brought into prominence the views of Hering.[10]

Hering's idea is that we are possessed of six fundamental sensations, divided into three pairs—white and black, red and green, yellow and blue—and that the action of light upon the retina is chiefly chemical. There is, he maintains, in the retina a visual substance which is decomposed by white light, and its decomposition gives us the sensation of light without colours; but in the darkness this substance is rebuilt by blood, and the constructive process gives the opposite sensation of black. Another visual substance is decomposed by red rays, and its decomposition produces a sensation of red, while its reconstruction awakens the idea of the complementary colour, that is, green. And, finally, a third substance awakens in the same way the perceptions of blue and yellow. As to the intermediate colours, they are seen when two or all three substances are

[7] 'On Colour-Blindness,' in *Philosophical Transactions*, 1859, vol. cxlix.; quoted by Prof. Rutherford.

[8] 'Zur Lehre vom Lichtsinn,' 2nd edition, Vienna, 1878, and many subsequent papers.

[9] Pflüger's *Archiv für Physiologie*, 1891, Bd. xlix., p. 568.

[10] See Helmholtz's answers to Hering's objections in the 2nd edition (1892) of his *Handbuch der physiologischen Optik*; they are summed up by Prof. Everett in *Nature*, vol. xlvii., 1893, p. 365.

decomposed at the same time in different proportions. Such is, in brief words, the modification of Young's theory propounded by Hering.

In some respects it undoubtedly offers a decided improvement. It accounts very well for the above cases of total insensibility to colours, and this is one of the reasons why the Committee on Colour-Blindness, appointed by the Royal Society, has spoken of it so favourably.[11] Moreover, it explains why we always perceive, in almost all natural colours, a certain admixture of white; and it smooths some serious difficulties as regards complementary colours. If our eye, fatigued by looking for some time at a red wafer, subsequently sees, on looking at a sheet of white paper, a green spot of the same size, the subjective sensation of green is accounted for by the reconstruction of the visual substance which has been decomposed by the red rays. And yet, with all these advantages, and several others of less importance, the theory does not give full satisfaction to the mind. Science hesitates to adopt it, and we see that a specialist in the matter, Captain W. de Abney, who has made immense experimental researches relative to colours and colour-vision, some of which are very favourable to Hering's views, prefers the theory of Helmholtz, simply because it is the plainest of the two. Such statement evidently is equivalent to recognising that both are equally unsatisfactory. I will therefore mention a third theory, which seems not to be yet generally known, but undoubtedly has much to be said in its favour.

A fundamental distinction between our sensations of white light and those of different colours being proved, A. Charpentier looks for a much deeper cause of the distinction than a simple difference of visual substances. This is the leading idea of his theory, based upon his twelve years' experiments upon vision, and certainly deserving more attention than it has hitherto received.[12] The fact is, that while cases of total colour-blindness are very rare, we all suffer from the same defect to a certain extent. We do not perceive colours with the peripheral ramifications of our optical nerve. When we look at a coloured object so that its image falls on the outer parts of the retina, we see its shape but not its colour. However, this defect does not depend upon the absence of some special anatomical structure, because it can partly be remedied by exercise; and, moreover, a well-saturated colour of a deep hue can be perceived by the outer part of the retina as well. Besides, Charpentier proves that even

[11] 'Report of the Committee on Colour-Blindness,' London, 1892 (reprint from the *Proceedings of the Royal Society*).

[12] He has summed up his researches up to 1888, as well as the general aspects of vision, in an excellent little work, 'La Lumière et ses Couleurs,' Paris, 1888 (Baillière's *Bibliothèque Scientifique Contemporaine*). His later works are in *Comptes Rendus*, especially t. 114, 1892, pp. 1180 and 1423; also in *Comptes Rendus de la Société de Biologie*, 9e série, t. iv., 1892, p. 486.

the central parts of the retina are less sensitive to colour than to white light. For these and several other reasons he considers that the sensation of white light is not a compound sensation, but, 'on the contrary, the simplest, the most usual, and the easiest provoked reaction of the visual apparatus.' It is always provoked by light of any colour, and only varies in intensity, never in character; while another reaction, variable for different colours, must be added to the former, in order that we might have a sensation of coloured light. A double process is thus required, and Charpentier explains it by venturing the supposition of a twofold action, chemical and thermal, of coloured light upon two different pigments of the retina. Light, whatever its colour may be, and only in proportion to its intensity, decomposes the visual purple or erythropsine. This substance, which is found in the cones of the retina, is really known to be decomposed by light and to be reconstructed in the dark, its decomposition giving a differently coloured product. Kühne even succeeded in photographing the impressions produced on the retina of a living animal by images which had fallen upon it, the photograph being evidently taken before blood had had time to reconstruct the sensitive pigment. A photo-chemical effect of light is thus a fact, and the decomposition of the erythropsine provokes in the optical nerve one sort of vibrations, totally independent from the colour of light, and only varying in amplitude according to its intensity. But we also have another pigment, which is located between the rods and cones of the retina, and absorbs light and heat. This absorption provokes in the nerve another set of thermal or thermo-electric undulations, which, however, always begin a little later than the former, the interval between the two being greater for the violet end of the spectrum than for the red. Two waves of undulations are thus flowing along the optical nerve; but as the thermal wave is started after the chemical wave, and the delay is different for different colours, the corresponding phases of the two waves follow each other at different intervals, according to the colour of light, and their various combinations provoke a variety of sensations which we interpret as so many different colours.

This ingenious hypothesis is not purely imaginative, as it might appear in my rapid sketch. Charpentier supports it, on the contrary, by a great variety of experiments. It certainly would require, in the first place, a direct physiological confirmation of the two waves flowing along the nerve, just as the other two theories would require the anatomical discovery of the three different terminals; but the hypothesis accounts very well for all facts of vision and colour-blindness, and it has, moreover, the advantage of explaining the phenomena of contrast which, as pointed out by Professor Rutherford,[13] offer a great

[13] Presidential Address before the British Association in 1892, section of Biology (*Nature*, vol. xlvi., p. 342).

difficulty for the theories of both Helmholtz and Hering.[14] However, the chief advantage of Charpentier's theory is, perhaps, in the fact that, in common with Professor Rutherford's suggestions, it represents our sensations of colours as dependent upon the different form of the undulations carried along the optical nerve itself. The differences of the visual impressions do not end in the retina; they are continued in the nerve and in the brain.

The whole matter, as seen, still remains in the domain of hypothesis; but with the theories of senses we enter the most difficult and the least explored department of science, where we have to pass from physical facts to facts of psychology. The application of rigorous physical methods to the border-region between the two sciences is but of recent origin; in fact, it was chiefly introduced since it became evident that there is more than a simple correlation between physical energy acting upon the nerves and the intensity of primary sensations awakened by this energy: that there is a dependency of cause and effect between the two, which can be and has been expressed by Fechner by a mathematical law; that both are interdependent quantities which can be measured by the same units. It is most remarkable, at any rate, that, after having vainly endeavoured to represent the nerves as fibres transmitting the simple fact of an irritation of their outer ends, science returns to the conception foreseen by Newton—that of different undulations travelling along the nerves, and being the sources of the different sensations. The world of physical vibrations thus does not stop where brain matter begins; it penetrates into it, and, as Professor Everett puts it, we have now to study 'the differences of condition in the organism,' [15] in order to further penetrate into the yet unsolved problems of colour-vision.

III

A great deal of attention has lately been paid to the origin of nitrogen in the soil and its assimilation by plants. At first sight the subject seems to belong to the domain of agriculture, but it has such a deep bearing upon the physiology of plants, and the discoveries

[14] The subjective colours which appear round coloured objects are easily explained by undulations induced in the neighbouring fibres of the optical nerve. Charpentier's last researches (*Comptes Rendus*, t. 113, 1891, pp. 147 and 217) render such undulations very probable. It must also be mentioned that Chauveau has lately confirmed the old experience of Dove. He has proved beyond any doubt that if we look in the spectroscope with one eye upon an image coloured in red and with the other eye upon an image coloured in green, the compound image appears white (*Comptes Rendus*, t. 113, 1891, pp. 358, 394, and 439). The fusion of the colours is thus operated in the brain or in the optic nerve. This fact, which is almost unaccountable under the two theories of Helmholtz and Hering, could easily be explained under Charpentier's hypothesis.

[15] *Nature*, vol. xlvii. p. 368 (February 16, 1893).

recently made in connection with it throw so much light upon the chemical processes which are accomplished on a grand scale in nature, that the chemist, the botanist, the agriculturist, and the student of bacteriology are equally interested in it, and discuss it from their own special points of view. Perhaps it is the more necessary, therefore, to consider the whole matter under its general aspects.

The questions at issue are plain enough. A seed has been put in the soil; there it grows first on the food that has been stored up within the seed itself by the mother-plant. Later on the seedling sends its rootlets in search of food in the soil, while its leaves, waved in the air and bathing in sunshine, absorb another part of the necessary food from the atmosphere. The mineral matters required by the plant are found in a soluble state in the soil or may be easily supplied to it, while oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon are borrowed either from the atmosphere or from the air and water which permeate the soil, and both contain some carbonic acid. But with nitrogen, which is as necessary for the life of the plant as it is for the life of the animal, the difficulties come in. There is plenty of it both in the atmosphere and in the soil, but it cannot be absorbed from the atmosphere by the leaves, and out of the nitrogen contained by an unmanured soil only an imperceptible amount is in such state that it can be taken in by the roots. Whence, then, does the plant take it?

That plants do not absorb free nitrogen from the air through their leaves was proved fifty years ago by Boussingault, and still more decisively in 1861 by J. B. Lawes, Dr. Gilbert, and Dr. Pugh. Their memoir upon this subject has become classical, and it at once won a world-wide reputation to the then modest farm of Rothamsted. They established beyond doubt that the higher plants—with the exception, perhaps, of the leguminosæ or papilionaceæ (peas, vetches, lupins, and so on)—borrow their nitrogen supplies from some other source than the atmosphere. And yet G. Ville, another agriculturist of great repute, has not ceased during the last fifty years to bring forward no less conclusive experiments, proving that in some way unknown small quantities of nitrogen always find their way from the atmosphere into a vigorous plant. Even when the plant is grown under a glass bell, and its soil is thus prevented from receiving the small amount of nitrogen which might be brought down by rain in the shape of ammonia or nitric acid formed in the atmosphere after a thunderstorm—even then some nitrogen of the air penetrates into the plant. Both sets of experiments are equally conclusive, and for fifty years their contradictory results remained unexplained.

A similar difficulty was experienced with regard to the nitrogen in the soil. Of course, there is plenty of it, even in a poor soil: the previous generations of plants have laid it in stock. There is so much of it that at a time when Liebig's chemical theories ruled agriculture he could teach in some such terms as these: 'Never mind the nitro-

gen,' he said. 'The small amount of it which you introduce into the soil with your stable-manure is nothing in comparison to what the soil already contains of it. Mind the mineral salts which you take away with each crop and return them to the soil.' And yet the farmer's experience and scientific experiment alike stood against Liebig. No amount of phosphates, or lime, or ashes, could produce, even in a soil already rich in nitrogen, the effects produced by stable-manure. The latter gave vigour to the plants and seemed to vivify those very nitrogen compounds which already were stored in the soil. There the debate stood when light was thrown upon it from a quite unexpected quarter. Phenomena of life found their explanation in life, not in chemistry.

The fascinating achievements of chemistry during the first half of our century had created the tendency to explain all phenomena of life by such simple chemical reactions as we perform in our laboratories. Animals and plants were treated like simple glass balloons, in which any reaction may be provoked by adding some acid or some alkali. However, the old teachings of Leeuwenhoek and Cagniard Latour had not been totally lost. Schwann—the father of the cell theory—was already restituting life to its real importance; and when Pasteur came forward with his epoch-making researches into the chemistry of the micro-organisms, he found science already prepared to accept his teachings. At the present time, we know that no animal or plant, with the exception of the lowest unicellular beings, can be considered as *one* being—that each of them is a colony of multitudes of micro-organisms; and while we are more and more persuaded that chemical processes which are going on within complex and unstable compounds are the real basis of life, we know that the seat of these processes must be looked for in the infinitesimal component parts of the organism and in the microscopical inhabitants of its organs. The study of these unseen beings and of the chemical processes due to their activity has already given the clue to many a scientific problem, and it also has finally shown the way out of the above-mentioned contradictions.

It is a well-known fact that, if a field has been left uncultivated, the percentage of nitrogen in the soil goes on increasing, and even becomes greater than it was in the very plants which have grown upon the soil. It has now been demonstrated by Mayer, Post, and Kostycheff[16] that the increase is due to the lower fungi and micro-organisms which develop in prodigious quantities in decaying vegetable matter. They live in it, and as they eliminate carbonic acid they increase the percentage of nitrogen in the vegetable mould. To their activities we are indebted for the considerable amounts of nitrogen stored in the superficial layers of the earth, and until lately man has been

[16] 'The Formation and Properties of Vegetable Mould' (Russian), in *Trudy* of the St. Petersburg Society of Naturalists, Botany, vol. xx., 1889, p. 123.

chiefly living upon the treasuries accumulated by the invisible workers.

However, the nitrogen of the soil is of no direct avail for the plant if it is in the shape of such organic compounds as are bound within the vegetable mould. Plants cannot assimilate them. Nor is it available if it is in the shape of those insoluble ammoniacal salts which are easily formed in a clayey soil. The best case for the plant is when it appears in the shape of nitric acid (a compound of one atom of nitrogen with one of hydrogen and two of oxygen), or of nitrates—that is, of salts of this acid. But nitric acid is only formed with great difficulty in the soil, because nitrogen does not combine directly with oxygen unless the latter is transformed into ozone; therefore, even the soils which are rich in nitrogen usually contain but infinitesimal quantities of nitrates. All is thus against the plants. But here the microbes come in to their aid. Already, in 1877, Schloesing and Müntz had demonstrated that a *living* ferment is necessary for the production of nitric acid and nitrates in the soil; but it took full thirteen or fourteen years of laborious researches before it became proved, by Professor Percy and Mrs. Grace Frankland,[17] Mr. Warington,[18] and especially by Winogradsky,[19] that the process of converting ammonia into nitric acid is really performed by special microbes, and that two different bacteria are required to accomplish the full process. One of them decomposes ammonia, and transforms it into water and nitrous acid; whereupon the other intervenes, for further oxidising this acid and transforming it into nitric acid. The two bacteria have finally been isolated by Warington and Winogradsky, and they proved to be quite different, although each of the two seems to be represented by several species, characteristic of different localities. Like all other bacteria, they multiply very rapidly, and it is sufficient to introduce in a mould the slightest amount of a soil which has already contained the nitrifying bacteria to provoke in it a transformation of its nitrogen compounds into nitric acid. It is also most remarkable that the second bacteria was only discovered by Winogradsky when he investigated a sample of soil from Quito—that is, from a region not very distant from the great saltpetre layers of Chili and Peru, and that altogether the soils taken from South America and South Africa act as powerful ferments, while European soils seem to contain but smaller quantities of the bacteria of nitrification.

The scientific and practical importance of this discovery cannot be overrated. Without the two microbes, which continually prepare fresh nitric acid in the soil, while the previous stocks of it are washed

[17] *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, Meeting of March 13, 1890.

[18] Meeting of the Chemical Society, May 21, 1891.

[19] *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur*, 1891, No. 2, p. 105; *Archives des Sciences Biologiques de Saint-Pétersbourg*, 1892, t. 1, p. 87; *Comptes Rendus*, t. 113, 1893, p. 89.

downwards into the subsoil by rain-water, agriculture would remain in a precarious state. Moreover, when we import nitrate of sodium from Chili and spread it over our fields, we not only increase their stock of assimilable nitrogen, we also import the nitrifying microbe, which will help to maintain fertility for some time to come. Of course, we also may manure with costly nitrates prepared in the manufacture. Artificially prepared nitrates also exercise a splendid effect upon vegetation, while phosphates admirably aid the plant in the development of its younger parts. But if chemical manure is vivified by the living ferment, it only becomes the better for it, the more so as it has been proved that, contrary to all previsions, the nitrifying organisms flourish in liquids which contain no traces whatever of organic matter. Like green plants, they can build up their protoplasm out of carbonic acid, oxygen, water, and ammonia.

One of the two questions mentioned at the beginning of this chapter has thus received a definite solution. As to the second question, relative to the assimilation of nitrogen by plants, it offers some additional difficulties. Already, in the earlier Rothamsted experiments, previous to 1861, it had been remarked that while higher plants, as a rule, absorb no nitrogen from the air, the leguminosæ manage somehow to get some of it from this source as well. It was also known to practical agriculturists that if a leguminose crop had been grown, and, instead of being taken away in the autumn, it had been ploughed into the soil as manure, the contents of nitrogen in the soil were increased by the amount of it which the plants have absorbed from the air, even though it was certain that they do not absorb it through the leaves. Berthelot, who was investigating these and related questions for years, came, as early as in 1883,[20] to the conclusion that lower microscopical plants must be instrumental in this assimilation; but it was only through the researches of Wilfarth and Hellriegel[21] that the enigma received its full solution. They discovered that the roots of the leguminosæ, grown in fertile soils, become covered with nodules, originated from agglomerations of bacteria (*B. radicicola*), which enter into a sort of symbiotic association with the plant. They borrow from the plant the necessary hydrocarbons, and they supply it with nitrogen which they assimilate from the air circulating in the soil. Minute as they are, they really feed the plant with nitrogen; and if they have been destroyed by previously calcinating the soil, the plant will never attain its full vigour. On the other hand, the same calcined and sterilised soil soon becomes fertile, and the plant soon regains its

[20] *Comptes Rendus*, 1885; *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, 6e série, t. ix., 1887, p. 289; *Comptes Rendus*, 9 Sept. 1889; t. 112, 1891, p. 189. All the discussion between Berthelot and Schloesing in the same periodical, vols. cxii.–cxvi., is of great interest.

[21] *Beilageheft zu der Zeitschrift des Vereins für die Rübenzucker-Industrie*, November 1888.

forces, if ever so minute quantities of the precious germs are introduced into the soil. Wonderful as this discovery seemed to be when it first became known, there is no longer any doubt about its accuracy, the same experiments having been repeated by Kossowitsch[22] and Nobbe, as well as by Dr. Gilbert and Sir John Lawes at Rothamsted.[23] At a conversazione of the Royal Society one could himself appreciate the effects of the microbe by comparing the portraits of leguminose plants cultivated with its aid and without it. By this time the bacteria of the nodules have already been carefully studied, and it appears that each species of leguminosæ has its own bacteria, especially appropriate for entering into a mutual benefit association.

If the two just-mentioned discoveries stood quite isolated, they would have been of an immense value. In science they have solved enigmas of long standing, and to the practical agriculturist they promise a new method for improving the value of the soil by watering it with liquids containing the necessary microbes. Once inoculated into the soil, the nitro-monade (or *Nitrosomonas*) of Winogradsky and the *Bacteria radicicola* of the leguminose nodules will continue their precious work. A new chance is thus given to the agriculturist. However, the chief value of the above discoveries is in their connection with subsequent discoveries. The fact that the nitro-monade, although devoid of chlorophyll, is capable of making the synthesis of organic compounds, out of purely mineral matters, coupled with the fact that it thrives best in a medium devoid of organic matter, is of an immense importance in the economy of nature. Other bacteriæ accomplish a similar task. Some of them, previously investigated by Winogradsky, oxidise sulphuretted hydrogen and transform it into sulphur and sulphuric acid. Some others transform iron and iron peroxide into oxide of iron. And, finally, it has just been proved that, if the Black Sea is totally devoid of organic life at depths below the hundred-fathoms level, on account of the considerable amounts of sulphuretted hydrogen dissolved in its water, this is again due to the activity of similar organisms. The Odessa bacteriologists have now succeeded in isolating the bacteria which renders the depths of an immense interior sea uninhabitable for higher plants or animals.[24] It decomposes the mineral deposits, chiefly of gypsum, accumulating at the bottom of the sea; and as the shallowness of the Bosphorus prevents the general circulation of water from touching the deep layers of the Black Sea cavity, the sulphuretted hydrogen exhaled by the bacteria accumulates and poisons the deeper layers.

[22] *Botanische Zeitung*, 1892, Jahrg. 50, Nos. 43 to 47.

[23] *Memoranda of . . . the Field and other Experiments . . . at Rothamsted Herts*, June 1892, p. 17.

[24] *Memoirs (Zapiski) of the Novorossian Society of Naturalists*, vol. xvii., 1, Odessa 1892

Quite a new page in the geology of the great interior basins of Eurasia is thus opened. At the same time, a series of new bacteriæ, some of which aid in the production of ammonia in the soil,[25] while others destroy the work of the nitro-monade,[26] are now discovered, and new discoveries are foreshadowed.

On the other hand, the benefit derived by higher plants from the lower plants is not limited to the above association with bacteria in the nodules of the leguminosæ. Recent experiments, by Th. Schloesing, junior, and Em. Laurent,[27] have proved that various mosses, and especially minute algæ (*Confervæ*, *Oscillariæ*, *Nitzschia*), which usually develop on the surface of the soil, also absorb nitrogen from the air. In experiments made in pots, it was sufficient to cover the surface of the mould with a layer of calcined sand to prevent their growth, and at the same time to stop the absorption of nitrogen from the air; but where no such precaution was taken, nitrogen was absorbed by the algæ and the mosses, and after having been assimilated to the soil it went to feed the higher plants. It is also very probable that the leguminosæ are not the only plants which can utilise free nitrogen from the air with the aid of certain bacteria. Thus, Nobbe and his pupils[28] have lately proved that a shrub of our gardens, from a quite different family, nearly akin to the laurel family—namely, the *Elæagnus angustifolia*—also has the same nodules as the leguminosæ, which give shelter to bacteria absorbing nitrogen from the air of the soil. The little micro-organism is, however, different from the *Bacteria radicicola*, and as it has already been isolated, we probably shall soon have its full description.

Nitrogen is as necessary a food for plants as it is for animals. In a previous review,[29] it was shown how the animal is starved if it does not receive a sufficient supply of nitrogen, and how the animal's vitality is lowered if it does not have it in an easily assimilable form. The same is true of plants. Insectivorous plants are known to decay when they cannot catch insects; and the tendency of the day is to recognise that most plants require the aid of some lower organisms for assimilating nitrogen. Thus, B. Frank, who has been working for years in that direction, has proved that the beech can thrive only when a mantle of Mycorhiza-fungi develops over its roots, and that these fungi are not parasites living upon the substance o the roots but real feeders of the beech. They obtain their food from the soil,

[25] A. Müntz and H. Coudon, in *Comptes Rendus*, 1893, t. 116, p. 395.

[26] E. Giltay and J. H. Aberson (*Archives néerlandaises*, 1891, t. 25, p. 341) have confirmed this discovery of Gayan and Dupetit.

[27] *Comptes Rendus*, 1891, t. 113, p. 777.

[28] F. Nobbe, E. Schmid, L. Hiltner, and E. Hotter, 'Ueber die physiologische Bedeutung der Wurzelknöllchen von Elæagnus angustifolia,' in *Die landwirthschaftlichen Versuchsstationen*, 1892, Bd. xli. p. 137.

[29] *Nineteenth Century*, April 1893.

and while so doing they yield a part of it to the roots of the tree. Further experiments of the same botanist [30] have now shown that the same is true for the pine, which can only thrive in a soil already containing germs of the little fungi, and when its roots become covered with the mantle of fungi, while it leads but a precarious existence in the opposite case.

All these are evidently but separate instances of a much more general fact, which only recently became known under the general name of 'symbiosis,' and appears to have an immense signification in nature. Higher plants depend upon lower fungi and bacteria for the supply of that important part of their tissues, nitrogen. Lower fungi associate with unicellular algæ to form that great division of the vegetable world, the lichens. More than a hundred different species of algæ are already known to live in the tissues of other plants, and even in the tissues and the cells of animals, and to render each other mutual services.[31] And so on. Associations of high and low organisms are discovered every day; and when their conditions of life are more closely examined, the whole cycle of life changes its aspect and acquires a much deeper signification.

P. KROPOTKIN.

[30] 'Die Ernährung der Kiefer durch ihre Mycorhiza-Pilze,' in *Berichte der deutschen botanischen Gesellschaft*, 1892, Bd. x., p. 577.

[31] Möbius, 'Ueber endophytische Algen,' in *Biologisches Centralblatt*, 1891, Bd. xi., No. 18.

PUBLIC PLAYGROUNDS FOR CHILDREN

FIFTY years ago the world, comparatively speaking, did not contain many large cities. It is only within the memory of living men that the great exodus has set in from the country to the town. In former ages no doubt the city always exercised a certain fascination over the bucolic mind; but locomotion was difficult and expensive, social customs and laws antagonistic, and often almost prohibitive to migration, especially in the case of the peasant, and the city fenced itself round, not only with material walls, but with strict tariffs and with regulations which rendered all ingress and egress troublesome, and change of residence a painful labour rather than a pleasure. The attractions of the city, too, were not so marked as to outweigh the disadvantages attending residence within its walls. In the town work was often scarce, food dear, dirt ubiquitous, disease endemic and sometimes rampant, and life and property not infrequently less secure than in the country, where the idle and evil-disposed were not offered so easy and rich a prey.

It was not until steam-power superseded hand labour, till factories arose requiring the daily co-operation of numbers of human beings to carry on the work, till delicate machinery needing the constant attention and repair of skilled artisans came into use, till encompassing walls were razed, octroi duties and regulations either abolished or modified, locomotion rendered easy and inexpensive, and city life made comparatively safe, healthy, and agreeable, that the population began to leave the country and settle in the town. Work was the attraction, with high wages, and the brighter and more varied aspects which life assumes in the midst of crowds. As towns improved in their sanitation, in their outer beauty and inner living, so wealth was attracted, and labour followed in the footsteps of its patron, until by degrees grew up the city as we know it, where may be found all that can make life agreeable to the rich man, who when he is satiated with its pleasures, may retire to the country and enjoy, all the more for the contrast, the peace, the freshness, and the beauty of nature. But the masses of human beings which have been congregated through the exigencies of commerce, of manufacture, and of

wealth cannot migrate at their will. They are bound to remain cooped up year in year out within the walls and streets of the crowded city. They have been driven by hard fortune from their country homes, and they are like wild flowers torn by some careless hand from the meadow bank, and left to fade and die on the hard and pitiless pavement. If artificial social necessities have demanded the permanent banishment of the masses from the country, and from all that the country means to man, it is but just that society should endeavour to minimise the loss to them by bringing back to the city as much of the beauty and pleasures of nature as money and circumstances will permit.

With this view the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association and the Kyrle Society have laboured with marked success to increase the number of public open spaces, gardens, and playgrounds in the metropolis, and have lost no opportunity of fostering a public opinion within Great Britain favourable to the acquisition and maintenance by municipalities of numerous public open spaces easily accessible to the masses of the people. So successful has this propaganda been, that London alone has, since the formation of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association in 1882, increased her open spaces by 157, containing 4,998 acres, whilst the entire number of public parks and gardens within easy reach of the inhabitants of the metropolis is 271, containing 17,876 acres, which include 6,380 acres acquired and maintained by the Corporation of the City of London.

During the same period the provincial municipalities have added largely to the open spaces under their control, but it is difficult to give an accurate statement as to their number. In the year 1883, in answer to a circular letter issued by the writer to the authorities of 42 provincial cities and towns, it was found that they possessed an aggregate of 131 open spaces, containing 12,343 acres. Since then it is probable at least 100 more have been added, so that we may roughly say that the cities and towns of the United Kingdom, including the metropolis, possess some 500 open spaces over 40,000 acres in extent. These public grounds are of course in addition to the innumerable private gardens and squares which are to be met with in almost all British towns, and which, though not open to the public, still gladden the eyes of all by the sight of nature, materially increase the number of cubic feet of pure air which each citizen may breathe, assist in the production of oxygen and the consumption of carbonic acid gas, and give pleasure and health to a large majority of the inhabitants of the towns in which they are situated. It is calculated that there are some 500 private squares and frontages in London, as well as 173 closed burial-grounds, containing an aggregate area of about 1,500 acres.

The operations of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association have been largely directed towards the transformation into pleasant

gardens, and the throwing open to the public, of these closed burial-grounds and squares, and no less than 61 of the former and 18 of the latter have been thus treated by the Society since its formation. The London County Council, the governing body of the metropolis outside the City, has been most energetic in furtherance of the open-space movement. During the four years of its existence, including the schemes in progress taken over from the late Metropolitan Board of Works, 675 acres, as well as three noble gifts of 56 acres, have been added to the open spaces of the capital at a cost to the Council of 342,000*l.* and to other public bodies and voluntary subscribers of 408,000*l.* At the present time further additions of 407 acres are in course of acquisition, towards the cost of which 80,000*l.* will be contributed by the Council, and 44,000*l.* will be provided by other public bodies and voluntary subscriptions.

It should here be mentioned that many years before the existence of either the London County Council or of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, the ancient Corporation which rules over the one square mile in the heart of the metropolis known as the City of London, and whose head is the Lord Mayor, initiated the policy of encircling London on its outskirts with a series of large commons and open spaces. In 1882 the Corporation acquired the noble domain of Epping Forest, 5,350 acres in extent. Up to the present time the Corporation has provided ten or eleven of these large open areas, amounting to 6,380 acres, at a total cost of 310,000*l.*, and is still continuing its large-hearted policy of enclosing London in a green ring, a policy which not only promotes the welfare of its own citizens, but to a far greater extent benefits the inhabitants of London at large outside the narrow limits of the City.

There are some who are of opinion that London possesses for the moment a sufficient number of extensive parks and gardens, and that her present need is a large increase in the small gardens and playgrounds to be found scattered amongst the more densely packed portions of her population. The ideal of the writer of this paper is that a small garden or a children's playground divided into two portions, one for boys and one for girls, both supplied with gymnastic apparatus and appliances for suitable games, with a certain portion roofed in in case of bad weather, and under the care and supervision of special attendants, should be opened and maintained by the municipal authority in every large city within a quarter of a mile's walk of each working or middle-class home. As a rule in cities the large parks, especially in the United States, are too far from the masses of the population to be of much practical benefit to them except on a Sunday, whereas, if small playgrounds under the strict supervision of careful attendants were scattered all over the town, workpeople would be able to send their children to them, even for a short time, between, before, and after school hours, confident that they would be in safety

and well looked after. The usefulness of these institutions cannot be doubted by any one who has once seen such grounds crowded with children thoroughly enjoying themselves, and unconsciously strengthening their limbs and constitutions by games and gymnastic exercises performed under the canopy of heaven. The London County Council and the Corporation of the City of London have been so convinced of the benefit which playgrounds are to the rising generation that they have not only taken over several originally made and temporarily maintained by the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, but have constructed and enlarged others in the parks under their control. It is only in the royal parks of London that no public gymnasia are yet to be found. Years ago I remember to have seen them in Manchester and Salford. I believe now there are many in the towns of Britain. One of the first open-air playgrounds ever constructed was at Manchester; it was made and maintained by Messrs. Armitage for the use of their workpeople. Following their example, some years ago I constructed two for the use of the tenants on my property in the city of Dublin. The largest is divided by a railing into two portions, one for boys and the other for girls. It contains a giant stride, climbing mast, horizontal and parallel bars, swings, jumping-board and cat-gallows, skittle-ground, swings, skipping-ropes attached to a central post, horizontal ladder, trapeze and swinging rings, and a sandpit in which the little children dig and play, whilst their mothers and nurses can sit round on benches watching them or chatting. The other ground is too small to be divided, and is therefore on alternate days devoted to the exclusive use of boys and girls, as the case may be. A large painted board informs all whether it is a boys' or a girls' day. In each playground there is a caretaker attired in uniform. The rush of children when these grounds were first open was so great that it was almost impossible, though two caretakers were employed in each ground, to keep any order for the first week, and consequently a few accidents occurred; but since then I have had no complaint, nor have I heard of any further accident, though the grounds have now been opened for five years. They are in constant use, and, the novelty of the thing having worn off, are not so inconveniently crowded as formerly.

It was feared by some that the existence of these grounds might prove detrimental to the educational interests of the children, but it has practically been discovered that the playgrounds save the school officers a deal of trouble, as, if a child is absent from school, they have not now to hunt for him as formerly, but know exactly where he is to be found. Experience has shown that in Great Britain public playgrounds must never be left without a caretaker, and should be closed after dark; but if these precautions are taken, and if in rough districts special aid be given the caretaker for the first two or three weeks after their opening, no further difficulty need be

anticipated. Up to the age of ten it appears advisable to allow boys to enjoy the use of the girls' playground, and after that age to provide them with a ground of their own, to which no adult should be admitted. The girls' gymnasia, to which admittance should be strictly forbidden to males, should be under the charge of able-bodied women, and if possible be screened from view.

Open spaces should be constructed on a careful and systematic plan, and should be situated at easy distances throughout the different districts of a town or city, and not placed at haphazard, as is too often the custom at present. The money needed for their acquisition should, in my opinion, be partly derived from a tax say of ten per cent., on all new ground-rents accruing after the passing of the Act legalising the above proposal, which landowners intending to build should be able to contract themselves out of by presenting to the municipality ten per cent. of their land for conversion into public gardens and playgrounds.

MEATH.

THE ABBÉ GRÉGOIRE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

To any one who has studied human nature, whether in novels, psychology, moral philosophy, or in society as it exists around us, the value of treating revolutionary characters will at once be apparent. In times of revolution human passions are set free from the restraints of society; the attempts to master them seem to call forth all that is greatest in man's nature, and to lay bare the veins and arteries of the moral being to the inspection of the historical dissector. Individuals may be either good or bad, they may be heroes or devils; but whichever they are, whether we have to deal with a Gabriel or a Lucifer, they are always interesting, and always form a fit subject for the student of human nature and of human motive.

The best-known men of the Revolution are unsatisfactory for several reasons. The Girondins were unpractical pedants, unfit to lead at a time when men of action were imperatively called for, and they received the reward of their pedantry in an almost complete annihilation of their party. Danton, the giant of Carlyle, the statesman after the manner of Comte, was found wanting at the critical moment, and perished before the narrower, but sterner and more consistent, fanaticism of Robespierre. Even the 'Incorruptible' himself fell from an originally high ideal, and allowed the guillotine to flow with the blood of men whose chief crime in his eyes was that they were dangerous rivals.

Amidst all these fanatical, weak, vacillating, or deliberately criminal men, there was one who showed a consistent moral purpose, and who, whether right or wrong, seems to have believed what he said, and to have acted up to his belief—Grégoire, Bishop of Blois. Of him his earliest biographer has said that 'revolutions left him as they found him, a priest and a republican.' We first hear of him as a public man some years before the meeting of the States General, and he died in the year 1831, just after the Revolution of July, which overthrew the restored monarchy. He was an author as well as a priest and a statesman. We have before us a list of some hundred works which he wrote on various subjects. They cover a wide range. Ecclesiastical history, poetry, general literature, philanthropy, politics, all owe something to him. The word vandalism was invented by

him *à propos* of the destruction of works of art by revolutionary fanatics, and his innocent creation was discussed in Germany by learned patriots, who tried to elucidate the question how far the new word was a true description of the Vandals.

From many points of view, then, Grégoire is interesting to us. There is a portrait of the Bishop published in M. Hippolyte Carnot's edition of his *Mémoires*. It is the bust of a simple French ecclesiastic. There is in his face neither the fire nor the stern unbending enthusiasm of a Bossuet, nor the dreamy and somewhat quietistic benevolence of the saintly Fénelon; nor is one met by the almost inhuman look of concentrated learning which strikes one on beholding the portrait of Döllinger. There is the long white hair, the benevolent mouth, and broad, practical face so often seen in the quiet atmosphere of the typical French country parish. There is nothing gloomy, nothing revolutionary, nothing of the morbid, though too practical, fanaticism of a Robespierre. There is an air of quiet determination, unobtrusive and inoffensive. He has evidently read much and thought much, but he is still supremely human. One feels as one looks at him that one would have liked to have known him, not for the gloomy tragic sympathies which draw one to the Satanic characters of history, but as a guide, as a priest, and as a friend.

When first we hear of Grégoire he is neither stirring up provinces to enthusiasm for universal reform nor exercising his powers of oratory on the mob of the Palais Royal; he is simply trying to

> Do the good that's nearest,
> Tho' it's dull at whiles,
> Helping, when he meets them,
> Lame dogs over stiles.

He is collecting books for his parishioners, trying to raise them from that degrading depth of ignorance to which they have been reduced by a selfish and unscrupulous Court, and which is so soon to bear terrible fruit.

This being the man, how would he act in the storm which was about to burst over France? Grégoire had always been a republican. He tells us, in his *Mémoires*, that, while a curé in Lorraine, before the Revolution broke out, he was a member of a society the object of which was the bringing about the annexation of that province to Switzerland, and so to give it the benefit of the institutions of the little republic. He also warmly espoused the cause of the Jews, oppressed by laws whose barbarity was only equalled by their short-sightedness—laws which, in trying to fetter members of that unhappy nation in their rights as citizens, only drove them deeper and deeper into the policy of cunning and the arts of dishonest money-making which long persecution had made a kind of second nature to them, closing, as it did, to them every path which led to straightforwardness and good citizenship. He wrote a pamphlet in their

favour, and appealed to the enlightenment and common-sense of the rulers of Europe. Besides this, he was connected with the *Société des amis des noirs*, founded to influence public opinion on the wretched condition of the slaves in the Colonies; and he afterwards had the immortal honour of being the first man in any country who proposed and carried a law abolishing slavery.

Grégoire was returned to the States General as a deputy of the clergy of his province. He does not seem to have joined the *Tiers État* so early as some of his colleagues, but he was present at the famous oath of the *jeu de paume*. From this time he co-operated with the progressive party. Co-operated! He did not identify himself with them. He objected to many of the propositions which found favour with them. For instance, he could not understand a declaration of rights which was not accompanied by a declaration of duties. He saw what poor Bailly only learned by a sad experience, that the more hot-headed members of the liberal party were proceeding in a way which was likely to overthrow society itself. As a matter of fact, Grégoire was more advanced in his opinions than most of his friends. He was a republican when even Robespierre, if we are to believe Madame Roland, had not yet asked the famous question, 'What is a republic?' And it is an established fact that men like Bailly, and even Mirabeau, were always monarchists. Yet these men, not having reasoned the matter out, went ahead in a way which Grégoire did not like. In the end they were to become conservatives when it was too late, when the influence they might have exercised had passed from them. Thus the monarchical anarchists, who fought their way forward in the darkness, seemed, for the moment, more advanced and more terrible to the existing order than the philosophic republican who had seen into the future, and who groaned inwardly at the wild infatuation which produced the Declaration of the Rights of Man.

In the decrees of the 4th of August, in which the privileges of the nobles were abolished, Grégoire concurred. Then came the *crux*. It would be impossible, in the space allowed me, in any adequate way to describe the condition of the Church in eighteenth-century France. The glorious days of Louis the Fourteenth were gone. Royalty, in its decline, had dragged down the Church with it. Promotion depended on birth, and the episcopal sees were filled by men who had entered the priesthood as one of the only occupations open to younger sons of noble families. The versatile Talleyrand, for instance, was one of these. Being deformed, he was considered fit for nothing but the Church. At the time we speak of he was in high position, Bishop of Autun; but later, when to be a Churchman was not the best way to honour in the State, he threw up his bishopric, renounced his connection with 'superstition,' and became a diplomatist. No doubt, it would be unfair to say that Talleyrand was a type of all, or even the majority of bishops, but we cannot

help thinking that many of those who went into exile during the Revolution did so from their connection with the fallen nobility, rather than from a feeling of their duty as Catholics. The revenues of the Church were enormous, and most of them went to the bishops. Bailly speaks of a prelate 'qui mangeait deux curés par jour,' meaning that his revenues *per diem* were equal to two yearly revenues of parish priests. So great, in fact, was the disproportion that, after the confiscation of Church property, by which the nation gained a considerable amount, the curés were better off, as a rule, with their Government salaries than under the *ancien régime.* Then, again, the Jansenist controversy, sustained as it was, after the death of Pascal, by inferior men, had helped much to alienate the intellect of the country from the Church of the eighteenth century, and to make men look back with longing eyes to the days of Bossuet, of Fenelon, of Bourdaloue, and of Massillon—days which, with their Gallicanism, were gone for ever, but which still had an attraction for those who saw in them, if a past, still a great, ideal. A few there were who had been weakened in their faith or had abandoned it altogether under the influence of Rousseau, of Voltaire, and of the Encyclopedists. The Church, on the whole, was in a bad way. In the Constituent Assembly the confiscation of Church property was proposed to assist in paying the enormous debt which was crushing France, and which was the immediate occasion of the Revolution. The measure was supported, among others, by Grégoire. The motion was carried, and Church lands became the property of the State. Then came the question of the means of maintaining the clergy. Salaries were agreed upon, and, as we have said, the curés found themselves, for the most part, better off than before. In the discussion on this matter it was proposed to remodel the whole constitution of the clergy in France. It would be impossible to enumerate here in detail the different points contained in the famous 'Constitution Civile.' The main articles may, however, be briefly stated. The number of bishoprics was to be reduced, and each diocese to be coterminous with the department in which it was situated. Bishops and clergy were to be elected in accordance with certain democratic forms which were enumerated. These changes raised certain difficulties. A bishop could not, canonically, abandon his see or any part of it, or intrude his jurisdiction into any part of the see of his neighbour. The only power which could solve this difficulty was the Pope, whose sanction was also needed for the articles changing the form of election of bishops and the appointment of priests. Gallican tendencies were shown in the clause which forbade a bishop to apply to the Pope for confirmation, but commanded that 'he should write to him, as the chief of the universal Church, in testimony of unity of faith and of the communion which he is bound to maintain with him.' To us, who live after the Vatican Council, this article seems

stronger than it did to those who drew it up. The old Gallicanism had not yet died, and it had not yet been definitely condemned. Time pressed. The enemies of religion were awaiting their opportunity. If men could not exactly see into the future, they could at least suspect the course which the Revolution would take unless some firm basis were laid down on which they could take their stand when the time came.

We should not be too hasty in condemning those who accepted the Civil Constitution. Grégoire himself was strongly in favour of it. As a republican, he saw in it the means of overcoming the evils which the declining monarchy had brought on the Church. He seems to have thought that the Holy See would not fail to give its adhesion, and under the circumstances he accepted the constitution. Had he not done so, he had every reason to think that, in the unstable and uncertain temper of the Constituent Assembly, worse evils might be brought on religion. Thus he was urged both by natural inclination and by prudence to take a decided step, and he found himself at the head of the constitutional movement. In his speech on this occasion he dwelt much on the interested motives of many of those who opposed the movement, and there is too much reason to fear that his accusation was not altogether unfounded. He ended with an appeal to the patriotism of bishops and priests all over the country. 'No consideration,' he said, 'should delay the taking of our oath. We sincerely hope that, through the whole extent of the Empire, our "brothers," quieting their apprehensions, may hasten to fulfil a duty of patriotism calculated to bring peace to the kingdom, to strengthen the union between the pastor and his sheep!'

Remaining in the tribune, he then pronounced the words of the famous oath: 'I swear to be faithful to the nation and to the law.' A few followed Grégoire, but the majority hesitated. We prefer to state the facts, and to accuse no one on either side. The thing which the Abbé had done was indeed bold and daring. The constitution of the clergy had been drawn up, but it might yet be amended. The Constitution of the country was yet germinating in the council chambers of the constitutional committee. Most men have an objection to taking oaths when they are uncertain to what they commit themselves. At any moment an unfavourable answer might be returned from Rome, and the clergy who had taken the oath would be placed in a difficult position. But Grégoire believed in the future. He was conservative in the true sense of the word, weighing well the measures proposed to him, and refusing to rush blindly forward in an ever-hasty eagerness for reform. But he was a man of action. It was a time for energy and decision, and not for timid questionings and an over-refined balancing of pros and cons. Grégoire took the matter into his own hands, satisfied himself that his intention was pure, and acted. The most that can be said against him is that he went forward decisively where the law was doubtful. In any case, his after-career

gives no justification to history for saying that he deliberately did what he knew to be wrong. The ultimate judgment of him must be left to Him who alone can read the hearts of men, and who, in the end, will separate the just from the unjust.

It was not long before a great change came over the Church in France. The bishops almost unanimously refused the constitution, and the Pope repudiated it. The consequence was that most of the sees were abandoned, and new bishops had to be appointed. Grégoire was offered the Bishopric of Blois. He refused, but was finally persuaded to accept it, to avoid the bad impression which would result from the refusal of the founder of the constitutional system. His new position involved him in many difficulties. It was his duty as bishop to force on his diocese, as far as possible, *prêtres assermentes*, or constitutional clergy. The writer of this essay has seen a curious pamphlet entitled, *M. Grégoire, député, évêque &c. dénoncé à la nation comme ennemi de la constitution, infidèle à son serment, &c.* It is evidently written by an enemy of the new order, and shows in very clear language the awkward position in which the new bishop was placed. It is a criticism of a pastoral letter on the subject of clergy being allowed to hear confessions and exercise their functions. The writer, having laid stress on Grégoire's relations with the Holy See, goes on to point out that he has become the instrument of a persecution more harsh than any which has ever entered the head of a bishop, even in the darkest periods of the Church's history. Jews and Protestants, he says, have at most been forbidden to exercise their religion, while nonjuring Catholics are commanded to practise theirs, using as priests men whom they look upon as the instruments of the devil.

If we add to these statements the fact that a great number of the constitutional clergy were unscrupulous time-serving men, that many of them married, we can form some idea of the conflicts which must have gone on in Grégoire's mind. On the one hand he was open to the imputation of schism, and on the other of being untrue to his oath to serve the Constitution. As a Catholic his position was anomalous, though from his Gallican point of view not absolutely untenable. As a republican, the form of episcopal tyranny which he was compelled to make use of must have revolted him.

Meanwhile events in Paris were hurrying on. The king got frightened, and, acting on the advice of his most intimate friends, tried to fly to the frontier. He was stopped, as is well known, at Varennes. Men were uncertain what to do with him, and it was ultimately decided to restore him on his taking the constitutional oath. Grégoire protested against this decision. He spoke on the question of the inviolability of the royal fugitive.

I hear some one say (he cried) that a priest should not discuss such a question. That shall not stop me; rather than that my opinions be compared with my state, I ask that my reasons should be refuted. Yes, if there is a single man who,

while causing the laws to be executed, is not under their jurisdiction; if there is a single man before whom the law is silent; if that law, as a writer has said, does not hurl its weapon over a horizontal plain to cut down everything in its way, then a single individual, paralysing the whole force of the nation, may undertake anything against the nation.

Grégoire then demanded the summoning of a Convention to try the king, but he was not listened to; the majority of the Assembly were unwilling to throw away the last remnants of royalty, and the king was allowed to accept the Constitution. Seeing this, the Bishop of Blois uttered the prophetic words, 'Il jurera tout et ne tiendra rien.' His prediction was fulfilled. A year later, when the greater part of Europe was combined against France, when the king was wavering and had increased suspicion by his hesitation in accepting a measure ostensibly brought forward for insuring the safety of the country, the orator Vergniaud ascended the tribune of the Legislative Assembly. In an eloquent speech he warned Louis that acts which were innocent in ordinary times were dangerous when public opinion was aroused, and told him that the eye of the nation was upon him. Then came the 10th of August. The king fled to the Assembly, and was imprisoned, partly to save his life, partly to prevent his escape. In September began the session of the famous National Convention. Grégoire spoke strongly for the abolition of royalty.

Kings (he said) are in the moral order what monsters are in the order of Nature; Courts are the manufactories of crimes and the birthplace of corruption; the history of kings is the martyrology of the nations. Since we are all equally penetrated with these truths, why should we argue on them? I demand that my proposition should be put to the vote.

The Assembly rose at these words, the president put the question, and royalty was abolished. Grégoire later supported the proposition at the trial of Louis, but proposed the abolition of the punishment of death, hoping that the unfortunate ex-king might be the first to enjoy the benefits of the new law. His proposition was not carried, and, on Robespierre's suggestion, it was decided to try Louis before the Convention rather than in a regularly constituted law-court. Grégoire was prevented by absence from voting on the question of the condemnation, but he gave his adhesion to the decree. His enemies have abused this fact into a proof of his being a regicide. On his deathbed he solemnly declared that he had never voted the death of any man, and history seems to justify this statement. The fact is that a letter was sent to the Convention signed Heraut, Jagot, Simon, Grégoire. The letter ends with this clause: 'Nous déclarons que notre vœu est pour la condamnation de Louis Capet par la convention nationale sans appel au peuple,' &c.

Originally the words 'condamnation à mort' were used, but Grégoire insisted on the eradicating of the words 'à mort,' which was done. This incident was used against the Bishop to the end of his life, and he was never able to silence his critics.

It would be hopeless to follow in detail the work of the Convention. This famous assembly, contrary to common opinion, was essentially constructive. It is true that in the end Robespierre succeeded in soiling its name by associating it with crimes for which he is primarily responsible. The Committee of Public Safety was, no doubt, its great creation, but it should never be forgotten that there were other committees, and that most of them did good solid work.

Grégoire became a member of the Committee of Public Instruction. Of its usefulness it is sufficient to say that, among other things, it created the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, the Bureau des Longitudes, the École Polytechnique. By it the study of music was organised, the blind and deaf received instruction, a school of medicine was founded, the calendar was reformed, the currency was rearranged, the decimal system introduced in arithmetic, the uniformity of weights and measures and the abolition of patois decreed, the École Normale and two schools of rural economy formed, and, finally, a system of teaching languages, navigation, mathematics, geography, all the sciences, organised, under the name of Ecoles de Service Public.[1] All this practical work, whether good, bad, or indifferent, was carried out by the committee of which Grégoire was a member during the most disturbed period of the Revolution.

While the Convention was thus endeavouring to reconstruct the social machinery in France, while it was laying the foundation of institutions which were to last to our own day, and while it was building up that great code of law which still influences the legal system in half the countries of Europe under the misleading name of the *Code Napoléon*, it had to contend with the Commune, the Municipality of Paris established in the Hôtel de Ville, and forming the centre of a gigantic organisation of secret societies and municipal bodies—a formidable rival to the Convention and to the Committee of Public Safety. From the establishment of the Republic till the death of Hébert the Commune was a continual threat to the existing Government. It overthrew the Girondins when they were masters of a majority in the Assembly, and Robespierre himself was only able to crush it by a temporary alliance with Danton. We are mainly concerned with one aspect of this struggle. Hébert and Chaumette, the leaders of the Commune, were avowed atheists. The Convention was inclined to religious toleration, but the leaders of the Commune were fanatical in their hatred of all religion. For a time they got the upper hand; supernaturalism, and, above all, Catholicism, was proscribed, and the churches in Paris and some of the provinces were profaned by the disgraceful and puerile scenes known as the Feasts of Reason. Many constitutional priests and Protestant ministers were carried away by the movement and renounced their faith. A mummery which would be laughable if it were not so painful was gone through in the Convention, where Gobel, the Archbishop of

[1] Life of Grégoire by M. Charles Dugast.

Paris, and his chaplains, publicly divested themselves of their office, and apologised for their errors against the pure light of 'Reason.' Shortly after this Grégoire came in. He was greeted with loud cries, and was told to go to the tribune.

'What for?' he asked.

'To renounce your religious charlatanism.'

'Miserable blasphemers! I was never a charlatan; attached to my religion, I have preached its truths, and I will always be faithful to it.'

With these words he ascended to the tribune.

I am come here (he said) having a very vague notion of what has happened in my absence. People speak to me of sacrifices to my country; I am accustomed to them. Is it a question of attachment to the cause of liberty? I have already given proof of it. Is it a question of the revenue joined to my office of bishop? I abandon it to you without regret. Is it a question of religion? This matter is outside your jurisdiction, and you have no right to approach it. I hear some one speak of fanaticism, of superstition. . . . I have always opposed them. . . . As to me, Catholic by conviction, priest by choice, I have been called by the people to be a bishop; I have tried to do some good in my diocese, acting on the sacred principles which are dear to me, and which I defy you to take from me. I remain a bishop to do some more; I appeal to the principle of liberty of worship.

Grégoire's firmness on this occasion drew down on him the filthy abuse of the atheistical party. His attitude entirely destroyed the effect of the miserable apostasy of the weak and timid Gobel and his friends, who sank into insignificance before the noble resolution of the Bishop of Blois. In the worst of times, when priests hardly dared to appear in the streets in lay dress, Grégoire continued publicly to wear the clerical habit, and he even presided over the Convention in episcopal costume. Heaven and earth were moved to get him to abjure. He was flattered, he was threatened, but he was unmoved. His republicanism had been proved, and they dared not touch him; he could even afford to laugh at them. He tells us that on one occasion Romme came to him to propose the substitution of the Décadi for Sunday in the calendar. Grégoire explained to him that Sunday had existed long before the birth of either of them, and would probably continue long after their deaths. Romme then pointed out that astronomers had calculated that after about 3,600 years the year would no longer be bissextile. When the matter came before the committee, Romme proposed the adoption of the Décadi, and explained his reasons. Whereupon Grégoire rose and moved the adjournment for 3,600 years, which was carried.

No class of people had heaped more abuse on the Bishop of Blois than the dissident priests. Had he been an ordinary man he would have felt a secret satisfaction at the persecution which raged against them. Had he done so we could hardly have blamed him. But Grégoire, if he was a man, was a Christian. He returned good for evil, and boldly advocated the cause of religious liberty. By his personal efforts, at a time when men were willing to suspect him on the least opportunity, he obtained the freedom of some nonjuring

priests who were heaped together in confinement at Rochefort, and who were being daily decimated by disease brought on by the unhealthy atmosphere in which they were confined. Grégoire got no thanks—he did not ask for them; he had done his duty, and that was enough.

The Revolution drew to a close. Robespierre made use of Danton to overthrow the Hébertists; he then turned to his ally, and after a mock trial sent him and his chief friends to the guillotine. With Danton fell the last hope of the Republic. Robespierre had no one to fear in the accomplishment of his ambitious schemes. He proclaimed the Supreme Being, with himself as high priest. The flowers offered to the God of Nature on the great festival became the symbol of the blood of human beings poured out before the altar. Anyone who was distasteful to the dictator was sure, sooner or later, to find himself sent before the revolutionary tribunal. The unscrupulous and short-sighted policy of the 'Incorruptible' was bound to produce a reaction. With the 9th Thermidor the Revolution may be said to have come to an end. The multitude yelled in triumph as Robespierre's head, with fractured jaw, was held up, bloody and ghastly, before them; and their shout was in reality the death-knell of the Republic. The Directory was no doubt an attempt at a republican dictatorship, but the idea which it represented was for the moment out of place. The nation only waited for the coming of a master, and it had not to wait long.

Under the Directory Grégoire retired to his diocese. He busied himself in administration and in literary work, and did not re-enter public life till the fall of the Directory, when he became a senator under the new *régime*. In this capacity he consistently opposed every advance of Napoleon. Sometimes he was supported by other republicans, sometimes he stood alone. On the question of giving Napoleon an hereditary title of emperor, Grégoire voted in opposition, with four others. On the establishment of the new nobility one sinister black ball was found in the urn; it had been thrown in by the ex-Bishop of Blois.

At the signing of the Concordat Grégoire had had to resign his bishopric. He had been consulted on the question of coming to an agreement with the Holy See, but had dissented from such a measure when brought forward by such a man as Bonaparte. He seems to have foreseen the slavery which such a Concordat would bring on the Church. When it was signed he submitted to it, but refused to make the declaration imposed on constitutional bishops as a condition of retaining their sees. Grégoire resigned, and wrote a farewell letter to the faithful in his diocese, exhorting them to obey in all things the new bishop. From this time till his death he was the object of scurrilous attacks from his opponents, lay and clerical. He was forced to the expedient of saying mass in his private chapel to avoid the insults which might be given to his episcopal character in his parish church. This treatment had its inevitable result. Grégoire

lost much of his original belief in human nature. He looked back to the past, and wrote a kind of history of the solitaries of Port Royal. He was not a Jansènist, but he admired the great men of that school, and longed for the return of the spirit which had produced them. When Spain seemed to be waking into life, Grégoire declared that he could not undertake to say whether a revolution was likely to prove a blessing or a curse. Still, he always remained true to his convictions. He protested against the secularisation of the Papal States when priests of the Concordat were silent with fear of the tyrant before whom they were officially compelled to grovel. Men tried to bribe him, and when that failed they threatened. Both were in vain: Grégoire remained a living protest against the usurper's schemes of unscrupulous self-aggrandisement. Some years before the fall of Napoleon he drew up a manifesto to be published on the slightest sign of weakness or defeat on the part of the Emperor. The object of this document was to rouse the nation to force Napoleon to abdicate. The fall of the Empire drew from Grégoire a sharp criticism of the Constitution of 1814. But if a republican, he was no revolutionist. Once the Constitution was accepted he ceased to criticise, and submitted for the sake of peace.

Under the Bourbons the ex-Bishop of Blois was worse off than before. The returned *émigrés* hated him. And men who had been republicans while republicanism was the order of the day detested a man whose life was a continual protest against their own inconsistency. Grégoire bitterly complains in his *Mémoires* that men who had, under the Hébertist *régime*, accused him of fanaticism for his adherence to Catholicism, now turned round and reviled him as impious for his consistent republicanism.

A few years after the restoration the antipathy of which he was the object was brought home to him in a public manner. The electors of Grenoble, famous in the history of reform, asked the ex-Bishop to represent them. He was unwilling, but finally accepted their offer. His election was a signal for a storm. Returned *émigrés*, colonists who hated him for what he had done for the slaves, and a host of others, raised a cry that a regicide should not sit in a constitutional chamber. Even timid liberals tried to persuade him to retire, on the ground that the presence of an avowed Jacobin would weaken their party. But Grégoire stood firm, and compelled the chamber to expel him by a procedure which will be handed down to history as one of the most scandalous pieces of political jobbery and double-dealing ever known. Grégoire had gained a moral victory, and he punished his enemies as a Christian should.

They have excluded me (he said) as unworthy. Ah! may the great Judge, on the day when we must all appear before Him, not find them more unworthy than I am. I pray for them, and I pardon them.

Again, writing to the electors of the Department of Isère, he said :—

Their efforts to destroy my reputation have failed; physical assassination would be but a natural outcome of their menaces, whether written or spoken, to which I would answer, as did François de Guise to Poltrot, 'If your religion leads you to assassinate me, mine commands me to pardon you.'

After this Grégoire wrote much on subjects which were dear to him, and his pen was constantly employed in refuting the calumnies which were heaped on him. He had often to defend himself against the accusation of regicide, and to repeat his well-known assertion, 'Je n'ai jamais voté la mort de personne.' Even Guizot was drawn along by the stream of slander, and the ex-Bishop had to employ his powers against him. In all this he was hampered by the Censors, who mutilated his letters and left untouched those of his accusers.

Grégoire, become old and feeble, lived till his heart was once more gladdened for a moment by the revolution of July, 1830. He warned his fellow-countrymen against re-establishing monarchy, but he was not listened to. His pamphlet on this occasion is interesting, having been written, as it were, *in articulo mortis*, and showing that his opinions remained unchanged.

On his deathbed he sent for his parish priest. The priest communicated with the Archbishop, who wrote to Grégoire exhorting him to make a retractation, and told the priest to exact it before giving him the Sacraments. Grégoire refused, on the ground that he had nothing which his conscience compelled him to retract. The priest left him, and he was finally driven to seek the help of an ecclesiastic who had written much against him, but whose genuineness he had suspected from the tone in which he wrote. To this man the ex-Bishop appealed, and his call was not in vain. He made his confession, received the last rites of the Church, and prepared to meet his Creator. He died on the 28th of May, 1831, at the age of eighty-one. In his will it was found that he had left 4,000 francs to found an annual mass for his calumniators and enemies, living or dead.

Everything considered, Grégoire stands high above most of his contemporaries, who with him were called to take part in the great drama of the French Revolution. If at times he was carried away with the stream, there were moments when he rose to an almost supernatural height, as when he stood alone in the tribune of the National Convention and fearlessly confessed Christ. He died, as he had lived, a Catholic and a republican. He had his faults. Some of his speeches breathe a tone of fanatical republicanism unsuited to our more mature and more scientific point of view. But in this he was the child of his time. We, who have the advantage of being imbued with the dynamical view of history, where all is growth and where monarchies and republics have their place, should not blame one who lived almost a century ago, whose childhood was passed in an old world, and whose old age found him standing on the threshold of a new one.

WILLIAM GIBSON.

THE POETRY OF D. G. ROSSETTI

If Rossetti had never written a line of poetry we could well imagine some discriminating critic exclaiming, as he wandered through a collection of the artist's pictures, 'If Rossetti had only been a poet!' Yet now that he has been a poet, and a very considerable poet too —for we have Mr. Ruskin telling us that he is, in his opinion, greater as a poet than as a painter—there are not a few persons who turn away from his poetry with disappointment, and, in order to justify the original and dignified conception which they have formed of him in his dual character, take refuge in the recollection of the influence he exercised upon his friends, upon contemporary art, and through art upon the life of the nation.

It is no ordinary character that Mr. Holman Hunt draws for us when he describes [1] this poet-painter at work in his studio, or amongst those intimates to whom he so rigidly confined his acquaintance. 'A young man of decidedly foreign aspect, about five feet seven and a quarter inches in height, with long brown hair touching his shoulders, not taking care to walk erect, but rolling carelessly as he slouched along, pouting with parting lips, staring with dreamy eyes, not looking directly at any point, but gazing listlessly about. . . .' But this 'apparently careless and defiant youth' would prove on closer acquaintance 'courteous, gentle and winsome, generous in compliment, rich in interest in the pursuits of others.' Under the trials of studio work, we are told—and, indeed, can well believe—he manifested at times an 'uncontrollable temper'; but 'when his work did not oppress his spirits, when his soul was not tormented by some unhappy angel-model—frightened out of its wits in turn by his fiery impatience—he could not restrain his then happy memory of divine poesy.' At such times he would chant in a voice 'rich and full of passion' . . . now in the 'lingua Toscana' and again in that of the 'well of English undefiled.'

At the time of the formation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Rossetti had, according to his friend Mr. Hunt, 'a greater acquaintance with the poetic literature of Europe than, perhaps, any living man.' Moreover, he was essentially a proselytiser.' Himself steeped

[1] *Contemporary Review*, April-June, 1886.

in poetry, he wished to give a poetic form to the life of his contemporaries. Failing in this, he resolutely excluded from his sympathies all that in the life of the age appeared to interfere with this ideal life. A man who thought that 'people had no right to be different from the people of Dante's time,' and considered the pattern of a curtain or the form of a chair a matter of greater importance to mankind than the Evolution Hypothesis or the doctrine of Conservation of Energy, must certainly be credited with a highly artistic temperament, but more than this is required to make a poet. Undoubtedly a personality more essentially 'poetic' than that of Rossetti has seldom or never been presented to the world. But for the composition of great poetry a personality is not enough. Byron had that, but Matthew Arnold does not therefore include him among the 'glorious class of the best.' These are endowed with an extended range of vision and a knowledge of the heart of man sympathetic almost to clairvoyancy. Byron was wholly concerned with the life of the period, and of that he could only see one aspect, the narrowness of the majority of 'respectable' people: and his criticism of life was confined to an exposure, not always in the best possible taste, of their prudery and hypocrisy. The fact that he made himself the principal character in all his poetry, and that he invariably asserted the discontent which formed the burden of his song to be universal and inevitable, whereas it was in truth the reflex of his own unhappy experience, justified Macaulay's taunt that 'never was there such variety in monotony as that of Byron,' and seriously endangered his claim to be called a great poet. Similarly the circumstances of Rossetti's life, and the fierce concentration of himself into the life of art that made him as Ruskin said 'the chief intellectual force in the establishment of the modern romantic school in England,' prevented him from attaining that wide comprehension, that calm and level attitude of mind, which can alone afford a basis for an adequate criticism of life.

But there is another test of poetic value—the possession or not of that quality of 'earnestness' on which Aristotle, and after him Arnold, insists. 'Genuine poetry,' says Arnold, 'is composed in the soul.' 'Composed in the soul,' here at least we have an unmistakable characteristic of the man who wrote

O dearest! while we lived and died
  A living death in every day,
Some hours we still were side by side,
  When where I was you too might stay
  And rest and need not go away.
O nearest, furthest! can there be
  At length some hard-earned heart-won home,
Where—exile changed to sanctuary—
  Our lot may fill indeed its sum,
  And you may wait and I may come?

Here, I say, we have a good assurance for our belief in the genuine

character of Rossetti's poetry. But before we consider its import, let us first note those aspects in which he has no claim to excellence. By thus limiting our expectations we shall be in a better position to judge of his real merits.

In the first place, we cannot expect in Rossetti's poetry an interpretation of life such as we find in the 'world' poets. No one would think of writing of him, as Pope writes of Homer, that 'it seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of the arts, and the whole compass of nature.' Or as Sismondi writes of Dante, 'That great genius conceived in his vast imagination the mysteries of the invisible creation, and unveiled them to the eyes of the astonished world.' Or as Johnson did of Milton, that 'he had considered creation in its whole extent.' Or as Dryden of Shakespeare, that he 'of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul.'

Rossetti is also deficient in what Goethe calls the 'architectonics' of poetry. His chief work, 'The House of Life,' is a mere sonnet-sequence—a series of individually perfect but entirely independent pieces. Not only is he deficient in this faculty of construction, and generally in the sense of proportion so conspicuous in the Greek poets, but that which Aristotle calls the 'very soul' of the poetic composition, the plot or story, is of necessity absent from his works. Possibly he thought that this function of the poetic art belonged more especially to fiction in the nineteenth century. It is at least certain that he was not wanting in power to portray actions. Nothing could be more essentially dramatic than the death of William the Atheling in 'The White Ship.'

He knew her face and he heard her cry,
And he said, 'Put back! She must not die!'
. . . .
God only knows where his soul did wake,
But I saw him die for his sister's sake.

While that his eye was no less keen for scenic effect than that of a Greek tragedian is shown by a score of passages in his longer poems; not to mention a whole class that are nothing but pictures rendered into poetry. But the poetic afflatus is too intense ever to last longer than is barely sufficient for a single episode. The flames of the sacrifice burn so fiercely that they consume the very altar upon which they are offered.

Neither is there any decided trace—to turn from the matter of his poetry to his manner—of the 'fascinating felicity' of Keats; still less of the supreme genius of Shakespeare, who was 'naturally learned'; in whom were present 'all the images of nature' which he drew 'not laboriously but luckily.' Apart from internal evidence, we have Michael Rossetti's account of his brother's poetic method.

According to him, Dante Rossetti was a 'very fastidious writer.' He wrote, indeed, out of a large fund of thought 'which would culminate in a clear impulse or (as we say) an inspiration'; but in the execution of his poems 'he was heedful and reflective from the first, and he spared no pains in clarifying and perfecting.'

Even if we narrow the comparison and ask what was his comprehension of the life of the age, Rossetti's poetry appears equally inadequate. Of his want of sympathy with its scientific aspect I have already written. As his brother remarks, 'he was anti-scientific to the marrow.' But this is in itself an insufficient reason for the entire indifference, apparent in his works, to the progress and travail of humanity. It does not excuse the fact that there are in his poetry no lines instinct with the pride of material progress, such as Tennyson's:

> Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward, let us range.
> Let the great world spin for ever, down the ringing grooves of change.

No cry interpretative of its spiritual unrest such as Browning's 'Truth at any cost'; no figure sympathetic to England's life such as Arnold's 'Weary Titan.' The reason lies solely in the limitations of his own temperament. The exclusive spirit which was shown in his choice of associates and in his manner of life is equally manifested in the choice of his poetic sphere. Just as Rossetti's nature was concentrated into a single phase of the life of art, so his poetic thought is limited to a consideration of that passion which appeared to him to offer most scope for the study of the beautiful in the life of man.

But within this sphere Rossetti's poetry rings true. This limitation once recognised, and there is an end to our disappointment. We feel that by his poetry a door is opened for us into the 'soul's sphere of infinite images,' and that, of all the poet voices, his voice is most near to that sweet utterance which, in his own unequalled line,

> Is like a hand laid softly on the soul.

Dante had striven by his 'Vita Nuova' to give an altogether higher and more spiritual conception of the passion of love to his mediæval contemporaries in his great epic; while Virgil acts as his guide, it is Beatrice that inspires and encourages him in his moments of despondency. Rossetti, following in the steps of his master, likewise interprets the passion of love. In so doing he has brought into his considerations the fuller knowledge and the wider spiritual experience of the nineteenth century. Not only has he by his poetry widened the *gamut* of human passion, but he has introduced half-tones to which the mediæval ear must naturally have been deaf. In particular he has approached a problem of peculiar and special interest at the present time—the endurance of an earthly union under the changed conditions of a future existence. The consideration of

this question was deepened by the circumstances of his marriage. His own enjoyment of wedded life had been brief. In such love he recognised the purest and most perfect of human passions—an influence which above all else raised the spirit of men's actions. To think that this relationship was only for earth, when it was in truth a foretaste of heaven, revolted his ardent nature, and in his poetry he has endeavoured so to interpret the earthly manifestations of this passion as to demonstrate its fitness for the sphere of heaven.[2] To prove the truth of this belief is the desire of his heart, a desire continually and eloquently poured forth throughout his poetry.

> Your heart is never away,
> But ever with mine, for ever,
> For ever without endeavour.
> To-morrow, love, as to-day;
> Two blent hearts never astray,
> Two souls no power may sever,
> Together, O my love, for ever!

When such a motive has a chief place in the presentation of the theme, it follows that Rossetti's conception of the passion of love is essentially elevated. The passion which he portrays as existing on earth is, indeed, that of a man keenly alive to all sensuous beauties, but this human passion is dominated by the spiritual element which is the basis on which the doctrine of the continuity of love rests.[3] For him Love's throne was not with 'Kindred powers the heart finds fair,' Truth, Hope, Fame, Oblivion, Youth, Life, Death,

> but far above
> All passionate wind of welcome and farewell
> He sat in breathless bowers they dream not of.

To portray the manifestations of love in its most perfect form, with the most subtle feeling and the richest imagery, to introduce an element of spiritual interpretation, to assert its continuance in the after-world, is his chosen task. For that task he possessed the fullest equipment. To his passionate Italian nature and his unequalled appreciation of the beautiful he added a spirit of devotion so

[2] 'Lady, I fain would tell how evermore
Thy soul I know not from thy body, nor
Thee from myself, neither our love from God.'—*Heart's Hope.*

[3] Undoubtedly Rossetti has provoked the charge of materialism brought against him by his manner of representing spiritual ideas in the most material form. When he wishes to paint a spirit the form his conception takes is that of the most beautiful of beings cognisant to the senses in association with material emblems symbolic of the highest ideas of conduct. Similarly in his poetry he surrounds a spiritual conception with the most sensuous images. Therefore in any estimate of the character of his poetic ideas it is necessary to make due allowance for the manner in which they are presented. If this is done, it will be found that the spiritual tone which characterises the faces of Rossetti's women in his paintings, and which has enriched the world of art with a new type of female (facial) beauty, underlies in a scarcely less degree the sonnets of 'The House of Life.'

deep that it led him upon his wife's untimely death to bury in her grave the volume of poems he had ready for publication. He is never tired of asserting the supremacy of Love. Sometimes it is Love's power to discern and reward the true soul on which he dwells. So Rose Mary, after she has passed through scenes of conflict in which the electric atmosphere is lightened ever and anon by flashes of lurid lightning, ultimately triumphs over the Beryl-stone, and hears the voice of Love saying:

> Thee, true soul, shall thy Truth prefer
> To blessed Mary's rose-bower:
> Warmed and lit in thy place afar
> With guerdon-fires of the sweet Love-star
> Where hearts of steadfast lovers are.

Sometimes he magnifies the greatness of the spiritual principle by an assertion of the littleness of the human vehicle.

> I, what am I to Love, the lord of all?
> One murmuring shell he gathers from the sand,—
> One little heart-flame sheltered in his hand.
> Yet through thine eyes he grants me clearest call
> And veriest touch of power primordial
> That any hour-girt life may understand.

In the presentation of his theme he has extended the usual resources of poetic art by methods more especially suggested by his artistic genius. In particular he has employed the principles of Preraphaelite painting with extraordinary skill to heighten and sustain the human tension by a contrast with the calmness and unconcern of Nature. This aspect of his poetry is one that is so important that an exact example may be pardoned. When Alöyse the Bride tells her 'sad prelude strain' more than once the stillness of the chamber is broken by sounds borne in from the outside world. And we are told that once Amelotte

> Heard from beneath the plunge and float
> Of a hound swimming in the moat.

What a touch is that! how, in our perception, the darkened quiet chamber, the sad low voice, the open casement, are all illuminated by the plunge of that hound in the still water of the moat in the hot midday.

The trick Rossetti has of representing both mankind and material objects in a pictorial or conventional form; his unconscious assumption in his poetry that the reader is conversant with the principles and even some of the technical aspects of art, is sometimes vexatious. But we may laugh now at the petulancy of the 'Quarterly Reviewer who wrote of Rossetti's characters, 'The further off they get from Nature, the more they resemble mere pictures, the better they please . . .' the poet and his school. We have at least learnt to be

grateful for Rossetti's picture-poems and poem-pictures. The distance from which we look back upon his poetry is too short yet to allow us to see it in just perspective; but already his name has won an honoured place among the poets of the century. Let him answer the critics in his own words:—

Around the vase of life at your slow pace
He has not crept, but turned it with his hands,
And all its sides already understands.
And he has filled this vase with wine for blood,
With blood for tears, with spice for burning vow,
And watered flowers for buried love most fit;
And would have cast it shattered to the flood,
Yet in Fate's name has kept it whole; which now
Stands empty till his ashes fall in it.

W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

AN OPEN LETTER TO LORD MEATH

In the issue of this Review of March 1893 you quote and endorse an accusation against me and the people of the Southern section of the Union, so unjust to myself, and so wide of the facts in general, that I am constrained to reply. The love of truth that characterises every honourable gentleman, whether titled or untitled, should cause you, my Lord, to welcome the correction I shall make. The Anglo-Saxon love of fair play, I do not permit myself to doubt, will secure the publication of this reply through the same medium by which your erroneous statements were given to the public.

There is no internal or other evidence that you visited any portion of the Southern States. Your information was taken at second hand and from partisan sources. I make no imputation of a lack of candour on your part, but there is abundant evidence of a lack of caution.

The gist of your charge against me is contained in these words:—

'The *Cleveland Leader*, commenting on a speech lately made by Bishop Fitzgerald, of the Methodist Church, South, says: "The Bishop has disgraced himself and his Church by making a speech in defensive of the lynchers of coloured men in the South, declaring that the 'unspeakable crime' for which negroes are lynched places them beyond the pale of the law."'

There is more of the same sort from the same source. An indictment is made against the whole body of the white people of the South as murderers, or the abettors of murderers, followed by the astounding statement, in your own language, that 'the Southern Press, as a whole, supports the mob in the perpetration of these outrages.'

Had you taken time in your journeyings to visit in person the section you so grossly mispresent, and had opportunity to read for yourself the Southern newspapers, you could not have made a statement so wide of the truth. We know too well what may be expected from the bitterness of party spirit and sectional animosity in times of high political excitement; but that you, a foreigner, writing for a leading periodical, in the *rôle* of traveller, philosopher, and critic, should have allowed yourself to become the echo and purveyor of such a calumny is surprising.

The injustice done to me by your Lordship is a small matter, but as a patriotic citizen and Christian man I cannot willingly rest under the imputation of holding and expressing sentiments that should subject me to the contempt of all good men or the commiseration due to imbecility. The utterances attributed to me are so abhorrent to my whole nature, and so contrary to the whole course of my life, that I can but feel a just resentment that you, a Right Honourable Earl of the British kingdom, should take up such a reproach against a fellow-man on no better evidence than that of a partisan newspaper in the heat of a political campaign.

Never on any occasion have I made a speech or written a line in defence of the lynching of coloured men in the South, or approving of Lynch law of any sort. On the contrary, as editor for twenty years, from 1871 to 1890, of the *Christian Advocate*, the general organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, I constantly opposed all such lawlessness with the earnestness of strong conviction and, I may add, with the approval of my large constituency freely expressed.

In the newspaper interview which was the basis of the misrepresentation which was imposed upon you, I did say that the perpetrator of a certain nameless crime, whether black or white, was outlawed in every part of the United States. I only stated this as a fact. My object was not to justify such action, but to show that it was unfair and unjust to the South to make that section the object of special denunciation. I might have added that the number of such lynchings last year was proportionately larger in the North than in the South, but I did not care to take an invidious point, having no liking for the puerility exhibited in replying to an abusive epithet by saying, 'You are another.' Sectionalism everywhere is prone to condone its own misdoings or shortcomings by magnifying those of other sections.

In that newspaper interview I was careful to say that the great body of kindly, industrious, and orderly negroes should not be held responsible for the acts of a few brutes of their own race.

I also said that it was a noticeable fact that in the utterances of certain religious bodies, partisan newspapers, and public speakers in the North there was no expression of the least feeling of compassion for the white women and little children who were the unhappy victims of unspeakable outrage. Perhaps this remark, which seemed to give great offence, may seem irrelevant, but it seemed proper to me at the time, and I have no apology to offer for it. If the clamours of partisanship and the mouthings of phariseeism drowned the shrieks of outraged womanhood in one quarter, that was no reason why I should be deaf or silent. It has been said to me that this remark of mine was what roused the resentment of my critics, and brought upon me the calumny that met your eye, and which you, my Lord circulated beyond the Atlantic. It was this crime that caused

the British soldiers at Lucknow to blow the perpetrators to atoms from the mouths of the British cannon to which they had been bound. The civilised world then shuddered at these scenes, but we on this side of the Atlantic heard no remonstrance from those who, like your Lordship, are ready to go into hysterics over a lynching in the South for a similar atrocity.

No one who knows me, North or South, would give a moment's credence to the accusation made against me by the *Cleveland Leader*. I have been a life-long friend of the negro race. My first pastoral work as a minister of the Gospel was in behalf of a congregation of negro Methodists in Georgia. The leading ministers of the negro churches in the South have given abundant evidence that they regard me as a true friend of their people. I have never failed to avail myself of every opportunity to promote their temporal and religious welfare. Any honest man, white or black, who knows the facts will corroborate these statements.

The foregoing will suffice for what is personal to myself in connection with this matter. In the interest of truth I may be allowed to consider it in its more general aspects. The sweeping indictment made by your Lordship against the whole Southern Press and people calls for some reply.

A study of the facts of history will show that the South is more the victim than the criminal in this whole matter. No black man, born free, was ever enslaved by the South. Old England and New England conducted the slave trade; the South never did. African slavery was a colonial institution. All the thirteen original States of the Union were slaveholding. Because of the nature of the climate and productions the mass of the negroes drifted southward. They were not emancipated, but sold and transported thither by their Northern owners. Their rapid increase and the fury of party spirit precipitated a condition of things precluding calm discussion and a peaceful solution of the slavery question. The war came, and with it the emancipation of the negroes. I have met no man, woman or child, who regrets that the South is free from the institution of slavery, or who would be willing to have it fastened upon the South again, as the mother country did at the first.

At the beginning of the war in 1861, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, there were 250,000 negro communicants, and no less than a million negroes under its religious instruction and influence. Other religious bodies in the South, notably the Baptists, were also doing good work in evangelising these people.

There is no parallel in history to the spectacle presented by the whites and negroes during the terrible years of the civil war. Among the millions of negroes not one case of insurrection or massacre took place, though in some localities the negroes outnumbered the whites ten to one. This is to the honour of both races. It shows that the

white people of the South were a Christian people, whose treatment of these slaves whom they had received mainly as an inheritance from Old England had elevated them to a much higher plane of civilisation during the few generations that had passed.

It is not too much to say, my Lord, that all that is most hopeful and cheering in the condition and prospects of the negroes in the South rests upon the foundations laid by the Christian people of that section before the war. Most of their trusted leaders were once slaves, and were converted and trained for Christian service under the *ante bellum* dispensation. The good men and women from the North who have since taken hold of this work have done well in many places. Conspicuous among these philanthropists are the men and women who have founded and managed Fisk University and the Tennessee Central College at Nashville, Tennessee, and Clark University and Gammon Theological Seminary at Atlanta, Georgia. It is nothing against these worthy philanthropists that they have been handicapped and their labours discounted in the estimation of many by the follies of parties whose zeal was in the inverse ratio to their common sense.

The fact is, my Lord, that neither Old England nor New England, neither the North nor the South, has any good ground for self-complacency concerning this matter. The Anglo-Saxons everywhere love to have their own way. They have dealt with weaker peoples with a hard and heavy hand. The Red Indians of America, the brown men of East India, the black men of Africa and of the Southern States of the American Union all tell substantially the same story of subjugation and domination. The fact that white men in Ireland, an integral part of the British kingdom, are to this day denied the rights of home rule enjoyed by fellow-subjects in England, is a flagrant instance of injustice nearer to you to which your Lordship might properly devote some part of the reprobation directed against the sinners of the South. It has long been a convenient custom to confess all the sins of the Britishers and Northerners upon the heads of the Southern people whose record, when the whole story shall have been told, will give them as little cause to blush before men or to tremble before God as that of any of their censors.

Nobody in the South is sorry that African slavery is dead. Nobody wishes to bring it back to life. The negro question remains. Human wisdom is inadequate to the task of its solution. There is much cant about caste and the colour-line in certain quarters. There is some hypocrisy and much self-delusion among those who never tire of lecturing and abusing the Southern people. Their actions prove that they do not mean what they say. Those who denounce caste practise it. Those who oppose the colour-line maintain it. The colour-line is as closely drawn in the North as in the South. Intermarriage between the races, which is *the* test of social equality, is practically unknown in either section. A very intelligent bishop

of the African Methodist Church said to me: 'The colour-line meets me everywhere. In the North, as in the South, I am a nigger, with two *gs*. It is true a Northern audience will listen to me on the platform and applaud me, especially if I should be a little severe in my talk about the white people of the South; but they don't invite me to their homes. I never eat at their tables or sleep in their beds.'

What of the negro's future? He has faith, music, and eloquence. I have never known a negro who was an infidel. I have known thousands who believed too much, but not one who believed too little. Almost every negro is a natural musician. The average negro is more eloquent than the average white man of equal intelligence. Taking the best of the negro race, one could hope for almost anything in their future. Taking the worst, we might well despair of anything. Sweeping generalisations in either direction are deceptive. Negroes differ from one another, as white men differ from one another. As a whole, God has made no kindlier race. While in bondage they were the most faithful of servants. In return for the compulsory service then rendered to the white race, they obtained the rudiments of civilisation and Christianity. Of one thing all concerned may feel assured—the ethnological line of separation will be maintained. The wisest and best of the negro leaders believe, and believe truly, that amalgamation between the blacks and the whites would result in the demoralisation of both races, and in the ultimate extinction of one of them. More and more have I been led to look to Africa for a final solution of this race problem. It is evident that the negroes of the South are not yet ready to go back to their fatherland, and nobody thinks of compulsory emigration. They were brought to America without their consent in the first place; to take them away against their will would be a double wrong. My faith is undoubting that God has some purpose concerning them worthy of Himself. If that purpose be the Christianisation of their fatherland, they will be willing in the day of His power. The situation demands faith in God, invincible patience, and the application of the golden rule on the part of the Southern people, who are providentially charged with the heaviest responsibility in this matter. It demands also a fairness, sympathy, and brotherliness on the part of their critics, too often lacking heretofore in their dealing with this complex problem, of which the hasty utterance of your Lordship in this Review is a notable example.

In any event I shall continue to wish well to the negro, and in my sphere, and according to the measure of my ability and opportunity, do what I can to advance his interests for this world and for the next.

O. P. FITZGERALD.

Bishop's Room, Methodist Episcopal Church,
South Nashville, Tenn.: June 30, 1893.

ESOTERIC BUDDHISM:

A REJOINDER

In giving an account of the religious movement which was originated by Madame Blavatsky, and which in England is best known under the name of *Esoteric Buddhism*, I could not help saying something about the antecedents of that remarkable woman, though I knew that I should give pain to her numerous friends and admirers and expose myself to rejoinders from some of them. I should have preferred saying nothing about her personally, and in order to avoid entering into unpleasant details I referred my readers to the biographical articles written in no unfriendly spirit by her own sister, and published not long ago in the *Nouvelle Revue*. But the movement which bears her name is so intimately connected with her own history, and depends so much on her personal character and the validity of the claims which she made for herself, or which were made for her by her disciples, that it was quite impossible to speak of Esoteric Buddhism without saying something also of Madame Blavatsky and her antecedents. Though I tried to take as charitable a view as possible of her life and character, yet I was quite prepared that, even after the little I felt bound to say, some of her friends and disciples would take up the gauntlet and defend their lately departed prophetess. Death wipes out the recollection of many things which mar the beauty and proportion of every human life, and in the case of our own friends and acquaintances we often see how, as soon as their eyes are closed in death, our own eyes seem closed to every weakness and fault which we saw but too clearly during their lifetime. It is in human nature that it should be so. While the battle of life is going on, and while we have to stand up for what is right against what is wrong, our eyes are but too keen to see the mote in our brother's eye; but when we look on our friend for the last time in his placid and peaceful slumber, many things which we thought ought not to be forgiven and could never be forgotten are easily forgiven and wiped out from our memory. *De mortuis nil nisi bene* is an old and, if it is rightly interpreted, a very true saying. It is quite right that we should abstain from saying anything about the departed except what is kind and throws no discredit on them; but it is not right that we should exaggerate their goodness or greatness, and

make saints or heroes of them, when we know that they were far from being either the one or the other. In cases, more particularly, where the name or authority of a departed teacher is invoked to lend a higher sanction to doctrines which may be either true or false, survivors are often in duty bound to speak out, however distasteful it may be to them to seem to attack those who can no longer defend themselves.

But though I was quite prepared to see Madame Blavatsky and her life and doctrines warmly defended by her disciples, I was not prepared to see one of her favourite pupils coming forward so soon after her death to throw her over and claim for himself the whole merit of having originated and named and formulated *Esoteric Buddhism* and all that is implied by that name. I knew indeed that a fierce struggle was going on for the mantle of Madame Blavatsky, and that Colonel Olcott had not yet decided who was to be recognised as her legitimate successor. Few people outside the inner circle would grudge Mr. Sinnett the exclusive paternity of Esoteric Buddhism, but history is history, and I ask all who have watched the origin and growth of Esoteric Buddhism, what would Mr. Sinnett have been without Madame Blavatsky? It is true that Zeus gave birth to Athene without the help of Hera; but did Esoteric Buddhism spring full-armed from the forehead of Mr. Sinnett? Though he assures us that he claims no merit at the expense of Madame Blavatsky, yet he says in so many words that she was not the writer who formulated the system of Esoteric Buddhism. He admits that she founded the Theosophical Society, but he adds that with Theosophy itself her own merits and demerits have nothing to do. He admits that it was through Madame Blavatsky that he himself came into relation with the fountains of information from which his own teaching has been derived. He says that he cannot be sufficiently grateful for her aid. But he boldly claims to be an independent thinker, a new messenger from the same Mahatmas whom Madame Blavatsky also endeavoured to represent. He repudiates the idea that he was a mere messenger from her. It was he, not she, who was entrusted with the task of putting into intelligible shape the views of life and nature entertained by certain Eastern initiates. Nay, as if afraid that those whose messenger he professes to be might hereafter appear at Simla, and claim the credit of being the real originators of Esoteric Buddhism, he puts in a *caveat* and says, 'Whether I obtained Esoteric Buddhism from a Mahatma on the other side of the Himalaya or from my own head is of no consequence.' This sounds ominous, and very much like a first attempt to throw over hereafter, not Madame Blavatsky only, but likewise the trans-Himalayan Mahatmas. Very few people will agree with Mr. Sinnett that it is of no consequence whether he obtained his transcendent philosophy from ultra-montane Mahatmas or from his own inner consciousness. If he had ever crossed from

India to the other side of the Himalayan mountain range, he would hold a place of honour among geographical discoverers. If, when arrived at the snowy heights so well described by Hiouen-tsang and others, he had made the acquaintance there of one or several Mahatmas, and been able to converse with them, whether in Tibetan or in Sanskrit or even in Hindustani, on the profoundest problems of philosophy, he would rank second only to Csoma Körösi; and if, moreover, he could prove that such doctrines as he himself comprehends under the name of Esoteric Buddhism were at present taught there by people, whether of Tibetan, Chinese, or Indian origin, he would have revolutionised the history of human thought in that part of the world. But if he addressed the Geographical or the Asiatic or the Royal Society, the first questions which he would have to answer would surely be, By what route did you cross the Himalaya? What were the names of your Mahatmas, and where did they dwell? In what language or through what interpreters did you converse with them on such abstruse topics as those which you call Esoteric Buddhism? I have no doubt that Mr. Sinnett has a straightforward answer to all these questions. He probably possesses geographical maps, meteorological observations, and ample linguistic notes, made during his long and perilous journeys. But it is carrying modesty too far to say, as he does, that it makes no difference whether he obtained what he calls Esoteric Buddhism from Mahatmas on the other side of the Himalaya, or, it may be, from his own head. To the world at large, the only question of real interest is whether the Himalaya has been crossed by him from the Indian side, whether such doctrines as Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Sinnett have published as Esoteric Buddhism are taught by Mahatmas on the snowy peaks of the Himalayan chain, and, if so, in what language Mr. Sinnett was able to converse with his teachers. Mr. Sinnett's own head and Mr. Sinnett's own philosophy do not concern us, at least at present. I was concerned with Madame Blavatsky and with the movement to which she had given the first impulse, a movement which seemed to me and to many others to have assumed such large proportions, and to cause such serious mischief, that it could no longer be ignored or disregarded. That Hegel's Logic should have been written in Germany in the nineteenth century, after Kant and after Schelling, is perfectly intelligible, at least quite as much as that Buddha's new doctrine should have originated in India in the sixth century B.C., and after the age of the Upanishads. But if we were told that such a system had been discovered in the moon or in Central Africa, we should be quite as much startled, and our curiosity would have been quite as much roused, as by the assurance that what has been called, and it may be wrongly called, Esoteric Buddhism is taught at present on the other side of the Himalaya, and was communicated there to such casual travellers as Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Sinnett. Mr. Sinnett as well as Madame Blavatsky must have the

courage, not of their opinions only, but likewise of their facts. Anyhow, until the questions as stated above have been answered, Mr. Sinnett must forgive me if I confine my remarks to Madame Blavatsky and the propaganda carried on in her name. We do not doubt that in time Mr. Sinnett also may gain a large following, and whenever that time seems to have arrived we may consider it our duty to study his books and warn the public at large against what may seem to be either wrong facts or wrong conclusions. The mischief done by Madame Blavatsky and her publications has been brought to my knowledge by several sad cases, nor should I have been induced to write on the subject at all if I had not repeatedly been appealed to to say in public what I often said in private, and in answer to numerous letters addressed to me.

Mr. Sinnett is very angry with me for not having read his own books and not having criticised his own doctrines. But, though I wrote against Esoteric Buddhism, I never intended to write against him or any of his books published under this or any other name. If he claims an exclusive right in the title of Esoteric Buddhism, he must establish that right by better evidence than his own *ipse dixit.* If, as he tells us, Madame Blavatsky professed to write Esoteric Buddhism with one *d* instead of two, this only shows that she was ignorant of Sanskrit grammar, while Mr. Sinnett, as a *bôna fide* Sanskrit scholar, is well aware that in past participles the final *dh* of *budh* followed by *t* becomes *ddh.* But considering how Madame Blavatsky declares again and again that her Buddhism was not the Buddhism which ordinary scholars might study in the canonical books, that it is not in the dead letter of Buddhistical sacred literature that scholars may hope to find the true solution of the metaphysical subtleties of Buddhism; when she adds that in using the term Buddhism she does not mean to imply by it either the *exoteric* Buddhism instituted by the followers of Gautama Buddha, nor the modern Buddhistic religion, but the secret philosophy of Sakyamuni; when she maintains, moreover, that Gautama had a doctrine for his 'elect,' and another for the outside masses, what is her Buddhism if not *non-exoteric*, i.e. *esoteric*? Why then should it not be called so? Why should Mr. Sinnett wish to repudiate his spiritual wife, if not his spiritual mother? That Mr. Sinnett may have written a book on Esoteric Buddhism, that he may have formulated doctrines which in *Isis Unveiled* are, as he says, poured out in wild profusion, that he too holds a commission from some unknown Eastern initiates, that his book has been translated into a dozen languages—all this may be perfectly true. All I have to say for myself is that, in criticising Madame Blavatsky and her own Esoteric Buddhism, I did not feel bound to criticise him and his theosophy. I have now at the end of his 'Rejoinder' seen for the first time an abstract of what he calls his own formulated system of philosophy, and I have humbly to confess that it is quite beyond me.

Though I flatter myself that I understand Plato and Aristotle, Spinoza and even Hegel, I am quite unable to follow Mr. Sinnett in his theosophical flights. Perhaps I need not be ashamed of this, for he tells us in so many words that he is in advance of all of us, and that he does not mind, therefore, some disparaging glances from his less fortunate companions. Till, therefore, he condescends to adapt his teaching to the more limited capacities of his less fortunate companions, it would be in vain for us to attempt to comprehend or to criticise his new philosophy, whether it springs from trans-Himalaya Mahatmas or from his own head. We must accept our fate among the *vulgus profanum* 'left aground in the rear, and never able to realise the importance of new researches on which inquirers besides theosophists are now bent.'

As I had never, in the whole of my article on Madame Blavatsky and her own Esoteric Buddhism, ventured to criticise Mr. Sinnett's Esoteric Buddhism, I did not see that I was bound to answer his 'Rejoinder' in the June number of this Review. If his 'Rejoinder' had been inspired by a wish to defend his once revered mistress, I should have felt in duty bound to reply to it. But as his 'Rejoinder,' so far from being a defence of Madame Blavatsky, is in fact nothing but a plea for Mr. Sinnett himself, whom I had never attacked, it was only out of respect for the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century* that I was induced to write down a few remarks in reply to what he had allowed to appear in the June number of this Review.

Mr. Sinnett has summed up my argument against Esoteric Buddhism in the following words: 'Buddhism cannot contain any teaching hitherto kept secret, because the books hitherto published do not disclose any secrets.' It is not a favourable summing up of my argument, but even thus I willingly accept it. My argument, as represented by Mr. Sinnett, has the weak point of all inductive arguments. We say, for instance, that the sun will never rise in the west, but we can produce no other proof but that hitherto the sun has always risen in the east. Strict reasoners may say, and may truly say, that it may, for all that, rise in the west to-morrow; and if that concession is any comfort to the logical conscience of Mr. Sinnett or anybody else, no one would wish to deprive them of it. Mr. Sinnett takes me to task on the same ground once more. Why, he asks, do I not argue that there cannot be any ore in a mine because there is none on the surface? Has Mr. Sinnett never heard of a deserted mine with unused windlass and dangling rope? Has he never heard what happened to speculators who would bore and bore, though geologists assured them that there was and that there could be no coal in the stratum which they had chosen? What geology can do for the miner, philology can do for the student of literature and religion. Whoever knows the successive strata of Greek literature, knows that it is useless to look for Homeric poetry after the age of

Pericles. No scholar would hesitate to say that whatever new papyri of Aristotle's writings may be discovered in the mummy-cases of Egypt or elsewhere they will never contain a plea for atomic theories. It is a well-known proverb in India, that you may judge a sack of rice by a handful taken out at random. The same applies to Buddhist literature. We have the complete catalogue of the Buddhist canon; we are fully acquainted with large portions of it, and with the same certainty with which the astronomer denies the possibility of the sun rising in the west we may assert that no Buddhist book of ancient date and recognised authority will ever contain esoteric platitudes. Buddha himself, as I have shown, hated the very idea of esoteric exclusiveness. He lived with the people and for the people, he even adopted the vulgar dialects instead of the classical Sanskrit. I therefore maintain my position as strongly as ever, that we shall never find esoteric twaddle in the whole of the Buddhist canon, as little as we shall find coal beneath granite.

Mr. Sinnett finds fault with me for having doubted Madame Blavatsky's knowledge of Greek. But he never understood the meaning of my remarks. I pointed out that Madame Blavatsky's creation of a *Kakothodaimon* to match the *Agathodaimon* spoke volumes as to the workings of her mind. Mr. Sinnett imagines that I had simply pointed out an incorrect spelling, and he says that I had made too much of so trifling a matter. Any readers acquainted with Greek will easily have understood what I really meant. But Mr. Sinnett throws over Madame Blavatsky altogether.

It is notorious to all who knew her (he writes) that she was not only capable of making any imaginable mistake in writing a Greek word, but scarcely knew so much as the alphabet of that language.

This is rather severe on Madame Blavatsky, and difficult to reconcile with the solemn statement made by another friend of hers, who assures us that she was a scholar and had actually acquired a knowledge of Pali. But, as if conscious of having been rather unkind to Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Sinnett adds—

To understand how it came to pass that under these circumstances the manuscripts she wrote with her own hand were freely embellished with Greek quotations, would require a comprehension of many curious human capacities outside the scope of that scholarship of which Professor Max Müller is justly proud, but unfortunately inclined to mistake it for universal knowledge.

Mr. Sinnett evidently imagines that this assumption of universal knowledge is a common failing of professors, and he triumphantly quotes against me the well-known lines—

I am the master of my college,
And what I know not is not knowledge.

If, then, for once I may be allowed to claim universal knowledge and speak in the language of esoteric omniscience, I maintain

that it would be by no means difficult to understand these Greek embellishments in Madame Blavatsky's publications. May not Madame Blavatsky in a former birth have been a Greek Sibylla? And are not those who are further advanced along the line of cosmic progress, and familiar with superphysical phases of nature, able to recall their former experiences? Did not Buddha himself, at least according to the testimony of his followers, claim that faculty, and was not Madame Blavatsky so far advanced in Arhatship as to be able to remember what in a former Kalpa she knew as Madame Βλαβατσκια? Let others suggest other solutions; a true Buddhist, like myself, acquainted with the *iddhis*, and the mysterious working of psychic faculties and forces, can have no difficulty in accounting for the presence of the *Kakothodaimon* in Madame Blavatsky's books.

As Mr. Sinnett seems to find it hard to deny any of my facts or controvert any of the arguments based on them, he has recourse to the favourite expedient of discrediting or abusing the counsel for true Buddhism. He says that I have no right to speak with authority. I have never claimed to speak with authority. Far from it! I simply speak with facts and arguments. Facts require no authority nor laws of logic, whether inductive or deductive. In my article on 'Esoteric Buddhism,' I have based my case on nothing but facts and arguments. If Mr. Sinnett will prove my facts wrong, I shall be most grateful and surrender them at once. If he can show that my arguments offend against the laws of logic, I withdraw them without a pang. I never claimed to be a Pope or a Mahatma. Mr. Sinnett appeals to the authority of 'native scholars,' and he assures us that he has heard 'native scholars' at Benares and elsewhere discussing my comments on Indian philosophy. Of course he means that they were discussing them unfavourably. I do not doubt the fact, but Mr. Sinnett does not give us the names of the 'native scholars,' nor inform us in what language their discussion took place. Now there are 'native scholars and native scholars,' but even the most learned among them would not claim any infallible authority. I know many native scholars and have had frequent communications with them by letter. I have often expressed my admiration for the knowledge of some of them, particularly of those who are specialists and know one book or one subject only, but thoroughly. I have had controversies with some of them, and nothing could be more pleasant and courteous than their manner of arguing. I differ from them on some points, and they differ from me. must therefore leave it to a Sanskrit scholar like Mr. Sinnett to judge between us, and to determine who is right and who is wrong; but he must not imagine that he can frighten me or my readers by appeals to unknown and anonymous 'native scholars.' If 'native scholars' have declared my contention that there is no longer any secret about Sanskrit literature to be *ludicrous*, may I remind Mr. Sinnett that he has accidentally forgotten to prove

his major premiss that anything that seems ludicrous to any native scholar is *ipso facto* untrue?

Mr. Sinnett has taken the opportunity of giving, at the end of his 'Rejoinder,' a specimen of what he means by Esoteric Buddhism. This is a grave indiscretion on his part, and if any native scholar or Mahatma confided it to him, and it did not rather come from his own head, the consequences of such an indiscretion may become very serious to him and his followers, whoever they may be.

It is a well-known and to my mind a very significant episode in Buddha's life that he dies as an old man after having eaten a meal of boar's flesh offered him by a friend. With a man like Buddha, who was above the prejudices of the Brahmans, there is no harm in this, but as it lends itself to ridicule it has always seemed to me to speak very well for the veracity of his disciples that they should have stated this fact quite plainly. But Mr. Sinnett has been initiated by Mahatmas, and he tells us that the roast pork of which Buddha partook was not roast pork at all, but was meant as a symbol of Esoteric Knowledge, derived from the Boar avatar of Vishnu, and that this avatar was an elaborate allegory which represents the incarnate god lifting the earth out of the waters with his tusks—a transaction which Wilson in his translation of the Vishnu Purana explains as representing the extrication of the world from the deluge of iniquity by the rites of religion. Dried boar's flesh stands, as Mr. Sinnett assures us, for esoteric knowledge when prepared for popular use, and reduced to a form in which it could be taught to the multitude. It was owing to the daring attempt of Buddha to popularise his esoteric wisdom that Buddhistic enterprise came to an end. If Buddha died of that attempt, no one of lesser authority than himself, we are told, must take the responsibility of giving out occult secrets.

Mr. Sinnett is evidently running a great risk. He has disregarded this very warning. He has swallowed roast pork, or, what, according to him, is the same, he has ventured to expound esoteric mysteries. All we can hope for is that his digestion may prove stronger than that of Buddha, and that he will never repeat so dangerous an experiment, even though he meant it for the benefit of those who, like myself, 'worship the letter that killeth and are apt to lose sight of common sense.' Poor Dr. Rhys Davids, who, as Mr. Sinnett maintains, has given currency to the ludicrous misconception as to Buddha having eaten real roast pork, instead of having swallowed the Boar who in the Vishnu Purana is said to have extricated the world from the deluge of iniquity, may incur even greater penalties, particularly if, with most Sanskrit scholars, native or otherwise, he should commit the still greater heresy of maintaining that the Vishnu Purana did not even exist in Buddha's time, and that therefore Buddha must have swallowed *bonâ fide* pork, and not a merely esoteric boar.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

Therapia: June 20, 1893.

THE ART OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT

Having pointed out some of the difficulties that we have to contend against in endeavouring to develop the art of cooking,[1] and having sketched poor Mary-Jane at her worst perhaps, it would seem only fair that I should next try to answer two questions which at this point suggest themselves. May not reform be less difficult than it appears to be? and—if we fail—is the fault to be attributed wholly to our cooks? For I take it that some such inquiry may well be instituted in behalf of the many who are not in a position to entrust their entire domestic management to skilled artists, and who have to count the cost—to a certain extent—of their food and feeding: who nevertheless appreciate refined cookery, like to offer their friends nice things rather than very indifferent things, and would cheerfully adopt an improved Anglo-French system in their kitchens if they could only discover how it is to be done.

To all thus situated I would answer, Yes; reform is far easier than you may probably imagine, and, if there be failure, the cook is not wholly to blame. There are faults on both sides. To begin with, if you want to gallicise your *cuisine* to a moderate extent, and put nice little dinners upon your table, you must be prepared to take upon yourself a fair share of the trouble necessary to attain your object; and not only must you show personal interest in the undertaking, but you must really make a friend of your cook. Unless amicable relations exist between the administrative and the executive there can be no hope of success. For we have come to this: if Mary-Jane is to tread the narrow path which leads to enlightenment some one must show her the way. I have said that this cannot be done by indulging her with occasional peeps at high art demonstrations at a fashionable studio. I repeat that opinion. Good as such lectures may be for the graduate in culinary art or the advanced student, in forty-nine cases out of fifty our ordinary cook is by no means ready for them, and the instruction would be completely over her head. We do not begin to build a house with the construction of the roof and the laying on of ornamental tiles. No: at first at all events the

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, November 1892.

cook's guide should be her mistress, who should introduce the new system to her gradually. I admit that to manage this at all successfully, great tact, good temper, and discretion must be exercised. If not, there will be stumblings on the threshold, annoying failures, obstruction, and a last state of things as bad, if not worse, than the first.

We Britons who have been nourished on Scotch beef and English 'Southdown' are not as a rule spontaneously ductile, and when we are asked to lay aside customs that we have come to look upon as perfect, we are apt to turn crusty. Surely this is pardonable. Can any one who has moved placidly 'for ever so long' in a comfortable groove, lubricated perhaps by self-satisfaction, be expected to accept with alacrity and pleasantness the sudden jerky application of the 'points' which changes his direction into a course at once gritty and unwelcome? Let us, then, temper our judgment of Mary-Jane's obstinacy with a little indulgence. Besides a strong disinclination to learn, the conceit of ignorance, and a sturdy adherence to traditions, there is, we must also remember, a little infirmity of temper to be encountered. It would seem, indeed, that a combustible extract of touchiness and irritability has been always specially licensed for use in the English kitchen. The cook is often the only member of an establishment who is thus unhappily affected. On this account alone judicious tactics are essential, for it would obviously be most disheartening if our well-meant overtures were received with ominous gloom and an expression of countenance known in the nursery, when detected upon the face of a sulky child, as the 'black dog;' or by volcanic eruption—the commoner form perhaps—which discharges itself with a sudden flash impertinence, then fusses furiously, probably breaks some crockery, sends a whole row of utensils to the ground with a clatter, pokes the kitchen fire with murderous intent, and permits all the vessels in action to boil over—a consummation in keeping with the highly charged state of the surrounding atmosphere. A mere spark will do this, as we all know. Nevertheless, kitchen dogmatism, stubborn will, and fiery temper can be overcome by kindness and sensible reasoning, by patience and making friends, in a word by management. Opposition will be gradually disarmed if reform be approached as a joint undertaking in which both mistress and maid are going to be deeply interested, if new methods be suggested in a pleasant chatty manner, and their manifest advantages explained, with the introduction perhaps of some new and attractive appliances. For be it noted that few cooks worthy of the name can resist the allurement of some desirable addition to their *batterie*, more especially if such accessories conduce to tasteful effects and the reduction of trouble.

Now it goes without saying that every instructor is expected to know more than a little of the subject he professes to teach—a truism, I think, that is clearly applicable to those who may be disposed to

follow the course I have suggested, but confronting us at once with a serious difficulty. It is an unfortunate fact that out of the many English ladies who personally control their households but very few have any practical knowledge of the art of cooking. Am I exaggerating when I say that hardly one in fifty can design a really artistic little dinner, and fewer still explain in detail with necessary accuracy the dishes that compose it? As for true culinary economy, the branch in which Mary-Jane is generally so conspicuously deficient, and the solution of that knotty question what is to be done with *les restes*, the one is a thing unknown, and the other the *bête noire* of the daily order-giving. How many fair housewives possess even a slight acquaintance with kitchen appliances, and can tell what must be, what may be, and what need not be? How many can distinguish with any degree of certainty between expenditure that is necessary and justifiable, and that which is unnecessary and avoidable? All know, to be sure, that the weekly books must be kept within a certain limit, and—'well of course the cook must manage—what is she for?' In a case of this kind poor Mary-Jane is obviously thrown upon her own resources, and must depend upon the soundness or otherwise of her traditions; and inasmuch as these are as a rule decidedly 'otherwise,' ought she to be condemned without a recommendation to mercy on the ground of extenuating circumstances? Let us take a very homely illustration. Suppose that the subject for consideration happen to be that awful cold mutton. 'Of course it must be hashed, everybody knows that.' No, dear madam, not necessarily, but let your order stand. Is any question put as to whether materials are at hand for the operation, or whether it is possible for the cook to concoct them? I think not. Then by-and-by, when some very leathery slices of meat come to table floating in a colourless bath of warm water and Worcester sauce, with a tendency on the part of their extremities to curl round and look at each other, is the mistress altogether justified in becoming angry and exclaiming, 'That cook becomes more and more careless every day!—just look at this'? Yet of all *réchauffés* none is more susceptible of really artistic treatment than this ofttimes maltreated and consequently despised hashed mutton. In the hands of a knowledgeable cook, or of any cook instructed carefully by a knowledgeable mistress, the dish is worthy of a place in the *menu* among minor *entrées*, but to merit this distinction it must of course have its proper adjuncts, and be cooked with attention. Walker, discoursing in *The Original* concerning little dinners inexpensive in themselves and unpretentious, yet enjoyable on account of the skill bestowed upon their preparation and the completeness of the accessories appertaining to them, suggests that a small party of intimate friends might be asked to discuss a bill of fare comprising such simple food as fresh herrings, hashed mutton, and cranberry tart, if the host could say, 'My

fishmonger sends me word that herrings are just in perfection, and I have some delicious mutton, in hashing which I shall direct my cook to exercise all her art.' Here, by the way, is a lesson in 'cheap dinners'—not a *tour de force* of scraps in which the prescribed courses of a complete dinner are cleverly parodied, but two or three things at the outside, cheap but excellent in their way, in quantity sufficient for good appetites, and rendered fit for the king himself by scientific treatment.

A practical illustration may here be given as to what constitutes the proper cooking of a hash, and the causes of the failure that has been described. Taking the leathery state of the meat first, the mistake was wholly due to overheating, whereby the albumen was coagulated as in the case of an over-boiled egg, and the fibre hardened. If the heat applied had not exceeded 120° or 130°, there would have been no curling up of the ends of the slices of meat. Next, touching the 'hot water and Worcester sauce:' this came of there being no carefully prepared gravy or broth for the moistening of the meat. Assuming in this case that there was nothing ready in stock, the bone of the joint well broken up, and the trimmings of the meat, especially the browned skin, with a slice of lean bacon, an onion, an ounce of meat-glaze, or a dessertspoonful of Liebig's extract or Brand's essence, judicious seasoning, and enough water to cover all, would, had the combination been set on the fire at nine o'clock, have yielded a good tasty broth by noon. This, when strained, skimmed, slightly thickened, tinted with browning, and cooled, would have provided a well-flavoured, nice-looking moistening for the hash, the gradual heating of which should have been conducted as slowly as possible over a low fire or in the *bain-marie* pan till hot enough to serve. When there is time, be it noted, a distinct advantage is gained by allowing the meat to steep, or 'marinade' as it were, in the sauce prepared for it, until heating-time arrives. I do not mention wine, &c., as the case in point is one of ordinary domestic cookery.

I have endeavoured to show, then, that in creating a demand for a better acquaintance with the art of cooking, the newly-born desire to study refinement in the art of dining has called in to play a third art—the art of management. This art extends, as will presently be shown, to other matters besides the better government of our cooks. But taking this point first: We have seen that, for various reasons, it is most desirable that the mistress should be able to lead her cook aright, and that to do this properly, if not already proficient, she must take the trouble to work up the subject. To any one really interested this will prove by no means as difficult a task as it may at first appear. In any case it surely stands to reason that the knowledge necessary to conduct the work of improvement ought to be far more easily acquired by a lady of education than by Mary-Jane, to whom French terms and scientific talk concerning temperatures

and the chemistry of cookery are probably as perplexing as higher mathematics to a schoolboy just beginning to grope his way out of decimal fractions. If resolute enough to go through the lower course at a school which sensibly aims at the inculcation of sound elementary principles to begin with, she will afterwards find that she can further her scheme by self-instruction from a book, provided that the work chosen be simple, clear, unpretentious, confined to standard rules, and, above all things, accurate in all its petty details. It must, however, be confessed that although 'the name' of culinary literature 'is legion,' a *vade-mecum* of this sort is not easily discovered. The best works—those of French professors—are on too large and too expensive a scale for beginners, and by studying such treatises the fair student—unable at first to read between the lines, and separate vainglorious flourishes from practical instruction—runs a risk of being disheartened at the very outset of her undertaking. Her dismay might well be imagined if she were to open upon a recipe counselling her to take six hens, besides meat and other things, for the concoction of a chicken glaze, and two bottles of chablis for one of fish! Lost in a maze of complicated precepts, and alarmed at the expense of everything, she would probably close the book and ask, Are these wonderfully extravagant combinations ever really carried out, or are they Apician allegories which the writer indulges in for mere pastime, never intending them to be taken seriously? Not a very easy question to answer, for if we think over the dishes that we have tasted at places of note, where passed masters of the newest school are supposed to ministrate, can we remember having ever been astonished by a composition so uncommonly excellent that it might possibly have been the outcome of one of these masterpieces of prodigality? Assuming, however, that our student be lucky enough to hit upon something concise, readable, and free from clap-trap, she will be able to pick up a good deal of technical knowledge, and form clear ideas of the grammar of each branch of the art of cooking. When thus grounded, when she has accomplished in co-operation with her cook a good many receipts successfully, and when she has become familiar with the phraseology and appliances of kitchen practice, she may, with decided expediency, attend a course of lectures at an advanced academy of cookery. In these days of handy gas-stoves practical trials are at once easy, clean, and free from the fatigue which follows diligent study in the vicinity of a fierce fire. A little gas hot-plate, placed with a neat sheet of iron under it upon a table, affords quite enough firing for such delicate work as sauce-making, stewing, *friture* work, &c. Study thus prosecuted will soon become engrossing, and courage gained by a few successes practically worked out will encourage the zealous disciple, her cook will become equally interested, and before very long her little dinners will be stamped with a *cachet* that they never had before.

In close alliance with the judicious treatment and guidance of Mary-Jane, we have now to consider another branch of the art of management—the skilful direction of the commissariat department, which, of course, entails a knowledge of marketing generally and of materials and their values. The one may be said to depend wholly upon the other. That is to say, economical and efficient culinary processes cannot be directed without an intimate acquaintance, not only with the art of cooking, but with the ingredients required for their development. The oil or water-colour artist has not only to understand the theories and practice of his work, he must be a good judge of the colours he has to work with, their qualities, price, and where to get them. Good general knowledge of a like kind is equally necessary in anyone who would desire to become proficient in the art of management; and this, were it not for certain customs by which we are handicapped, might be readily acquired. Among these I would instance the erroneous, though doubtless convenient, practice of permitting tradesmen to 'call for orders,' or of sending requisitions to them by post. Does any skilful workman purchase the *matériel* of his trade with his eyes shut, and thus place himself at the mercy of those who supply it? Is it, then, politic of us to leave the selection of the various articles of our food entirely to the taste and integrity of tradesmen whose primary object is to sell their goods advantageously for themselves, not to cater with discrimination and economy for us? I do not mean to say that there are not still among us honest butchers and other provisioners who meet our requirements with supplies that are good in quality and correct in weight; but how often is the thing sent in not exactly what we wanted, and not what we should have chosen had we ourselves conducted the selection? Some there are who do their marketing in person at the great Co-operative Stores, where, doubtless, excellent food-stuff is procurable, but unless early in the field they find the task of picking and choosing by no means an easy matter. These large places are often, so crowded, and the turmoil of business is so great, that there is no time to ask questions or to deliberate over the choice of your bit of fish, your bird, or what not. The scene is like that in the booking-office at a great railway terminus on the occasion of the departure of an excursion train. Everybody is moving on at about four miles and a half an hour, and if you attempt a harmless remark across the counter touching the clemency or inclemency of the weather, it is swept away in the confusion of tongues around you like a blade of straw cast into the eddy of a mill-race. The salesman you addressed, having polished you off, is already engaged with someone else! For these reasons is it not far more satisfactory to walk, in an old-fashioned way, into the shop of—let us say—pleasant Mr. Judkins (who conducts his own concern 'by appointment to his Royal Highness'), with a cheerful 'Good morning,' a

word or two regarding the agricultural or political prospects of the country, and then to business without any unseemly precipitancy? With what grave delight he cuts that 'porter-house steak' exactly as you like it, telling you as he does it, perhaps, in an earnest undertone, that he is in a position to place at your disposal a beautiful pair of sweetbreads which you ought *not* to lose. But to speak seriously: whether it be at the Stores or at a shop the choice of our food is far more satisfactory when it is personally conducted. In such circumstances your eye very frequently falls upon something that you never thought of at your writing-table or in council in the kitchen with your cook. Especially often does this occur in regard to fish and vegetables. 'Who knows what the morning may bring forth,' or what opportunities may be afforded of hitting upon a novelty and providing that one thing needful to complete the little *menu* effectively? It is on these lines that the French housewife works, and she, as everybody knows, is a consummate mistress of the art of management.

Furthermore: by experience picked up by going about your business in person, you learn, alas! how much chicanery is practised by those whom you employ. There is apparently no harm in it, for it has long been licensed by established custom. Besides, we are ourselves to blame for its initiation and still encourage it. Speaking plainly: Tacitly admitting as we habitually do the evil principle that all trouble that can be saved in the kitchen must be saved, we have drifted into the habit of having our provisions prepared for our cooks by the vendors. Thus—according to requirement—our meat is sent home boned and rolled, our fish filleted, and our poultry and game ready trussed. The bones of the meat may perhaps accompany it, but neither the 'cuttings' of the fish nor the giblets of the poultry or game appear unless by special direction. Accordingly, hundreds of good people in London are in the habit of paying daily for articles of food part of which they never get, while, wise in their generation, the fishmonger and poulterer sell over again to persons who appreciate their value the bones and trimmings that the first purchasers permitted to slip through their fingers. Without going into tedious details it may be briefly stated that many thus deprive themselves of the materials which should provide valuable bases for the sauces that should accompany the things to which they originally pertained. An interesting example of the manner in which shrewdness thus battens upon ignorance was made by Sir Henry Thompson in the course of a lecture that he delivered at the Fisheries Exhibition of 1883. Happening to arrive at the place with some little time to spare he determined to put to practical test the exact proportions of profit and loss which result from the system of having fish prepared by the fishmonger in the ordinary way. He went up therefore to a slab where fish was exposed for sale, chose a nice sole, and asked that it

might be carefully weighed; this having been done, he requested that it might be filleted, and when the operation was finished that the trimmings and fillets might be weighed separately. This showed that the edible portion had fallen to half the weight of the fish as originally scaled. Somewhat to the surprise of the fishmonger the next request was that each sample might be separately packed in paper, and at the lecture that took place soon afterwards Sir Henry proceeded to exhibit the 'cuttings' and the fillets and explain convincingly how much we lose by not knowing the value of the former, and what expensive things fillets of sole are when delivered alone according to the customary practice of the fishmonger.

Owing to the false policy of leaving to the tradesman the work that ought to be done in the kitchen, the knack of boning joints, filleting fish, and trussing birds is gradually passing away from the town-bred cook. Such work rarely forms part of a London kitchen-maid's education nowadays, and consequently it is not uncommon to find young cooks who frankly confess that they do not understond these processes. The arrival of a present of game from the country, therefore, is generally received 'downstairs' with much searching of heart, 'O lor! there's all the trouble of plucking and messing about with it;' so, oftener than not, it is passed on to the family poulterer, who kindly executes the job, annexes the giblets, and charges probably a shilling for each bird or hare that he dresses. And how roughly the work is done! Operations which should be most carefully manipulated with the trussing-needle and pack-thread are 'knocked off sharp' with wooden skewers like miniature weavers' beams, rabbits are sent to us strangely distorted, and a hare, to use an heraldic term, appears 'sejant,' an attitude that has been seized upon by wayward fancy, in order, apparently, to turn 'poor puss' into ridicule and render the process of carving impossible. The filleting of our fish is equally inartistic. Some varieties are spoiled whether we like it or not by the ruthless customs of the trade, which ordain, in the case of whiting for instance, that the good little fish must be skinned, trimmed, and curled round with its tail fixed firmly in its mouth, as if that were the only form in which it can be sent up to table according to law. But then we must remember that whiting 'cuttings' are esteemed more highly than those of any other fish for broth-making, and are consequently very saleable.

The various quaint customs I have touched upon will soon discover themselves to any one who takes earnestly to the study of the art of management. At the same time they will be found by no means arbitrary. The simplest negotiations will establish a *modus vivendi* with the provisioner, and if asked to do so the honest fellow will cheerfully send home the miscellanea that he would otherwise confiscate, perhaps with the *sotto voce* observation, not unkindly meant, 'You're a knowin' one, anyhow;' but what of that? Better far is it,

however, to have the work done at home. Order your poultry and game to be delivered without any preparation save plucking, and your fish just as it lies on the marble slab. Persuade Mary-Jane that the delicate hand of woman is far better adapted to trussing and filleting than the rough hand of man, and explain to her the advantages by which the trouble is rewarded. The praise she will receive for her sauces will reconcile her to the innovation if she possess but a tittle of artistic instinct.

Lastly, there is an important point that cannot be passed over in connection with the duties of all who hold the reins of domestic management. I refer to the giving of orders. There is a very just complaint common among cooks, that they cannot get their instructions early enough in the day, that owing to this much valuable time is lost, that they are unfairly hurried, and then, if things are not satisfactory, that they are blamed. The controller who is practically acquainted with cooking appreciates as a matter of course the necessity of letting the cook have her orders in ample time for the operations that they may entail, but this consideration is unfortunately not shown by the majority of our housewives. In no way recognising the fact that perhaps the most essential principle in all culinary processes is that they should never be carried out hastily, many ladies defer their decisions in regard to the day's food until efficient work in its preparation is out of the question. A competent manager is not satisfied with settling what is to be done to-day alone—she makes everything clear as far as luncheon to-morrow. Thus assisted, the cook is never kept in suspense till the day is far spent, as is too often the case, for even luncheon orders with 'nothing in the house.' While talking to my 'Mr. Judkins' the other day on the subject of cooking meat, a breathless woman hurried into the shop and ordered a piece of beef for boiling to be sent up at once for lunch. The joint was despatched almost immediately, and as the messenger hurried off with it the good butcher observed, 'There you are, sir,' raising his eyes to the clock, 'eleven gone; well, it'll be 'arf parst nearly before that meat's put on the fire: it'll be boiled ever so much too farst, and come to table as 'ard as a brick. To-morrow probably the lady herself will call and complain of my supplying her with such tough inferior meat! Believe me, sir, that it isn't so much the fault of the cooks as these hurried orders. The quantities of good meat that's spoilt in this way you'd scarcely believe, and us butchers are blamed for it.' This is only too true. Much of the dissatisfaction that is now expressed in regard to the indifferent treatment of food should be attributed to incompetent management rather than to incompetent cooks.

Having traced the various branches of management, it is hardly necessary, I hope, to emphasise the importance of the art as a very near relation of the twin arts of cooking and dining. All who have

reform at heart will, I think, acknowledge this. The necessity of the study of cookery is fortunately becoming so universally admitted that to many ladies who have taken the subject up seriously my remarks may perhaps be interesting, for of cookery good management is veritably the sheet-anchor. Is it too much to hope that practical housewifery may become as essential in the education of English girls as languages, the higher arts, and other accomplishments? If gastronomy be added to the ordinary curriculum of school study, the chances are that in the coming by-and-by our households will be infinitely more efficiently superintended than they have been since the days of old-time domesticity and 'home-made everything' so picturesquely described by Mrs. Lynn Linton. All should learn; while young ladies who have to think of the future from a workaday point of view may do far worse than consider whether perfection in household administration may not be productive ere long of lucrative and congenial employment, for as time goes on the demand for skilled supervision from the well-to-do will certainly increase.

With some who would doubtless wish that it could be otherwise, the cook-housekeeper is often a necessary institution. Ladies who are not physically strong, who, owing to social or other engagements, have no time to spare, or who feel quite incapable of attempting the task, have no alternative but to trust the management of their households to others, and in many instances perhaps the system of governing by deputy may be found to work satisfactorily. But, if at all possible, the mistress should be mistress in every sense of the word, practical in all things, and capable of leading her cook in the manner I have endeavoured to sketch. To this end study of the three arts that have been spoken of is plainly essential. No one can steer well without light; with it the task is easy, and the helm can be taken with confidence; while, with advertence to that part of the subject which refers to our marketing, why should we lean upon others when we can manage much better by ourselves? Surely this is a simple matter of common sense—a little troublesome, perhaps, but what success was ever achieved without trouble? People who are in earnest are not deterred by trouble: they go to work cheerfully, are not easily discouraged, and never forget the good old saying, 'If you want a thing well done—do it yourself.'

A. KENNEY-HERBERT.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF THE REV. LUKE TREMAIN

They often talk of him at Rampton even to this day. He has become a mythical personage, though it is only about fifty years since he dropped down from the clouds among us, and there are a score of people who remember him still; some of them were grown men and women when he came, and some were boys and girls, who have but a faint recollection of him and his ways. They call him sometimes the *'Vangelist*, but more often the *Wrastler* in their dialect. Why they should call him the *'Vangelist* is easy enough to understand, though even 'thereby hangs a tale,' but why they should call him the *Wrastler* is not to be guessed until you know a little more about him and his prowess.

In the year 1844 the Rector of Rampton was a pluralist, and held another living, at which he resided half the year; and as that was a pleasant village by the seaside, it is hardly to be wondered at if he only gave the summer and autumn to Rampton and spent the winter and spring in his marine residence. As he grew older the rector spent less and less of his time at Rampton, and his curate, a worthy good soul, but very poor, occupied the rectory house with his wife and a single servant, and as the people say, 'that was a piggy sort of a place, you may depend on, by the time as he'd had it for six or eight months or more.'

Now it came to pass that in the late summer of 1844 the *fayver* broke out at Rampton. There was a row of squalid hovels belonging to a small proprietor in the parish—twelve of them in all—about as ghastly places as any man need wish to set his eyes on. They were almost all horribly crowded, the water was poisonous, the sewage was thrown out into the ditch on the other side of the road, and the habits of the people were indescribably filthy, reckless, and desperate. Everybody drank as much bad beer as he could get; the White Hart over the way was delightfully convenient, and was kept open through more than half the night; the children were shoeless and ragged, untaught, unkempt, uncared for. There were three or four of the men who were habitual poachers, and one or two of them who were never sober except when they were *training* for a raid upon the hares and pheasants in the preserves of some neighbouring squire.

The saying used to be, 'Decent folks don't come from Rampton 'xcept it's arter dark.'

When the *fayver* broke out among this wild community it did not spare them. Old and young—men, women, and children—were stricken down. 'That was a purple-spotted fayver, I tell 'ee,' says one. 'I'd ought to know, for I had it mysel'. I was a young chap then, and there was seven on us down at once, and we was three in a bed, and father and my sister Jane and her baby died on it, and I was off my head for a matter of ten days, as I've heerd tell.'

You may read the entries in the parish register if you like; there they are, thirteen funerals in July and August. Gaunt men and tottering women, ragged, hollow-eyed, and wan, staggered out to do the harvest that year, and how they got it in Heaven only knows!

Patient, feeble curate Blackie—himself and wife half fed—did what he could—a timid, silent man, but godly and kind withal. He went among the sick and dying in a helpless, perplexed sort of way, showed he was not afraid of the shadow of death at any rate, read the service over the graves, and won the hearts of some of the poor stricken ones by shedding tears at the bedside. The rectory was not a pistol-shot off the nearest of the hovels.

One day there was no one moving at the little rectory. Then it was found that the poor curate had fallen sick—'the fayver had got him.' Next week the poor wife succumbed; he himself was in fierce delirium; there was only a girl of fifteen to wait upon the pair, and nobody knew whether either the one or the other had a friend in the world.

By this time the Rampton fever had become a subject of much talk for many miles round. Her Majesty's mail used to change horses at the White Hart. The passengers did not like it, and when one of the hostlers was struck down and died in two days the horses were taken two miles further down the road, and the coach was not allowed to stop at Rampton. But the news of the plague spread all along the road and reached London, and one day a neighbouring clergyman, having occasion to go up to London on some business, put up at Wood's Hotel, then, and I believe now, a great place of resort for members of the clerical profession and their families, and he talked much and excitedly of the terrible state of affairs, and, of course, he was very vehement in denouncing it as a burning shame, though how and why it was a shame he didn't explain.

'Why is it a shame?' said a voice from the other end of the room. The speaker was a dark-haired, close-shaven gentleman in clerical dress. Scarcely above the middle height, with a big head, deep chest, broad shoulders, enormously long arms almost amounting to a deformity, and a large massive bony hand, which he rested on the back of a chair after he had somewhat slowly walked up to the other clergyman's table and stood confronting him, waiting for an answer.

'Why, it's a shame of the rector, to be sure,' said the other, a little disconcerted. 'He ought to be there, and be going in and out among them, doing his duty.'

'I thought I heard you say, sir, that the rector was half a fool and seventy-three years old. Would his going mend matters much? The shame's not there. Why don't you go yourself? You said you only lived four miles off.'

All eyes were turned upon the stranger. He was evidently a very ugly man to tackle, and there was a strange mocking and defiant smile upon his face which seemed to mean anything except what was pleasant and conciliatory.

'I, sir? You have no right to ask me that question; and certainly not in that insulting tone, sir. I have my own parish and a wife and four little children. I have no business to run the risk—none at all.'

'Oh, it's the risk, is it?—the risk, eh?'

The words were uttered in a deliberate and inexpressibly contemptuous manner, wholly unjustifiable under the circumstances.

A murmur of displeasure, almost of indignation, went round the room. A white-haired and venerable clergyman rose from his seat and passed straight up to the last speaker.

'You are a young man, sir; I assume, too, you are a clergyman. Have you yourself a cure of souls? I think you cannot know what it is to have wife and children. But you are behaving in a very unbecoming way in hurling taunts like these against a stranger, and he, too, a priest of Christ's Church. For shame, sir! For shame!'

The smile had utterly vanished from the young man's face; he held down his head like a penitent child; his eyes were bent upon the ground; he uttered not a single word.

The old clergyman went up to him and laid his hand upon his shoulder. 'There, there, my young friend, I did not want to wound you, but you know you deserved the rebuke, and I know you'll forgive me. But—but—yes! I think you'll do more than that, you'll show yourself the man you think another ought to be, and you will yourself go down to Rampton.'

With a quivering lip and a pale face the other made his answer:

'I humbly beg your pardon, sir, for the outrage I was guilty of. For you, sir, I humbly thank you for the lesson you have given me. My name is Luke Tremain. I have at this moment no cure of souls. I will go down to Rampton by the night mail. I will go down and—for the love of God.'

Next morning, at seven o'clock, as usual, the mail went through Rampton at a spanking pace, but Luke was sound asleep, and they did not wake him. A couple of miles or so further on the road the coachman suddenly pulled up, as if he had never thought of the matter till now.

'Why, Bill, isn't there a gentleman booked for Rampton inside?'

'Bless my heart, o' course there is! I never gave it a thought! Would you like to be set down here, sir? There ain't much more nor a mile to walk.'

Luke, who by this time was wide awake, and quite master of the situation, silently got down and had his heavy portmanteau deposited on the ground.

'Coachman, sir?' 'Guard, sir?' cried the two functionaries simultaneously.

'To be sure!' answered Luke. 'I wonder I had forgotten. Bad country for the memory, guard! But I shall have to trouble you to call at Rampton Rectory for your half-crown when you come back.' The two worthies took it out in some feeble bluster, and the coach rattled on. An hour later the dwellers in the cottages were surprised by the apparition of a gentleman carrying a big portmanteau on his broad shoulders and walking along straight as a dart. He passed through the rectory gate and startled the weary little servant-girl by walking straight into the hall—for the front door was open—and dropping the portmanteau on the floor with a sigh of relief, he took off his hat, mopped his face, and stared at the girl, who looked upon him as an ogre.

'Now, Sally—is that your name?'

'No, sir; please, sir, my name's Helen.'

'Where did you get that bad name from? Helen was a very wicked woman, and a heathen, and that's more; and she did a deal of mischief too. As long as I'm here I'll call you Sally. Do you hear?'

'Yes, sir. But, please, sir, you can't stay here. Master and missus are both in bed with the fayver, and master's off his head; and they all say as I'm going to have the fayver too, and father won't have me home. And please, sir, there's nothing to eat.'

'Sally,' said Luke solemnly, till the girl's hair almost stood on end, 'if you get the fever you shall be buried in the ditch with a stake run through you. I'll stand no nonsense. Do you hear? Is the kettle boiling?'

Yes, it was always kept boiling. The doctor said she was always to keep it boiling, she didn't know why. That was the hardest work she had to do, keeping up the fire and lifting the kettle. What had she had for supper? Tea. What else? Nothing; 'cause the last loaf had been made into a poultice.

'Ah! I thought so—half starved! Why you're a walking atomy, Sally. Get the tea—we'll have it together.'

In five minutes' time Luke had opened that bulky portmanteau, and had produced a pound of tea, a bottle of brandy, a bag of biscuits from Le Man's shop in the City, a shape of jelly which he had bought at a confectioner's in Fleet Street, and carried off in its mould, and

finally a huge tin canister of oatmeal. From this last he proceeded to make two big slop-basins full of porridge, Sally looking on with wide eyes. Then he made her fall to. She had never seen porridge before, but she took to it voraciously. Then came the tea. By good luck one of the farmers had left a jug of new milk at the gate every morning for the last ten days, and Luke, who could not drink tea without milk, consumed cup after cup, and after the girl had been fairly brought to an anchor he finished off the rest of the biscuits, which were enough to have satisfied six harvestmen.

'Now then, Sally, we'll go upstairs. Never do anything on an empty stomach, Sally. Fill up the kettle, I'll go alone.'

'Oh, sir! please, sir! you mustn't go upstairs: you'll get the fayver, and you're a kind gentleman. You'll get the fayver.'

'Sally, you attend to me. Kind or not kind, I'll tell you a secret. I've got a devil in me; and if you don't mind what I say, and do as I tell you, that devil will come out and rend you. If you ever say that word *fayver* in this house again you shall be tossed into the ditch and have a stake driven through you, and lie there till Judgment Day!' He made his way to the dreadful bedroom. Two emaciated human beings were lying there; one of them tossing about in delirium, the other just stupid with helplessness and despair. His first act was to open every door and window on that first floor. Then he dropped down upon his knees beside the poor woman as she lay, and asked for help that he might help others.

And so Luke began his work at Rampton. Before a week was over he had more supplies than he knew what to do with. He hired a 'trap' and went driving about the country demanding rather than begging for help. The port-wine, the brandy—even the champagne—came in by the dozen. Three of the cottages had been vacated, the inmates having fled no one cared whither. Luke treated them as if they were his own—asked no one's leave—had them thoroughly cleaned out, scraped, whitewashed, and the doors taken off from the upper floor. Then he had three sets of fever-stricken patients removed into these houses, and treated the next three cottages in the same way. In a fortnight the fever was stamped out. There were no fresh cases, and the curate and his wife were moving about again and sitting out in the sunshine. The masterful energy of the man carried all before it. As the patients recovered, Luke insisted they should always come to church and give thanks for their recovery. Only John Barleycorn grumbled, for the tap-room was well-nigh deserted, and the people were somehow showing some little gleams of seriousness and self-respect.

Finally, one morning he abruptly burst out upon poor Mrs. Blackie, who had been whimpering forth her gratitude and protesting that they owed life and health to their benefactor, and so on and so on.

'My good woman, I can't stand this sort of thing. This very day

either you go away from this place for three months or I do. It's for you to say. If you'll consult my convenience, you'll go away, both of you, and take Sally with you and stay away till Christmas, and I'll stay here in charge of the parish. There are five-and-twenty pounds to help you. The mail will pass at 12, and you've got two hours. If I find you here when I get back you'll never see my face after this day at sunset.'

He flung himself out of the house in wrath, leaving five bank-notes upon the breakfast-table behind him. On his return early in the afternoon the house was empty. The next thing was to get a poor woman 'to do for him.' She was a neat and decent person, had been a cook in a gentleman's family, had married late and had lost her husband by the fever, was the mother of two children, and the mistress of a cat.

. . . .

The harvest had been gathered and the odd labourers were turned off. There were several of the men out of work. Luke looked about him and resolved to remodel the garden. He set four or five men at work, and soon there was a transformation scene indeed. He made new walks, even cut down a tree or two, levelled a new lawn and cleared out the pond. The strange feature in it all was that nobody interfered with him. Little by little, now that the fever scare had passed away, the clergy and some few of the gentry round dropped in and called upon him. Once a pompous territorial magnate came to pay his respects. Luke was in the garden ordering his men, and was slow to invite the great J.P. to walk in. Accustomed to treat people *de haut en bas*, the visitor was irritated by Luke's fearless and almost aggressive independence. For no man ever patronised him a second time; once was quite enough to try that experiment. What passed between the two will never be known, but the squire went off like Naaman in a rage. 'Confound the fellow! He as much as told me to mind my own business, and he smiled at me as if he'd been a prizefighter stepping into the ring. Who is he? where does he come from?' It was suggested that he was a Cornishman, of a good Cornish family, with a comfortable little independence; that he had been a scholar of St. John's College, Oxbridge; might have won a fellowship, but that he had some cranky notions about the way a man ought to read; preferred Plutarch to Plato, and wasted two whole terms in a vain attempt to translate Cassiodorus and reconstruct the text of that barbarian writer. In course of time he had taken orders; but he could not respect his rector, and one day he smiled at him. The rupture was inevitable; he retired to a small patrimony which was heavily mortgaged, lived like a hermit on less than a pound a week, and at the end of three years had paid off fifteen hundred pounds of incumbrances which had been borrowed for some reason or other at six per cent. Then he had taken another curacy, this time

with a really holy and devoted clergyman, whose influence had changed the whole current of his life. One morning his friend was discovered dead in his bed, and Luke found himself 'with a loose end' and quite bewildered by his loss. He had come up to town resolved on taking a London curacy, when he found himself that evening at Wood's Hotel, and four months had passed since then and the winter was drawing near.

The spasms of conscientiousness which had twitched and wrung the hearts of the Rampton folk while death was knocking at their doors, and Luke had seemed to them a special '*Vangelist* sent down from heaven to save their bodies and souls, had passed away. The church, to be sure, had become a wholly different place on Sundays; there were a couple of hundred of the farmers and poor people who were now regular attendants, and there was no doubt that a very great change had come upon the parish. But 'what's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh,' and there was a villainous set among the younger men, whose fathers and grandfathers had been poachers and sometimes sheep-stealers in the old days.

The White Hart had begun to fill again. It was nothing like what it had been, but there were always six or eight of the 'blacks,' who got back to their old quarters by the fireside in the long evenings, and there was noise and quarrelling as of yore, and occasionally something worse.

Luke was vexed, but he knew it must come to this sooner or later. He went boldly to John Barleycorn and remonstrated with him for keeping the house open all night, and suggested, with a hint, that just possibly it might be to his advantage to close at eleven. The man was sulky and insolent. 'Close at eleven? What for? Supposing as I did close at eleven. I tell 'ee what—some on 'em 'd come and knock at the rectory door, the' would, and ast what you'd done wi' all that there port-wine as Squire Barclay sent in for 'em when they was down wi' the fayver. I tell 'ee they know as well as you who that there wine belongs to.'

Luke was stung as if an adder had struck him. But he bit his lip, said not a word, passed out of the house, came back for one brief moment, stared hard at the landlord, then with that accursed smile upon his face he said slowly: 'John Barleycorn, you're a cunning man; but you cunning fellows are often a trifle too sharp. So it was you put that into their heads, was it?'

The fellow was cowed and shambled back into his parlour and sat down trembling. When he recovered his speech again he mumbled gruffly to the little knot of boosers: 'Blessed if I don't think that blooming parson's got the evil eye. He'd ought to be swum for a witch.'

Alas! John Barleycorn had got the ear of the bad set again, but they did not let him into all their secrets. Luke went on in the

old way, taking his lonely walks mostly in the late afternoons, and sometimes in the moonlight nights. In the daytime he was always busying himself about some parish matter—the dame's school—for there was no other—the night school for the lads, whom he taught himself; visiting among the old people, who dearly loved him, and as often as not pulling out a short blackened clay pipe—there were no 'briars' in those days—and after handing a big hairy pouch to some old gossip, whose eyes twinkled at the sight of it, filling up himself and smoking voluminously. There was a poor little club-footed boy who lived with his old grandparents, and who could neither read nor write. The hovel in which those three lived was a long way off the rectory, and the boy could not get as far as the night school. So Luke took it into his head to teach the little cripple with the grandfather looking on. The boy, as time went on, grew up into a rather thoughtful man, who had many stories to tell of his first and only teacher, as thus:

'Grandfather said as the 'Wangelist was the first parson as he ever heard tell on who was a teetotaler, and the first as ever smoked a short pipe, and the first as ever slopped hisself, in a grit thing as they called a shower, reg'lar every morning, and the first as preached all out of his own head, and the first as knowed the Bible and Prayer Book by heart, every word.'

John Barleycorn sneered at it all.

'What call's he got to wash hisself in that there thing like a Punch and Judy show? And then that there pipe—why ain't it wore up afore now? They say he smokes all day and all night, and yet there's no one never see him smoking in what you may call the open air. I don't hold wi' they secret ways. That *may* be real 'bacca, but no one knows where that du come from. He's a artful 'un!'

December was half done. The moon was at its full; it was a glorious night. Luke started out for a midnight walk. Tempted by the deep quiet, and the splendour of the moon paling all the stars, and the crisp firm road that the frost had made hard as adamant under his feet, Luke walked on and on, till he found himself some seven miles from home. He looked at his watch, and found it much later than he had thought. He had scarcely turned homeward when, in a turn of the road, he came full upon a little band of five men, one of whom he immediately recognised as a parishioner, with no very good character to boast of, even among the 'blacks.'

'Why, George, what are you up to at this time of night?'

The moment the words had escaped him he felt he had made a mistake. The fellows all joined in a rough laugh, and one of them answered brutally: 'We're a-going to a prayer meeting, we are, and we'll take you with us if you loike. Yow've been a-setting snares, I'll bet, Mister. Passons hadn't ought to du sich things. Yow go your gate, and we'll go ourn.'

Luke seldom hesitated, but he did hesitate now; and, as they marched on and passed him, he could not see what the right course was, and he continued his homeward walk, very uncomfortable, and angry with himself at his awkwardness and stupidity.

Next morning Rampton was all astir. A party of poachers had been set upon in Squire Gorman's spinney, and three of them had been cleverly captured by a large band of keepers. The other two had made off, and no one knew who these two were, or where they had come from. The three were all Rampton men. Who were the other two? A day or two afterwards Luke came upon George Cannell and another. As they passed him he looked at them both with that terrible smile, but they took no more notice of him than if he had been a clod of mud by the wayside.

Who was that other? He was the bully of the parish, a hulking, powerful man of about five-and-twenty—a very dangerous ruffian when he was in beer, and a 'black' who was the terror of the night-school boys when they were on their way home. He was a good deal over six feet high, had maimed more than one opponent in a stand-up fight, and might have been a Hercules but that he was coarse in the fibre, gross in his habits, and wholly undisciplined in mind or body. His name, Dan Leeds.

Luke could have no doubt who the missing two were, and the less so when he began to hear himself shouted at by men at work in the fields as he was on his walks, with the cry of 'Spy!' 'Blooming spy!' 'Informer!' and so on, with many an oath to give the words emphasis. Of course he was saddened, but he was too obstinate to alter his ways of treating the people. He took no notice, and seemed not to care.

The curate and his wife were to return on New Year's Day, Christmas was very near, and Luke had no plans for the future. It looked as if he were going to stay on the old footing. As for the rector, he had become quite childish; no one made any account of him.

One day he was walking at his usual swinging pace along the coach-road on some errand of mercy to a sad one at the other end of the parish, when he met the big bully, Dan Leeds, driving a tiny donkey in a heavily loaded cart, Dan sitting upon the load and furiously beating the poor little animal with a heavy ash stick in mere wantonness of ferocity. Luke's blood was up, for that devil in him that he had spoken of to little Sally was a devil that would not always be *laid*. The young man was alway struggling with it, praying against it, getting overcome by it, gnashing his teeth and beating his breast with shame and self-reproach when he had been mastered by it, finding the conflict so very, very hard and the issue, alas! so often doubtful. As often as his passionate temper broke out, and it seemed to others that the storm had passed and the calm had followed —it was only a change of *venue*—he would rush into his own room

and fling himself upon the ground, writhing and moaning, sometimes sobbing, revenging himself upon himself in self-accusation, refusing all food, lying there with clenched hands and shut eyes for hours, till Mrs. Clayton would get frightened, and, when all other kindly devices failed, would send one of the little children with broth, or tea, or some simple dainty, the little toddler being commanded to stand by the strong man and make him speak, if it were only 'Yes' or 'No.' On one occasion, when he had lain there unmoved for more than twenty-four hours, the little boy, a child of four, went in with a Jew's-harp and began to spring it. Luke opened his eyes sadly. 'Mofer says you're Saul, and she says I'm to play my harp to you, Mis' Termain!'

The sight of this hulking Dan Leeds showering blows upon the poor little beast was more than Luke could stand. He burst out in uncontrollable anger.

'What a brute—what an unmitigated brute you are, Dan Leeds, for treating that poor beast that way! Yes, you're an unmitigated brute. You deserve to have that stick laid across your own thick shoulders!'

Many a Rampton man, even Dan himself, might possibly have borne being called a brute, but to add to that word 'brute' an epithet of five syllables—to call him an *unmitigated* brute when he did not know what the long word meant—that was quite intolerable; it was ten times worse than swearing in the vernacular!

'Oh! I'm a titigated brute am I?' growled Dan. 'I'd soon larn you to call folks names out o' the Bible if you weren't a parson. A titigated brute, eh! I've a good mind to do it now, and I *will* lay the stick on you, too, if you don't mind yersel'.'

The 'devil' was getting the upper hand—the devil had got the upper hand.

'Oh, *I* don't mind if *you* know how to do it,' said Luke, and that terrible, indescribable smile passed over his face, and its scorn, contempt, irony, indignation, wrath, defiance smote upon Dan Leeds with the sting of a blow and drove him mad. He sprang out of the donkey-cart, grasping the ash stick in his hand, and came with a rush upon Luke.

'I'll larn you to keep a civil tongue in your head, you —— parson. You want a lesson, you do.'

Reckless ruffian as he was, the fellow was staggered for a moment, for Luke stood there with folded hands as calm as a statue, keeping his eye upon his assailant and only smiling the horrible smile. Dan came upon him with uplifted stick, and in a hesitating way knocked off the parson's hat, as if in challenge. Before he knew where he was Luke's arms were round him like two wire ropes, and the next moment he had been flung into the air like a ball, and was sprawling in the road. The hat had rolled away a few yards into the ditch. Luke coolly went after his hat; but as he stooped to pick it up

Dan Leeds, who had scrambled to his feet, came at him from behind and dealt a tremendous blow at the parson, a blow which would certainly have fractured his skull but that the fellow was 'silly' with his fall, and Luke's hat was a stiff one with a stout brim.

He never knew how he escaped. He only remembered crying out, 'You coward!' a confused sense that he must grapple with a wild beast, that it was life or death; then once more he was closing with his antagonist; then he had thrown him again over his head; then, as he came to himself, there was Dan Leeds a helpless lump, lying as if he were dead! He was very far from dead, only cowed and scared. Wrenching the stick from the hands of the fallen bully, for he still clutched it, Luke stood over him pale and dizzy, the glare in his eyes very bad to see. Then Dan Leeds began to howl like a beaten cur as he was:

'Oh Lor', ha' mercy on me! Don't 'ee, sir! Don't 'ee! Don't 'ee kill me, sir. How war I to know? Both my arms is broke, sir. Ow! Booh, sir! So's my neck broke too. What'll mother du w'rout me? He's a-going to kill me! Murder! Murder! Ow! Booh!'

'Up on your knees, you cowardly sneak.'

The fellow, blubbering and half beside himself with terror, did as he was bid.

'Now say after me:

'"I'm a brute. Yes, I am! as you said I was, sir!

'"I'm a cur—cur—coward, as you said I was, sir!

'"I'm a liar. Yes, I am; I gnaw't. My arm ain't broke!

'"The dickey's a better beast than me. Yes, sir!

'"I promise faithful, I'll go and tell mother, booh! as the parson brought me on my marrow-bones, booh! w'rout hitt'n of me!

'"I'll come to church o' Sunday afternoon and be preached at, and I'll tell 'em all as I hit 'en wi' a stick, and he tossed me over his head. Yes, I will. . . . Amen!"

'Now you may go!' said Luke. He broke that tough ash stick across his knee, broke it, and broke it again. 'There! That donkey of yours don't want any more of your beating. I fancy you'll find your collar-bone broken. It is a way collar-bones have of breaking, with that throw. I've heard 'em sometimes!'

. . . .

All this happened on Friday afternoon. In a few hours the story was all over the parish and had spread far and wide. As usual, rumour and gossip had taken all sorts of wild liberties with the facts. There had been a stand-up fight in the yard of the White Hart, and the Bishop was coming on Sunday afternoon to unfrock the ''Wangelist' with extraordinary ceremony. There was a warrant out against Dan Leeds, and he was going to get off by doing penance in a white sheet. Dan's mother was going to have it out with the parson. She was a dangerous virago, who would stick at nothing. She had been

going about trying to borrow a gun, and when no one would lend it her—for they were as much afraid of her fury as they were of her son—she had been screaming out that she'd stick the parson in the pulpit before Dan should demean himself. She'd stop it if she swung for it. He shouldn't have a sheet of hers—no! nor a blanket neither, not for all the Amens that ever were sworn.

Luke walked about all Saturday as if nothing had happened: even passed Widow Leeds' hovel, but didn't call. She yelled at him through the half-opened door, but he passed on and took no notice, swinging his long arms, as his wont was, and never looking round.

Sunday came. The little urchins got as near as they dared and peeped in at the rectory gate. The bells rang out. At morning service Luke expounded the gospel as usual—cool as a cucumber, fluent, gentle, unembarrassed. Nothing ailed the man. Then came the memorable afternoon; crowds came tramping in from all points of the compass—some walking, some in carts, some on their nags. The White Hart had a harvest. People hung about the churchyard, lingered in the porch, watched for the parson, and some wondered when the Bishop would turn up. There was a curious hush of expectation. At last!

In the tiny vestry Dan Leeds was waiting in his smockfrock—they wore such things in those days—the left sleeve hanging down empty, for the fracture of the collar-bone was a bad one, and the doctor had bandaged his left arm to his side with voluminous wrappings. When Luke marched into church the other followed at his heels like a dog. The people noticed that the parson was well-nigh six inches shorter than his giant henchman. Dan, obeying a sign, took his seat on the pulpit steps. At last the sermon came; the text was a brave and startling one: 'Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.'

Old Hulver says: 'I was a youngster then; but I ain't likely to forget that there sermon anyway. "Look 'ee here," says he, "there's on'y one as ever did that; and if you and I was to try it on, the blacks 'd pretty soon have it all their own way. We ain't no call," says he, "to let the blacks hammer at us. What ha' we got to do?" says he, "why, go as near it as we can! No man ain't no right," says he, "to let another murder him if he can help it. That ain't the Gospel," says he. And then he went on and told 'em what the Gospel was. Lor'! that was a sermon! They'd use talk of it for years and years, they did.'

There are floating scraps and grotesque reminiscences of the sermon still to be picked up in the neighbourhood, some of them almost profane, and almost all of them representing very strange perversions. But it was evidently a 'word spoken in season,' and a very impressive appeal to the moral instincts of the ignorant peasantry, which went home to the convictions of some few, and was

listened to by all. At last the preacher stopped. 'Daniel Leeds, stand up in the face of God and of this congregation, and make what reparation you can for your sin and wrong.'

The hulking bully rose up to his full height upon the pulpit step, with a hangdog scowl upon his face, and made answer to question after question, which Luke had written down upon a paper beforehand. Dan was not spared; he said he had been a brute to the donkey—a coward, a liar; that he would have killed the parson if he could. The answers were made in a dull, formal manner, every now and then ending up with an Amen! to which mysterious word a special solemnity attached in the minds of all. The confession finished with some questions which produced an immense sensation.

'Did I strike you, Daniel Leeds, a single blow with stick, or fist, or hand?'

'No, sir! you hadn't no need; you gripped me!'

'Is all this plain truth?'

'Yes; that's the truth—far as I know!'

'Are you sorry for your sin?'

A pause; then a sullen nod of the head.

'Do you acquit me of any wrong done?'

Another pause, and another reluctant hesitating nod and grunt.

'Do you ask God's forgiveness? . . . Speak up, man!' cried Luke, with a voice of indignant command, his eyes flashing as he turned them on the wretched culprit.

Dan started, woke up with a stare of terror, and blurted out: 'I ain't no objection; I ain't, indeed. Yes, sir! Amen!'

. . . .

The congregation broke up. There were little groups of them in the churchyard, at the gate, in the road. Dan Leeds clung to Luke's side—followed him like his shadow. 'Well, Dan, anything more you want to say?'

'I count they's a-going to hollar at me, sir. I dunno what's come to me; I ain't got no heart to face 'em. Then there's another thing, sir. I'm afeard as I shall find mother dead when I get home. She had a fit like afore church-time.'

Luke was horrorstruck, and hurrying with all speed to the woman's cottage, with Dan close at his heels, found she had slipped down from her chair, and was lying huddled before the smouldering fire unconscious, speechless, evidently paralysed.

When the doctor arrived Luke made the best of his way home. It was dark now. As he passed the White Hart, John Barleycorn was holding forth in a great state of excitement and in a loud voice:

'Didn't I say so all along? Why, the first thing he said to that girl Kinder was that he'd got a devil. He's one of they chaps as sell their selves, he is. Rampton's been all wrong sin' he came. Why, I tell ye he's got the evil eye. He took and grinned at me once, fit

to craze a man, he did. There ain't a man in the parish—no! nor two of 'em—as could lift Dan Leeds off his legs and drop him same as this one did. I tell ye he's *overlooked* him, and now he's gone and witched his mother as well. Parson? He ain't no more a parson than I am. The folks is all silly running arter him. Why, he's just got rid of the parson and kep' him away these four months. He'd ought to be swum!'

Luke was very much exhausted by the work and excitement of the long day. When he got home to the rectory the fire had been out for hours. Half-suspecting what was the matter he made the best of it—found the tinder-box, struck a light, managed to boil his kettle at last, comforted himself as best he could with tea and porridge, took his pipe, began to read, dropped asleep over his book, and fell into a deep slumber, from which he was only roused by Mrs. Clayton coming in before the daylight to 'tidy up' and get his breakfast things. She looked at him furtively, and as if she were afraid of something, she knew not what. Luke, always kindly interested in other people, asked about the children. Her face fell. He excused her for leaving him without a fire. He had come in so very late. 'But it *was* cold welcome, Mrs. Clayton, and I'm very cold now, for I fell asleep, and I've not been in bed.' Then it all came out. The poor woman was bitterly penitent, she had been afraid to come when the people were all about. They were saying this and saying that—the parish was divided. Up at the White Hart they were all declaring that Dan Leeds had been overlooked, so was his mother, so was Mrs. Blackie, so was the rector, so was everybody. She, Mrs. Clayton, was going to be overlooked next. John Barleycorn made no manner of doubt but that her little Mary Ann would be turned into a witch and 'sold off like.'

The poor woman burst into floods of penitent tears. 'Never you mind, sir. They shan't make me turn against you, not if it's ever so. They'll all come round when they come to their senses. Only don't you give in now—Lord bless you for ever more!'

. . . .

I only set myself in this paper to relate an 'incident.' I did not promise, I did not intend, I could not venture to give the whole story of Mr. Tremain's career. I'm not sure that that kind of thing is in my line. But there are some legends and traditions of places and people that I have been thrown among which I like collecting and setting down, and this is one of them. This story would die with me if I did not put it on record. Whether it is much worth preserving is a question which others must answer. We *collectors* are proverbially undiscriminating; in our museums and repertories there are, as often as not, odds and ends that the world at large holds very cheap.

. . . .

What was the end of it all?

Luke had a very bad time of it at Rampton. Mr. Blackie came back and his wife with him, and Sally too. They did not know what to make of it; they were a good, kindly, weak-minded, woolly-headed pair. Luke stayed on. A few weeks later the rector died. Then there was a change. From all that I can learn, John Barleycorn won the day, and the last state of that parish was worse than the first. Dan Leeds went wrong again, like the sow that was washed; went, indeed, from bad to worse, and was killed in a poaching affray; his mother had a mysterious remittance of two pounds a quarter, which was paid regularly to her till she died—a poor tottering, palsied creature—a year or two after her first seizure.

Luke Tremain died of cholera somewhere in the Shires, so they tell me, probably on just such another mission of mercy as brought him to Rampton. A distant cousin, it is said, inherited his little patrimony. His last wish was that he should be buried where he died, and that his only epitaph should be, after giving his name and the date of his death: 'He won the Anstey Hat at eighteen years of age.'

The clergyman of the parish, however, refused to allow such a tombstone to be set up in the churchyard, and as the cousin was by no means keen upon the point it never was set up, and if any substitute for the eccentric though veracious record was erected I cannot say.

If my readers are so deplorably ignorant as not to know what the Anstey Hat means, I am sorry for them, but I don't think it is my business to instruct them—at any rate, not now.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

'HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG?'

THE miseries of the East-End needlewomen form no new theme. They date back to the 'Song of the Shirt,' even before it. Yet, in spite of all that has been done of recent years in the way of social and remedial legislation, and in the way of organised individual effort for the elevation of the 'masses,' the woes of this unfortunate class have met with no amelioration. On the contrary, they have deepened and intensified as the years rolled on.

Speaking generally, there has been of late years a decided upward tendency in the wages paid for men's labour, and a consequent rise in their habits, their homes, and their scale of living generally. Even the wages of some women-workers—notably those of skilled factory hands—have shared in this improvement, though to a more limited extent. But the condition of what may truly be termed the residuum, the lowest stratum of the toilers, the needlewomen employed in the cheap clothing trade in London and some of the provincial cities—but more especially London—has gone from bad to worse.

It is fifty years since Hood wrote his inspired poem which aroused such general sympathy for the class for which he pleaded. They need that sympathy more now. When the 'Song of the Shirt' was written these poor women were earning an average wage of at least 2½*d.* an hour. At the present time many of them—most of them—cannot average more than 1½*d.* an hour.

Are not these figures an eloquent commentary on the degraded condition of these women toilers? Are they not also a terrible sarcasm on that thing we call 'public opinion'? Many will remember doubtless the storm of indignation which burst forth when the 'Song of the Shirt' first rang through the land. From every town, from every village almost, there arose a cry of horror that these things were so. And after the cry there came a great calm! The British public had relieved its feelings, but nothing was done. Some new question arose—it is immaterial what—something to do with Ireland perhaps, for we had an Irish question even then; or perchance some strife about trivial ceremonies, whether a clergyman should wear a white gown or a black one, whether he should stand at the north or

turn to the east. People thought a good deal about such things in those days. But they heeded little—or seemed to heed little—the poor seamstress in her garret, stitching her life away, underpaid, underfed, and overworked.

When we come to examine into the sweating practised in the cheap clothing trade in the East End of London, we find that the very weakness of the women employed in it, the burdens of maternity, the care of children, tell terribly against them in the industrial struggle and make that struggle harder. Upon this weakness the sweater trades, in that by it he compels them to work for terms which men—even the low-class Jew—will refuse to accept. They have no means of protecting their labour, these poor women. That most potent weapon in the hands of men-workers, combination, does not reach them. Their isolated position, the long hours, the under-feeding, the scanty wage, crush out any spirit they may possess, and with them resistance becomes impossible. Thus it comes about that all the worst features of the sweating system—insanitary conditions, lengthy hours, meagre wage, and uncertain employment—are especially prevalent among women-workers.

Let us consider them in detail. The insanitary conditions under which the East-End needlewomen are compelled to labour and live may, without exaggeration, be described as appalling. From the nature of the case their work must be done either in small workshops or at home. It is difficult to say which is the worse alternative. In either case they labour surrounded by bad light, bad air, bad smells, bad water—by every circumstance which depresses the vital energies and leaves them an easy prey to disease. The small workshops have been described by a competent authority as 'the most filthy, poisoning, soul-and-body-killing places imaginable.' There is great difficulty in enforcing proper sanitary arrangements in these 'dens,' many of which are unknown to the inspectors, while those which are known are so numerous, that, undermanned and overworked as the staff of factory inspectors at present is, it is impossible for them to be inspected thoroughly. In the case of work at home, 'outwork' as it is called, the evils of overcrowding, bad ventilation and bad drainage are, if possible, intensified. One wretched garret is as a rule all that the worker can afford. If she be a married woman, her whole family has often to share this single room. It is impossible for a woman who is always working with her needle for dear life to keep the room clean. The consequence is that it often becomes infested with vermin, which find their way into the garments in process of making. Cases have also been known to medical men in which children suffering from infectious diseases have been found lying in bed covered with the half-finished garments to keep them warm. Is it a wonder if under these circumstances the germs of infection are carried far and wide? These very garments when made,

be it noted, are sold in large numbers in cheap clothing shops throughout London and the provinces.[1]

The length of the hours of labour also presses unduly upon the women-workers; the protection which the Factory Act is supposed to afford them in this respect has become practically *nil*. In the case of outwork the workroom is also the dwelling-room, and here the provisions of the Act of course do not apply. There are houses, for instance, in Clerkenwell in which five or six 'businesses' are carried on at the same time, but the inspector is powerless to enter.

In the case of the small workshops or 'sweating-dens' the machinery of the Act, for reasons already given, often fails to cope with the evil. Women are kept working in these dens from 6 A.M. until 8 P.M., 10 P.M., or even midnight. All sorts of tricks are played to evade the factory inspector. The cry of 'Ware finer!' is as well known in the East End of London as in the factories of Lancashire or the forges of Staffordshire. The intention of the Act is frustrated, and the women come to regard the inspector who is appointed to protect them rather as an enemy than as a friend. They are utterly at the sweater's mercy, and scant mercy it is, for the struggle for existence is pretty hard on him too. Even the interval which the Act insists upon for meals is frequently infringed upon. A woman who availed herself of the full hour for dinner would be liable to instant dismissal. In the same way the half-hour for tea is often denied them; the tea is put down by their side, and they swallow it when they can snatch a moment from their work.

Let us now glance at the prices these women are paid for their labour; the harvest reaped by a life lived under such awful conditions. The following does not pretend to be a complete list by any means; but it will suffice as a sample of the rest.

Working by the piece, a woman is paid 5*d.* for making a vest; 7½*d.* for making a coat. She can by fifteen hours' work make four coats in a day, which amounts to 2*s.* 6*d.*, but out of this has to be deducted 3*d.* to a button-holer for making the button-holes, and 4*d.* for 'trimmings'—*id est*, fire, soap, ironing, &c., all necessary to her work. A boy's knickerbocker suit is made at prices varying from 4½*d.* to 10½*d.* complete, according to the amount of work put into it. The price paid by a sweater to a woman for 'machinery' trousers runs from 1¼*d.* to 3¼*d.* per pair. If she works at home, she has frequently to pay 2*s.* 6*d.* a week for the hire of a sewing-machine. The 'finishers,' as

[1] Since the above was written a scheme has been thought out by the writer which, it is hoped, may do something to remedy the insanitary conditions under which the 'outworkers' labour. For obvious reasons it does not interfere in any way with the question of wages. Its object is simply to provide sanitary workrooms in certain of the East-End parishes under the direct supervision of the parochial clergy, and so pave the way for better things. The parish selected in which to commence operations is St. Jude's, Bethnal Green, and a workroom will be opened there in November. The movement has the support of the Bishop of Bedford and several of the East-End clergy.

the women are called who press the garments, put on the tickets, and generally make them ready for sale, are paid from 2*d.* to 2¾*d.* a pair, but they lose a good deal of time in taking their work to the sweater and getting it examined. If the examiner finds the first two or three pairs faulty, he will not go through the whole work, but throws the lot back to the woman, and tells her to take them away and alter them. In this way much time is lost.

In the shirt-making the prices run as follows: Women who make by machine the commoner kind of shirts are paid 7*d.*, 8*d.*, and 9*d.* per dozen for machining them. They can machine 1½ dozen shirts in a day by working until midnight or later. The shirt finishers, who make the button-holes and sew on the buttons, get 3*d.* per dozen shirts, finding their own cotton. They can finish 1½ to 2 dozen in a day.

With other articles made in the cheap clothing trade the price of labour is correspondingly low. The commoner class of fur-work is perhaps the worst of all; for, varying with the season, work of this kind is necessarily uncertain. For instance, the writer traced out the price of labour in a fur collarette of hareskin, dyed grey and lined, which was bought in a shop for 1*s.* 6*d.* It amounted to only 1¾*d.* Six shillings a week is about the maximum wage in this particular industry, and out of the season it drops down to 3*s.* or 4*s.* a week.

It is much the same throughout. Babies' hoods are made at 9*s.* per dozen, the maker finding the material; they are sold at 1*s.* 3¾*d.* each. Small stays which bring 1*s.* 9*d.* per dozen to the maker for work and material are sold for 3¾*d.* each; large stays which bring 6*s.* per dozen (work and material) are sold at 11¾*d.* each; French stays, 9*s.* 6*d.* per dozen (work and material), sell at 1*s.* 3*d.* each; children's skirts sold at 9*d.* are made for 5*d.* (work and material); silk mantles selling in West-End shops from 20*s.* to 25*s.* are made throughout the East End for 7½*d.* each. The commoner mantles are made at 5*d.* each. Bead trimmings are made by girls who, working twelve hours, earn from 8*d.* to 1*s.* or 1*s.* 2*d.* per day. Cheap mackintoshes are made from 10*d.* to 1*s.* each.

Such are some of the prices paid. They are eloquent enough as they stand, but they speak more strongly when we bear in mind that even these miserable wages are often irregularly paid. In the latter category of prices quoted, which belong to what may be termed the 'ornamental' department of the cheap clothing trade, there are the fluctuations of fashion and season to be considered. There are slack times in the year when the women-workers may be idle for weeks together. Yet they must still pay rent, and keep body and soul together—if they can. Many cannot and die; the mortality among them is great. Others struggle on, eking out their scanty earnings by means upon which one hardly cares to dwell.

The problem offered to us by the contemplation of this deplorable state of affairs is a sad one, and at first sight the difficulties besetting its solution appear to be well-nigh insurmountable.

The causes of its existence are manifold. Prominent among them, of course, are sub-contract and irregular homework, both of which tell fatally against all those employed in this sweated trade. There is another cause also which has had a marked effect in reducing the price of labour in the unskilled industries which it affects, and especially in this industry, namely, the increase which has taken place of late years in the immigration of destitute or semi-destitute foreigners. Seven or eight years ago the seamstresses made much more. Now the competition has become so intensified by this apparently continuous influx that prices are reduced some 40 per cent. It is not desirable to press this point unduly here, for it is one on which there exists considerable difference of opinion. But it is necessary to point out that in the cheap clothing trade, so far as the foreign Jew competes with the native worker, he competes not so much against Englishmen as *Englishwomen.* As Mr. John Burnett once testified, there are not more than 250 Englishmen employed in the cheap tailoring trade in the whole of the East End of London. They have yielded place to the foreigner. But there are plenty of Englishwomen, and as usual it is the women who suffer most. The strong man, when confronted by this alien influx, can retreat before it; other fields of industry are open to him. But the weak woman has perforce to remain, and feebly fight on singlehanded in the unequal struggle against these low-living invaders, who are able apparently to work for any wage, however meagre, for any length of hours, amid surroundings which to the more highly developed Englishwoman mean disease and death.

In considering, therefore, the means whereby the condition of this oppressed class may be raised, it is advisable that some means should be devised for restricting, or at least sifting, the stream of pauper alien immigration. Space does not permit of touching more fully upon the factor of the problem in the present paper. It must suffice that its presence be recognised.

Other suggestions have been made, and there can be no doubt that, if some of them were carried out, they would do much to ameliorate the present condition of affairs. One suggestion calls for a more than passing notice. It has been urged with considerable force by a writer who has made this phase of poverty a study, that the most effective form for remedial legislation to take would be to restrict 'outwork' altogether, or, in other words, to compel all employers of women-workers to provide factories and workshops, and no longer give them work to do at home. Now 'outwork' is admittedly a great evil. Upon it largely sweating thrives, and all factory regulations are powerless to cope with it. The woman who works at home labours, as we have seen, under the most depressing conditions, and she must of necessity neglect those home duties which should be her first care. Yet it is difficult to see how legislation can interfere in this matter without bringing about evils as great, or greater, than those which

it would seek to dispel. To compel a woman to attend a factory or workshop when she wished for work would not give her any more time for her home duties. To dictate to a woman the kind of work she is to do in her own home would be to interfere seriously with individual liberty of action. To allow her, for instance, to make a shirt for her husband or her child, but to forbid her to do the same thing for a money wage, would be a *reductio ad absurdum*. Even if an Act to forbid 'outwork' were placed on the Statute Book, it would be utterly impossible to carry out its provisions. The maxim that an Englishman's house is his castle holds equally good in the case of an Englishwoman. It is one which applies to the poor as well as to the rich, and to tamper with it would be a dangerous thing.

What is rather wanted at the present time is that the Factory Act as it stands shall be thoroughly carried out, and its provisions with regard to women-workers rigidly insisted upon. When that is done it will be time to talk about amending it.

The first thing necessary is to largely increase the number of inspectors, and to appoint women factory inspectors—not in this industry only, but in all industries in which women-workers are employed. None but a woman can know a woman's weakness. None but a woman can know a woman's need. It is true that the present Government, as a concession to much pressure, has grudgingly consented to the appointment of two women inspectors, one to be stationed at Glasgow and one in London, who, at a salary of 200*l*. a year, rising to a maximum of 300*l*., are, it is to be presumed, to look after the tens of thousands of women-workers in the United Kingdom! Surely if the principle of women factory-inspectorships be admitted at all—and it has now been admitted—it would be better to deal with it more thoroughly than this.

Hitherto we have only considered those remedies which can be effected by the direct intervention of the State. State intervention is a useful weapon, and in this case a necessary one. Still, we must not forget that experience has shown us that the healing virtues of Acts of Parliament can be overrated. It is well, therefore, that we should consider that other great agency for good—organised individual effort. It has one great merit—it can begin work at once. And in the case of women-workers it cannot be said that organised individual effort has yet had full play.

Trade-unionism, as everyone knows who has had anything to do with it, has made very slow growth among women. It is only about twenty years since the first trade-union was founded among women, in the bookbinding trade. Since then a number of others have been formed, which, in certain cases, have done much to raise the price of women's labour and to protect its interests. This has been especially the case with skilled factory-work, with glove-making, bookbinding, confectionery, &c. But the particular class now under consideration remains untouched—or practically untouched—by

trade-unionism. Combination does not reach it, and, under existing circumstances, it cannot.

The great mass of needlewomen is made up of scattered individuals, who are isolated, inarticulate, voteless, helpless. They have no strength to combine, no money to spend; the agitator ignores them. They have no votes to give, no influence to court; the politician passes them by. They work, many of them, in their own homes, and are therefore thrown little together for mutual encouragement or sympathy. They have neither time nor money, and without money it is impossible to form a combination. The power to protest against an unfair wage, the power to hold out after protesting, are essential to a strong combination; but neither can be done without funds. Therefore, any movement or organisation to better the condition of these poor women must be assisted from without.

Bearing in mind what unity and combination have done to improve the condition of men-workers, bearing in mind also the lack of both among the needlewomen of London and elsewhere, the thought forcibly suggests itself that any movement to ameliorate their lot must follow upon somewhat similar lines. Unity is the only thing. The individual strands of a rope are weak enough when taken singly, but they will resist almost any force when united. Only combination must come to the needlewoman—she cannot go to it. There is this difference between them and men-workers or even the more skilled class of women-workers. Needlewomen cannot help themselves—the others can. Some few might perhaps be able to manage 1*d.* a week as a subscription—none could do more, not many so much. What is, therefore, wanted is that a committee should be formed of men and women who are interested in this question, and so form the nucleus of an organisation to protect those who are at present unable to protect themselves. In connection with such a movement there might also be a Benefit Society, which would be useful in cases of sickness or distress, and co-operative works might be started, bringing the producer nearer the customer, and so doing away with sweaters and middlemen. It would be, of course, essential that such an organisation should be non-political in character, and it is equally essential that the committee should include the names of men and women—and more especially of women, for is not this chiefly a woman's question?—who are known to be interested in social and philanthropic work. The influence of such an organisation in forming and educating a healthy public opinion could hardly be overrated, and its business would be to teach these poor women the best of all possible lessons, namely, how to help themselves. A movement of this kind would do infinitely more good than indiscriminate alms-giving, which only goes to increase the amount of 'bounty-fed' labour—one of the greatest difficulties against which women-workers have to contend. These are of course but the mere outlines of a scheme which, if matured, would—it is submitted with all

diffidence—do at least something to alleviate the miseries to which this unhappy class is now subjected.

That the existing state of affairs is hopelessly bad, and if left alone will go from bad to worse, must be obvious to all those who have looked beneath the surface. The women who are the victims of the existing system may be roughly divided into two classes, the married women and the girls. The results are bad in both cases. It will generally be admitted that the first duty of a mother should be to her home and her children. The value of maintaining a high standard in the home life of our people can hardly be overrated, for upon it depends not only the present but also the future of our race. Yet as things stand it is just this home life which is degraded. These poor women have no time for the pure, tender delights of motherhood, no opportunity of attending properly to the hundred and one little duties which cluster around the word 'home.' Is it to be wondered at if under these circumstances thousands of children grow up physically, morally, and mentally unsound, and go to swell that degraded class into which, as the late Canon Kingsley pointed out, the *weakest* as well as the *worst* members of the community show a perpetual tendency to sink?

And what of the thousands of seamstresses who are unmarried, who stand alone, who cannot by their labour earn an honest living sufficient to keep body and soul together? How do they subsist? This brings us face to face with the saddest and most degrading phase of our social problem. Working from dawn until eve under conditions too often subservient to every sense of decency and comfort, for a wage cut down ever lower and lower by the fierce competition against which they have to contend, hundreds are driven yearly to eke out a precarious existence by means of an immoral life. A large proportion of the 'unfortunate' class are, or have been, seamstresses. To check this hydra-headed evil, religious bodies, philanthropic agencies, rescue committees, all are striving, but it is to be feared with comparatively little success. All honour to their efforts, for the motive which animates them is good. But it cannot be too clearly pointed out that the real crux of the question is an industrial one. Until something has been done to place the price of these poor women's labour upon a fair level, we cannot hope that they will be able by honest toil to lead virtuous and self-respecting lives.

'*Usque quo, Domine?* Lord, how long—how long? That is the new 'Song of the Shirt,' the same in its essence as that which Hood sang half a century ago, but greater now in its intensity.

Who will hear it?

W. H. Wilkins.

THE

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WEARINESS[1]

When you, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, told me your wish, which is law, that I should be the Rede Lecturer of this year, I felt that, in attempting to fulfil the honourable task laid upon me, I ought to take my theme from the science which I here represent and for the study of which the University has done so much. At the same time I felt also that I ought to choose, not an abstruse and novel topic the discussion of which could be interesting only to the few, but rather some simple story having a direct bearing on daily life, such as could be understood by many. Reflecting that the power, and hence the usefulness, of the machine which we call the human body is limited by two shortcomings prominent among others—by the inertia, the sluggishness which makes it so hard to set agoing and by the readiness with which it wearies, so that its work is often stopped before its task is done—I thought that I might not be wasting your time in saying a few words, as plain and as simple as I can make them, helped by a few plain and simple experiments, concerning the physical causes of that weariness which is always making itself felt in human life, even in some cases in the life of the Easter Term.

Allow me to begin with a simple yet illustrative case—the weariness which comes from the much repetition of a simple movement, a simple muscular act, as when a man moves a weight with his hand.

We may analyse, physiologically, such a simple act as follows. Certain events occur in what physiologists call 'the central nervous

[1] Being the Rede Lecture delivered before the members of the University of Cambridge, June 14, 1893.

system,' but which in this lecture I will venture to speak of under the broad phrase of the 'brain.' These give rise to other events, to changes which travel along certain bundles of fibres called nerves, and so reach certain muscles. Arrived at the muscles, these changes in the nerves, which physiologists call nervous impulses, induce changes in the muscles by virtue of which these shorten, contract, bring their ends together, and so, working upon bony levers, bend the arm or hand and lift the weight.

Obviously weariness may intervene in at least three ways. The muscles may become weary, the nerves may become weary, the brain may become weary; all or any of the three may become weary.

Let us first consider the weariness of the muscle, since our knowledge concerning this is the more ample and exact, and the study of it may serve as a simple lesson on weariness in general.

My friend Dr. S. will now throw upon the screen the shadow of a small muscle attached to a lever. The muscle is alive, though the frog from which it was taken is no more, and we can, within limits, make it do all that it could do while it was as yet a part of the living frog. We can by means of an electric current imitate the changes in the nerve, of which I spoke just now as nervous impulses. Dr. S. will now apply the electric current, and, as you see, the muscle contracts, shortens, brings its two ends together, and moves the lever. The current which we used was an exceedingly feeble one—too feeble to be felt by even that most sensitive organ the tip of the tongue. We will now make a greater demand upon the muscle. Dr. S. will apply a stronger current, and keep on applying it for some time. You see, at first the muscle contracts vigorously, boldly lifts up the weight, which is many, many times heavier than itself; but, observe, as the work goes on it begins to lose its hold on the weight, the weight is sinking. There is no change in the current, the change is in the muscle; it is becoming tired. Now, you see, the weight has so far sunk down that it is hardly lifted at all, and when we take away the current there is very little further sinking of the weight. Let us now apply again the feebler momentary current which a little while ago called forth a vigorous jerk. You see it has positively no effect at all. The muscle does not so much as stir. The violent effort which the stronger current called forth has so affected the muscle that it no longer responds to the feebler current. The muscle has been wearied.

Here, however, perhaps some one will say that I am taking unnecessary trouble to show what everybody knows. We may argue as follows. The muscle when it was removed from the body of the frog possessed a certain store of energy, laid up in it by virtue of the changes always going on in the living body. Just as a wheel, thrown off by accident from some machine in full swing of action, will go rolling along for many yards by virtue of the impetus given to it by the working of the machine of which it formed a part, so the vital

changes wrought in the whole body continue spinning in the muscle separated from it. That store of energy was used up in the violent treatment which we have just witnessed; there is now no energy left to make the muscle move.

But the case is in reality not so simple. Could the time at our disposal permit us to wait and watch this muscle for some little time, say for half an hour, we should find that the weariness had passed away, that the muscle had recovered its power, and that the feeble current was once more able to call forth a movement. Perhaps even already the restorative change has begun. Yes! you see the feeble current already produces some effect, though not its full initial one.

You must allow me to assure you, I cannot now go into the proofs, that the life by virtue of which this separated muscle is still living is of the same kind as that which it had while yet an integral part of the whole living body; the life is slower, feebler, less intense than that which it had within the body; it is a gradually diminishing life; but in all essential features it is identical with it. Were it needed, I might show the same weariness of the muscle within the living body; the only difference would be that the weariness would come on more slowly and disappear more rapidly.

Observations and reasonings, into the details of which I cannot enter now, have led physiologists to the conclusion that a muscle, not only in the body but also for a measurable time out of the body, is continually undergoing change of substance; that the complex groupings of atoms, molecules, and particles by virtue of which it is alive are continually being made and as continually being unmade; the living complex muscle is always being built up out of, and always breaking down again into, simpler substances. Did we possess some optic aid which should overcome the grossness of our vision, so that we might watch the dance of atoms in this double process of making and unmaking in the living body, we should see the commonplace lifeless things which are brought by the blood, and which we call food, caught up into and made part of the molecular whorls of the living muscle, linked together for a while in the intricate figures of the dance of life, giving and taking energy as they dance, and then we should see how, loosing hands, they slipped back into the blood as dead, inert, used-up matter. In every tiny block of muscle there is a part which is really alive, there are parts which are becoming alive, there are parts which have been alive but are now dying or dead; there is an upward rush from the lifeless to the living, a downward rush from the living to the dead.

This is always going on, whether the muscle be quiet and at rest or whether it be active and moving. Whether the muscle be at rest or be moving, some of the capital of living material is always being spent, changed into dead waste, some of the new food is always being raised into living capital. But when the muscle is called upon to do

work, when it is put into movement, the expenditure is quickened, there is a run upon the living capital, the greater, the more urgent the call for action. Moreover, under ordinary circumstances, the capital is, during the action, spent so quickly that it cannot be renewed at the same rate; the movement leaves the muscle with an impoverished capital of potential stuff, and a period of rest is needed in order that the dance of atoms of which I just now spoke may make good the loss of capital and restore the muscle to its former power.

Herein lies, of course, the first factor of weariness; and you will not have failed to observe in this the dominant influence of time. Weariness comes to the muscle, not because so much capital has been spent, but because it has been spent at too quick a rate, it has been spent more quickly than it can be replaced. The very occurrence of weariness is contingent on this common feature of the life of the muscle, I may say of life in general, that while it is quite easy to quicken the downward steps of expenditure, *facilis descensus*, it is a much harder task to hasten the upward steps of constructive storage. Whether a muscle wearies or not with action, and how soon it wearies, will depend not so much on how much work it is called upon to do as on whether or no the expenditure involved in the work outruns the income. You shall take a weak muscle, that is to say, a muscle with a scanty store of available living stuff, and a strong muscle, that is to say, one with an ample store; and by timely calls on the weak one, and an imperious sudden demand on the strong one, you shall get much work from the former, leaving it still fresh, while the latter is wearied before it has done a little of the work of the first. And there is one muscle in the body whose internal adjustments are such that each movement is tempered to suit the store of energy which it holds at the moment, and which is so sheltered by regulative mechanisms that only in disorder of the body can its expenditure be raised by external calls beyond its means. Hence it comes about that to this one muscle weariness is unknown. Oftener than once a second its fibres are shortened in a grip which drives the blood all over the body, but it repeats its stroke untired through minutes, hours, days, and years. The heart may be worried by disorder, but is never truly wearied by its own work; and when at last it stops in death, its failure, save in rare cases, comes because some evil born in another part of the body has clogged the wheels of its machinery, not because its innate power is spent.

A too rapid expenditure of living capital (important though it be) is not, however, the only factor of muscular weariness; there are other factors to be considered.

The muscle, even when it is at rest, is, as I said just now, the seat of a double stream of matter; a stream of lifeless things becoming alive, a stream of living things becoming dead. And part of the economy of the muscle consists in the adequate arrangements by which the

blood which brings the material about to become alive at the same time carries away the waste which has been alive and is now dead. But each movement of the muscle is, as it were, explosive in character; when the fibres shorten in contraction the downward stream swells to a torrent, and for a while the dead débris is heaped up in the interstices of the living framework. I need not enter now into the details of the chemical nature of this débris, these products of muscular activity. Let it suffice to say that all of them, from the simple carbonic acid which is prominent amongst them, up to strange chemical bodies with most difficult names, all of them are in greater or less degree poisonous, harmful to the life of the muscle. It, is indeed, a feature of all life that each member of the body, in the very act of living, manufactures poison to itself. The point to which I call your attention is, that even under the most favourable circumstances these products of the muscle's work must tarry for a while—it may be for a brief period, but at all events for a while—in the very substance of the muscle, and that so long as they remain there some of them at least are harmful. I have not succeeded in devising an experiment which would show to a large audience that a muscle in moving does produce out of itself new substances, though it might be made very clear to a few; but I can, I think, make evident to all of you the harmful action on a muscle of these products of its own activity. You see before you the shadow of a tortoise heart, which, though removed from the body, is fully alive and beating vigorously. A light lever has been attached to it by a thread in such a way that at each beat it pulls the lever up. You see it moves from time to time in a slow and stately rhythm, without the need of any stimulus. It is moving of itself for the same reason that the muscle which you saw just now moved when called upon to do so; it is living on the supply of food which it some time back received from the blood, and which in various stages of change is stored up in the interstices of its living framework. I will now feed it, will bring into contact with its muscular fibres a very weak solution of some of the products of muscular activity. You see the beats are already becoming feeble, and now they are so feeble as to be with difficulty seen. I have poisoned the heart with the products of its own activity. That the failure is due to the hampering effects of the solution, and not to any intrinsic diminution of the heart's own power, is shown by this, that if I were to wash away or neutralise the noxious solution, the beats would soon begin again.

We are thus led to the conclusion that the failure in power which follows action, and which we call weariness, is due not only to the too rapid expenditure of capital, but to the clogging of the machinery with the very products of the activity. And indeed there are many reasons for thinking that this latter cause of weariness is at least as potent as the former.

From this we may pass to a further conclusion, the importance of which I shall have to insist upon by-and-by, namely, that whether a muscle in doing work becomes weary or no, or how soon it becomes weary, depends; not on the muscle alone, but on the manner in which the muscle in its work is aided and supported by the rest of the body. One, perhaps the characteristic, feature of the living body is, that while the labour falling on the whole body is divided among the several members which make up the body, these members are bound together by ties so close, and feel each other's doings by touches so delicate, that the work of each is at once both aided and governed by the work of all the others; by these ties the body of which they are parts is made one. Such a tie is the blood sweeping throughout the whole body. The escape from the muscle substance of the clogging, stifling products of the muscle's activity is, in the living body, in large measure dependent on the characters of the bloodflow through the muscle and on the nature of the blood. The more ample the blood stream and the purer the blood, the more rapidly are all these hurtful bodies washed away. If the blood stream be sluggish, or if the blood coming to the muscle be already loaded with the same hurtful bodies, the clearance is slow or wholly fails, and weariness comes on apace.

There is yet another aspect in which we may look at the problem which we are studying before we leave the muscle.

As we have seen, the capital of energy within the muscle is, so long as the muscle is alive, continually being replenished. Fresh material laden with energy is continually being brought by the blood, continually passing from the blood into the muscle, and continually being wrought up into the living substance. The store of this material in the blood is in turn as continually being replenished by the food which from time to time is eaten. Our power to move is, at bottom, the power of our food to burn, the power which our food puts forth while being oxidised; and the measure of the latter is at the same time the measure of the former. But the power is a transformed power, and the conditions under which the energy brought as lifeless food takes on that of the living muscle are in the highest degree varied and complex; hence some insignificant hitch in the linked machinery may render useless the most ample supply of food.

Let me, in illustration of this, show you an experiment. On the screen you see the shadow of a frog's heart, which a little while ago was beating vigorously, but now is motionless, and apparently dead. We have brought it to this condition by washing it thoroughly with a very weak solution of common table salt, which is in itself innocuous towards the heart, and simply serves to dissolve and carry away various matters present in the heart's substance. The heart is not dead but simply 'washed out.' Now one might suppose that we had

washed away all the available food stored up in the meshes of the heart's substance, and that the heart had ceased to beat for want of the proper supply of energy-laden material. We will now continue the washing out, but in doing so will add to the former solution of common salt a little trace of lime, nothing more; and while I am going on speaking you will see that the beats come back again. We had not washed out the energy of the heart's substance, but we had washed out certain salts of lime which were hanging about in an apparently loose kind of way, and yet the presence of which, in some way or other, served as a link in the complex machinery of nutrition. Yes, you see the heart is beginning to beat, and soon will be working quite vigorously. We have brought it back from apparent and indeed imminent death to fairly vigorous life, without giving it one jot or tittle of energy, by simply giving it the merest pinch of lime, by feeding it with spring water instead of rain water. The absence of this trace of lime stops the whole machinery of life; on such a little link does the working of the whole depend. And what is true of lime is true of many other things of the like kind. The brute force of our food, as I said, is the measure of our muscular strength, but the one can become the other only through the aid of many other things which may be wholly empty of energy, and the failure of these no less than the absence of the former entails at first premature weariness, afterwards failure and death.

Taking, then, the simple case of muscular work, the onset of weariness is dependent on many things. Looking for the present to the muscles only, we may say that when a man sets himself a muscular task, whether or no he becomes weary, or how soon he becomes weary, will depend primarily on his store of muscular power, on the bulk and condition of his muscles, and on the rate at which he expends that store, but that the onset of weariness also, and perhaps even more closely, depends on the readiness with which the rest of his body comes to the aid of his struggling muscles, sweeping away with adequate rapidity the harmful smoke and ashes of the conflict, and bringing up with adequate rapidity all the many things which make for that far more difficult work, the successful building up of the living active substance.

But even the simplest and rudest muscular task is not carried out by the muscles alone; the brain and the nerves share in it too; and the weakness which comes from even muscular work is not a weariness of the muscles alone. It is a common experience that when we are weary almost, it may be, to death, some sudden emotion, some great joy or fear, may spur us to an effort which just before seemed impossible; conversely, an emotion may appear to take from us in a moment all our muscular strength. When a boat sees hope of

making a bump, the muscles which already seemed to be doing their very utmost are found able to do still more. And when the bump is made, the muscles of the beaten crew, which just before were taut with activity, are of a sudden limp and powerless. Now the muscles neither know nor feel; their weariness cannot be affected by any emotion. That weariness which is put aside by hope or which is hurried on by despair must be a weariness not of the muscles but of the nervous system.

As we have said, we must distinguish in the nervous system between the central mechanism in which nervous impulses are born, and which we have agreed to call, broadly, the brain, and the nerves, the mere bundles of fibres which carry the impulses to the muscles. We have reasons for thinking that the changes in the nerves are, in many ways, of a different order from those in the brain or in the muscles. And, indeed, we may at once eliminate the nerves from our present problem, for we have evidence that they—the nerves, the mere bundles of nerve fibres—are never tired. I can illustrate this by a simple experiment. Dr. S. will throw on the screen the shadows of two muscles with their nerves, each of which is in every respect like its fellow. We have already seen that if we excite, if we stimulate the nerve we throw the muscle into movement, and that if we keep on, weariness ensues, and the muscle ceases to move. That might be due to weariness of the muscle or of the nerve or of both. We have here an arrangement by which we can set the nerve to work, and yet prevent its work from getting access to the muscle; we can worry the nerve and at the same time shelter the muscle. This we will do with one nerve and muscle, but leave the other in their ordinary condition. We will now worry the two nerves in the same way. You see that this muscle, the one which is unsheltered, is thrown into movement; the other, which is sheltered, does not move. You see now that the unsheltered muscle is becoming wearied, its movement is dying away. If that were due to the nerve being wearied, then this second nerve, which is being equally worried, should show weariness too, and, when we remove the shelter from its muscle, should fail to move the muscle. Dr. S. will remove the shelter; you see the muscle moves vigorously; the nerve has not been tired. This is necessarily a rough experiment, but other more delicate tests carried out in the quiet of the laboratory all tend to show that in a nerve, unlike the case of the muscle, the expenditure of energy takes place in such a way that weariness, fatigue, is not felt; after even hours of labour, the nerve, the bundle of nerve-fibres, is still fresh and fit for work.

We may put the nerves on one side, then, so far as weariness is concerned. Besides the weariness of the muscle we have to do only with the weariness of the brain, the weariness of the will. I will now attempt to show you, in a direct experimental manner, how, even in

a very simple movement, much of the weariness, we may even say the greater part at least of the weariness, is begotten not in the muscle but in the brain.

My friend Mr. H., who has kindly allowed himself to be the subject of the experiment, has placed his hand and arm in the apparatus which you see, and which is so arranged that by bending the second finger he can lift a weight. The height to which, by the most strenuous effort, he can lift the weight (about ten pounds) is indicated by the movement of a lever, and can be read off on the attached scale. I will ask him now to go on lifting the weight at regularly repeated intervals. You see that already his force is lessening; he is becoming wearied. Now you see that he is unable to lift the weight at all; he is wearied out. He assures me—and he is an honourable man—that he is making every possible effort; and those of you who are near enough to watch his face will not doubt him; he is striving with all his might, and yet he cannot stir, or hardly stirs, the weight. His will is powerless or nearly so.

Now let us substitute for his will an artificial call upon the muscle. Dr. S. will apply directly to the muscle, which seems powerless so far as its owner's bidding is concerned, an electric current of about the strength which we ascertained a little while ago to be sufficient to cause the muscle to move and so to lift the weight. You see the weight is at once lifted. Mr. H. could not make his muscle contract, and yet the muscle is still able to contract. The weariness which annulled his power to move the weight was a weariness not of his muscle but, in great part at least, of his nervous system.

And the conclusion which we draw from this experiment may be applied to all cases of weariness from muscular work. Undoubtedly, as we saw a little while back, the muscles themselves become weary, but the nervous system is wearied much sooner than are the muscles. The weariness of the whole body from muscular work is in large measure, and indeed chiefly, a weariness of the nervous system.

The mere nerves, however, are, as we have seen, untiring; they cannot be appreciably wearied. The weariness of the nervous system is a weariness, therefore, of the central part of that system—a weariness of the brain.

Shall we say that it is a weariness of the will? That will depend on what we mean by 'will.' Certainly, not a weariness of the will as a whole. In the experiment which you saw just now a particular set of muscles was employed to move the weight, and in order to throw those muscles into contraction a particular part of the central nervous system was called into play by the will. Suppose that, at the moment when Mr. H. was so wearied that he could not stir the weight I had called upon him to use some other set of muscles, for example, the corresponding muscles of the other hand, what do you think would have happened? He would have been able to use the second

set of muscles, perhaps not quite as well, but very nearly as well as if he had not used the first set of muscles at all. The weariness which you saw stopped him was not the lack of any initiating will, not a weariness of the general will, if we may use such a phrase, but a weariness of the particular part of the nervous system which was called into play in order to carry out the particular movement.

And here you must allow me to make the bald statement, without attempting to give detailed proofs, that the changes which go on in the nervous substance of the brain are very much akin to those which go on in the muscular substance of a muscle. The two agree in the broad feature that the real living substance is continually being made and unmade, and that nervous action (I am speaking of the brain; in the simpler nerve-fibre events may be different) means, like muscular action, an increased expenditure of substance. Such knowledge, moreover, as we possess goes to show that weariness of the brain, like weariness of the muscle, is brought about on the one hand by the too rapid expenditure of capital, and on the other hand by the harmful influence of the products of activity. Only while the changes in a muscle are, so to speak, massive, those of the brain are slight. On the other hand, the latter are far more varied and subtle, and the nervous substance is by its very nature exquisitely sensitive. It feels far sooner than does the muscle both the loss of capital and the presence of poison. Hence weariness comes to it far sooner than to a muscle.

Moreover, while the machinery involved in the movement of a muscle is relatively simple, that of even a simple nervous action such as the one we are studying is exceedingly complex. The mechanism employed to carry it out is very intricate, built up of many links, the failure of any one of which means failure of the whole machine. And the weariness of which we have just seen an example may be a failure, not of the whole machinery, but merely or chiefly of one of the links.

I must not attempt to discuss this aspect of the subject, but you must allow me to touch on just one point. And let me first show you, if I can, one remarkable feature of the experiment which we have just witnessed. We may not be successful, but we will try. I will ask Mr. H. again to tire himself out. You see he now hardly stirs the weight. I will ask him in spite of his weariness to persist in his efforts. Yes, you see his strength is coming back to him; though he has never rested, but has gone on persistently making efforts, he is now able to move the weight again—not so vigorously as before, but still to move it. And now that renewal of power is in turn dying away; but it will come back again, and if we continued we might obtain a rhythmic series of complete weariness alternating again and again with recovery.

I said just now that the nervous machinery brought into play in

even so simple an act of bending the finger is very complex. One part of that machinery we are apt to overlook. When we will to move the finger certain changes are started, as we have said, in some part of the brain, changes which we have called nervous impulses; these, travelling through the nervous system and down the nerves, reach the muscle, and so call forth the movement. But what ensures that these impulses should travel along the right path and reach the muscles which we wish to move and none other? We have evidence that besides the something which is travelling downward to move the muscle something else is travelling upward from the muscle to the brain; the brain is always, so to speak, in touch with the muscle, is in a way aware of its condition. We possess what is called a 'muscular sense.' Concerning this much might be said, but for present purposes it will be enough if I say that the muscular sense takes part in every muscular work in such a way that any impairment of the sense impairs the movement, and loss of the sense may render the movement impossible though all other parts of the machinery may be intact.

Now, of all the parts of the intricate machinery of the nervous system, those parts which are concerned in the development of sensations seem especially subject to fatigue. They with especial rapidity become wearied by work. We all know this. We soon cease to hear a continued sound, to feel a continued touch, to taste a continued sweet, and the like; it is proverbial that pleasures soon pall. Moreover, our sensations are often wearied without our being distinctly aware of it. Let me illustrate this by a simple modification of a very familiar experiment, which shows how weariness not only lessens work but breeds error.

Dr. S. will throw on the screen a coloured disc. You will, I think, admit that the colour is purple. I may venture to call it a pure purple. Dr. S. will now replace the purple disc by a red one. I will ask you to stare at this for some time, fixing your gaze intently on it, and avoiding as much as possible both all wandering of the eyes and winking. Dr. S. will again make a change. And now what is it that you see? A bluish purple, almost a blue, changing while I am talking to a finer purple. Yet you have been looking at the same purple disc that you saw before; only when you saw it immediately after the red, your eyes, or rather certain parts of your brain, were wearied for red, and for a while you could not see the red in the purple, or not see it so distinctly; you saw only or chiefly the blue, which with the red makes up what we call purple. Let me repeat the experiment in another form. Let us weary our eyes for blue by staring at this bright-blue disc; now you see the purple, exactly the same purple as before, looks quite red, almost a pale crimson, before it gradually shows itself in its true colour. Weariness is the badge of all our senses, and is the cause of no little error. Many a wearied man has, so to speak, sworn a

thing to be red or to be blue when it was neither red nor blue but purple.

Moreover, it is characteristic of the weariness of sensation that it is apt to assume a rhythmic nature. If you stare at a bright but chequered object, such as a window with its panes and sashes, and then shut your eyes, the panes, through weariness, soon change from brightness to darkness, and the dark sashes, which did not cause weariness, appear bright. But by and by there is a reversal, and the panes are once more bright and the sashes dark; and this image, as the whole sensation gradually fades away, may be once more, and indeed more than once, replaced by dark panes and bright sashes. And in like manner with colours. So, indeed, with sensations other than those of sight. There seems in the nervous machinery through which sensations are generated, a tendency to rhythm, a tendency to swing backwards and forwards.

This suggests that the rhythmic weariness seen in muscular effort is weariness bred of the sentient factors rather than of the other factors, and there are other facts which I cannot enter into now which seem to give support to this view.

I said a little while back that the weariness which put a stop to the will being able to bend the finger was a weariness of a particular nervous mechanism and not of the whole will. But of course that particular mechanism may be affected by general conditions influencing the whole brain, and indeed by those bearing on the body at large. The simple apparatus which we have used may be, and indeed has been, successfully employed in the analysis of such general influences. If, taking always the same weight, we count the number of times the weight is lifted and measure the height to which it is raised each time in succession before the movement is stopped by weariness, we can ascertain how much work has been done before the nervous machine is so stopped. Proceeding in this way, some interesting results as to what hastens or retards fatigue have been obtained. First and foremost comes of course the rapidity of repetition; the weight which, lifted every half or quarter second, speedily brings the impotence of weariness, may be lifted every two or three seconds for a very long time without any signs of weariness. It is the pace which kills. Practice and habit, it is needless to say, are of prime influence. I must not go into further details, but I may say that the depressing effects of a damp, muggy day, or the exhilarating effects of a bright clear one, may in this way be measured in foot-pounds of power lost or gained, as may also the lowering influence of a cigar, and (I say this with fear and trembling, knowing the reproachful letters which it will bring upon me) the heightening effect of a glass of beer.

One point, perhaps, I may for a moment dwell upon, and that is the

influence of that part of the brain which is more immediately concerned with what we speak of as mental work, with that part of the brain which carries out muscular movement. An Italian professor determined, by means of the apparatus which we have been using to-day, the amount of work which he could on a certain morning do before he was stopped by weariness. He then set himself to two hours' hard mental work, and the form of work he chose was that of examining candidates for their degree. I believe there exists a theory among the junior members of the university that, while being examined is very hard work, examining is a light and airy task. I would ask them to re-examine that theory by the light of the following fact. The professor, so soon as the two hours' examination was over, went back to his apparatus, and found that his power of bending his finger was enormously cut down. I understand that a candidate was used as a sort of control experiment. It was found that he could work the apparatus as well after as before the examination; it is added that he had not 'satisfied the examiners.'

This illustrates, what we know very well from other sources, the oneness of the nervous system. It is a candle which cannot profitably be burnt at two ends at once.

Oneness, however, is a characteristic not of the nervous system only but of the whole body; the several members of which it is composed are bound together into one body by innumerable and close ties. Any act of one member tells on all its fellows. The effect may be slight, and difficult to appreciate, but it exists. The weariness which comes from the monotonous repetition of a simple muscular act like that carried out in the apparatus which we have used may seem to affect only the particular machinery employed, the particular muscle and the particular part of the brain; so that the will, impotent to carry out that particular movement, easily carries out another. Yet the whole body does in a measure feel the effect, does in a measure share the weariness. And when the work done involves the activity, simultaneous or successive, of many muscles, of many parts of the nervous system, the several effects by accumulation become prominent, and simple weariness passes into what we call 'distress.' Here we find that the result depends not so much on the direct effects of the work on the parts which are actively employed, not so much on the changes wrought in the muscles or in the nervous machinery at work, as on the success with which other members of the body come to the aid of those actually engaged in labour.

Let us take the comparatively simple case of a lad 'out of condition,' running a race.

Before he has run very far he is panting, and his heart beats quickly. He loses his wind. It is this which troubles him and stops

him far more than any lessening power to move his limbs. How does this 'loss of wind' come about? Now, it is quite true that when the muscle moves it breathes more vigorously than when at rest, it makes a greater demand on the blood for oxygen, it sends back to the blood more carbonic acid. When many muscles are moving the blood makes a greater call upon the air in the lungs for oxygen, and pours into that air much more carbonic acid; and it might be thought that the panting breath was directly caused by this changing quality of the blood. But, as we have seen, whenever a muscle moves, other things besides carbonic acid are swept from the muscle into the blood—things which, like the carbonic acid, are a poison to the muscle when left in the muscle, and become a poison to the body when they pass into the blood. Now careful observations lead to the conclusion that the panting which follows upon undue exertion comes about through these other things. It is the excess of these, and not so much the lack of oxygen or load of carbonic acid, which stirs up the nervous machinery working the respiratory pump.

And let me here insist on the word 'undue,' for this is the key of the situation. As the breath of man is poison to his fellow-man, so the outcome of the life of each part of the body, each tissue, be it muscle, brain, or what not, is a poison to that part and its fellows, and may be a poison to yet other parts. Of each member, while it may be said that the blood is the life thereof, it may with equal truth be said, the blood is the death thereof: the blood is the channel for food, but it is also a pathway for poison. And what we may speak of as the economy of the body consists in this, that the several members of which the whole body is made up, each performing its own task, are so related to each other that the work of the one is arranged to meet, and depends upon, the work of the other. Moreover, in many cases the relation is such that the poison which one member pours into the blood serves as food for another. The internal life of the body, no less than the external life, is a struggle for existence—a struggle between the several members—a struggle the arena of which is the blood. I cannot now go into details, and indeed our knowledge of the matter is only just opening up; but we have evidence, I think I may venture to say, that these substances which the muscle when it works is always bringing forth—which, heaped up in the muscle itself, give rise first to weariness, then to failure and death, which, passing into the blood, may trouble other muscles than those in which they were produced, may act as poison to allied members, such as the brain, worrying them to irregular action or deadening and stupefying them—I say we have evidence that these substances serve as choice morsels and a source of delight to certain other members which live upon them, converting them into inert matters, or casting them out of the body. We may take as the type of these members that great organ the liver, though

many other organs, notably the skin, play a like part. We have distinct evidence that these poisons which the muscles when in active work are continually pouring into the blood, brought by the circling current within the clutches of the tiny cells of which that great organ is built up, are caught up out of the blood and transformed into harmless matters. And it would seem that the onset of distress is in great measure, if not chiefly, determined by the failure of these organs to keep the blood adequately pure.

Something depends on the vigour of the muscles themselves. Something depends on the mechanical breathing-power of the individual. A great deal depends on the readiness with which the heart responds to the greater strain upon it. For there is a long physiological story, into which I cannot enter now, concerning the ties which bind together heart, muscle, and lungs in such a way that what we call 'loss of wind' is much more the stumbling of the heart in its strivings to meet the altered blood flow than mere mechanical insufficiency of the respiratory pump. But beyond and above all these, more important probably in long-continued labour than any or all of them, is the readiness with which these internal scavengers free the blood from the poison which the muscles are pouring into it. Undue exertion is that in which the muscles work too fast for the rest of the body.

Sometimes these organs are slow in settling down to their work; they do not keep pace with the muscles and an initial distress comes because they are not as yet ready; but by and by they awaken to their task, they set vigorously to work, and the runner gets his 'second wind.' They too, however, are subject to fatigue, and in a prolonged struggle after a while fail where at first they were effective. As they slacken their efforts, the poisons are more and more heaped up, poisoning the muscles, poisoning the brain, poisoning the heart, poisoning at last the blood itself; starting, in the intricate machinery of the body, new poisons in addition to themselves. The hunted hare run to death dies, not because he is choked for want of breath, not because his heart stands still, its store of energy having given out, but because a poisoned blood poisons his brain, poisons his whole body. So also the schoolboy, urged by pride to go on running beyond the earlier symptoms of distress, the mere loss of wind, struggles on until the heaped-up poison deadens his brain, and he falls dazed and giddy, as in a fit, rising again, it may be, and stumbling on unconscious, or half conscious only, by mere mechanical inertia of his nervous system, only to fall once more, poisoned by poisons of his own making.

And what is true of distress is true also of that simple weariness which is more properly my theme. We have seen that even in

muscular work the weariness is chiefly one of the brain; and we are all familiar with a weariness of the brain in causing which the muscles have little or no share. All our knowledge, as I have said, goes to show that the work of the brain, like the work of the muscles, is accompanied by chemical change; that the chemical changes, though differing in details, are of the same order in the brain as in the muscle; and that the smallness of the changes in the brain as compared with those of the muscle is counterbalanced or more than counterbalanced by the exceeding sensitiveness of the nervous substance. A loss of living capital, or the presence of the products of work which would have no appreciable effect on a muscle, may wholly annul the work of a piece of nervous machinery. If an adequate stream of pure blood, of blood made pure by the efficient co-operation of organs of low degree, be necessary for the life of the muscle, in order that the working capital may be rapidly renewed and the harmful products rapidly washed away, equally true, perhaps even more true, is this of the brain. Moreover, the struggle for existence has brought to the front a brain ever ready to outrun its more humble helpmates; and, even in the best regulated economy, the period of most effective work, between the moment when all the complex machinery has been got into working order and the moment when weariness begins to tell, is bounded by all too narrow limits. If there be any truth in what I have laid before you, the sound way to extend those limits is not so much by rendering the brain more agile as by encouraging the humbler helpmates so that their more efficient co-operation may defer the onset of weariness.

So far I have dwelt only, and that in the briefest and most imperfect way, on the objective causes of weariness. There is open, however, the still wider field, still more difficult to explore, of the nature and origin of the subjective sensations of weariness. That field I must not now touch.

Among the pleasures which soon fade through weariness, high upon the list stands the pleasure of speaking. Higher still, perhaps, stands the pleasure of hearing another speak. May I apply to weariness itself the words of the sad Antonio, 'It wearies me, you say it wearies you'?

MICHAEL FOSTER.

'PROTESTANT SCIENCE' AND CHRISTIAN BELIEF

We live in a strange time. Education is a word to conjure with, and in the interest of education voluntary effort among religious persons is discouraged, and 'education' has become so widespread and State-supported, that some men (perhaps rather cynically) feel that there is a real danger that very soon in England nobody will *know* anything at all. In the interest of Right and Wrong, all *absolute* morality is tabooed, and you must sit on a rail and wait to learn what is right and what is wrong, not by the Decalogue—*that* is out of date—but by the final vote of the majority. In the interest of 'religious equality,' you must strip the Church of her possessions, and discover that *that* is a large-hearted and even religious act. Robbery, like everything else, as to its moral value, is relative. In the interest of free speech, you are to pass laws without the antiquated methods of discussion, and you are to call this true Liberalism. Above all, in the interest of Religion you are to call people 'Christian' when they deny almost everything that the Christian Church truly has taught from the first, and hold that the Founder of Christianity was full of 'the enthusiasm of humanity,' but possessed by baseless delusions. A strange time! In this last department, however, we are helped to a foothold in the midst of our perplexities. What's in a name? Why, after all, it must vary in its meaning in an age of progress! What is the meaning of 'Christian'? We have an answer.

'Protestant Science' has carried the torch into the darkness, and out-flared the merely miserable glimmers of Religious Belief, so that now we *know*! True, our knowledge is variable. What was knowledge to-day is not ignorance, but blank error, to-morrow. And it is worse than ignorance; it is 'arrogance' to suppose that the Christian Church has known anything about the *real* meaning of Christianity! 'Protestant Science' has put all things—at least until a new discovery—in the light of—well—a temporary certainty!

I

Such thoughts come naturally enough from the reading of Mrs. Humphry Ward's earnest article in the July number of this Review.

She is aroused by the great question of Religious Education, and she is in genuine alarm lest the children of ratepayers who cling to the 'much-loved' name of Christian may have such a 'fate' overtaking them as to be taught the Apostles' Creed. Well, if this 'fate' is disastrous, what is implied in the 'Christianity' that they *ought* to be taught, it is, then, interesting to learn. This 'Christianity' is the result of 'Protestant Science,' and it will be seen that it differs in several particulars from what has hitherto been accepted as 'Christian Belief.'

1. Christianity is, of course, an historical Religion. The Christian Church has had a history. It has been believed by all—whatever interpretation they have hitherto put upon the word 'Church'—that the Christian Society throughout the world has borne witness to fundamental facts as to the life and work of Christ which are of vital importance. Catholics—whether English or Roman or Eastern—have of course believed that 'the Faith' is a body of unalterable Truth guarded, and taught, and witnessed to, by the Church. The Romans have of course claimed an exclusive right to be genuine witnesses to the entire Faith. English Catholics believe that all that is witnessed to *in common* by the three great divisions of the Catholic Body represents the Catholic Faith, while their various divergencies represent more or less important opinions. Hitherto, however, not only every Catholic Christian, but also every member of any of the orthodox sects, would have held that—in some sense or other—'the Church is the pillar and ground of the truth,' and the Apostles' Creed about *the minimum* that could be required for 'Christian' instruction. We now learn, however, that the real basis of 'Christian' teaching is 'Protestant Science.' By this is meant the conclusions from time to time—perpetually varying and changing—of 'Protestant theologians' who are 'untrammelled by considerations of favour or disfavour,' chiefly in Germany, and who work 'under conditions of freedom and independence practically unknown to us in England.' The office of these managers of 'Protestant Science,' it appears, is 'to labour towards a clear understanding of the Gospel and openly to declare what, in their conviction, is Truth and what is not. We infer that their various discoveries are from time to time to be the historical basis of our Faith; but whether we are living under the light of the conclusions of Paulus, or of those of Baur, or of the mythical but constantly changing interpretations of Strauss, or of the picturesque and imaginative Romances of Renan, or of the 'gentle and judicial' summaries of the great gods of the time, especially Dr. Harnack or Karl Weizsäcker—these conclusions for the moment are our true guides. We are to rest our faith and our children's faith on the very cloudy moonshine of Tübingen, not on the Rock of the Church's testimony. So much for *the basis* of belief.

2. Further, 'Christians,' having found this trustworthy *basis* in

'Protestant Science,' ought to be allowed to know something of what —at least for the moment—they may fairly believe, *i.e.* the *subject-matter* of their faith. On this point the anxious inquirer may discover a good deal that is interesting as to the proposed 'Christian' teaching for English children from Mrs. Humphry Ward. First of all he learns that it is the 'duty' of these professors of 'Protestant Science' to 'speak on behalf . . . of those sincere Christians' . . . who are 'members of the Evangelic Churches,' and who 'feel themselves oppressed in conscience by many clauses of the Apostles' Creed.' He learns that this Creed is now a 'difficulty pressing on many Christians,' but he is consoled by finding that 'love and common *faith* (?) will certainly in time discover the right way' out of the difficulty. One way, he is told, was to make a new creed, omitting the articles about the Virgin Birth, the Ascension, and the Resurrection of the Body. This charitable effort of 'love and faith' (!) does not appear as yet to have been tried in England, but has been tried,—in vain, however,—in Germany. Another method is to leave the use of this discredited Creed optional; this escape from the 'difficulty' has, it appears, been resorted to 'by several Protestant national Churches.' We further find that those great pillars of the faith of our children, the 'Protestant theologians,' have shown 'a true appreciation' of their office by suggesting different ways of mutilating or discrediting the Creed, and so bringing 'Christians' to 'a mutual understanding and to the bearing of each other's burdens.' The proof given of the wisdom and conscientiousness of these guides of 'Protestant Science' in pulling what we old-world people imagined was the Christian Creed to tatters is a startling one; it is that they thereby show their *faithfulness*, for 'no more is required of stewards but that they be found faithful'! It can be well understood, then, why this writer should be shocked at the idea of the Apostles' Creed being taught in our schools, as her idea of *faithfulness* is to relieve the minds and consciences of 'Christians' from holding any definite belief at all. So far, we understand not only the future *basis* of our beliefs, but also their shadowy *character*.

3. The anxious inquirer, desiring to know *what kind* of 'Christianity' the English children are to be taught, may discover further interesting details by examining Mrs. Ward's writings.

(*a*) There is what may be called a *negative* side. We learn that the 'only Sonship of Jesus Christ and his Resurrection *did* belong to the earliest tradition.' It appears that the present great pillar of our faith has not attempted to analyse the *first meaning* of these teachings, nor the *sense* in which they may be accepted. We can discover that sense, however, from Mrs. Humphry Ward and others. The English reader must not fondly imagine for a moment that when he talks of the Resurrection of the Lord he means that Jesus Christ *really* rose from the dead; or when he talks of the 'only

Sonship' of our Lord in the sense of the Nicene Creed, that the Eternal Word holds a unique position of 'one Substance with the Father.' Not at all. The Christian Church, with all her teachings on these matters, he will find quite out of date. Dr. Harnack is the real illuminator; but even he is nothing to Karl Weizsäcker. His is a work 'capable of regenerating English study.' Its 'quiet pages' are of 'a terse simplicity and significance.' It is only 'for *those who have some initiation*' that in them can be discovered 'the long effort' of 'Protestant Science.' But these initiated persons are able to discover from this great master, and to place before a yearning Christendom, what has been so long concealed by the Christian Church, viz. 'the first Christian reality.' Glorious moment! 'Christianity' has come to light at last! 'Lord Halifax and his friends'—*i.e.* the foolish and stupid and reactionary persons who imagined that the Christian Church knew best what Christianity was, who imagined that there was a morality in language, that words,—especially in religion,—had some real relation to the things that they represented, who were old-fashioned enough to think that when you talk of a pyramid you do not mean a haystack, that when you talk of the *only* Son you do not mean one related to the Father precisely as everybody else is, that when you talk of Resurrection you do not mean lying and corrupting in the grave, that when you talk of a Christian you do not mean one who denies the Christian faith—'Lord Halifax and his friends' must go their way with all their old-world luggage of plain language with plain meaning, and definite statement of creed and catechism, and understand that all *that* to the 'initiated' is the extremity of folly, and that it has been changed by 'Protestant Science.'

Well, (*b*) there is what may be called a *positive* side. What, then, does this new revelation *give* to us? It teaches us, as regards the New Testament, that we are to 'turn our eyes from the legendary and misleading stories of the Acts to the evidence which the Gospels themselves contain.' We are quit of the Acts of the Apostles, then; but do not let the fond, old-fashioned Christian imagine that he is to be safe with his Gospels. Part of them, so we learn, contain 'traces of the first moment.' There are instructions to the Twelve and the Seventy which, 'by a perfectly natural process,' are 'put into the mouth of the Master Himself.' The unfortunate part is,—for plain people,—that it appears He never uttered a word of them, nor do they belong even to his time. Then,—now we are *positive* at last,—first missionaries hurry from city to city . . . summon the lost sheep of the House of Israel . . . proclaim that the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand . . . that Jesus was crucified, is risen, and will return . . . 'they have loved and known, and therefore they believe' . . . the shape that their faith takes comes from the hope of a Messiah and the religious conceptions of the time, and these make

the formation of a society possible . . . Jesus was 'wonderful and gracious.' . . . His 'words of moral kindling and spiritual renewal' were in their hearts and ears. . . . His shameful death was an apparent overthrow, but 'by passionate reaction' out of it, there rose the first theology of Christendom. Jesus had, in all probability, close to his thoughts, 'and often in his speech,' during his last days 'the picture of a suffering servant of Jahveh,' and then when He died 'the quick insight of grief turned this into the idea of his being the Messiah . . . hence there was a starting-point of a whole new world of thought' and 'the charter of a new-world religion.' Well, this 'quick insight of grief,' having decided that He was Messiah (when, by the way, He really was not), decided, we find, for the comfort of Christians, upon a further falsehood. If the Messiah suffered, He 'could not be *holden* of death.' Accordingly the 'earliest preachers' point out how the Prophets and Psalmists foretold Christ's humiliation and glory, and then they added,—so we are informed,—'to the texts' . . . some first record, no doubt, of those impressions on the strained and yearning sense of the Galilean survivors which grew later into various accounts of a bodily Resurrection.' There was, of course,—so we are taught,—no Resurrection of Jesus Christ. Wise people, who are the children of 'Protestant Science' and discard the teaching of the Christian Church, know, then, that the idea of the Resurrection arose out of three things: (1) The anguish of wounded affection; (2) current beliefs as to a future life; (3) the Jewish modes of using the Jewish Sacred Books. There is a little bit more left of the Gospel. Part of the Sermon on the Mount seems to have *some* truth in it, and the eight Beatitudes have received apparently the sanction of 'Protestant Science.' If the anxious inquirer wants to know more definitely (if, indeed, definiteness is not mortal sin!), he will find something to help him in Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Robert Elsmere*, for 'Protestant Science' is not quite clear. There he will learn that the Incarnation is not true, that the Resurrection means that 'Christ is risen in our hearts, in the Christian life of charity;' further, that you are not to look for God in history, but in the 'verifications of your own experience;' that the story of the Creeds as handed on by the Church and the Gospels is 'Christian Mythology;' that when you believe in Christ you mean that you believe 'in the teacher, the martyr, the symbol to us Westerns of all things heavenly and abiding, the image and pledge of the life of the Spirit;' that there is no such person as the 'Man-God, the Word from Eternity;' that 'every human soul in which the voice of God makes itself felt enjoys *equally with Jesus of Nazareth* the Divine Sonship;' that, finally, 'miracles do not happen.'

The inquirer as to what remains for his children to learn of 'Christianity' by the discoveries of 'Protestant Science' will now have reached something approximately definite:—The Gospels are

mostly mythical; the Acts are a mass of legendary and misleading stories; the teachings of the existence of the Eternal Word, of the Incarnation, of his Resurrection from the dead, of the miracles that He performed, are nothing more or less than flat falsehoods; but he will learn that, none the less, when we accept all these denials of what we once imagined was the Christian Faith, we are not only the illuminated children of 'Protestant Science,' but, to the astonishment of some of us, we are still 'Christians'!

II

We are in a position, then, to gather the whole thing up; to form an approximately accurate idea of what Mrs. Humphry Ward would call 'Christianity,' and what ought in future therefore to be taught in English schools to English children. The true illuminator who has dispersed the darkness which has so long hung over Christendom may be said to be F. C. Baur. However much things have developed in the mind of 'Protestant Science,' their later revelations are only 'the ripened fruit of seed sown by the Tübingen School.' Of this school Baur—'the great pioneer,' as Mrs. Humphry Ward calls him—was the founder. Strauss made use of his teachings and the great people—Harnack and Weizsäcker—from whom we are now to learn 'Christianity,' are only his disciples. To Baur we must go if we want to know the truth of things. Well, first as to Christian literature, the religious books of the Church are by no means merely innocent collections of legends, as some of these advanced 'Christians'—of the Strauss school, for instance—have imagined; they are tricky and clever, and written for a purpose. They are manufactured for the purpose of upsetting the real and original beliefs of Christians. One of the greatest sinners against Christianity was St. Paul. Far from being an Apostle, he was only an heresiarch and introduced new and false doctrines. Early Christians, who knew the real truth, represented him under the nickname of Simon Magus, and all that is told of Simon Magus is really a veiled attack upon Paul. The real early belief of Christians may be summed up much as follows: Jesus of Nazareth was a striking and wonderful teacher. He made great missionary efforts. He wakened up in the minds of a number of poor men who loved and admired Him a 'new consciousness of God and a new kindling of love to man.' He came into conflict with the rulers of his nation, and was 'crucified, dead, and buried' (on so much of the Creed, by the way, it is pleasing to think that all are agreed!). When He was gone his poor followers at first felt crushed by his 'apparent' overthrow. They revived however although *why* it is difficult for ordinary people to say. Let us not despair. 'Protestant Science' is equal to all emergencies. These first followers, for some reason or other, undergo a 'passionate reaction,'

and this new state of mind gives birth to 'the first theology of Christendom.' They had the 'quick insight of grief' which leads them to consider that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah. This gives them a 'starting-point of a whole new world of thought;' it supplies 'a charter for a new religion.' There seem to have been different 'stages' in the beliefs of the early Church; what they exactly were, or how they came about, it would require 'those who have some initiation' to explain. However, we are to believe apparently that there were some stages of this sort—(1) a simple love for and belief in a quite exceptionally good man by his simple followers; (2) after his death a notion that He was the Jewish Messiah; (3) as Prophets and Psalmists foretold humiliation and glory for that Messiah, and that He could not be 'holden of death,' and as the 'strained and yearning sense of the Galilean survivors' was ready to receive 'impressions' of the personality of Jesus of Nazareth, so what at first was the mere belief in the 'resurrection of an idea,' became at last, or 'grew into various accounts of a bodily Resurrection.' It was a time when men naturally believed in miracles. All sorts of miracles accordingly were accepted. The original and simple beliefs were manipulated by the artful writers of the Christian books. Paul, above all, is guilty of creating or backing up a quantity of legendary lore. The real foundations of the notion of the Resurrection—let us repeat—are (1) the anguish of wounded affection; (2) current beliefs as to a future life; and (3) the Jewish mode of using Jewish Sacred Books. There never was a Resurrection. There never was a miracle. A miracle cannot be. Original Christianity was a very loving trust in a very good man. It was added to by all sorts of legendary beliefs, partly arising from natural simplicity and the conditions of the times, partly from artifice and cunning machinations—especially in Paul. Jesus of Nazareth, although He was not God, and never rose from the dead, and, if He said the things attributed to Him in the Gospels, must have been either an impostor to be condemned or an enthusiast to be pitied, is still 'the historical Master of those who care for things of the soul.' 'His image' may be carried 'in the heart:' we may, 'through the moral experience of life,' rise to 'a passionate resting upon, and an intense self-association with' his 'perfectness of faith.' Doing this, we may be 'drawn on to the hope of eternal life.' This, it appears, is Christianity. The Christian Church for ages and ages in its beliefs and teachings has been one vast mistake. An enthusiastic feeling for a person dead and gone nineteen centuries ago is the Christian Religion! In order to save that person's reputation, so that he shall not stand convicted of being—as we have seen—either an impostor or a foolish enthusiast, we have to form a theory about Christian belief and the formation of the Gospels which will not square with *facts*. Then so much the worse for the *facts*! we must sweep them away. But—we ask in our folly—having done

so at the bidding of 'Protestant Science,' why in the name of common sense are we to work ourselves up into passionate enthusiasm about the Prophet of Galilee any more than about any other great teacher? And what is left for us to teach our children? 'A new consciousness of God, a new kindling of love to man?' Well, that has been brought to men before now, by fairly indifferent teachers. And—if that is all—how is it to be *taught*? You cannot expect children to stand upon moonshine or build houses on a breeze. All this playing fast and loose with evidence, and 'making ducks and drakes' of history, and discarding of facts in order to suit the capricious fancies of German dreamers, and all this raving about 'passionate resting upon the perfectness of faith' of a good but mistaken person, dead centuries ago, is dealing with imagination, and perverted imagination, and not with *facts*; it is playing with fairy tales about an imaginary being, created by the perverted ingenuity of a number of unbelievers. It is not honest dealing with our Adorable Redeemer, the Head of the Church, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Like Dr. Salmon, speaking of Baur's teaching about St. Paul, one may well say, 'I feel ashamed of repeating such nonsense.' It may be 'Protestant Science,' but one thing, we maintain, it certainly is not; it is not 'Christianity.'

III

Let us see. It is surely important to remember that to believe in a Man who is also the Eternal Word of God; who has 'neither beginning of days nor end of life;' who has dealt with the mystery of human sin as no one else could deal with it; who has founded a society among the human race which, with whatever mistakes and failures, is *the* witness to the end of time to Absolute Truth as to God's nature, man's destiny, and the relation of man to God; who is supernaturally present with his people, and makes them one with Him, and Himself with them; who feeds them by Sacraments, gives power to their prayers, teaches them by his Spirit, makes Himself an inward gift, is the same to them 'yesterday, to-day, and for ever;' will come again to judge the world, and will give the final decision of unerring truth, as to the destiny of every creature—I say it is surely important to remember that to believe in such a one is *a wholly different Religion* from a belief in a mild and virtuous enthusiast, who wakened up people to 'a new consciousness of God, and a new sense of love to man,' and whose followers, whatever good they may have done, became the victims at last of foolish, superstitious, and baseless legends, from which we can only hope now to be in part delivered by 'Protestant Science' in Germany.

I say these two forms of belief are totally different things. The former is what has been hitherto understood by 'Christianity;' the latter commends itself to certain German dreamers, to Mrs.

Humphry Ward, and others. It is a form of impiety and superstition, as we old-fashioned Christians think, based upon a disregard for probability, and a contemptuous repudiation of history. Those who are credulous enough to accept it may call it by what name they please; but, in the interests of the morality of language, they have no right to call it 'Christianity.'

There are few things more serious perhaps in our own time than this playing with the meaning of words. As an illustration there can be no more remarkable instance of it than the way in which the word 'Religion' was played with by the author of that beautiful book *Ecce Homo*, in his later and very saddening book, *Natural Religion*. 'The veteran Dr. Martineau'—as Mrs. Humphry Ward justly calls him (for of him we may say with all our hearts 'Quum talis sis, utinam noster esses!')—'the veteran Dr. Martineau' justly rebukes the immoral use of language. He says:—

> The deification of bundles of facts (and 'laws' are nothing else), the transference of the name of *God* to the sum of them, the recognition of their study as *Theism*, involve *a degradation of language and a confusion of thought* which are truly surprising in the distinguished author of *Natural Religion*.[1]

Now we may paraphrase these words in this connection; we may say:—

> The deification of bundles of theories—and the Baur, Harnack, and Weizsäcker discoveries are nothing else—the transference of the name *Christianity* to the sum of them, the recognition of their study as *Theology*, involve *a degradation of language and a confusion of thought* which are truly surprising in the distinguished authoress of *Robert Elsmere*.

But it is well to remember some further teachings of Dr. Martineau on this subject. Speaking of the extraordinary use of the word *Atheist* by the author of *Natural Religion*, he says:—

> In order to be a *Theist* . . . the qualifications are reduced so low, it would seem hardly possible to escape from the category; and the search for an Atheist becomes, one would think, more hopeless, with even the best of lanterns, than the search of Diogenes for an honest man.

Now in the above passage, instead of *Theist* put the word *Christian*; instead of *Atheist* put the word *Anti-Christian*, and you have a tolerably exact account of the method of 'Protestant Science,' and of the consequences of that method.

I may go on and still fairly *apply* Dr. Martineau's views about the proposed change of the meaning of 'Religion' to the proposed change of the meaning of 'Christianity;' again, substituting the word *Christianity* for the word *Religion*.

> The motives which recommend the suggested change deserve, no doubt, acknowledgment and sympathy. On the one hand, it is a pathetic thing to see

[1] The passages come from the Introduction to *A Study of Religion*, vol. i.

how hard it is for the human soul to let *Christianity* go. . . . On the other hand, it is a generous impulse which leads large-minded men, themselves perhaps emerging from terrible crises of thought, to be tender towards like sufferers, and make the least, rather than the most, of the still doubtful issue. . . . I yet must hold that, in the order of dependence, these minor forms of devoutness [like Mrs. Humphry Ward's suggestions, I venture to say] must hang upon the major (that is, a real belief in the Christian Faith), and that if we are to give them a home in the widened category of *Christianity*, it must be as children of the house, and not as wielding its supreme authority.

But I have not yet done with Dr. Martineau, as helping to illustrate the situation.

To love amiss (he says) is no evidence of goodness; and it is possible so to admire as to contradict the very essence of religion.

A propos of this dictum, I must repeat that to love a pious but mistaken Galilean peasant is a *totally different thing* from loving, adoring, and obeying God made Man. If the one is *Christianity*, the other is not. But, further, I again quote and apply Dr. Martineau. He says:—

Against the essential principle of this method—viz., that anti-theological notions, being accepted as facts [read anti-Christian here], and left as they are, lodgings shall be found for them within the vocabulary of [the Christian] religion, so that each leading term shall mean what it has hitherto repudiated, and be at a loss for its own antithesis, I cannot but seriously protest.

So must we all, surely, protest against this method of undermining the Christian Faith by the misuse of Christian terminology.

A Christ that is merely a very excellent, but somewhat mistaken, prophet; a Christianity without a Divine Christ, a Religion forfeited only when you fail in passionate enthusiasm for the faith of a long dead Jewish peasant, can never lift fallen creatures or save a sinking world. You 'vainly propose an εἰρηνικόν by corruption of a word.' Christianity has a definite meaning, and those who deny that Christ is Eternal God as well as Perfect Man are playing fast and loose with language, if they call their system of heresy 'Christianity.'

IV

The real and fundamental difference between us, however, comes to this: (1) Is a miracle, or is it not, possible? Those who say miracles are impossible appear to me to commit themselves to the most extravagant, indeed one may fairly say the most insane, of propositions. They practically assert that they know all things, not only that have been, but that can be. They are the disciples of *A priori*; a philosophy which logically, it seems to me, belongs to Bedlam. If, in a world so mysterious and so perplexing I meet some one who professes to know all that is, and all that can be, his views of sanity and mine are different. *Cadit quæstio.* We cannot agree.

But supposing that a miracle be possible, what is there so difficult in believing the following propositions?

1. Faith is a reasonable act, as is shown by our constant practice in common life.

2. Nothing is borne in upon us so strongly as the existence of God.

3. It is reasonable, then, to exercise faith towards God; we may trust Him and be sure that He will sooner or later speak to us, and plainly.

4. Of one Man only in history has it been asserted that He *is* the Eternal Word of God, and that by Him God *has spoken*. He is so arresting that people who deny his Eternal Godhead (like Mrs. Humphry Ward) still call Him 'the historical Master of those who care for the things of the soul;' still 'go forth in the morning and lie down at night with his image in the heart,' still consider Him the 'chief among many brethren.' This is remarkable.

5. The proof that He was right in asserting his place as that which man reasonably expected—'the Eternal Word,' God made man, God dwelling in our nature—is twofold.

(1) A Christian Church exists. It has faults, for it is human as well as divine; but it has revolutionised the world, and is at work still 'like leaven, leavening the whole lump.' It is contrary to probability that it took its rise in some unlettered fishermen wakened up by a good but somewhat mistaken enthusiast. It is accounted for, if it has received supernatural power and support from Him who founded it, and who is Man, and more, God-made-Man.

(2) But did He or did He not rise from the dead? If He did not, there is an end of the question. All Christianity for centuries has maintained as a *fact* that He *did*. Well, if He did, then the Christian Church is right. Let men like it, or let men leave it; not 'Protestant Science,' but the Catholic Faith, is the guide through this wilderness world.

Now as to this Resurrection; the question is a question of evidence. If we stick to history and discard modern German dreams, we have the evidence of the Apostles. They declared openly that during forty days they saw Jesus of Nazareth alive with their own eyes, that they talked with Him, that they ate and drank with Him, that they touched his human body. To witness to this fact they willingly died by cruel deaths. Their whole tone of conduct was changed after the Day of Pentecost. Not only had they a new and astonishing courage, but their 'straightness' and sincerity of purpose no man could doubt. Then there were—if we are to credit history at all—three thousand converts on the Day of Pentecost. This was only some five or six weeks after the event, and here were three thousand people believing in the Resurrection. Three thousand persons cannot suffer from that form of hysteria which Mrs. Humphry

Ward so freely attributes to the disciples. They cannot all be the victims of 'passionate reaction.' They had chances to prove the truth or falsehood of the thing, about which there could be no mistake. They could go to the tomb; they could talk to one another; they could hear what had to be said on both sides; their whole future depended upon the truth or falsehood of the statement. They may not have had the nineteenth-century faculty of criticism, but they had the ordinary human sense, at least, of self-preservation; and as a matter of fact they risked their comfort, their happiness, their position, their life upon the truth of the story.

But our advanced critics will say 'This narrative is not trustworthy.' (1) It is true, the Tübingen School, and their rather milk-and-water followers in England, dislike the Acts of the Apostles as they hate St. Paul. No wonder! They are both stiff nuts to crack! But if they deny, so may I. Supposing—to borrow an illustration from Professor Salmon—supposing I say Horace never wrote the *Odes*, they were written by monks, or the *Annals* of Tacitus are pure fiction forged by Poggio, who is to contradict me? No one can produce against my assertion anything in mass and weight of external testimony for these books approaching that which can be produced for the Books of the New Testament. Yet every one who knows anything about it believes the traditional view on the subject to be true. We live in a world of probability, and if people break with reason and substitute—as the Tübingen School does—wild and dreamy hypothesis instead of probability, then we have nothing more to say, except that we hope that the Tübingen School will enjoy themselves in their land of dreams. But (2) the most violent of all modern destructive critics allows that the First Epistle to the Corinthians is genuine and authentic. Well, when St. Paul wrote that First Epistle there were still living somewhere about 250 persons who *had seen* Jesus Christ alive after His Resurrection. There is a great deal more, of course, to be said as to the testimony on the Resurrection; but one example is enough. If, then, we are so prosaic as to stick to probability and to value the witness of History, we are led to this, that—unless you endorse the absurdity that miracles cannot be—there is stronger testimony for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ than there is for the Coronation of Queen Victoria, or certainly for the Battle of Blenheim. The fact is, no one in their senses could doubt the evidence of the Resurrection—so I believe—but for the fact that to accept it involves so much. It involves, of course, that we should believe the Christian Faith; that we should accept our Lord as Divine—in the real and not in the shuffling sense of the word; that we should believe his teaching, his intercession, the mission of his Church, the Divine authority of the Creeds, the Divine institution of the ministry, the reality and necessity of the Sacraments, the seriousness of sin, the possibility of forgiveness, our responsibility

in our state of probation, and the certainty of the Last Judgment. Men do not like to believe these things. Their 'difficulties' are for the most part not difficulties of the understanding, but difficulties of the will. If it were otherwise, there would be little chance of the extraordinary nonsense of German dreams—sometimes now called 'Protestant Science'—holding its own for a single moment. It requires *faith*, indeed, to grasp the Christian Revelation, but it requires an amount of *credulity* of which few of us are possessors to embrace the form of 'Christianity' taught by 'Protestant Science.'

V

But now a word about the Apostles' Creed. Mrs. Humphry Ward seems to be convinced that Professor Harnack has finally abolished 'Christianity' (in the old sense) by his various wonderful discoveries about the Apostles' Creed. He cannot see it in the writings of the Early Fathers before the second half of the Fifth Century, and he cannot trace it back, as it now stands, apparently further than the middle of that century. He lays great stress upon the old Church tradition recorded by Rufinus about the origin of the Creed and its want of basis in history. I am afraid Mrs. Humphry Ward will think me stupidly impervious to the value of the forces of the higher criticism if I venture to say that a good many of these speculations were known to us all long before the emergence above the horizon of this bright star Adolph Harnack; and further, that she will think me and others terribly wanting in the spirit of 'Protestant Science' if I say that, even should all his speculations about the history of the Creed prove true (and they have not been proved to be true), it would make no sort of difference. We who believe in a Divine Lord, believe that he guides His Church 'into all truth.' There was such a thing as the 'Apostles' doctrine.' Many years may doubtless have passed before the Apostles or their disciples published this doctrine in the exact *form* in which the Church now has it. In the interval the Apostles *taught* the truth in some way or another. In the Epistles of St. Ignatius—vindicated now beyond all cavil by Bishop Lightfoot—there are, as we know, exhortations 'to hold fast the tradition of the Apostles.' Eusebius, who wrote in the fourth century, believed in the handing on of this 'tradition.' There is plenty of evidence supplied to us by the heresies which sprang up in the Church that the Apostles left us a *Confession of Faith.* 'We find the champions of the Church,' says Professor Blunt truly, 'of those days appealing to a Creed, a Rule of Faith, as a standard by which (heretical) obliquities would be exposed.' Tertullian says the rule had come down 'from the beginning of the Gospel.' Irenæus says 'it had been received from the Apostles and from their disciples' and had been 'dispersed over the whole world.' A Creed of some sort there

actually was. There was, as we know, a dislike to publish it unreservedly because it was a password, and by it the 'believer might challenge and detect the infidel.' There was a hesitation in the Church in those days to expose the Mysteries of the Faith. There was a danger of persecution if the Creed was published. But in reading Rufinus and St. Augustine it is perfectly true that 'the cast and character of their treatises evidently imply that it was no new element in the Church's teaching which they were engaged upon, but one which had been, time out of mind, familiar to Christians even then.' There is no doubt at all, indeed, to serious students of history, that the origin of the Apostles' Creed has always been felt to be very remote and lost in antiquity. Professor Harnack's notion about a 'creed of Southern Gaul' I believe to be—*pace* Mrs. Humphry Ward—another of those German dreams with which they amuse themselves at Tübingen. Everybody knew long before Dr. Harnack enlightened the world that there were various *forms* of the Creed, but the substance has been always the same—a belief in one God, in one only and everlasting Son, in one Holy Ghost, in one congregation of the faithful (the Catholic Church), in a common share of all the baptised in the privileges of the Catholic Church (the Communion of Saints), in the penitential system of Christendom, in the eternal life beyond the grave.

VI

In conclusion: it is a saddening thing of course to any Christian that Mrs. Humphry Ward, and anybody who shares her opinions, should spend so much real ability, and real energy, and real earnestness, in knocking things down upon which souls have hitherto rested. Surely anybody can easily knock down, but it requires wise and strong men to build up. It is a comfort to any Christian to hear that such writers 'go forth in the morning and lie down at night' with the image of Jesus Christ in some sort in their hearts, even though they cannot imagine why such an image *should* live in their hearts if they really believe of Him what they say. Three things I am sure they ought to realise: (1) That their chimera of a Jesus, who they believe brings them 'a new consciousness of God and a new kindling of love to man,' can never deal with the one fact that they and others will have need to have dealt with—the fact of SIN. Waken up to that, and you need a God-Man, a really Divine Christ; (2) They should consider that a faith, definite and distinct, which has held the ground and helped millions of souls for centuries, is not to be 'sneered down' at the bidding of a few German professors. I hope Mrs. Humphry Ward will forgive me if I say, in this connection, that when she accuses that gracious and gentle and humble-minded man, Lord Halifax, of 'unconscious arrogance,' she surely

ought, in view of her own treatment of the faith of the Christian Church, to have 'a fellow-feeling for a fellow-creature'!

(3) When people attack Christianity with such thorough-going violence and contempt, and with such startling certainty of the truth of their conclusions, as Mrs. Humphry Ward does, they will do well to come out of the fogs of Tübingen and to face fact. For my part, I believe Mrs. Humphry Ward's conclusions, and the conclusions of her German prophets, are proved to be, upon careful examination, baseless moonshine. There is no basis for real Christianity but the definite and solid statements of the Catholic Faith. If our schools are going to teach (and I should like to know how they can do it) 'passionate enthusiasm' about a self-deluding Christ, then, in the name of common honesty, do not let them call it 'Christianity.' I write as one who has had to climb out of the abyss of vapour in which it seems to me Mrs. Humphry Ward and her friends are wandering, into the light of Christian truth, and I think they would do well to remember the solemn words of the late Dean of St. Paul's:—

> I fear (he says) that the majority of those who follow this tremendous debate do not reflect, or in any degree realise, what is involved in victory or defeat. It is not victory or defeat for a mere philosophical theory or criticism. It is not a question of something future and at a distance, something to be developed in time, something which raises the possibility of a future policy, which retards or brings near a future change in institutions; it is a present, instant result. If the opponents of Christianity are right—if the victory lies with them, it is much more than that Christians are mistaken, as men have been mistaken and corrected in time their mistakes about science, about principles of government, about the policy or economy of a State. It means that now, as regards religion, as widely as men are living and acting, all that is *now* is false, rotten, wrong. Our present hopes are utterly extinguished, our present motives are as unsubstantial as bubbles on water. We are living in a dream. We are wasting on an idol the best love, the highest affections, the purest tenderness which can dwell in human hearts.

Such, indeed, are the best hopes given to us by 'Protestant Science;' but we have better things left to us by 'Christian Belief.'

There are many grave questions at the moment before the country. Questions they are that deserve the careful attention of serious men. Among them, however, there is one of, surely, altogether paramount importance—viz. the question of the religious education of English children. There have been ominous signs which look, so it has been felt, as if efforts are being made in high quarters to evade the compromise of 1870, and also by a side-wind to diminish the efficiency of Voluntary Schools as a preliminary step towards their entire destruction. The serious point of all this is the tendency to neglect or destroy the definite teaching of the Christian Religion to the children of Christian parents. The English people are still, we cannot doubt, a religious and a Christian people, but they are often all too slow in realising a danger of this kind. It

behoves all concerned to gird themselves for the battle. It is to be hoped that the Church will not sleep, lulled by a sunny optimism, but will frame a definite and energetic 'policy.' It is to be hoped also that—notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary—Religious Dissenters will waken up to the real issue, and that all Christians will exert themselves lest the children of this country be robbed of the most important part of their education—the training in the truths of Christianity. We now perfectly understand what is meant by those who desire to exclude even so elementary a form of Christian instruction as the Apostles' Creed from our schools. Are we prepared to permit vague and varying notions intended at best as the scaffolding of a shadowy enthusiasm, to be substituted for 'The Truth as it is in Jesus'? Surely all who believe in the Incarnation of the Eternal Word, *i.e.* all who believe in the Jesus Christ of History, ought to take care that there should be no mistake in the matter; ought with united earnestness and determination to '*contend earnestly* for the Faith once delivered to the Saints.'

W. J. KNOX LITTLE.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF JAPAN

I. Feudal Times

Japan seldom fails to weave her spell around the traveller. The clear, invigorating air, the pure blue skies, the transparent colouring of the verdure-clad hill-sides endow her with an irresistible charm, and the passer-by at once feels at home in a land where the houses, destitute of real walls, seem everywhere to invite him to enter and make one of some family of friendly little men and women and gaily-dressed doll-like babies.

The ancient capital, Kyoto, in the cherry-blossom season is a revived Arcadia in oriental costume. In what other part of this workaday world would a vast population hail the advent of a particular flower, not as a political emblem nor as a religious symbol, not even as a promise of harvest, for the tree which bears the blossom yields no fruit, but simply for its beauty and freshness?

Here people cast aside their work and go forth in gaily dressed bands to country tea-houses, where they hold their harmless feasts, reclining on broad mat-covered benches or kneeling in circles round the open rooms; or else embarking in flat-bottomed boats they are punted up the river singing, playing, and laughing in merry chorus. Wherever the cherry blooms most profusely, whether in avenues adorned solely with its rosy blossoms, or mingled on the river banks with the fresh young maple and the darker fir, there flower-loving Japan sallies out in the daytime to welcome in the spring; and when evening falls crowds gather in the public gardens and squares, where torches, Chinese lanterns, and even electric lights are kindled to throw the beauty of their favourite flower into fresh relief, while in the theatre hard by troops of chosen dancing-girls, perform the 'Cherry Dance' before eager and appreciative spectators.

Japanese scenery looks as if it ought to be etched. Large broad masses of light and shade would fail to convey the full effect. The very mountains seem to have had more trouble taken with their outlines than those of other lands, nowhere are more curves and subtle indentations, fewer dark gorges and frowning precipices; while the slopes of queenly Fusiyama, purple and green below, pure above as the wings of a swan in the sunlight, rise from the plain on all sides

in an unerring sweep, as if Nature were determined that nothing harsh or jagged should mar the vision on which the pilgrim rests to gaze.

Between trees varied in colouring and delicate in tracery peep the thatched cottage roofs, or the neat grey rounded tiles of little wooden houses standing in gardens gay with peach blossom and wistaria; while the valleys are mapped out into minute patches of green young corn or flooded paddy-fields, interspersed here and there with trellises over which are trained the spreading white branches of the pear. Everywhere are broad river-courses and rushing mountain streams, and now and again some stately avenue of the sacred cryptomeria leads to a temple, monastery, or tomb. Nothing more magnificent than these avenues can be conceived. The tall madder-pink stems rear their tufted crests in some cases seventy or eighty feet into the air, and the ground below is carpeted with red pyrus japonica, violets, ferns, and, near the romantic monastery of Doryo San, with a kind of lily or iris whose white petals are marked with lilac and yellow. The avenue leading to Nikko extends in an almost unbroken line for over fifteen miles, the trees being known as the offering of a daimio too poor to present the usual stone or bronze lantern at the tomb of the great Shogun Ieyasu.

Merely to remark on the kindliness of the inhabitants would be to take a very superficial glance at a country whose cities and ancient buildings teach a different and more impressive lesson.

The gigantic stones of the citadel of Osaka speak to us of wars and sieges; the populous city lying below the hill, whose river, canals, and bridges recall Amsterdam, displays the busy commerce of to-day; Tokyo, the former Yedo, with its million inhabitants, its inner moat four miles in circumference and its outer one extending for twelve miles, proclaims itself not only the political centre of the renovated empire, but the military capital of its past history. In Kyoto, the Moscow of Japan, the palaces of bygone princes, in Nikko Shiba and Uyemo, their resting-places when no more, show forth in startling contrast the wealth and luxury of the Shoguns, or generalissimos of feudal times, and the far simpler abodes with which, in life and death, the genuine emperors were fain to be content.

The castle of Nijo, where the Shogun lived when he came from his own capital of Tokyo to visit Kyoto, is a revelation of artistic splendour. From the elaborately sculptured and painted gateway the visitor passes into the main building, where each chamber vies with the last in gratifying the eye with the perfection of finish, and dazzling it with the blaze of colour. The sliding panels which form the walls of a Japanese house are here painted with bold designs of birds, animals, and trees on heavy gold backgrounds, and the joints of their rich frameworks, where Japanese cabinet-work forbids a nail ever to appear, are covered with the finest gilded metal-work, while

the coffered and richly painted ceilings complete a gorgeous whole. Though the Mikado's palace in Kyoto is large, replete with interest, and now in perfect order, it is simplicity itself when compared with that of his haughty vassal. The author of that delightful specimen of 'English as she is Japped,' the *Life of Saigo Takamori*,[1] draws a probably exaggerated picture of its melancholy past:—

When the Tokugawa [*i.e.* the Shogun's] family was on the point of the brilliant prosperity, at other hand, the conditions of the Mikado in Kyoto was too miserable to describe it. The Mikado was a nominal figure of Emperor, and was enjoying only on poetry or music. The various weeds were growing freely on the court-yard in palace. The walls were broken, the roofs were declined, to let in the whistling wind and dropping rain. But the revenues were too scarce to repair them.

Here emperor after emperor dwelt in strict seclusion, never issuing from the guarded precincts save at long intervals to visit in his closed bullock-cart some ancestral shrine, and paying his daily worship to his forefathers on earth strewn on a cemented floor in the corner of one of the rooms, thus arranged to avoid the necessity of his leaving the palace for his devotions.

Women in quaint short costumes of blue, with tight white leggings, may still be met with near Kyoto who enjoy immunity from the payment of tolls because they belong to the families whose special privilege it was to bear the dead emperors to their tombs. These tombs were little better than earthen mounds, while the treasures and art of Japan and her tributary states were expended on the mausolea in the suburbs of Yedo, Shiba, and Uyemo, and still more lavishly at Nikko, where the greatest of the Shoguns, Ieyasu, founder of the Tokugawa line, and his grandson, Iyemitsu, repose.

First of all virtues in the mind of the true Japanese ranks reverence for the ancestor, and worst of all crimes is neglect of the parent, whether here or in the spirit world. Therefore the mortuary chapel, at once a temple and a tomb, is the most worthy object of adoration and votive offering; and when that chapel was erected to the grandfather of the ruler, to the prince who by force of arms had given peace to the land, every effort seems to have been exhausted to display by outward splendour the filial and loyal piety of the nation.

The most impressive of all the mausolea, those at Nikko, have found a site which in itself heightens their solemn fascination. They stand, amidst groves of cryptomeria, on the slope of a hill, at the foot of which rushes a rapid river spanned by two bridges—one for the ordinary wayfarer, the other, the Sacred Bridge, opened only on special occasions. The position of this bridge was supernaturally chosen. Eleven hundred years ago the holy saint Shodo Shonin,

[1] Published April 1892.

after long fasting and prayer, was impelled by divine impulse to seek the snowy summits of the mountains above Nikko, but on reaching the banks of the Daiyagawa his further course was barred by the torrent dashing over huge rocks which he knew not how to cross. The saint had once more recourse to prayer, and on the opposite bank appeared a colossal form dressed in blue and black with a string of skulls round its neck. This amiable apparition called out that he would help the pilgrim, and flung across the stream two green and blue snakes, who immediately formed themselves into a bridge brilliant as a rainbow. The saint crossed, when both the vision and the snake bridge promptly disappeared.

Of the two mausolea at Nikko the grander is, naturally, that of the great Ieyasu. A broad stone staircase leads to the granite gateway or torii and to the graceful pagoda, each the gift of a prince; then, on passing through another gateway, enriched with quaint carvings of lions, tigers, and strange unknown beasts who only visit the world in the days of righteous rulers, an outer courtyard is attained. Here are buildings containing relics of the hero, the stable of the sacred white pony, the holy-water cistern, and a library, conducted on a principle which would commend itself to students in many lands. In a large revolving cupboard or closed octagonal bookcase is a complete collection of the Buddhist scriptures, and whoever can succeed in pushing this cupboard right round receives into his brain all the learning contained in the works. With the help of our guide, the curator of the place, and one or two passers-by, we succeeded in the attempt, and hope that the results of our new acquirements may be more patent to others than to ourselves. Flight after flight of steps, gateway after gateway fretted with carving and glowing with colour, court rising above court, are traversed; cloisters sculptured with trees, birds, and flowers, candelabra, bell-towers, lanterns in bronze or stone, the gifts of tributary states and nobles, are passed; till at length the main building, containing chapel and oratory, is entered. In the centre is a hall for the throng of worshippers, on either side private rooms for the Shogun and his friends, beyond a corridor leading into the chapel itself, where, behind a closed gateway, is the hidden image of the hero, life-size, and seated in rarely-broken seclusion. There is no need to dwell on the carvings and paintings of phœnixes and eagles, on the three-leaved mallow, which is the constantly repeated Tokugawa crest, on the richness of the gold backgrounds, and the deep-hued recesses of the ceilings—none of these, after all, adorn the veritable tomb. To reach this yet higher flights of stone steps must be scaled, this time within narrow walls winding up the hill-side, and overarched by mighty cryptomerias, the silent sentries of the departed chief, whose tomb itself, a simple miniature bronze pagoda, having before it a bronze stork, incense-burner, and vase of lotus

flowers, overlooks all the tributes accumulated below to the glory of the ashes which it contains.

What manner of men were these, whose noblest monument is the shrine reared to honour won on the field of battle, and secured by political acumen? Far away in the hot southern land, the proudest triumph of India's art is also a tomb, white and pure and lovely, as befits the memory it preserves; that is consecrated to love and beauty, this to wisdom and bravery.

No crusader of the west, no viking of the north, cherished a higher ideal of loyalty and chivalry than the clansmen of old Japan; no Corsican more ruthlessly handed down a feud from generation to generation, or exacted from son and brother the execution of a sterner vendetta. The Satsuma men of to-day triumph in the fact that their own swords have avenged in this generation the defeat inflicted on their forefathers in the year 1600 by the Tokugawa clan. Legend and drama recount every day to eager ears the stories of sons who died to avenge their fathers, clansmen that they might slay the foemen who had caused the death of their lord. The favourite heroes, who hold in popular estimation the place assigned by us to Robin Hood and his men, are the forty-seven rōnins, a name given to men who have lost their clanship. Their lord was obliged to commit hara-kiri, or judicial suicide, for having within royal precincts drawn his sword on a noble who had insulted him, and these staunch vassals devoted themselves to the destruction of the insulter, knowing assuredly that having slain him they would be equally condemned to take their own lives. Still may be seen fresh incense-sticks burning before the graves of their leader and his young son, and visiting-cards stuck into the little tablets above them as tokens of the respect in which they are held by those who know their story and deplore their doom. Mr. Black[2] records that at a review of British troops in 1864 at Yokohama a great daimio was watching with interest the manœuvres of the regiments and batteries of artillery stationed there. At the conclusion he was asked to allow the escort of his retainers who had accompanied him to go through their drill and tactics, to which he readily consented. Turning to Sir Rutherford Alcock, who was inspecting the troops, he proudly said: 'My retinue is small, and their tactics are not worthy of notice after what we have seen, but there is not one man among them who, if I say "Die," will not unhesitatingly sacrifice his life at my command.'

Well may Japan hope that this spirit of feudal loyalty, instead of dying out, may be transformed into that of patriotic loyalty. In Count Ito's commentaries on Article XX. of the constitution promulgated in 1889 these words occur: 'The spirit of loyalty, like the sentiment of honour, has come down to us from our ancestors. The

[2] *Young Japan*, 1880.

Emperor Shomu (724-748) once said: "As Otomo-Saiki-no-Sukume was wont to say, your ancestors having been entirely devoted to the service of their emperors, they used to sing this song:—

> Does my way lead me over the sea,
> Let the waves entomb my corpse;
> Does my destiny lead me over the mountains,
> Let the grass cover my remains;
> Where'er I go I shall by my lord's side expire,
> 'Tis not in peace and ease that I shall die."'

A quotation like this may sound rather strange inserted amongst regulations for modern assemblies and government officials, but it touches a chord which should not appeal in vain to men who, when commanded to discontinue wearing the swords which had heretofore marked their military rank, responded with ready obedience, saying that they wished 'that all the swords of the samurai (two-sworded men) could be welded into one sword, the sword of Great Japan.'

The annals of Japan draw no definite line between myth and history. The emperor traces his descent from Ten-sho-dai-jin, the sun-goddess, and still possesses the divine sword, the ball or jewel, and mirror wherewith she endowed her progeny. The mirror, the symbol of Shintō, the imperial faith of Japan, derives its sanctity from the incident that it was successfully used to attract the sun-goddess from a cave whither she had retired in high dudgeon after a quarrel with another deity. By the crowing of a cock and the flashing of the mirror she was induced to think that morning had dawned, and once more to irradiate the universe with her beams. The first earthly emperor descended from this lady is said to have ascended the throne B.C. 660. Between eight and nine hundred years later we come upon a female sovereign, whose name is at all events not unfamiliar to English ears. The Empress Jingo, signifying 'divine prowess,' is renowned as having effected the conquest of Corea, whither she led her forces dressed as a man. So well did she act up to the name prophetically bestowed upon her, that her son and successor took his place in the Japanese pantheon as the god of war. One of the earliest authentic facts in the history of the empire is the introduction of Buddhism in the sixth century after Christ. This is followed by many accounts of the struggles of the great families for power, culminating in the success of the famous Yoritomo, who in the twelfth century obtained from the Mikado the title of Sei-i-tai-Shogun, or 'Barbarian-subduing-Generalissimo,' and was the first who ruled the empire as military chieftain, relegating the heaven-descended Mikado to a life of retirement at Kyoto, where he enjoyed much respect but little power. Shoguns, or retainers who ruled in their name, continued to hold the reins of government for some four centuries, when the possessor of the title was overthrown by a celebrated soldier of fortune called Nobunaga. Though he and the equally renowned Hideyoshi,

who succeeded him, never assumed the name of Sei-i-tai-Shogun, they exercised all the authority connected with the office. In the time of Nobunaga Christianity was introduced into Japan and made rapid strides, but the political intrigues of the priests, the quarrels between the Portuguese Jesuits and the Spanish Dominicans and Franciscans, not to speak of the animosity of the Dutch towards the representatives of both nations, aroused the wrath of Hideyoshi and caused him to issue edicts against them.

The quarrels and fights between the great nobles were all this time becoming more frequent and bitter, when Ieyasu, head of the Tokugawa clan, seized the power on the death of Hideyoshi. He conquered the clans leagued against him at Sékigahara in 1600, and then, seating himself on his camp-stool on the field of battle, proceeded to tie on his helmet, which he had declined to wear during the fray, as a sign that his real work, the pacification of the country, was now about to begin.

This he effected by giving large tracts of land to his own adherents and relations, and by carefully distributing their fiefs in such a way as to hedge in or isolate those of his opponents. He expelled all foreigners except the Dutch, who were soon after relegated to Deshima, and by a fierce persecution crushed out Christianity. He was invested by the Mikado with the title of Sei-i-tai-Shogun, which has been borne by fifteen of his family, though after Iyetmitsu, Teyasu's grandson, the Tokugawa Shoguns seem to have been little more energetic than the Mikados themselves.

The peace, however, thus established endured for over 250 years. A council chosen from amongst the greatest daimios reigned supreme, and somewhat corresponded to the Venetian Council of Ten; but all authority was vested in the dependents of the Shogun, who dwelt at Yedo, the city founded by Ieyasu, none in the Kuge, or court nobles who surrounded the Mikado at Kyoto.

Japan then remained shut out from the rest of the world till in 1853 she was rudely roused from her dream. Commodore Perry arrived with four ships of war off Uraga and demanded on behalf of the United States friendship and intercourse with Japan. The governor of the province despatched a messenger post-haste to Yedo, where the twelfth Shogun of Ieyasu's line and all his councillors were much upset by this unprecedented request. A native chronicler confesses that 'the military class had during a long peace neglected military arts; they had given themselves up to pleasure and luxury, and there were very few who had put on armour for many years.' In fact, the popular saying was that they now gave a dollar for their geta, or wooden shoes, and only half-a-dollar for their swords.

Rightly or wrongly they believed that the Americans meant to fight them if a treaty were not concluded. After much discussion they promised an answer later on, and Perry consented to go away

and come again next year. The anxiety was too much for the reigning Shogun; he died and was succeeded by his son, Iyesada. Perry duly returned as arranged, and finally extorted a treaty which opened two ports at which American vessels might be supplied with coal and water, and gave them some trading facilities. During the next four years fresh treaties were concluded with the United States and also with Great Britain and France, followed later by conventions with other countries. These treaties proved fatal to yet another Shogun, Iyesada following his father to the grave in 1858, not without suspicion of foul play. Nor were the treaties in anywise acceptable either to the Mikado and his councillors at Kyoto or to the bulk of the people in Japan. 'Our country,' said the princes of the blood and court nobles, 'has from ancient times refused all intercourse with foreign nations—shall we let these people pollute one inch of our territory? The Shogun's officials by a wilful error have given permission for friendly relations and commerce: worse than this, they have promised to open ports, acts which must excite the profoundest indignation.'

The emperor concurred in this view of the matter and refused to ratify the conventions. The new Shogun, a boy of twelve, was in the hands of an able Regent, Ii Kamon no Kami, who saw that the continued exclusion of foreigners was an impossibility, and made vigorous efforts to continue peaceful diplomatic relations with the five powers now represented at Yedo, while blinding them to the fact that they were not accredited to the *de jure* sovereign of Japan. The envoys and consuls-general continued to write and speak of the Tycoon, or 'Great Ruler' (the name commonly given to the Shogun by foreigners), as 'His Majesty,' and to regard him as temporal Emperor of Japan, in contradistinction to the Mikado, whom they believed to be merely Spiritual Emperor. The Bakufu, or Shogun's government, fostered this delusion, some members hoping to gain time and to induce the imperial recluse at Kyoto to withdraw his opposition before the foreign powers discovered that he was a factor in the game, others probably desirous that the people at large should be impressed by the respect paid to Yedo by foreign nations, and others nurturing a secret hope that after all treaties signed by a delegated authority could not be held as binding should it suit their convenience at any time to disavow them. But while they retarded for some years the unveiling of the Mikado, they could not conceal from the foreigners the enmity of the people. On the contrary, they attempted to use it to frighten the various envoys and ministers from taking up their abode on Japanese soil, and though they did not succeed in this, attacks upon legations and murder after murder of foreigners and natives in their employ drove the lesson home. The Regent himself fell a victim to the wrath of the anti-foreign party and was assassinated in his palanquin. Meantime the leaders of other great clans

who had long been jealous of the sway of Tokugawa saw their opportunity. They descended on Kyoto and endeavoured to obtain possession of the emperor's person, accusing the Shogun and his followers of betraying their trust, which was to keep the country clear of 'barbarians.' The Shogun, in view of this appeal to Cæsar, was obliged to give up the independent attitude of his predecessors, to relax the stringent rules hitherto in force concerning the residence of the nobles at Yedo, and by visits and presents to the monarch to try and pose as a loyal vassal whose opponents were the veritable rebels. The men of Choshiu, privately instigated, as was believed, by orders from Kyoto, set the match to the powder. They fired on foreign ships, and in return their forts at Shimonoseki were destroyed and a heavy indemnity demanded.

The Shogun and his ministers were placed between two fires. On the one hand, the foreign representatives having obtained a footing in the country, insisted on the execution of the treaties, that the ports declared open should be so in fact, and that the life and property of their countrymen should be secure within treaty limits. On the other hand, the court party refused concurrence with the treaties and continuously urged the expulsion of the hated intruders. The latter, finding that the Tycoon played fast and loose with them, making one day concessions which he withdrew on the next, at last began to perceive that the real source of authority must be sought for behind the nine gates of the imperial palace at Kyoto. In 1864 Sir Rutherford Alcock, the British envoy accredited to the Tycoon, addressed a letter to him personally, in which, though still giving him the title of Majesty, he speaks of the Mikado as 'his legitimate sovereign,' and says: 'A solution of the difficulty has become indispensable; and the only one that promises either peace or security is the ratification of the treaties by the Mikado.' Similar letters were sent in by the other envoys. Sir Rutherford returned to England immediately afterwards, and was succeeded by Sir Harry Parkes, who pressed on these demands with renewed vigour, and the Shogun, by almost pitiful appeals, obtained the imperial ratification in 1865; though, as was afterwards discovered, on the secret promise that Hiogo (Kobe) should never be opened to foreigners. Be that as it may, the ratification of the treaties had the same fatal effect as the original signature. Next year the Shogun Iyemochi was seized with violent vomiting, and died a lingering and painful death. A year later, the emperor who had so vainly tried to resist the entry of the barbarian followed him to the tomb, and was succeeded by his present Majesty, the Emperor Mutsuhito, who, after having spent the first fifteen years of his life in oriental seclusion, was destined to inaugurate a new era.

The new Shogun, and the last who was ever to hold the office, was a distant cousin of his predecessor. Hitotsubasi, or to call him

by the simpler name which he assumed on attaining adolescence, Keiki, was now thirty years old and had already won a name for himself and the confidence of many who regarded him as an intelligent and honourable man. Yet his task was not an easy one. No longer considered as absolute emperor by the foreigners; suspected by the court party, who regarded the Shogunate as representing the pro-alien policy; disliked by the many daimios, who sympathised with the men of Choshiu, whom he had lately defeated; thwarted by the clans, who, already hostile to the kith and kin of Tokugawa, resented the profits accruing to them through foreign trade, his influence would not accomplish either abroad or at home what he knew to be for his country's good. On the advice of the Prince of Tosa, Keiki soon resigned into the hands of the Mikado the post of Sei-i-tai-Shogun, hoping, as head of the rich and powerful Tokugawa clan, to retain his authority as chief among the daimios. The hope proved vain. Satsuma and the other allied clans assumed the guardianship of Kyoto and the emperor's palace, Choshiu was restored to imperial favour, and the connections of Tokugawa dismissed. Keiki then regretted the step he had taken; he tried to resume the position which he had abandoned, and established himself in the castle of Osaka. Marching with troops upon Kyoto he was attacked and defeated by the allied forces of Satsuma and Choshiu, and forced to take refuge in Yedo. Here one of his faithful followers solicited him to commit hara-kiri and thus save his own honour and that of his family, and on the refusal of Keiki this man solemnly slew himself, unable to survive the disgrace and fallen fortunes of the house. Keiki himself was ultimately pardoned by the emperor. He resigned a large part of his fortune for the benefit of his followers, whose further efforts against the imperial forces had met with signal defeat and ruin, and retired into private life, where he is said to console himself with a bicycle. On his reappearance at the funeral of one of his family last April the last of the Shoguns seemed not to create the slightest interest among the populace and passed almost unnoticed.

1868, the year following that in which Keiki surrendered to the emperor the office of Shogun, is regarded as the inauguration of the new era in Japan. The emperor invited the plenipotentiaries of the foreign powers to visit him, and though the great daimios and adherents of the old emperor still hoped for the expulsion of the hated foreigner, which had been the original policy of the allied clans, it was soon evident that wiser counsels would prevail. Younger men of better education and wider views came to the front, a constitution was promised, the emperor, upon whose face no common man might gaze on pain of death, emerged from his seclusion and appeared in public, and he and his statesmen set themselves to solve the many problems of the hour, chiefly the abolition of that feudal system on which the whole of Japanese society had been constructed.

Before the Yo-isshiu, or Imperial Restoration (as the Japanese call the return of the Mikado to power), the revenues of the country were derived largely from land, the trade being much restricted, and, as far as the outside world was concerned, principally carried on through the Dutch settlement of Deshima at Nagasaki. The country was divided into provinces and the land held as fiefs by the great nobles, or daimios, as military vassals of the empire. The tenure was to a certain extent a double one, for, though the prince or chief was supreme, every member of the clan had a right to livelihood, either in payment for direct service to his lord, or as cultivating the soil and retaining a portion of the produce. The rōnin, or outlaw, lost his rights to support and protection. The daimios received their rents from the agriculturists in bales of rice called kokus,[3] and the incomes thus estimated varied from ten thousand to over a million of kokus. A landlord receiving less than ten thousand could not rank as noble. At the time of the fall of the Shogunate the revenue of the Tokugawa clan from land was estimated at eight million kokus, and this clan, having held Yedo and encouraged foreign trade, also received about a million of Mexican dollars annually from customs dues. From these revenues, however, not only the daimio but his samurai, or gentlemen-at-arms, had to be kept in idleness. In some cases the daimio endowed the samurai with portions of land, which they sublet to farmers, or, in rare instances, cultivated themselves; more frequently the two-sworded men were actually supported by allowances of rice, and were only required in return to fight for their lord in time of war and to swell his retinue in time of peace. Each daimio had his little court, in which chosen samurai acted as courtiers and ministers, while their wives and daughters were ladies-in-waiting to the noblewomen of the daimio's family. Even the samurai women maintained the warlike traditions of their caste. Those who formed part of the lord's household were drilled, taught fencing, and provided with halberds and a special uniform to wear in case of fire or of an attack upon the castle during the absence of the men.

If one of the samurai had particularly distinguished himself or gained the special favour of his chief, he often received a personal or hereditary pension of a certain number of kokus, and these pensions were as fully recognised by the community as tithes or similar charges in western countries. The two-sworded men differed considerably in wealth and position, corresponding in fact to knights and squires in the train of a Norman or Teutonic noble, but whether rich or poor they would never voluntarily engage in trade. The merchant in old Japan ranked below the farmer, and though the samurai might occasionally till the land, sale and barter appeared to him absolute

[3] The value of the koku varied considerably, according to the price of rice, and from other causes. It may be taken at from 15*s*. to 30*s*. during the past twenty years. Present value about 22*s*.

disgrace. The chief difference between the feudal system as it existed for nearly three centuries in Japan and its counterpart in Europe during the middle ages seems to have been the absolute control exercised by the Shogun and his council over the military nobility as contrasted with the shadowy over-lordship of the Plantagenets or the Valois Kings of France. The nearest approach to the authority of Ieyasu and his successors may perhaps be found in the personal influence of Louis the Fourteenth; but in his days the tenure of land on condition of military service, the true essence of feudalism, was already a thing of the past.

In one respect Louis the Fourteenth and the Shoguns pursued diametrically opposite systems, yet the result was very much the same. Whilst the Bourbon monarch banished to his country estate any one who had the misfortune to displease him, Iyemitsu, the third Shogun of the Tokugawa line, who was almost his contemporary, decreed that the daimios should henceforth spend half the year at Yedo; and even when they were allowed to return to their own estates they were obliged to leave their wives and families in the capital as hostages for their good behaviour. The mountain passes were strictly guarded, and all persons traversing them rigidly searched, crucifixion being the punishment meted out to such as left the Shogun's territory without a permit. The shores of the beautiful lake Hakone, at the foot of the main pass, are still studded with the deserted villas in which the daimios used to rest on their journeys to and from the city, and it is said that the neighbouring town of Odawara was in olden times largely populated by hairdressers, whose business it was to rearrange the coiffure of the ladies who were not allowed to pass the Hakone bar with dressed hair, but had to let it down. As the dressing of a Japanese lady's hair takes at least two hours this peculiar custom-house regulation must have been most annoying.

These progresses were attended with much pomp and ceremony. Heralds went before to proclaim that the great lord was at hand, all the dwellers in the towns and villages were expected to remain in their houses as the procession swept through, and if any one casually met it he was required to prostrate himself to the earth, dismounting from his chair for the purpose if he were being carried at the time.

Just as the French nobles learnt to regard their châteaux less as homes than as places of exile, so the daimios brought up from childhood in the city, and only allowed to visit their country houses under conditions the reverse of agreeable, seem to have lost the feeling which leads many an Englishman to cling to his home in the country as his dearest possession and the centre of his keenest interests.

Like the successors of Louis the Fourteenth, the successors of Ieyasu and Iyemitsu lacked the vigour of their forefathers. The later Shoguns were mainly in the hands of their councils, who con-

trived to keep them in a seclusion so absolute that in the event of the death of the prince it was possible and customary to conceal the fact until the heir was secured in his succession. A system of espionage was also brought to perfection by which the action of every individual in the government and in its employ was watched and checked by somebody else. Mr. Oliphant recounts an amusing instance which occurred at the time of Lord Elgin's mission. The Japanese were very anxious to ascertain who was told off to spy upon the ambassador; failing to discover any such person, they observed that the chief signed his name 'Elgin and Kincardine,' and politely gave the members of the mission to understand that though they had only been introduced to Elgin, they were fully aware that Kincardine was somewhere in the background keeping an eye on the proceedings of his colleague.

Nevertheless the Shogun represented in himself the whole ideal of military rule, and when he disappeared and the actual as well as nominal power reverted to the Mikado, the keystone of the feudal arch was withdrawn and the fabric fell to pieces. The princes and chiefs, suddenly released from a rule which at once fettered and supported them, found themselves disunited fragments, confronted with powerful nations from the west, differing as to whether they should admit these would-be traders within their borders, and without a central authority strong enough to exact favourable terms in return for such admission if conceded.

Two objects of reverence had ever been set before them—the military rule of the Shogun, and the sacred but invisible power of the heaven-descended Mikado; the former had been suddenly overthrown, the latter had taken substance and was acknowledged both by native and alien. How were they to endue this power with strength to succeed where the Shogun had failed, to enable it to weld together the contending elements, to make it in truth the protector of its people, the king who should go before them into battle, as demanded by the Israelites of old? Patriotism pointed to the sacrifice of feudal rights, and the better-educated and more ambitious men among the samurai prompted, and perhaps in some instances almost compelled, their lords to restore to the emperor the fiefs and privileges conferred on their families in the name of his ancestors.

We must render a full meed of admiration to men capable of such prompt decision and unselfish action; but it is not unjust to point out, as has been done, that the territorial tie had been weakened by enforced absenteeism, and it may be added that many of the younger nobles were only too glad to shake off the burden of personal restraint and cumbersome ceremonial wherewith their existence had been shackled in feudal times.

In 1869 the emperor accepted the offer of his great vassals, and resumed possession of the whole of the feudal dominions with their

rights, and, moreover, with their burdens, which were neither few nor easily dealt with. He assimilated the territorial princes to the court nobles, who had hitherto been their superiors in rank, though far from their equals in wealth and power. At first the former lords were kept in office as governors of their respective territories, and a tenth of their revenues was assigned to them as income, the residue being changed from rent to land-tax, and paid direct into the treasury for imperial purposes. As the daimios had no longer to support the samurai, they probably gained considerably by the change; but the case of the two-sworded men had to be considered by the government, and a more definite arrangement made both as to their pensions and with regard to the incomes and position of the nobles.

An attempt was made to commute for a lump sum of money or in government bonds the permanent and life pensions previously paid in rice, and thus to enable the warrior class to start afresh in life as agriculturists or merchants. At first such commutation was optional, but this was a failure; either the pensioners did not commute, or, if they did, they squandered the capital received instead of investing it in business. In 1875 compulsory was substituted for voluntary commutation. The value of the tithe still paid to the ex-daimios and of the hereditary pensions of the samurai was capitalised at from five to ten years' purchase, the price of rice during the previous three years being taken as a basis. The life pensions were paid off on a lower scale. The government bonds representing the capital bear interest on a fixed scale at from 5 to 7 per cent. until redeemed.

To the great nobles these arrangements seem, on the whole, to have been fairly satisfactory. Some of them possessed reserve funds of gold and other portable property accumulated in case of war, and had skilled men of business, who invested their capital for them to good advantage. Several behaved with great generosity, resigning the compensation allotted to them, for the purpose of building schools or paying off the debts of their poorer clansmen.

Among the samurai men are to be found who, having taken an active part in politics during or since the revolution, have risen into prominence and even entered the ranks of the new nobility, and the educational and other professions have been largely recruited from this class. None, however, can deny that considerable distress was the result of the sudden change in the lives of the smaller nobles and two-sworded men. Many did not know how to turn money or bonds to good account, and many who had been accustomed to receive rations from their chiefs were unable to prove a right to a pension liable to commutation. The hatamotos, or 'banner-men,' in particular, who were the direct dependents of the dethroned Shoguns, were unlikely to receive special consideration from the triumphant loyalists. It is

well known that some of them were reduced to drawing the jinrickisshas, which were invented in Japan twenty-two years ago. The police has been another resource of the samurai, and with good results to all concerned, for the lower orders of Japanese continue to regard the two-sworded men with great respect, and it is easy for them to maintain order among the populace.

M. E. JERSEY.

FATHER ARCHANGEL OF SCOTLAND

MEDINA DEL RIO SECO, though an interesting old Castillian town, remarkable for having been at one time a sort of Nijni-Novgorod, to-day fallen into decay, and left to shepherds to pen their flocks in at night, with all its former commerce reduced to three or four of those strange little shops full of nothing useful, and other articles which only a Spaniard can possibly want, and only he on credit, is not exactly a cheerful place to be long detained in.

After looking about the broad sandy streets, and wondering where the town ends and the country begins; after sitting down in turn on all the cracked plaster seats in the Plaza, and sauntering into the chemists' shops, the general lounge and news mart of a Spanish town; after having seen the diligence, with three miserable mules and an apocalyptic horse, start without passengers for nowhere, with as much noise as usually accompanies the arrival of an excursion train at Euston, one feels that the excitements of the place are exhausted, and that one must go and buy something or fall asleep.

Turning into the local curiosity shop—in the smallest town in Spain there is often an 'antiquario'—I took up one of those little volumes all so common in Spain, bound in sheepskin, lettered on the back with a pen, fastened by string loops, with little shells forming the buttons, and printed in a type as faint and dusty as that on the outside of a cigar-box. After a sharp half-hour's bargain, in which the 'antiquario' and myself exhausted much rhetoric, protested we were both going to be ruined many times, and made many well-simulated pretences of leaving one another in anger, I prevailed on him to abate his first demand of twenty dollars, dollar by dollar till the little volume became mine for a peseta. I did not want the book at all, but merely wished to 'pass,' or, as the Spaniards say, 'make,' time. Distinguishing as I do, with some difficulty, a semi-Pelagian from a Neo-Platonist, and being absolutely unconcerned as to the number of angels that might (but did not) stand on the point of a needle, and seldom feeling sufficiently in the frame of mind to cope with books on spiritual matters, it was with a chastened joy I found I had purchased the life of a Capuchin friar.

Still, though matters of an ultra-mundane nature often leave me

without enthusiasm, I have always been interested in religious enterprises pursued under disadvantageous circumstances—such, for instance, as that of the attempt to convert Jews, Scotchmen, and Mahommedans. I fancy that the faith required to pursue such enterprises, if rightly exerted, might move not only a mountain but whole chains of mountains like the Andes or Himalayas; and the attempt to preach Catholicism in Scotland had always seemed to me one of the most desperate of these theological filibustering expeditions.

The book I had acquired with so much eloquence and a peseta treated precisely of such an adventure; pursued, moreover, in the wilds of Aberdeenshire, and in the reign of Charles of blessed memory.

It is an erroneous opinion, held by many, that all those who have suffered for religion in Scotland have been Calvinists. That this is not the case is made manifest in the admirable and astonishing *Life of Father Archangel of Scotland*—called in the world George Leslie—by Fray Francisco de Ajofrin, Doctor of Theology, Chronicler of the Holy Province of the Capuchins of the two Castilles, Commissary of the Holy Congregation for propagating the faith in North America and the missions of Thibet; the whole written in very choice Castillian, with the necessary licences, and published at Madrid in 1737 at the office of Antonio Fernandez. Not that this is the first time this *Admirable and Astonishing Life* has been published, for it was given to the world in Tuscan by Don Juan Bautista Rinuci, Bishop of Fermo; again in French, by the learned Father Francis Beccault, and printed in Paris in 1664; then in Portuguese, by Fray Cristobal Almeida, of the Order of Augustinians, and preacher to the King of Portugal, printed at Lisbon in 1667; once again in Italian, under the title of *Il Cappucino Scozzese*, in Brescia, in the year 1736. The first notice I can find of it, however, is by Fray Basilio de Teruel, printed in Madrid in 1659.

Notwithstanding this wealth of editions, it seems to me probable that not one Scotchman in ten thousand ever so much as heard of any one of them, and, for all I can see, the errors of Calvin (and many others) flourish as luxuriantly in that country as if Father Archangel had never lived.

My edition procured from the antiquary in the Plaza of Medina del Rio Seco is dedicated to the 'Most Illustrious Lord Don Manuel Maria Pablo Antonio Arizun y Orcasitas, Marquis of Iturbieta, &c., and contains the usual praise of his perhaps hypothetical virtues.

I find that George Leslie was born (no date) in Aberdon or Aberden, 'car l'un et l'autre se disent.' All historians and geographers who have written of this city, such as Bauldrand, Echard, and Moreri (though Moreri is not so reliable as the other two), unite in praising its beauty. His parents were Count James Leslie and Juana Selvia. As to Juana, I suppose that to be the Spanish for Jean; but Selvia is,

I confess, too hard for me; but there are many things besides these, mentioned by Solomon, which to me are in the same category; Selvia as a Scotch surname is amongst them. They were Calvinists, the dominant sect in these lugubrious and mountainous provinces. Padre Axofrin draws no comparison as Buckle has done between the religion and the configuration of the country.

His father having left the errors of his life and of Calvinism when George was eight years old, his mother determined to send him to Paris to pursue his studies; so with a competent tutor, of much learning and experience, though a bitter Calvinist, George starts for France. Amongst other things on his departure, she enjoins him not to let the heresies of Papists obscure the precious jewel of his Calvinistic faith. See him, then, at eight years old, arrived with his noble following in Paris, and established in a house fit for one of his condition. Imagine him pursuing his studies, as Ajofrin says, 'like even noble youths have to do;' first in the obscure paths of grammar, then rising to the awful contemplation of the Humanities.

We have on good authority that death, and division, and marriage make barren our lives; but in George's case it was neither of these, but friendship with another boy. This most astonishing, if not admirable, specimen of a boy is pained to find George's mind obfuscated with the darkness of Calvinism. I recognised a boy in this at once. It is so like boys I have known, and if I had been blindfolded and asked who was pained about the state of George's mind in all the city of Paris, I should unhesitatingly have said—a boy. This boy, when the tutor was away, took occasion, as boys will do, to turn the conversation on religious subjects, but very cautiously (*con disimulo*). Such a portentous boy could only be of noble extraction, and his father the Count, thinking of course the occasion opportune to save a soul and mark a sheep, invites the unsuspecting George to spend his holidays with his son.

Well grounded in the Calvinistic faith as we may well imagine such a youth as George to have been, still the battle was too unequal, and little by little he falls away; little by little he forgets his mother and her teachings, perhaps forgets with pleasure the two hours' Calvinistic sermons in a church composed of equal measures of barn and windmill.

Slowly the Romish poison filters in, and the recollections of home and remembrance of the singing at divine service, only comparable to the 'indiscriminate slaughter of multitudinous swine,' grows fainter in his ears.

Naturally, near the Count's house there lived a venerable ecclesiastic, who, by his sophistry and knowledge of the Gospel, gives the last push to his tottering faith, and George becomes a Catholic; but secretly, for the venerable priest informs him that Holy Scripture[1]

[1] *Tobit* xii. 71.

says 'that it is good to conceal the sacrament of the Great King.' And who was George to set himself up against Tobit?

The tutor, who, as we may remember, was a man of experience, begins to smell a rat, and, being troubled in his mind, determines to 'mak sikkar,' and says George must accompany him to divine worship *à la Calvin.*

At 'Xarentan,' near Paris, was the University of the *perfidious Calvin* (el perfido Calvino), and hither the tutor was accustomed to repair when he wanted to hear the right doctrine and while away an hour or two. George, though, with greater spirit than discretion —obviously forgetting that it is good to conceal the sacrament of the Great King—refuses to accompany him, and says somewhat rudely (for we should respect the opinions of others when we have no power to hand the holders of them over to the proper authorities) that he has no mind to go to Xarentan to listen to the ravings of Calvin, for he is a Catholic. Now, if we were not speaking of a grave case of conscience, I should say that here was a pretty kettle of fish. Argument entirely failing as per usual, George's mother is communicated with, who, after running through the gamut of tears, reproaches, and threats, finally cuts him off with a pound Scots, declaring that no Catholic shall sing the mass at her lug.

Poor George, finding himself, so to speak, 'marooned' in Paris, is glad to take up with the father of the ingenious boy theologian, and with him is sent to Italy to make the grand tour. Arrived at Rome, he meets the celebrated Father Joyeuse, once a marshal and a peer of France, and now a Capuchin.

Whilst the quondam disputatious theologic boy, now turned a gallant, trifles away his time at fencing-schools, at palaces, and picture-galleries, or learns, perhaps, *l' arte de biondeggiar i capelli* from some fair Venetian, George, as a Scotchman, passes his time in studying metaphysics with Father Joyeuse. The shrewd ex-soldier friar sees in George a man prepared to suffer all things for the Church, and so persuades him not to try the wicked world at all (as he himself was tired of it), and George becomes a Capuchin in the well-known convent of Camerino.

Says Padre Ajofrin, the 'navigations of America' have taught all Europe that the hardest trial the constitution of a man can bear is to pass the equinoctial line; further, in this change a man loses the heavens he has been born under. He who passes the equinoctial line of religion changes not only his heavens but his very pole-star. This will at once commend itself, if not to the perception, at least to the attention of the careful reader. After this change the difference of *meum* and *tuum* is buried in the world. I myself have even observed this phenomenon in regard to *meum* and *tuum* without any perceptible equinoctial line either in physics or religion having been passed at all.

Naturally the world, his religion, and *meum* and *tuum* being changed, the only thing left for George to change was his name, and he accordingly becomes Father Archangel, and as such I shall refer to him in future.

How the characteristics of nationality come out in any great crisis of a man's life! A Spaniard would have become a missionary in Japan, a Frenchman an Abbé in Paris, in George's circumstances. He, as a Scotchman, naturally turns to what is most natural to him, and becomes known all over Italy as the Scotch preacher. Take notice, of course, that the modern five-per-cent. hypocritical shop-keeping Scotchman was unknown, so that the Scotchmen of that day, mostly warriors or theologians, were as different from the modern Scots as they were from Laplanders.

All this time, though, in Aberdon his mother is having a black time (*la pena negra*) on his account, thinks George a lost soul, and, not knowing Italian, would be incapable of appreciating his sermons and therefore of consoling herself for his lapse from Calvinism with that keen enjoyment of pulpit eloquence which makes Scottish life so truly admirable. What a strange unknown land Italy must have seemed to the good lady in Aberdon! The Pope was there, the person she had no doubt heard described every Sunday of her life as Antichrist, and Antichrist is such a mouth-filling word, and seems to mean so much, as often happens with words which really mean so very little.

In the midst of her doubts and fears, a gentleman fresh from the grand tour in Italy happens to visit Aberdon and tells her George is living in Italy, turned a Capuchin, and settled in the Marches of Ancona.

Fancy the mother's joy! George is not dead, only a heretic! And which of all the mothers one knows (even a Calvinistic mother) would not rather have her son alive, though steeped in all the heresies of Manichee or Gnostic, than orthodox and dead? She has another son called Henry, reared in the paths of strictest orthodoxy, to whom Popery and all its works are as the Scarlet Woman of Babylon, and to whom a church having, as we say, *Scotice*, 'a kist of whistles' in it is more repellent than a temple of Baal Peor. Him she sends to fetch her lamb straying in the Marches of Ancona. Arrived in Italy, he seeks the court of Don Francisco de la Rovere, Duke of Urbino.

How the gawky Aberdonian youth must have impressed the Italians of Urbino we know not—perhaps, as the wealthy lad from Tennessee or Queensland does the Parisian to-day. His Latin, freckles, possible red hair, and cheek-bones fit for hat pegs, his aggressive Protestantism, must all have afforded subject for mirth and wonder in the Italian court. At Urbino, though, he meets his brother, who by this time must have become quite civilised although a Capuchin. Like true Aberdonians, they fall immediately to a theological debate.

'What an agreeable spectacle this must be to God, to angels, and to men (observes our author), to see two brothers, one a Catholic, the other a Calvinist, disputing on their faiths!' This may be so, of course, but still I think it would not have struck me in that light; but then, as the Spaniards say, 'there are tastes that merit sticks.'

Victory, as in duty bound (for we do not possess Henry's account of the debate), inclined to the side of Archangel and against the champion of the doctrines of *el perfido Calvino*; and, worsted in argument before the whole court of Urbino, Henry expressed his willingness to become a Catholic. One thing, though, disturbs him —will he be obliged to give up his rank and position, and never see his mother again?

Archangel, though, had not wasted his time in the Convent of Camerino, and I rather suspect that Suarez and Molina had something to do in the preparation of those admirable sermons for which he was so justly admired. He at once answers, 'Having found truth does not take away from you the joys of home, and the right to enjoy the legitimate pleasures (golf and curling) of Aberdeen; riches are not against the divine law (oh! Archangel!); rather can you buy heaven with them'—though in what manner heaven is to be purchased, Archangel omits to inform us and Henry. Then comes the official reception into the Catholic Church, and the great banquet at the court of Urbino before Henry starts for Scotland, the Duke with his own hands, on bidding him farewell, hanging round his neck a splendid gold chain and crucifix set with Balas rubies.

Having gone out for wool and come back shorn, poor Henry seems to have had an unpleasant journey from Urbino back to London. Here he seems to have had some qualms, if not of conscience yet of fear. Perhaps he was uneasy when he speculated on the lengths to which a Calvinistic lioness robbed by Antichrist of both her cubs could go. So he indites a letter saying he has had good health in Italy and will soon be home. His mother, all anxiety to hear of George Archangel, was astonished, for she knew that Henry was as hardy as a wolf or Highland bull and never had an ache or pain in all his life.

However, home he had to get, and in a Dutch smack (*urca Olandesa*) he sails for Aberdeen. The mother rushes out with 'Where is George?' Henry, poor fellow, begins a sort of guidebook story of his travels, the people he has met—Duke of Urbino and nobles of the court—what a fine preacher her George is, how ladies do their hair in Venice, and generally comports himself in a manner which inclines me to believe the Italian proverb 'Inglese Italianato diavolo Incarnato' has some foundation in it.

All this shuffling on his part raises suspicions in his mother's mind she cannot explain. Is George dead? or is he come and waiting in Aberdeen? Is Henry married to a daughter of Antichrist,

or has he fallen amongst St. Nicholas's clerks and lost his 'siller'? So after dark she steals into his room to search his luggage and his pockets like a mother in a play to see if any unconsidered trifle, as a letter from a fair Venician, a note of hand, or undertaker's bill, is there to solve the mystery. As luck would have it, the first thing she lights upon is the gold crucifix and chain given by the Duke to Henry on his departure from Urbino.

Alarums and excursions faintly shadow forth what happened at this sight. Here was indeed the abomination of desolation spoken of (I think) by Daniel, set up in a Protestant household with a vengeance. One can but deeply sympathise with the outraged lady when the shocking sight of the counterfeit presentment, done in gold of the founder of the faith she doubtless thought she held, fell on her vision.

One wonders, with the power of pit and gallows at her disposal, that she was so mild, for after many tears and scoldings Henry is only banished to the castle of Monomusco. This time it seems to me Moreri (though, as we remember, not always to be depended on) is right in placing Monomusco two leagues from Aberdon. How admirable are the works of God! (says Padre Axofrin)—one brother in Scotland praying for the conversion of that wild and ignorant land, and the other preaching in Italy; for all the time Archangel preaches away as if nothing unusual had happened in his family.

The scene now shifts to Paris, where it seems either that there is a dearth of preachers or that Maria de Medici, the Queen, cannot sleep easily in church during Parisian sermons, for she sends to Italy for a new court preacher. . . . The choice falls on *il Cappuccino Scozzese*, our Archangel, and he goes to Paris, there to preach before the Queen. What he preached about, his text, and length of sermon (an important matter) we are not told, but only learn that he becomes the rage there. In fact, if the Madeleine had but been built he must have preached there every Sunday to the *plus haute gomme*.

Whilst he is in Paris gathering his laurels or the vegetable, whatever it may be folk give to preachers, Gregory the Fifteenth (the Antichrist of the day) determines on a mission to those *partes infidelium*, England and Scotland, and names Archangel head of it.

In the happy days of Charles the First a Catholic, especially a priest or friar, was contraband in England, and to get him smuggled across the Channel took far more trouble than to-day it does to introduce a library of Tauchnitz novels.

At that time as at present ours was the land of freedom for the man with the balance at his banker's, and all society was open to him who went to church.

To enter the enchanted island (land of the free, etc.) for a Catholic meant disguise. The greatest chance to pass the religious customhouse was in the Spanish Embassy, and, as at the present time, the

Spanish Embassy, speaking 'Christian' and no other tongue always requiring an interpreter, Archangel, as possessing the English language, although filtered, as we may suppose, through the medium of Aberdeen, in that capacity accompanies it.

With some repugnance he puts on a rich velvet suit guarded with gold, a hat with plumes, and rapier; but, says Padre Ajofrin, to appease the irritation of his conscience (nothing is mentioned of the epidermis), underneath his velvet suit he wore a shirt of horse-hair.

In his purse he had a store of gold (pieces of eight), but counted it as mud—perhaps because he had been a friar so long without it he had forgotten that at times it is more useful than a breviary.

Arrived in London—the author does not tell us where he stayed or what he did there—he meets a Scottish cavalier. A Scottish cavalier—how strange it sounds to-day, when one so often sees a Scotchman, a being dressed in black broadcloth, a sort of cross between a huckster and a preacher! Still in those days the species Scottish cavalier must have existed, and one meets Archangel and tells him what is going on in Aberdon, and, not knowing him, of his own wicked and foolish courses, how he has been a curse to all his friends, and generally speaks to him as our friends discuss us in our absence.

The cavalier tells him of his mother's sorrow at his apostasy and of his brother's exile to Monomusco. Wishing to see his brother, Archangel writes to Monomusco, and Henry, under pretence of a hunting party, slips away and travels to London. Meeting his brother, ruffling as a gallant in the Spanish Embassy, and not dressed as a friar, Henry salutes him, in a fashion that if we were not treating of Aberdonians might be called chaff, and asks him if the sword he wears is to convert their mother with.

The Spanish ambassador (perhaps Gondomar), being recalled to Paris, behaves as every Spanish ambassador did in those days, and presents Archangel with a fine Spanish horse. How they always had them, so to speak about them, to give as presents has always been a mystery to me, when transit was so difficult.

The brothers arrange to visit Aberdeen. The night before the journey Archangel spends in prayer, and with morning (perhaps for warmth) puts on a second horse-hair shirt.

On the journey, so great is his humility, or so intense his terror of the Spanish horse, that, for greater self-abasement, or to arrive more quickly at his destination, or to avoid abrasion of the cuticle, or for some other reason I cannot fathom, he walks on foot, only mounting, to save appearances, when a traveller appears upon the road. In twenty-two days (considered a fast passage then) he arrives in Aberdeen, and writes to his mother to say a gentleman wishes to see her who has known her son in Italy. His mother, not knowing him, receives him ceremoniously, and his two brothers

usher him to a room, where, notwithstanding that it is August, the cold is so intense that a great fire is blazing. Here one gets a document, so to speak, that makes one confident that the scene passes in Aberdeen. Exquisite wine and good beer are served to him, but Padre Ajofrin says nothing of that whisky for which I feel sure Archangel's soul was longing.

At dinner in the great hall he sees people grown old whom he remembered young, as must also have happened to the Prodigal Son when *he* returned from his marches of Ancona from amongst the swine, and the other people he consorted with. What, though, strikes him to the heart, both as a Catholic and an economist, is to see seated at the table a heretic preacher, and to remark that not only was the perfidious Calvinist making havoc amongst the pease brose and the cock-a'-leekie, but to learn that he received three hundred ducats for preaching heresy. One can well see that Archangel thought that if there was preaching to do he could do it as well, and perhaps at as reasonable a figure, as the son of Belial he saw battening at his mother's table.

Long conversations ensue between Archangel and his mother and brother, and to the latter he gives the Spanish horse, perhaps being secretly rather glad to get rid of him and to be able to walk comfortably on foot in his hair shirt.

One thing leads to another, till at last his mother overhears him ask a servant why the old pigeon-house had been removed, and, on asking him how he knew there was a pigeon-house, perceives his trouble, feels sure it is her son, and they fall sobbing into each other's arms, as has been the way of mothers and sons since the beginning, and probably will be till the end of the human comedy.

Naturally, there is more joy over the son who has returned from Italy than over the ninety and nine who have remained in the wilderness of Aberdeen, and his mother freely forgives him, for all she has done, including the cutting him off at nine or ten years old with an unnegotiable pound Scots. It is agreed that religion shall not be mentioned between them—as fatuous a bargain as for a Unionist and a Gladstonian to agree not to mention Ireland during a sea passage.

Archangel, not being able to talk religion at home, sets about preaching and converting the countrypeople in the vicinity of Monomusco. Notwithstanding the extreme stoniness of the soil, as one would have thought, he makes, according to Padre Axofrin, such progress that he converts more than three thousand. During his peregrinations he is astonished, as well he might be, at the climate of Aberdeen, but reflects that Scotland is to the north even of England, and that the rivers Esk and Solway and the mountains of 'Eschevoit' separate it from that country, and hence apparently the cold—for your mountain is a plaguy non-conductor of heat.

Seeing, though, is believing, and his mother, seeing the 3,000 or 300 (for what is a cipher after all, as I have so often reflected in reading history, sacred and profane ?), thinks there is something in Archangel's faith, and proposes a theological debate between her son and the Calvinist domestic preacher. In his double capacity of theologian and Aberdonian, naturally, the prospect of a debate delights Archangel, for he knows his power, snuffs the battle from afar, and prepares to say ha-ha amongst the syllogisms. The Calvinist does not seem to have been so confident, for he rejoins, rather pertinently as it strikes me, 'that the faith needed not always to be debated on, and that if the lady was sure of being saved what more did she require ?'

Archangel's mother, though, whilst wishing to see him defeated and converted, not unnaturally wished to see her son display his learning even in a bad cause, so the debate begins.

From the outset, success inclines so strongly to Archangel, that one almost inclines to believe the whole affair a put-up job, if we were not so sure of the absolute *bona fides* of the mother. From the first, the luckless Calvinist goes down like wheat before a sickle, or as the moral man propounded in a Scotch sermon only to be demolished by the propounder. Archangel demands on what the faith of Calvin is grounded, and the futile Calvinist rejoins, 'On the Church of Geneva.' Archangel sees his opening and triumphantly demands, 'Is the Church of Geneva mentioned in the Bible ?' The Calvinist (I cannot help wishing that reporters had been present and that we had the debate *in extenso*), incautiously, as it appears to me, rejoins that he thinks it is, and promises to find the passage in four-and-twenty hours. This is the first passage in this *Admirable and Astonishing Life*, which raises some doubt in my mind as to the absolute truthfulness of the compiler, for I have known Calvinists ignorant of the binomial theorem, or of the principles of perspective or politeness, but rarely one who did not know the Bible as a stockbroker knows his share list or a mariner his compass. However, this particular Calvinist passes the watches of the night in fruitlessly searching the Scriptures. Archangel, on the other hand, passes the night in prayer—though why I cannot imagine, as he must have known that he had a dead sure thing without the need of prayer. In the morning the Geneva champion says he has not had time enough, and that if he may get a friend . . . but that he on his part would like to know (here my doubts begin again) where the Church of Rome is to be found in Holy Writ. Archangel calls for a Bible, though I am sure he need not have done so, as the castle was most likely stuffed with them, and he only had to put out his hand and take up the first book he saw. Those of my readers who are Calvinists, and know their Bibles, will at once see that Archangel finds his text in the Epistle to the Romans. On this the somewhat inconsequent preacher

rallies, and, being worsted in Scripture history, rejoins that in his opinion the Church of Rome and the Scarlet Lady are convertible terms. Archangel eventually demolishes him by pointing to the long list of martyrs, and asking if any one had ever died for Calvinism. The preacher, who seems to have been as ignorant of the history of his sect as of the Bible, and not, apparently, thinking Servetus good enough to cite as a Calvinist martyr, entirely peters out, and remains as confused as a monkey (*corrido como una mona*).

The poor man, after being worsted in debate, having had the mortification of seeing his patroness avow herself converted to Catholicism, and above all having lost his salary, flies, not to Geneva, as we might reasonably suppose, or to St. Andrews, but to Erastian England, where he takes service in the household of an Anglican bishop. After this, the whole family is converted to Catholicism, having been able to comprehend at once the directness of the reasoning that if one Church is mentioned in the Bible and the other is not, the doctrines of the one mentioned are bound to be the right ones, or else why should the Church have been mentioned at all? Edicts having come out against the Catholics (Charles of blessed memory was very free and impartial with his edicts), Archangel takes refuge in England—on the principle, perhaps, that the nearer the king the less likely was the edict to be put in force. On his way to England, luckily for him, without the Spanish horse, he runs many dangers, once nearly falling into the clutches of his old friend the Calvinist preacher, who, in the train of the bishop he has fled to, is proceeding to London. Archangel hides in a wood, but his servant is taken, and in his baggage is found a chalice, which, according to the universal custom of Calvinists and Anglicans, the bishop and the ex-chaplain drink out of till at last they 'fall into the detestable vice of drunkenness.'

Arrived in London, his mother writes that all her property has been confiscated, so Archangel sends to the Guardian of the Capuchins (*el Guardian de los Capuchinos*) in Paris, to get the Queen of France to intercede with the English king, which she does, and the property is restored. He once more returns to Aberdeen; but by this time, having doubtless become a well-known figure on the northern road, disguises himself as a hawker and visits his mother, whom he finds in a cottage, not knowing that her property has been restored. The neighbours, finding it impossible to stand more of Archangel's preaching, seize on him and send him by ship to England. On the voyage he reflects on the condition of Scotland, given over to the terrible plague of Calvinism—a plague, though, which seems to have endured long after Archangel's time.

From London he is removed to Rome, and on arriving there finds that Italy too is suffering from a terrible plague, but of a less persistent nature perhaps than the one affecting Scotland, being merely an

outbreak of typhus fever. This happens in the year 1630, the solitary date, except that of Archangel's death, in the whole book. After his services in this plague honours descend upon Archangel, and he is made Guardian of the Convent of Monte Gorgio in the diocese of Fermo, and, according to the Padre Axofrin, close to the river of Lethe.

Some loadstone or other, though, always seems to draw him to Scotland, for after a year's residence at Monte Gorgio he starts once more for that benighted land, this time at the head of a Catholic mission. At Cales (Calais) he meets the rest of the mission, and takes ship with them in a vessel of which the captain happens to be a Catholic. In spite of the captain's Catholicism a storm arises, as in fact it always seems to have done when Archangel put out to sea. Though 'disguised as a gentleman' (and therefore perhaps as easily recognisable through his disguise as many who assume that character in more modern times) the passengers discover he is a friar, and, in order to appease the Moloch they apparently adored, wish to throw him in the sea to calm the tempest, thinking, it seems, that Catholic friars are specially obnoxious to the elements and to Moloch. The Catholic captain speaks to the passengers, and offers to be thrown overboard instead of Archangel. From this we may judge that the *odium theologicum* had not made so much way at sea as on shore, for I believe the offer must have been dictated by the sailor and not the Catholic in the captain, and that a Protestant or Mahommedan captain would probably have done the same. This offer being refused, and the crew and passengers being occupied, as is customary in such cases, in casting lots for the privilege of not being thrown overboard, the vessel strikes on a rock, and, breaking into two halves, the after part with the captain and crew is lost, and Archangel and some of the mission and passengers are cast on shore. A shepherd informs the forlorn band that they have been thrown on the 'Isle of Wicht,' and that the well-known city of San Calpino is near at hand. Well as I am used to English names written phonetically in Spanish, and recognising in an instant, as I do, Whitehall masquerading as 'Quitvall,' Frobisher as 'Ofrisba,' Drake as 'El Draque' and Westminster as 'Questmonster,' I confess that I can neither recognise nor identify this San Calpino. However, at this unknown town they in due course arrive, and Archangel, for reasons known to himself but not divulged to a perhaps too curious public, takes the name of Selviano, after his mother's family name of Selvia, which, I confess, leaves me in the same position of agnosticism as does Sal Calpino.

Whilst taking their ease in the San Calpino inn they hear the King is at 'Neopurt,' not far off, and Archangel meets a young Scotch gentleman, who I saw at once must be his brother Edward. Such proves to be the fact, in spite of Archangel's own obtuseness, which delayed the recognition for some hours. They are mutually

astonished at meeting one another in the Isle of White, so far removed from either Italy or Aberdeen, and in a place, as Edward well says, and as I myself have often reflected in that island, which is on the road to nowhere. Here Archangel hears of his mother's death, and the restitution of the family property.

Arrived at 'Neopurt,' they leave their cloaks and swords in the inn, and go out to view the fortification. It appears at that epoch that in Newport there was a celebrated tower said to be impregnable. Edward, who, like most Scotchmen, had seen far better towers at home, began to scoff at it and to point out how easily with a few gentlemen of Aberdeen he could carry it at point of pike, and whilst discoursing of mamelons and ravelines and of the leaguer of Strigonium is overheard and arrested for a spy. As the author well observes, 'the greatest injustices are always executed with the greatest exactitude' (he might have added also with the greatest promptitude), and Archangel and his brother are taken before the governor, and by him cast into prison. The King, hearing of their arrest, sends for them to interrogate them himself—though I confess I do not recognise the methods of Charles of blessed memory in this proceeding. With great show of probability, when we remember that we have been told that an edict had been specially promulgated against the Catholics, and that Archangel was named in it—or perhaps, indeed, it was to show how little he cared, through his divine right, for his own edict—Charles, on recognising Archangel, whom he had known when interpreter to the Spanish Embassy, immediately liberates him and his brother. Of the rest of the passengers (and perhaps quite properly) we hear no more, and of this I care but little, except about the fate of the Catholic captain, and on this point, alas! the author is inexorable.

After some days at the court of 'Neopurt' Archangel starts again for Aberdeen, sailing from the well-known port of Viklen, which is still waiting for its Columbus as far as I am concerned, for neither Cabot, Ponce de Leon, Juan de la Cosa, or any of those Spanish navigators who showed us the world seem to have visited it.

Here I may remark that, after a careful perusal of his life, I have come to the conclusion that there was no port of Europe in which, if Archangel found himself stranded, he did not instantly find a ship just sailing for Aberdeen; hence, I imagine, the trade of Aberdeen was vastly more considerable in the days of Charles the First than it is at present, as, indeed, seems not unlikely.

Arrived once more in Monomusco's halls, he throws himself into mission work with as much alacrity as if it had been the heart of Africa, and the place becoming once more too hot for him he retreats to Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, remarkable for having been the birthplace of Alexandro de Ales.

In Edinburgh one Baron Daltay (el Baron de Daltay), for whose

name I have unsuccessfully searched in Nisbet's Heraldry, lies sick to death, and, being a Protestant, not unnaturally wishes to confess to a Catholic priest before his end. His friend Baron Balguay (who Douglas's Peerage is powerless to assist me in identifying) brings in Archangel.

The Protestants who seem to have been always on the alert for cases such as these (which happened frequently) rush into the house to kill Archangel, who only saves his life by jumping from a window. Balked of their victim, they fall (like theologians) on poor Baron Balguay and purge him of his heresy with their skeenes.

The author says a skeene (*esquin*) is like an Albacete knife, and indeed it may be, for one is straight and one is crooked. Then, to free the land from Catholics, they kill the son, aged ten, who, as the father was a Protestant, most likely was one too ; but when did ever theologians, when killing was to be done, haggle at trifles of that nature?

Having seen enough of Edinburgh and of the way they argued religious differences there, Archangel, disguised as a physician, goes to the province of Esterling, and there at once sets to convert the sound and heal the sick.

Throughout the book these little indications show that Archangel was a simple-minded honest fellow, doing what he thought his duty at all hazards. This, to my mind, appears so novel that I do not doubt it happened three hundred years ago. Though Padre Ajofrin never quotes a single word Archangel says, I fancy I can see him just as plainly as if, in the modern fashion, he had spoken pages and never done a thing worth doing.

The cures he effected were quite wonderful, the author says, and then somewhat enigmatically observes he is unaware if Archangel had ever studied medicine. The fact he cured at all induces me to believe that perhaps he had but little previous knowledge. But be that as it may, the doctors of Esterling, all trade-unionists, look on his practising with great disfavour. Whether they thought him wanting in a knowledge of pathology, or that a Catholic had no right to doctor Protestants, does not appear, but anyhow they force him to leave Esterling and retire to Aberdon. Hardly arrived there, a royal messenger summons him to London, but whether to answer for his tampering with the faith of Aberdeen, or to ascertain whether he held a foreign medical degree, remains uncertain. Archangel, ever ready for a journey, starts at once, and at Torfechan, on the borders of the kingdom we are told, stays at an inn, in which he meets a nobleman, Baron de Cluni, an Englishman (*sic*), whom he converts, with all his retinue. Just about to start for London, he is taken ill with a fever, gets worse, and ends his journey and the journey of his life in 1637.

By night the Catholics of the retinue of the Baron, with a priest

who happened to be in the neighbourhood disguised, carry the body, dressed in the Capuchin habit, and bury it in a wild and desert place in the hills, far from the dwellings of mankind. They mark the grave with a simple slab of slate, and water it with blood disguised in tears (*sangre disimulada en lagrimas*).

Thus ends, says Padre Ajofrin, the life of him who in the world was called George Leslie (Jorge Lesleo), born to much honours, wealth, and titles, and in religion known as Father Archangel, and who passed his life in poverty, in journeyings, and in good works. From it we may learn, remarks the author, obedience, truthfulness, humility, and holy caution, and how ingenious is charity in God's saints. They may be so, though for 'ingenious charity' somehow one seems not to be much 'enthused.'

What I discern is that Archangel was a simple-minded friar who did his duty as he thought he saw it, and did it for itself and not for honour or reward or hope of heaven, nor yet for fear of hell. I care but little that 'this servant of the Lord' published a book divided in two parts and titled 'De Potestate Pontificis Romani,' and which the learned and ingenious Wadingo cites, or if he had written nothing; I like him for his life of sturdy failure.

Possibly in England and in Scotland, far from the dwellings of mankind, on hill and moor, there sleep under rough slates many who like Archangel struggled manfully to stop the march of time and bring back yesterday. Well, peace be with them. To me those lonely burial-places now forgotten, so silent, buried in mist and lost on hill, fit graves for those who fail, mean more than all the pomps of alabaster with due mendacious epitaph in church or synagogue.

Now that Aberdeenshire is free from his assaults, and could we find it in Torfechan, over his deserted grave, even the Calvinist, I take it, would not refrain from saying with Padre Ajofrin, when thinking of the simple-minded Capuchin, 'Pretiosa in conspectu Domini est mors sanctorum ejus.'

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

THE CONDUCT OF FRIENDSHIP

'Tis an intrepid hand that will stir this well-worn theme, or essay to throw fresh light upon a subject which has shared with its congener, love, the attention of the most observant minds since thought first found expression in literature. Yet, inasmuch as friendship and love are the fertilising streams without which the scene of life is no more than an arid, uninteresting plain—streams in which, unless the traveller can slake his thirst and bathe his limbs, the journey is but a cheerless, objectless toil, riches are but heaps of dazzling sand, and ambition is a disappointing mirage, it is impossible to reflect upon any human occasion, or estimate any achievement or circumstance of man without acknowledging these relations as the very source of earthly happiness. Charlotte Brontë expressed herself more feebly than was her wont when she put into the mouth of Jane Eyre the sentence, 'There is no happiness like that of being loved by your fellow-creatures, and feeling that your presence is an addition to their comfort.' It would have been more fully true to say that there is no happiness possible without it, for 'what no one with us shares seems scarce our own.'

It is far too late in the day to undertake inquiry into the abstract qualities of friendship and love; their analysis and explanation could hardly be carried further than has been done by philosophers in all ages. But it concerns us to watch how their nurture and conduct are affected by the altered conditions of society, its greater wealth, more diffused education, increasing numbers, and ease of locomotion; for, although these two kinds of communion may be held to be of spontaneous origin, and not to be generated by any precision of forethought or sagacity of plan, yet they require constant cultivation to maintain them in vigour. Dr. Johnson observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds: 'If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will very soon find himself alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.' To friendship and love alike may be applied the saying of one of Molière's *Précieuses*: 'Les choses ne valent que ce qu'on les fait valoir.'

This may be held heresy in the matter of love. Turn we then to the consideration of friendship, seeing that it is less hazardous, more deliberate and less fleeting than, alas! the other has so often proved

to be. On the other hand, it is, of the two, the more difficult to define; its colouring is less vivid, its outlines less distinct, its approach less perceptible, than those of passion.

Cicero had this vagueness in view when he said that although a man is sure to be able to inform you accurately how many horses, oxen, sheep, he possesses, but question him as to the number of his friends, and his answer will be hesitating and indefinite: yet his friends might well be supposed to contribute more to his happiness than his cattle. But every man could declare how many women he was in love with: nay, if he were really in love, he would resent as impertinent or ridiculous the suggestion that there could be more than one. Not less absurd the Frenchman's assertion that he was in love, he did not yet know with whom, but he was convinced that he was the victim of *une grande passion.*

There are men, though hardly are there women, who pass through life without friends, and there are men, and women more than men, who have never a sweetheart or lover. There are men, also, who change their friendships, not of design, but because of change in neighbourhood or occupation; yet each such successive friendship may be genuine and warm, just as there are those who have been passionately in love with one woman after another. It is a common and fond belief that there can be but one true love in a life; there is a less common, but not less fond, idea that first love is true love, and that all that follow are vain or base. It is more poetic, it ennobles and simplifies our conception of human nature, to hold this faith; but the hard, resistless truth is otherwise: man—let the case against him be stated as harshly as possible—is prone to allow his thoughts and senses to be detached from his first sovereign, and the allegiance exacted from him in later years by her successor is just as complete and devoted as was paid to the other. Would that it were otherwise! for then much suffering would be saved to men and women. As in measles and scarlet fever, they might feel tolerable immunity after the first affliction.

But even friendship—the more sober and rational kind of human intercourse—is not the simple matter it might be supposed to be. It is a holy thing, yet most capricious, and is no more under command of the will than faith.

Montaigne, ruminating in his own deliciously frank and leisurely way over the origin of his intimacy with a dear friend, observes:

> If I am pressed to explain why I loved him, I feel that it can only be expressed by answering 'Because it was he, because it was I' (*parce que c'estoit luy, parce que c'estoit moy*).

They were the complement of each other, which implied not identity of character or inclination, but more nearly the reverse of it —one mind supplying the deficiency of the other, and recruiting

itself from the abundance of that wherein it is conscious of shortcoming.

Nevertheless friendship is largely the outcome of circumstance. The pursuit of a common object, the neighbourhood of homes, community of language and environment—if these are not indispensable to friendship, they are at least the accidents by which it is engendered and kept in being: it is, indeed, difficult to imagine living friendship without one or another of these conditions. The instance comes to mind at once of Horace Walpole and Horace Mann, who, although they never met for forty years, maintained a close and constant correspondence. But, perfect as this communion seems in print, one cannot but suspect the literary man of the world to have been posing in these letters as one of a pair of friends. Mann was useful to him as the recipient—the 'addressee'—of letters which Walpole intended should be published some day, and spent much time in polishing and correcting long after they had been written. It was an artistic way of keeping a journal, obviating the tiresome egoism of that form of literary monologue and giving a spontaneous air to some of the most self-conscious pages that were ever penned. Walpole found it possible during a long life of abundant leisure to keep up the tone of intimacy which had taken its rise between the two men when they were young; but this is attributable rather to his literary skill than to the depth of his affection.

They remain, these letters, among the most delightful pieces of English literature; but, on the whole, they leave a painful impression on the reader. They are masterly, leisurely sketches of a scheming, sordid society, in which frequent drunkenness and coarse libertinism were reckoned no darker stains on a statesman's private character than bribery and jobbery were on his public fame; and the limner of them was cynically content with the world as he found it, and indifferent whether he should leave it any better.[1]

Nevertheless, let us not do injustice to the 'uncle of the late Earl of Orford.' The solicitude he showed in exchanging thoughts with his friend deserves all admiration: it was the only means by which the warm tide of affection could have been kept flowing between those who had been so long parted, without which it must have soon slackened and cooled. For friendship, though in its origin involuntary, will not endure without conscious cultivation. If the bond is to survive changes of circumstance, of proximity, of pursuit, of station in life, it must be sedulously lengthened or strengthened in adaptation to them. 'I am a bad correspondent,' says one, and thinks he thereby excuses himself for not writing regularly to an

[1] There is almost as much truth as exaggeration in Walpole's summary of the state of things in the best society of his day: 'There is no living in this country under 20,000*l.* a year; not that that suffices, but it entitles one to ask for a pension for two or three lives.'

absent friend; but, in truth, that is no palliation for neglect of the only known means by which friendship may be made independent of separation. If friendship is silent, rest assured that it is dead. If two friends travel together, dine together, or are in any way associated, they *must* talk; the very fact that they are friends ensures effortless conversation—the effort would be caused by attempting to keep silence, and, if successful, would very soon put an end to their friendship. It is true that when these two are at a distance from each other, a conscious effort is necessary to maintain communion; but, inasmuch as the best correspondence is no more than written conversation, how slight is the effort required, how unpardonable, yet how frequent, is its neglect! The exertion of sitting down to write a sentence is certainly greater than that of uttering it, inasmuch as literature is a weightier matter than speech; but the habit is easily acquired by Englishmen, who excel more often as writers than as orators. The secret of good letter-writing is the same as that of all good literature—the writer speaks because he has something to say, not because he has to say something; and who can have a friend without having something to say to him, and a constant wish to say it?

Novantes said that every Englishman was an island, and it is open to some Irishmen to add that every Scotchman is a cross between an island and a hedgehog. There are two causes which chiefly deter our countrymen from correspondence: first, their innate dread of *épanchement* (we have no exact equivalent for this term except the derisive slang 'gush'), and, second, their habitually careless and inaccurate speech. Slipshod expressions pass muster in familiar conversation, but they do not afford agreeable reading. The greater the pity, for there is no people on earth who habitually entertain loftier thoughts, or are more capable of disinterested attachment, than the English.

But there is another circumstance, peculiar to modern society, which tends as much as the extraordinary reserve of Englishmen to make the duration of friendship precarious—namely, the numerical increase of acquaintanceship. Never before in the history of the world has there been such a vast concourse of human beings as exists in and about London. A man's acquaintance is numbered nowadays not by the score, but by the hundred; and not only does the presence of such a multitude encourage the idea that if he loses one friend he can surely pick up two or three more, but it increases the effort necessary to retain the friends he has. The ceremony, once so scrupulously observed, of paying and receiving calls has been mightily relaxed; indeed there are some people who affect to be smart in virtue of having forsworn altogether the time-honoured custom. The decay of morning calls as a source of social enjoyment may not be cause for regret, but it is a sign that society is becoming so huge that

additional care is required to preserve acquaintanceship and even friendship. There is an amusing exaggeration of the ease of finding new friends related in the life of the author of *Friends in Council*. Sir Arthur Helps, than whom no one ever cared less for the pleasures of the table, observed one day to C. V. Bayley, a noted *bon vivant*, that he thought dinners were a bore. 'My dear Helps,' replied Bayley, 'I entirely disagree; I would rather lose a friend than a dinner, for if I lose a friend, I can go down to the club and get another; whereas if I lose a dinner, the misfortune is irreparable, for nobody can eat two dinners on the same day.'

In these observations it will be observed that reference is chiefly made to persons of the wealthier and leisurely class, because it is they who have the best opportunities of selecting and cultivating friendships. It is not that they are endowed with finer feelings or capable of more intense affection—nothing can be further from the truth; but a life of toil absorbs so much physical energy as to leave little more than a capacity for fellowship, which is rarely intense enough to rank as friendship. The chances of employment expose all acquaintanceship among the working classes to sudden rupture; to maintain close correspondence thereafter is forbidden alike by habit and want of leisure; and in the evening of life, when the drooping frame brings a man to involuntary, unwelcome repose, too often it is the case that the vital powers have run so low as to be incapable of expansion in intercourse with those who might have been his friends; all he wants is to be let alone. A Royal Commission was appointed lately to inquire into the condition of the aged poor, and devise means, if possible, to improve it. Among other subjects, evidence was taken on the practice of Boards of Guardians in dealing with old married couples who find their way into the workhouse. Under the law as it used to be, husband and wife were placed in separate wards; but, as this seemed a harsh proceeding, the law was amended not long ago so as to give the Guardians power to lodge aged couples together. A witness of long experience in the administration of the Poor Law was asked if the poor folk valued the privilege of living together in the workhouse.

'In the case of an aged man and wife entering the workhouse' (was the question), 'do you find that they prefer to live together or to live separate?'

'As a rule, they prefer to live separate. When an aged married couple come into the workhouse I desire the master to let me know . . . and I will go and see them. "Well," I will say, "you are not in the rooms which are specially built, furnished, and everything else for you." The answer of the woman probably is, "I have had enough o' he;" and very often it is the other way, "I have had enough o' she." It is more often on that side.'

There is a pathetic lesson in such an experience. Friendship, even between husband and wife, must be cultivated, and cultivation implies leisure—a luxury denied to the lower working classes.

Comrades as these people have been in the long battle of life, the hardships of conflict seem to have strained out of their nature all capacity for the sweetness of fellowship, all desire save to get rid of worry and be at rest. They remain to one another but a surly, stupid old man, and a querulous, ugly old woman; in neither case the kind of associate one would choose for relaxation. Yet had their lot been less hard—had there been intervals of drudgery when they could have talked over bygone days and devised plans for their common future, such pauses would have been links in a long chain, leading them back in memory to the dewy evenings when they used to meet in the green loaning and wander arm-locked through half the summer night. Truly we are creatures of circumstance, and the playthings of fate; truly Dives receives good things in his life-time and Lazarus evil things, and it is hard to believe in the justice which not only awards purple and fine linen and sumptuous daily fare to one and fallen crumbs to the other, but also denies to the poor man the opportunity of cherishing that kind of intercourse which sweetens the harshest fortune. 'The gods are just,' insisted Dryden.

> But how can finite measure infinite?
> Reason! alas, it does not show itself.
> Yet man, vain man, would with his short lined plummet
> Fathom the vast abyss of heavenly justice.
> Whatever is, is in its causes just,
> Since all things are by fate. But purblind man
> Sees but a part o' the chain, the nearest links,
> His eyes not carrying to that equal beam
> That poises all above.

The parable of the Sower, like many of the poignant illustrations used by Christ to bring home doctrine to his hearers, has a far wider application than merely to the preaching of the Word. All acquaintanceship carries in it the seed of lasting friendship, but very little of it reaches good soil, where, favoured by the seasons, it may bring forth fruit. The most familiar friendships in a man's life are those sown in the natural seed-time—boyhood and youth—but though his schoolfellows may have been numbered by the hundred, those of them that become his fast friends may be counted on his fingers—most often on the fingers of one hand. The seeds of friendship scattered by the poor man fall, for the most part, 'upon stony places where they have not much earth.' The young growth flourishes apace, but when the sun is up—when the daily task is set and the whole strength of the man is wanted to keep body and soul together—it withers away. Political economists shake their heads at the agitation for an eight hours' day; but, looked at from the workman's point of view, it has aspects which are worthy of consideration. People are never done extolling the blessedness of work, and within reasonable limits it is undoubtedly a priceless medicine: but beyond these limits it is

a curse, for it deprives a man of the power of cultivating friendship. Bacon's aspiration was probably not far amiss, for a life of leisure without loitering. That seems to define the lot most favourable to the development and endurance of friendship, affording opportunity to cultivate acquaintance, the chance of common employment, the indulgence of like tastes, the pursuit of a common aim, without the lassitude and petulance sure to spring from idleness. Love may be—nay, must be, idle, at least on one side; but friendship shall be ever stirring and active: love, irrational and wayward, may be content with faith, but friendship cries, 'Show me thy works!'

If the poor man's crop of friendship is burnt up because it has 'no deepness of earth,' the leisured man's seedlings often fare no better, because of the thorns which spring up and choke them. The very multitude of his acquaintance, as has been shown, is a hindrance to close friendship, so that Charles Lamb spoke truly of the rarity of early friendship enduring into middle age:—

> Oh! it is pleasant as it is rare to find the same arm linked in yours at forty which at thirteen helped it to turn over the *Cicero de Amicitiâ*, or some other tale of antique friendship, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate.

Yet it might be otherwise. There are many thousands of young men of means in this country with nothing to do, or, at any rate, who do nothing, because they are not compelled to earn a living. They are, for the most part, amiable, good to look on, well-bred, well-groomed, fairly well-mannered, and capable, if the necessity arose, of doing brave service in the field. They have been at schools selected as the likeliest to afford them—not the best education, but the best set of friends for life. What are they doing to secure friendship? Nothing—it is said advisedly, nothing. Take one of them who is devoted to fox-hunting. In most cases, that takes him out of his own county for at least half the year, another quarter of the year is spent in London; then a month or two in Scotland or a few weeks at Monte Carlo leave him little time to cultivate the acquaintance of those who would be his country neighbours if he were ever at home. But, after all, perhaps that matters the less because, as every one knows, there are no friendships so intimate as those of hunting men. His lot is surely one of the brightest than can befall a young fellow.

Presently there comes a change; he falls in love and marries, or he loses his nerve, or some of his money, gives up hunting and sells his horses. What becomes then of his hunting friends? For a time he may keep on with the old set, but neither he nor they know what it is to exert themselves for one another; they find less and less in common; a vacant place is soon filled up, and when he arrives at middle age he finds himself 'out of it,' and perhaps becomes a bit of a bore. Unless he is lucky enough to find domestic consolation, it is

strange if there does not come home to him the reflection of the Princesse de Belgiojoso: 'I cannot imagine what joy there can be in living when the eyes of others no longer look love into ours.'

This is perhaps an extreme case, but most of us will have no difficulty in remembering plenty of men on the down grade of years, who own not a single friend for whom they would make a sacrifice, or who would make a sacrifice for them. In friendship, as in love, the test of reality is the readiness to sacrifice—sacrifice of time, of money, of exertion, or whatever else. Sacrifice lies at the root of the primitive idea of devotion. Fashionable hospitality has travelled a long way from the original scheme; modern hosts fill their houses with those who are likely to amuse them or be useful to them, but of old no sacrifice was considered too costly to make for a guest. A traveller, so the story runs, arriving late at an Irish harper's cabin, asked for supper and shelter. There was no fuel in the house and outside all was drenched with rain: the only dry combustible was the poor man's beloved harp—his only means of living, but he did not hesitate to condemn it to the flames in order to cook a meal for the wayfarer. Imagine one of our Amphitryons making a bonfire of his Erard or Steinway grand for a like purpose.

But whatever may be the cost of friendship to one side or the other, it is of its very nature that a debtor and creditor account is out of the question, and this not the less because in friendship, as in love, *il y a toujours l'un qui embrasse, et l'autre qui tend la joue.*

The pursuit of literature is sometimes supposed to be more productive of friendship than other occupations; but that is probably because quill-drivers prattle more about their affairs than is the fashion of other folk, and it is their business to give a dramatic or romantic cast to things which in reality are sober and even tedious. The coffee-house wits of the eighteenth century, though they depicted each other sweetly enough in literary miniatures, were often bored with their own society, and the narrative of their intercourse, which sparkles so brightly on their pages, is but the reflection of their happier moments enhanced by the kindly office of memory. The quarrels of authors are at least as conspicuous as their friendships. The fact is, that literary men as a class are less dependent on friendship than almost any other; they are patient of solitude, for their occupation is a solitary one; and there are not many natures so elastic as Sir Walter Scott's, who was as much at home to living men and women as he was among his library shelves, and coveted companionship of flesh and blood not less ardently than he did the luxury of study. Sydney Smith spoke impatiently of Macaulay as 'a book in breeches.' There is a quaint passage in a very quaint book by Anatole France—*La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*—in which one of the characters who frequent that house of modest entertainment and motley intercourse prescribes letters as a remedy for afflicted

love; and another, while admitting that may be true enough, doubts if they are any cure for an empty belly.

'Ainsi donc' (répliqua l'abbé), 'le faut-il former aux bonnes lettres, qui sont l'honneur de l'homme, la consolation de la vie et le remède à tous les maux, même à ceux de l'amour, ainsi que l'affirme le poète Théocrite.'

'Tout rôtisseur que je suis,' répondit mon père, 'j'estime le savoir et je veux bien croire qu'il est, comme dit Votre Grâce, un remède à l'amour. Mais je ne crois pas qu'il soit un remède à la faim.'

The literary, like the artistic, temperament is prone to jealousy and its ancillary, suspicion. Where there is suspicion there is no place for confidence, and without confidence there can be no true friendship. Hence the most memorable literary friendships are those where one was content to be beyond question subordinate to the other. There be those who profanely hold that the delight of lovers arises entirely from the flattery of mutual preference; and this is undoubtedly one of the legitimate gratifications of friendship. I am pleased that my friend should prefer my society to that of many other men, and it is extremely pleasant to me when he shows that it is so. So in the case of the historic friendship of Johnson and Boswell, each was agreeably flattered by the attention of the other. Johnson's appetite for admiration was insatiable; Boswell had an inexhaustible supply at the disposal of his hero, and felt amply repaid by the credit of associating with one whom he invested with the attributes of a demigod. How savagely, yet eloquently, the great man resented indifference to his talents was shown in his memorable letter to Lord Chesterfield:—

The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Johnson never forgave the slight he had received, or fancied he had received, and years afterwards when Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son* were published, he condemned them as teaching 'the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing-master.'

Johnson used often to deplore the neglect to nourish affection between those who ought to be and might be the closest friends. In a letter to Mr. Bennet Langton he said:—

You are busy in acquiring and in communicating knowledge, and while you are studying, enjoy the end of study by making others wiser and happier. I was much pleased with the tale you told me of being tutor to your sisters. I, who have no sisters nor brothers, look with some degree of innocent envy on those who may be said to be born to be friends, and cannot see without wonder how rarely that native union is afterwards regarded. It sometimes happens, indeed, that some supervenient cause of discord may overpower the original amity, but it seems

to me more frequently thrown away with levity, or lost by negligence, than destroyed by injury or violence.

Perhaps the most comprehensive analysis of friendship would be, after all, no more than an expansion of one of the most eloquent essays ever penned—one of which constant repetition through nearly two thousand years has not prevailed to smirch the freshness, nor the changed conditions of human society to darken the significance—that part of his Epistle to the Corinthians in which St. Paul explains the attributes of charity. Our ears have become enamoured of its rhythm, which is lost in replacing the Latin word 'charity' by the more literal, yet ambiguous, English monosyllable 'love;' but indeed the sense is hardly less full if friendship be read throughout this chapter. What can be said of friendship more than that it suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Of all the pieces of political pedantry that ever have been perpetrated, none has exceeded that clause in the code of St. Just which abolished marriage as a sacrament and substituted friendship, ordaining it a public institution. Every citizen on coming of full age was to be bound to make legal declaration of his friends, and if he had none he was to suffer banishment; on the other hand, those whom he proclaimed his friends were to be held responsible for his conduct, and if he committed a crime then they were to be banished. Thus was every citizen to be placed between the devil and the deep sea: if he could announce no friendships, he would be punished; if one of those who claimed his friendship were to break the law, the punishment would fall upon himself.

Hitherto account has been taken only of friendship between man and man, and an attempt has been made to show that it is of a profound, yet delicate nature; much greater are the hazards besetting that of man and woman. The difference of sex, in itself a well-nigh insuperable hindrance to disinterested attachment between persons of nearly the same age, is accentuated in youth by difference of education, and in maturity by limitation of aim and scope. How far the first is necessary may be matter for reflection, and the last opens up a disputed field on which one may have neither the occasion nor the wish to enter. Let it be granted for the sake of peace that it is no more reasonable to forbid a woman to sit in Parliament because she is born to have children than it would be to forbid a man because he is born to have the gout. The kind of woman who shows herself aggrieved because the present laws prevent her entering Parliament or the County Council may have just cause of complaint, but in proportion as she is earnest in making it known she parts with her indefinable charm and becomes an individual with whom a man is

more likely to find himself in competition than in intimacy. The problem of friendship between them is not one that will probably arise for settlement.

Nevertheless, this exclusion, for good or ill, of women from public life, from politics and commerce—from the arena, namely, wherein men most often measure their strength—shears away, as between man and woman, a great province of employment in which the woman's interest can never be other than altruistic. Of course there is much literal truth in the apparently cynical saying that most men who enter Parliament do so to please their wives, who want to go to London. It is as true now as when Horace Walpole wrote to Horace Mann—'I revive after being in London for an hour or two like a member of Parliament's wife,' and it derives support from the well-known fact that there is a smaller proportion of bachelors in the House of Commons than in any other profession or assembly of men. In that sense, indeed, a wife's interest in her husband's occupation is not pure altruism, but then the matter under consideration is not the close fellowship which ought to and often does unite the aims of husband and wife, but the possibility of friendship between unattached men and women, and the extent to which it is interfered with by the exclusion of women from those occupations which men pursue with most ardour. Husband and wife naturally have many common material interests, it is an unnatural state of matters when they have not, and if, in addition, they share intellectual or spiritual views, so much the better; they will be bound by a closer tie.

But it is otherwise with man and woman who, though not in wedlock, feel that mutual attraction which sometimes proves strong enough between persons of the same sex to overcome the obstacles of difference in education and object in life. The difficulty of education lies on the threshold, though its force is not generally felt till after some length of acquaintance. In the early days a man and woman who suit each other will find plenty of suggestion for the exchange of thought in the outward aspect of things; the glow of summer suns, the changeful moods of Nature, the simpler impressions of art, the doings of other people, fondness for animals; but as they are longer acquainted, one or other, or both of them, will seek further into the nature of things and speculate about the hidden springs of motive, the range of understanding, the laws of the physical and spiritual world. When these are reached the friends are very apt to part company; either they take diverging paths or else one lags too far behind the other to keep up companionship.

The man, so far as he has retained anything of his schoolboy tasks, is conscious of a voice in inanimate things which finds no sympathetic echo in the woman, for from her the Greek poets have been sedulously sealed away. His deepest thoughts have a tinge of classical melancholy, which is as far as possible from the tone imparted

by a girl's education; she cannot comprehend his allusions, for indeed such sentiment is inexplicable except by common understanding, and she is apt to be shocked by the semi-paganism of such lines as these:

> Sad eyes! the blue sea laughs as heretofore,
> Ah! singing birds, your happy music pour;
> Ah! poets, leave the sordid earth awhile,
> *Fill to those ancient gods we still adore,*
> It may be we shall touch the happy isle.

The whole scheme of a boy's education (as distinct from instruction) has been laid apart from the girl's; except some recollection of arithmetic and grammar, they retain no common impression of what they have learnt; their heads have been differently handled, their thoughts run in a different mould—what wonder, then, if there is found to be a centrifugal force in their intercourse—a lack of harmony without which friendship is not?

Failing education, some help may be derived from instruction in the same subjects. It is still the case that in this country it is the rule that girls—the exception that boys—should be instructed in music. A man and woman equally accomplished in this art, and understanding music enough to be capable of thoroughly enjoying it, have a common ground on which lasting friendship may be, and often has been, established; but, failing some such convenient excuse for intercourse, the young growth is very apt to wither away because 'there is no deepness of earth.'

But there is another respect in which the training of young people of the wealthier class not only builds up a barrier between their lives, but sends the whole current of their thoughts into separate channels. From the day a boy goes to school he is aware of the existence of a certain kind of evil of which a girl never suspects the existence until she has grown up. The boy knows it is evil, but he learns also that in the eyes of the world there is no disgrace incurred if it is yielded to; that, on the contrary, public opinion condones it. It is the subject of constant conversation among the young, and often of arch allusion among older men, and thus, unless he is of peculiar constitution, it occupies a great deal of his thoughts. The finger cannot be laid on any circumstance of modern society which so completely severs the outset in life and separates the tone of mind of the two sexes. And it endures through life; for though a woman's purity is acknowledged to be beautiful and worthy of worship, it is held to be inevitable—looked for as matter of course, like the purity of a crystal. We prize it, but we do not wonder at it, for it is secured by sedulous training and the habit of watchfulness; it implies no mortal encounter with evil. But a man's purity does stir our marvel, for it means a living martyrdom. It is like a soaring Alp, now gleaming cold and wan above us, through rifts of cloud, and anon glistening far, very far off, on the sunlit horizon.

What wonder, then, if lives thus set moving upon different planes and fenced off by different social codes of morality, should very rarely link themselves in the golden band of friendship? The chances against this happening would probably not be lessened by the plan advocated by some people of letting women compete with men in the professions. There is some truth in the French philosopher's observation: 'Les femmes doivent la moitié de leur supériorité à cet avantage de n'avoir point de profession.'

But it must be admitted that one great difficulty in the way of friendship between man and woman would be got over if women took part in the business of the law, politics, and commerce. A recent decision of the Geographical Society, whereby women were excluded from Fellowships in that learned body, does not point to any innovation in this respect, or to a state of things in which the two sexes would meet in natural intercourse day by day. As matters stand now, in order to cultivate friendship with a woman, a man has to make special arrangements to meet her—at least they would be called arrangements if they were made with another man, but being made with a woman they are spitefully classed as assignations—a term of sinister meaning, 'One must often consider,' said Helps, 'not what the wise think, but what the foolish will say.'

It is only fair to admit, however, that the wise and foolish would very likely come to the same conclusion in this matter—namely, that in attempting to lay the foundations of friendship by these means, a man and woman stand in imminent peril of a far more serious state of affairs. A woman's beauty is, after all, the most formidable of all barriers to disinterested friendship.

> Beauty, my lord, 'tis the worst part of woman,
> A poor weak thing, assaulted every hour
> By creeping minutes of defacing time;
> A superficies, which each breath of care
> Blasts off, and every humorous stream of grief
> Washeth away as rain doth winter snow.

When love comes in at the door, friendship flies out of the window, and seldom finds its way back. Not often from the ashes of a dead love will the phœnix of friendship arise; commonly the only form that stirs there is the pale brooding ghost of departed bliss—the only sound that moves, the sigh of shattered faith. 'Nay but,' says one, 'there are many instances in disproof of that. Take Madame Récamier, for instance; did she not turn many of her lovers into friends, and did they not live for years in perfect amity?' Well, she *claimed* to have done so, but it is difficult to believe that she did not feed their attachment with thin, delusive hopes. It costs so little effort to send a tender glance from eyes so eloquent as hers; and though *la belle Juliette* affected to ignore the source of her power, none knew better than she that it lay in her beauty. She

inadvertently betrayed that, when, one day in her declining years, somebody complimented her on retaining her good looks so long :—

> Oh, ma chère amie (she said), il n'y a plus d'illusion à se faire. Du jour où j'ai vu que les petits Savoyards dans la rue ne se retournaient plus, j'ai compris que tout était fini.

Madame Récamier—beautiful, accomplished, gentle and sympathetic, was absolutely passionless,[2] but had a never-resting desire to please. Witness her behaviour with Prince Augustus of Prussia, nephew of Frederick the Great, during his imprisonment at Geneva in 1807. He was then nine-and-twenty. Fourteen years previously she had entered into the ghost of a marriage with a man twenty-seven years older than herself, and they had never thereafter lived together as husband and wife. For three months she permitted the Prince to pay ardent court to her, and at length yielded so far as to write and ask her husband's consent to a divorce in order that she might marry her lover. And then when this husband, who had never suffered his marriage to interfere with his business, his pleasures, his punctual attendance at the incessant guillotine orgies of the Reign of Terror, a husband who had exercised none of a husband's rights or duties, whom she had not seen for years—when this nominal husband wrote a cold assent, coupled with a whining remonstrance on the ground of his own kindness to her as a child, and reminding her that it was her own susceptibilities and repugnance that had prevented him making their marriage indissoluble, and caused the peculiar nature of the relations between them, she drew back in terror from the only course which could have brought happiness to the Prince and honour to herself, and at last, after keeping him in suspense for more than a year, wrote him a letter intended to extinguish his hope.[3]

[2] 'Tandis que la femme aimée, au cœur pudique, confiante et sans désir, est assez comblée de voir à côté d'elle son ami, de lui abandonner au plus sa main pour un instant, et de le traiter comme une sœur, sa sœur chérie, l'homme, fut-il doué du ciel comme Abel ou Jean, souffre inévitablement en secret de sa position incomplète et fausse ; il se sent blessé dans sa nature secondaire, sourdement grondante, agressive ; les moments en apparence les plus harmonieux lui deviennent vite une douleur, un péril, une honte ; de là les retours irrités et cruels.'—*Volupté* : Sainte-Beuve.

[3] 'Le Prince Auguste, bourrelé d'inquiétudes, tomba malade ; une affection grave, la rougeole, le mit dans un grand danger. Madame Récamier, de son côté, revenue dans sa famille, pesait avec plus de sang-froid et une raison plus libre toutes les chances, toutes les séductions, tous les inconvénients de l'avenir qui lui était offert. Pénétrée de la plus profonde reconnaissance pour la loyale tendresse et le dévouement du Prince Auguste, elle sentait bien, en sondant son propre cœur, qu'elle ne répondrait qu'imparfaitement à l'ardeur des sentiments qu'elle inspirait, et sa délicatesse se troublait à la pensée d'accepter un aussi considérable sacrifice d'un homme auquel elle ne rendrait pas en échange un attachement égal au sien. Ses scrupules religieux, que le langage d'une passion profonde ne faisait point taire en présence du prince, s'étaient fortifiés par la réflexion ; l'effet de la rupture de son mariage sur le public l'épouvantait, et l'idée de quitter à jamais son pays ne lui causait pas moins d'effroi. Elle écrivit donc au Prince Auguste une lettre qui devait lui ôter toute espérance.' *Souvenirs et Correspondance de Madame Récamier*, i. 145.

There is something almost forbidding in the cool calculation with which she counted the debit and credit of the Prince's proposal. One is not disposed to judge a woman harshly in the matter of flirtation—when the account comes to be reckoned up between the two sexes, there will be found a heavy balance of reparation due by man—but the history of these spring months at Geneva is not pleasant reading; one watches this pair in their daily excursions along the shores of the lake, or floating on its limpid waters, one of them paying the tribute of a warm, generous nature, the other content to receive it, but unready to give anything in exchange. The story goes on too long not to have a different ending; it cannot be right that a noble nature should be encouraged to prostrate itself so entirely before another, and be cheated of its legitimate reward.

Madame Récamier was incapable of love, and, graceful figure though she be, moving among the blood-steeped personalities of that woful time, she is too careful in preserving her balance, too little forgetful of herself, to suffer us to dwell affectionately on her memory.[4] David's portrait has faithfully preserved that charm which drew so many men towards her, but it would move us more deeply if we knew that she had lived for another rather than for herself.

Nevertheless there is another and a nobler aspect of this woman's character and conduct—a judgment on her motives under which, though her treatment of Prince Augustus cannot be condoned, it appears in painful contrast with her usual integrity. It is clear that she wished to form with the men whom her beauty brought to her feet—with Ballanche, the Montmorencis, Chateaubriand, and others—a durable friendship, over which the clouds of passion should cast no shade, to breathe with them a rarer atmosphere than masculine nature can commonly endure. Ballanche, in one of his early letters to Madame Récamier, showed that he had penetrated the secret of her relations with his own sex:—

> Vous étiez primitivement une Antigone, dont on a voulu, à toute force, faire une Armide. On y a mal réussi: nul ne peut mentir à sa propre nature.

Not the less keen was the anguish she inflicted on those men than if she had been a heartless coquette. She was an old woman when Chateaubriand moaned in language far more sincere than compliment:—

> Gardez-vous bien mon souvenir. Je n'ai qu'un seul espoir gravé dans mon cœur —c'est de vous revoir.

[4] 'Je poserai donc la question, ou plutôt elle se pose d'elle-même malgré moi pour Madame Récamier, et pour elle comme pour Madame de Maintenon, comme pour Madame de Sévigné (la Madame de Sévigné non encore mère); je répondrai hardiment: *Non*. Non, elle n'a jamais aimé de passion et de flamme; mais cet immense besoin d'aimer que porte en elle toute âme tendre se changeait pour elle en un infini besoin de plaire, ou mieux d'être aimée, et en une volonté active, en un fervent désir de payer tout cela en bonté.'—Sainte-Beuve.

So it is probably just to credit Madame Récamier with a degree of success in an attempt, which many others have tried ineffectually, to convert lovers into friends—an attempt which is far less hopeful when the passion has been mutual. When one of a pair of lovers grows cold, the other feels the solid earth melt away beneath his feet. Confidence, as essential to friendship as it is inseparable from love, is utterly destroyed for the time, and it is rare indeed that the temper of the discarded one is so plastic as to admit of its restoration. Let it be supposed that it is the woman who has changed; like Madame Récamier she may wish to retain her old lover as a friend, but how great are the difficulties to be surmounted—how rarely is it possible for the pair to settle down into new relations! Even if she has not deserted him for another, the man's confidence has sustained a shock which most often proves a death-blow. There seems to be no foothold for trust, no material left out of which to construct friendship. His sorely wounded vanity also embitters him; for a man is a sensitive vain animal, and it testifies strangely to the peculiar nature of his anity that you shall hardly find a man with so mean a body or so exalted a mind, that he will prefer that a woman should distinguish him more for his mental than his physical qualities. There is no man, in short, who, being in love and therefore anxious to appear at his best, will not be at greater pains to conceal his baldness than display his intellectual powers. Yet it is rare for an Englishwoman to consider a man's person as anything more important than an envelope for the mind.

On the whole, however, it is perhaps more often the one who has been deceived than the deceiver who will remain most anxious to make friends.

> Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
> But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.

The discarded one will be only too ready for reconciliation, for hope dies hard, and it is long before he can persuade himself that things may not be again as they have been before.

But we are insensibly being drawn into a dissertation on love, which only concerns our present purpose in so far as it affects the prospects of friendship.

Happy are they (and they are many) whom circumstances have allowed to slip imperceptibly from the relation of lovers into that of friends, to whom sadness only comes from the thought expressed by Hartley Coleridge:—

> We only meet on earth
> That we may know how sad it is to part.

Man cannot enjoy supreme happiness here without running the terrible risk of surviving it. 'It is a hazardous kind of happiness,' Mr. Andrew Lang has written, 'that attends great affection. Your

capital is always at the mercy of failures, of death, of jealousy, of estrangement.'

Circumstances may prove too strong for us, and we may lose that which we rightly prize most highly. But let us not earn the bitterness of losing it through neglect of the simple means which tend to secure it, for that is what brings some of us to long to pass a sponge over the record: ay, or to lay a cloth wet with tears so closely over the features of the past that it shall never breathe again. Yet we cannot afford to look no more on the departed: we shall never see the like of it again here below.

Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more;
No after friendships e'er can raise
The endearments of our early days.

If we were to forget them, what sweetness would be left in life? We profess our belief in a Sun of Righteousness, but all that is known of the sunrise to many of us in this murk valley of the Shadow of Death is the brightness reflected from the faces of those who have reached a higher standing than it seems possible for us ever to do.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

'LA JEUNE BELGIQUE

LITERARY Paris has of late been distraught, and is indeed still seriously exercised, by the real or imaginary hurt to French literature from the so-called *invasion des barbares.*

With one accord—since the recent effervescence concerning the fantastic cult of Walt Whitman by a band of young writers, who would not read the American poet if they could, and know him only by a few haphazard translations—the foe has been indicated in the north-east: *l'ennemi, c'est le Belge!*

The storm has been brewing for some time: practically, since the inauguration of the new literary movement in Belgium which began about 1880. A year or two ago it seemed as though this storm were about to pass into halcyon weather, for the ear of literary Paris was charmed by the praises of M. Octave Mirbeau for a young Belgian writer, one Maurice Maeterlinck. But the inevitable revolt came. It might have been postponed, had not Maeterlinck's dramas been enacted on the Parisian stage. The literary Parisian can stand much in the way of novelty, but he is as sensitive to dramatic proprieties as a young widow to the attitude of men. The 'wrath of Lutece' has come forth to challenge and vanquish Belgian assurance. The Belgic national ideal is crucified in the martyred reputation of M. Maeterlinck. A year or two ago this representative Franco-Fleming was a hero in Paris. He was credited with more of the deep world-sorrow than the author of *Hamlet*: he had more romance than the author of *Romeo and Juliet.* Now he is a barbarian, a foreigner, a Teutonic dreamer, a tiresome person whose chosen tongue happens to be French, but whose mind is Flemish, whose manner is Walloon: a mediocrity, and—for there is depth beneath depth—a Belgian mediocrity!

The actual aspect of what François Coppée calls *la maladie septentrionale,* however, is surely indicative of a condition of temporary disturbance merely. 'L'exotisme c'est tout-à-l'heure une curiosité normale et fortifiante.'

'Après Tolstoï, Ibsen: après Ibsen, Strindberg: après Strindberg, Maeterlinck'—this is the dolorous refrain of that literary protestant, M. Pessard. The polemic indulged in by him and his more eminent

confrères, MM. François Coppée, Lemaître, Theuriet, Barrès, and Francisque Sarcey against M. Maeterlinck is in reality directed against the restlessly alert, active, even revolutionary band of young writers known, more or less appropriately, by the collective designation *la jeune Belgique.*

An influential band of Belgic writers exists, then? To many the information will doubtless have the attraction of novelty. We have all heard of Maurice Maeterlinck: a few know that one of the most remarkable of living realists, Georges Eekhoud, writes now in Flemish, now in French, but always in passionate accord with the racial and national Belgic sentiment. Of the rest, most of us know nothing. The name of the late Emile de Laveleye is familiar, but as that of a publicist or occasional critic, not as that of a man of letters in the strict use of the term.

For more than a decade, as it happens, an interesting and highly significant literary movement has evolved in Belgium. This renaissance, for such it is, is quite distinct from the slowly waning Flemish literary revival which took on a new vitality about the time of the Franco-German conflict; and, on the other hand, from the somewhat insipid 'French tradition,' which has the actual or partly imaginary status of official and conservative recognition.

This movement, be it noted, arose under conditions and in circumstances practically similar to those which determined in France the foundation of the famous *Parnasse* of 1866. The aim of the Belgic, as of the French Parnassiens was, in the words of one of the most noteworthy, not to create a particular poetic school, but to bring about a reaction against literary ignorance, disorder, and general backbonelessness (*amorphisme ambiant*): not to open a little private chapel, but to clear and garnish afresh 'la grande église où règnent la religion désintéressée de l'art et le respect de la forme.'[1] This brotherhood of a *Parnasse belgique* has naturally had its schisms and defections. Its latest apologist, M. Gilkin, admits this; but he adds that since 1887 (when *La Parnasse de la Jeune Belgique* was published) the group of new men has remained almost intact, and is proud of having maintained steadfastly the demands of the fundamental laws of French poetry without hurt to, or transformation of, those particular aspects and methods of thought and sentiment characteristic of every patriotic Belgian—the legacy of his race, of his northern climate, and of that political condition which has given his country an intermediate situation between the most powerful,

[1] Once more, alack, the inability to see ourselves as others see us. Thus, M. Jules Lemaître (writing in 1885): 'Bien plus, je crois que l'ignorance de beaucoup de jeunes écrivains est une des causes de leur originalité—je le dis sans raillerie. . . . Ce sont en réalité des primitifs, des sauvages—mais des sauvages à la fin d'une vieille civilisation et avec des nerfs très délicats.'

as well as the most occidental, of the Latin peoples, and the most potent of the Germanic races.

The Belgians claim that they are producing a national literature. Many influential French critics refuse to acknowledge this Belgic literary output as anything more than the transfrontier radiation of the central luminary. Other and not less trustworthy students declare that, meanwhile, Belgic literature is a dependent ally (still, an ally, not lineal progeny), and that ere long it will probably become as distinctly and recognisably national as is possible for any literature expressed in a language which is its own by adoption only or through complex accident.

To one who has closely studied the whole movement in its intimate and extra-national bearings, as well as in its individual manifestations and aberrations, its particular and collective achievement in the several literary *genres*, there is no question as to the radical distinction between Belgic and French literature. Whether there be a great future for the first is almost entirely dependent on the concurrent political condition of Belgium. If Germany were to appropriate the country, it is almost certain that only the Flemish spirit would retain its independent vitality, and even that probably only for a generation or two. But if Belgium were absorbed by France, Brussels would almost immediately become as insignificant a literary centre as is Lyons or Bordeaux, or be, at most, not more independent of Paris than is Marseilles. Literary Belgium would be a memory within a year of the hoisting of the French tricolour from the Scheldt to Liège. Meanwhile the whole energy of 'Young Belgium' is, consciously or unconsciously, concentrated in the effort to withstand Paris.

Of course, everyone who follows the drift of continental literature knows that Belgium is, at least, above the productive level of Portugal or Greece. But, even in France, the misapprehension is too prevalent that this sudden renaissance, amid the Flemish and Walloon 'barbarians,' concurs with the advent of Maurice Maeterlinck.

The author of *La Princesse Maleine* is a man of genius. His, no doubt, is the most interesting literary personality among the many more or less interesting personalities of 'Young Belgium.' But he is not (*pace* M. Octave Mirbeau) a Belgic Shakespeare; he is not, in his dramatic method, the absolute innovator he has been represented to be; and he is not the chief poet, or even one of the leading poets, of his country. In a word, he is one of a group, and is himself, as a literary force, as directly the outcome of circumstances as the group to which he adheres is the natural result of the causes which induced a Belgic renaissance.

No doubt, an adequate account of this renaissance would have to comprise the Flemish as well as the Walloon and Gallic aims and accomplishment. It is impracticable, naturally, to attempt even an

outline of such an account in the present article. We must consider Belgic literature 'd'expression française' posterior to its inoculation with its most fortunate strain, that which the critics call *le flandricisme.*

We all know the national motto of Belgium: 'Union is strength.' The ablest writers of the Franco-Flemish Netherlands recognised its aptness. There was no room for a national Flemish literature, nor yet could the Franco-Belgians hold their own against Gallic influences without alliance, and, indeed, practical identification with, the patriotic sons of Flanders. Fusion had already gone far; the new movement had begun, when, in 1881, Henri Conscience, at the end of his notable speech before the Royal Academy of Belgium, on the 'Histoire et Tendances de la Littérature Flamande,' concluded with those significant, often quoted, and, to a Belgian, inspiring words—

Flamands, Wallons,
Ce ne sont là que des prénoms:
Belge est notre nom de famille!

This was a note often sounded, but not listened to, throughout the country, from the Dutch Scheldt to the French Meuse, till Henri Conscience uttered it with an earnestness which, coming from him, carried conviction. So far back as five and forty years ago the Flemish poet Nolet de Brauwere urged the same plea: 'Let us all put our lutes into one accord, and dedicate our music to our native land—the native land of each of us, whether Walloon or Fleming!'

No movement of vital importance is ever made. It must grow. The men must be in evidence before they congregate in a league, as there must be natural leaders in a mob or an army before manifold causes bring the needed men to the front. Thus was it with 'la jeune Belgique' of the *Parnasse* of 1887, the 'Young Belgium' which looks to Henri Conscience and Picard with reverence, but whose aims are inspired, whose minds are influenced, whose language is coloured, by a passionate modernity which has little heed for what is of the past in point of manner and selection. The designation had been bandied about a good deal—had indeed been used as the name of a periodical—but was not of national import till the publication, in 1887, of *La Parnasse des Poëtes Belges*, the *pronunciamiento* by the band of writers who had definitively adopted the signal appellation 'la jeune Belgique' and the implied motto *Pro Arte.*

The movement, as we now know it, may be said to begin—in so far as any complicated literary development can be said to begin in any one year, or through the propulsion of any one writer—with a significant little volume of verse published in 1876: M. Théodore Hannon's *Vingt-quatre Coups de Sonnets.* This is where we first hear definitely the new note. It is the note of Parnassien modernity—a note of revolt, of a revolt as distinct from the cheap

cynicism of the Byronic school as from the purely intellectual pessimism which has long been the vogue in Germany: of a reversion to the old monkish doctrine that we are all, men and women, thoroughly given over to the Devil, and that no good thing can come out of modern life (with a paradoxical harping upon its carnal delights which savours of sympathetic enjoyment rather than of reprobation); and of conviction that not to be neurotic is to be outside the pale of endurable existence, and that to be a contented bourgeois is to be thrice damned. With this 'modern note' there is always aspiration: too often, however, we find the aspiration, here among these young Belgians as elsewhere, somewhat *passée*, not to say got up for the occasion. Not quite infrequently, I admit, I have been reminded of a sentence of Mr. Richard Whiteing's in his witty and charming romance *The Island: the Adventures of a Person of Quality*: 'The great mark of all progressive nations is that struggle of each man to make some other do his dirty work for him, which is commonly known as aspiration for the higher life.'

But the modern note in its wider and finer sense is also to be discerned among the Belgian authors even of the elder generation. We find it markedly in Charles de Coster, for instances: an eminent writer with whose death in 1879 the old *régime* gave place to the new, though not rudely or abruptly, as all Belgium had, in more or less degree, been wrought preparedly by the genuine power and new spirit in *Légendes Flamandes* (1857), *Contes Brabançons* (1861), and particularly in his now famous *chef-d'œuvre*, *La Légende d'Ulenspiegel* (1868). This note is likewise audible, it goes almost without saying, in the work of Henri Conscience. But with these exceptions the Belgium phalanx, before 1880, was not a formidable one. No one now reads Desmoulin or Baillet, Gillion or Nizet, or even Maurice Duchastel. So slightly were the new men recognised, that in 1880 an eminent critic spoke of Charles Potvin as 'our best living poet'—Potvin, an able and conscientious *littérateur*, but certainly no master of words either in prose or verse. Even then certain writers had struck an unmistakable note. Even then the strong spirits of the elder and younger generation were knocking loudly at the door; and Edmond Picard, Georges Eekhoud, Max Waller, Camille Lemonnier, Georges Rodenbach, Emile Verhaeren, Charles Van Lerberghe, Fernand Severin, and others of scarce less note, had actually crossed the threshold.

'Young Belgium' was fortunate in the friends it won or who voluntarily welcomed it with gladly proffered aid. To two men in particular the writers of to-day owe a deep debt—to the veteran Edmond Picard, for his own able work in some degree, still more for his critical proclamations collectively entitled *Pro Artê*; and, above all, for his incessant heed and ready advice, for that sympathy and helpfulness which have won for him the appellation 'the Belgic Mæcenas';

and to the late Maurice Warlomont ('Max Waller'), the generally recognised founder of *La Jeune Belgique* as we know it to-day, a man of singular charm, ability, and influence.

Even in Brussels (in the words of a satirical critic), one might, in 1883, have heard of the existence of the league of *les Jeunes*. The movement was then in full swing, the wave bearing on its crest, among others, Picard, and Max Waller, Lemonnier, and Verhaeren, and Eekhoud. With the foundation of the now rare periodical *La Pléiade*,[2] and its more robust confrère *La Jeune Belgique*, this movement had at last become a recognised factor. Of course absolute solidarity was not to be expected. In 1886, Camille Lemonnier went to Paris, there to begin anew a brilliant career with *Happe-Chair*, the *Germinal* of Belgium, as it has been called. There, moreover, were already domiciled Georges Rodenbach (a Franco-Flemish poet and novelist of genuine talent lost in Paris journalism), the well-known J. K. Huysmans, Léopold Stapleaux, and G. Vautier. Other and more serious schisms or departures took place, but the essential solidarity of the movement, more particularly in poetic literature, became evident by the highly significant and important *Parnasse de la Jeune Belgique*, published, as already stated, in 1889. Thereafter it was no longer seemly even for the most adverse critics to deny that Belgium had at last produced a literature to which it might make a fair claim as distinctively its own.

To return to the beginning of the movement. Since what Belgian historians call their romantic epoch, the generation younger than that just on the wane at the time of the Franco-Prussian war knew only five native authors of whom it could be proud—Charles de Coster, Henri Conscience, Camille Lemonnier, Octave Pirmez, and André Van Hasselt. Of these only the third was in 'war-paint' towards the end of the seventh decade of the century.

To found and carry on, in the front of organised opposition and contumely, official sneers, irresponsible enmity, and, for a time, the profound public apathy, a periodical entitled *La Jeune Belgique*, with a programme obnoxious to the great majority of possible readers, and a staff composed of writers either wholly unfamiliar or known mainly by disrepute, was a creditable as well as a hazardous undertaking. To Max Waller, as Maurice Warlomont to the last preferred to be designated, this high credit is due. At his call to arms he was joined at once by such brilliant lieutenants as Eekhoud, Albert Giraud, Emile Verhaeren, Iwan Gilkin; later by almost every poet and romancist who has made any reputation whatever. To colourless verse, to effete or anæmic prose, this phalanx, recruited and led by

[2] Not to be confounded with *La Pléiade* published in Paris; though in that still rarer periodical, I may add, Maeterlinck (then content to sign his Flemish baptismal name, Mooris), and I believe also Van Lerberghe, Grégoire Le Roy, and perhaps Ephraim Mikhael, made each his *début* in literature.

Max Waller, responded, says a necrologist of M. Warlomont—'par des vers puissants et des proses pleines d'exubérance, de santé et de vie.'

Max Waller will always hold a high place in the history of modern Belgian literature. But he will hold it as a pioneer. In a sense he is a captain of a new departure; as Dryden was in England, as Chateaubriand was in France, as Gogol was in Russia. But he was neither a Gogol, a Chateaubriand, nor a Dryden. Meanwhile it is natural his countrymen should be kindly in their praise of his work. What he has left will not, however, survive, save for the student. When the personal tradition of the man is no longer extant he will have ceased to be remembered by *Daisy*, *Lysiane de Lysias*, or *Greta Friedmann*, or even by his earlier and most notable prose book *La Vie Bête*, and possibly not even by his charming volume of verse, *Airs de Flûte*, or *Flûte à Siebel* as it came to be called.

That was a goodly assertion that the verse and prose of the younger men was full of exuberance, of health, and of life. Obviously, however, there are differences of opinion as to the true definition or the proper significance of these abstractions.

The two most 'Parnassien of the Parnassiens' are Théodore Hannon and Iwan Gilkin. Both, moreover, are fond of insisting on exuberance (joy), health (joyous living), and life (more or less unconventional experience). One of them, indeed, wrote the eulogium of Max Waller's 'phalanx.' Let us glance at the poetry of these young Davids.

M. Hannon followed his *Vingt-quatre Coups de Sonnets* with his remarkable *Rimes de Joie*. This collection of verse won for him at a later date such designations as 'the Belgian Laforgue,' 'the Belgian Rimbaud,' and even 'the Belgian Verlaine.' But M. Hannon is not a supreme artist in words, nor has he either the poignant personal note of the poet of *Les Illuminations* or the marked individuality of the author of *Moralités Légendaires*. A nicer estimate would be one that ranked him a brilliant apprentice to the great poet of *Les Fleurs du Mal*. Baudelaire, indeed, is the paramount influence in the moulding of the collective poetic genius of Young Belgium. Even in one point where some of our not too widely-read younger critics attribute novelty to the productions of certain of the newer French and Spanish poets, to the Dutch 'sensitists,' and to one or two English imitators—the use of colour-words to convey particular emotions or conditions—even here the new note, clear and mellow, was sounded by Baudelaire. This impeccable artist, who so invariably adopted 'des adjectifs avec préméditation,' has anticipated René Ghil and a host of others in, for instance, these lines, at once so lovely and so significant:

> Il est des parfums frais comme des chairs d'enfants,
> Doux comme les hautbois, verts comme les prairies.
> Les parfums, les couleurs, et les sons se répondent.

By *Rimes de Joie*, M. Hannon must not be taken as indicating 'Songs of Joy.' 'Joie' with him has the significance of the word in another collocation—'fille de joie.' His rhymes are of the gaiety, the sensuous seduction, the animal appeal, in a sense the spiritual allure, of the life which is of the flesh, of the earth earthy. He is in this respect but the emphasised type of his kindred among 'les jeunes.' 'O! Femme, Femme! toi qui fais l'humanité monomane!' cries Jules Laforgue in his *Moralités Légendaires*. And to a veritable obsession by 'the eternal feminine' is due the most striking work of Hannon, Gilkin, and other *fin-de-siècle* poets of Belgium; as, indeed, of the painter-etcher, Félicien Rops, and others of his kindred. This vision of animal womanhood dominates the imagination of these latter-day 'barbares précieux.' For *le Nu* they have substituted *le Dénudé*. Woman is a 'blanche chatte humaine' for M. Van Beers: something between 'une ange perdue et une fouine' for M. Rops: a seductive aspect of damnation for M. Gilkin: an expensive vice for M. Hannon: for one or two a wandering voice from a lost land; for others a consuming or a paralysing breath—'la voix féminine arrivée au fond des volcans et des grottes arctiques.'[3]

M. Huysmans is an acute and subtle critic. He deserves attention, therefore, when he writes so emphatically as he does in his prefatory note to the second (1881) edition of *Rimes de Joie*. Théodore Hannon has in his work, he says, 'une saveur particulière, un goût de terroir flamand, compliqué d'un arôme très-fin de nervisme.' So far, so good. A glance will satisfy anyone as to the actuality of a particular savour in *Rimes de Joie*, though some will define it otherwise than as a delicate aroma. Again, the poet displays an extraordinary 'sollicitude inquiète pour les raffinements mondains.' True, he certainly does.

> En résumé, malgré ses quelques cahots de rimes et ses quelques emberlificotis de phrases, le volume est, en attendant les œuvres réalistes plus larges, plus fortes, conçues d'après un procédé que j'ignore encore, l'un des recueils de vers les plus intéressants qui aient paru depuis des années. . . . Par là, les *Rimes de Joie* se rattachent, comme une amusante fantaisie, au grand mouvement de naturalisme.

This was written in the autumn of 1879; it would be interesting to know what M. Huysmans would say by way of confirmation or modification in this autumn of 1893. A 'proud hosannah of the flesh' ('la chair féminine,' needless to say) goes through this notable contribution 'to the great movement of Naturalism.'

The Port Mignon of this poet has little in common with the Bimini of the dreamers.[4] It is probably one of those havens referred to by Ben Jonson—'the ports of Death are sins.' M. Huysmans reserves his highest praise for the poem entitled 'Opoponax.' It opens,

[3] A. Rimbaud, *Barbare*.

[4] '. . . Port Mignon,
Où mes désirs ont jeté l'ancre.'

according to him, with 'une fanfare triomphale du cornet, peu à peu l'orchestre entier s'allume et soutient du beau fracas de ces timbales et de ces cuivres, l'hymne qui s'élance, chantant les vertus libertines du glorieux parfum.' This hath a sound of nonsense. The masterpiece in question opens thus—

Opoponax! nom très bizarre,
Et parfum plus bizarre encor?
Opoponax, le son du cor
Est pâle auprès de ta fanfare!

The whole poem—as 'Les Litanies de l'Absinthe,' and others of the kind—is an exposition of Baudelaire's text, 'Les parfums, les couleurs, et les sons se répondent.' The reader will find it, if he will —in company with eight or nine companion pieces—in the *Parnasse de la Jeune Belgique.* He can there enjoy its 'abracadabrant arôme' to the full. 'D'autres morceaux suivent, d'une maladie vraiment réjouissante, entr'autres, le "Maquillage," cet extraordinaire hosannah, célébrant le charme dolent des épidermes fanés.' But as a matter of fact one has soon too much of this 'charme,' whether 'dolent' or 'abracadabrant' (whatever that may mean). There are lines which even M. Huysmans qualifies as of 'une corruption troublante.'

The most famous thing in the book, however—a couplet that spread throughout Belgium and France with the venomous rapidity of cholera-morbus—occurs as the conclusion of a poem called 'Grisaille':—

Amour, Amour, on t'a bien dit
Un contact coûteux d'épidermes.

Probably the cynicism of depravity has never gone beyond this. Whoever M. Hannon's *Musa Consolatrix* may be, she is certainly worthy of his lines to 'une vierge Byzantine'—

Certe elle est plus originale
Que virginale.

It is true that in this poet's best work there is an exquisite art. 'Chinoiserie' has a grace and remote charm that makes it worthy of comparison with the masterpieces in *Emaux et Camées.* But from first to last the *Rimes de Joie* are obtrusively salacious. They may be, like the body of the lady in 'Maigreurs,' 'séduisant comme un sonnet:' but—well, there are sonnets and sonnets. It is to be feared that M. Hannon, though not, I hope, one of his drear company of 'buveurs de phosphore' or even a practical devotee of that absinthe whose praises he sings so ecstatically, has imbibed a perilous draught from that intoxicating stream whereby stands Woman with one hand pointing to (vide *Les Illuminations*) the flaming volcanoes, and with the other to arctic caverns.

If, as some have fancied, each of us (though for the present let us confine ourselves to saying 'each poet') has a 'double' somewhere

in the wide world, M. Iwan Gilkin might be taken to be the counterpart of the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*. His pessimism is not less profound. But he is a *fin de siècle* Belgian, and James Thomson was only a British poet who found dissipation too like unto masked tragedy to treat of it save with a deep if dramatically disguised horror. M. Iwan Gilkin is, of all the *décadents*, French or Belgian, the most sombre in his imaginings. Even in his titles he is more suggestive of Poe than of a singer of the joy of life. His first and in some respects his most remarkable book is called *La Damnation de l'Artiste*: his second *Ténèbres*. These young poets are either very conscious of the rare quality of their work, or are profoundly suspicious of the reluctance of their countrymen to part with their francs for 'the immortal beauty of the flawless line;' for M. Iwan Gilkin deserts the usual 3 francs 50 centimes for the impressive 15 francs; M. Emile Verhaeren asks 12 francs for his *Flambeaux Noirs* or his *Débâcles*; and M. Grégoire Le Roy expects the more modest sum of 10 francs for his exposition of how *Mon cœur pleure d'autrefois*.

M. Gilkin might have chosen the following sentence from Guy de Maupassant's 'L'Endormeuse' as the motto of his books: 'J'ai senti l'infamie trompeuse de la vie, comme personne plus que moi ne l'a sentie.' It is regrettable that his vision is often so perverted, his sentiment so morbid, his determination to be gloomy and despairing and generally 'tenebrious' so obvious; for with all his shortcomings he is a poet of genuine power and even (on his restricted highest level) of distinction. He is too much addicted—in the ironical words of M. Brunetière in his article on 'Le Symbolisme Contemporain' (in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for April 1891)—to 'l'instrumentation d'un rhythme polymorphe, allié d'un verbe ondulatoire.' But he has a high sense of style, and, while himself possessor of a style, occasionally attains style. 'Il se passionne pour la passion.' He is in love with Beauty. He vibrates to the joy of life—

O bonté de la vie! O santé du soleil!

'Come unto me,' he cries in his ecstasy, 'come unto me, all ye who are young and athirst for beautiful life, and I will lead you by sweet ways aflower with the breaths of lovers' kisses': 'Laissez venir . . . laissez venir à moi les beaux adolescents.' It is strange after this, or after such a solemn adjuration as this verse from his strange and impressive 'Litanies'—

Surnaturelle, calme et puissante Beauté,
Fontaine de santé, miroir d'étrangeté,
Ecoutez-moi!

—to find our minister of Apollo stoop to such obscure vision and dull satiety of belief as in the following (and it must be admitted equally typical) sonnet-octave :—

Dans la rue, au théâtre, au bal, je décompose
Les visages. Toujours j'y retrouve le mal,
Qui sous les teints cuivrés, la graisse ou la chlorose,
Découpe en grimaçant un profil d'animal.

La brute qui végète au fond de l'âme impose
Au galbe lentement son rictus bestial.
L'être humain se dissout et se métamorphose
En chien, en bouc, en porc, en hyène, en chacal.

Alas! can it be that the wanderer by the halcyon 'royaume en fleur des baisers éternels,' the ecstatic poet from whose lips we heard 'O bonté de la vie! O santé du Soleil!' can see nothing in humanity but irredeemable evil, must view each face of man or woman as 'un profil d'animal,' and can find no more generous category for his fellows than that comprising the dog, the goat, the pig, the hyena, and the jackal! Which is *the* Iwan Gilkin: the poet of life and beauty, or the poet of decay and corruption? One, surely, must be sincere; the other insincere, or perversely wrought to accept mirage for reality. For this gloom of his is no lovely melancholy, that shadow of life, of joy, of beauty. It is a vision of the corruptible seen across miasma. But the author of *Ténèbres* is of the uplands by grace of his best gift: why should he make himself one with the newt and the blindworm?

M. Gilkin is fairly well represented in the *Parnasse de la Jeune Belgique*. Even in these few poems the reader will encounter many of those sonorous lines which give this young poet an almost Marlowe-like distinction—

La nuit, sur le zénith, débout comme un héraut.

Lumineusement roule une lune coupée
Dans le silence noir et la terreur de l'air.

Est-ce l'ange sonnant la trompette de fer?
Beuglant sur la cité sa clameur rauque et morne?

From first to last there is unmistakably something of 'le gout de terroir flamand.' It is no French poet

Of the clear glow divine,
The flawless sunlit line,

but the countryman of Van Lerberghe and Maeterlinck, who cries in his dolorous 'Rime de rêve malheureux'—

En toi j'adore, enfant des sinistres Destins,
L'Horreur fascinatrice et la Bizarrerie.

It is regrettable, however, that the anthology in question does not include some of the finer poems, as, for example, 'Israfel' (from *La Damnation de l'Artiste*), ''mid the high amber and ebony palaces of heaven.'

To neither M. Hannon nor M. Gilkin, I am afraid, could their most enthusiastic eulogists apply what an indignant French apologist exclaimed on behalf of a 'martyr's' work, 'Il n'y a pas là de quoi faire rougir une épicière, ou pâlir un gendarme.' Truth to tell, much of

this maladroit handling of salacious themes is altogether remote from a purely artistic passion for the beautiful in any guise. Too often it is mere vulgarity. In a sense the most regrettable thing is not the vulgarity, but the authors' ignorance that they are dismounted from Pegasus and are standing in the mire. Good for both the poets just named, and for so many other of their confrères, would be a breath of that 'élan génial'—in the words of Erastène Ramiro—'cet élan génial, qui chasse, comme un vent irrésistible, les scories des impressions vulgaires.'

M. Iwan Gilkin, however, was hardly one of the inaugurators of the new movement. Before 1880 Rodenbach had published his (surely mediocre) *Tristesses* and other volumes, Eekhoud his sole collection of verse, *Myrtes et Cyprès*, and other books. Strangely enough to those who are not *au courant* with everything concerning 'La Jeune Belgique,' neither is represented in the *Parnasse*. The omission of the author of *La Jeunesse Blanche* and *Le Règne du Silence* is certainly a mistake. These books have a remote dreamy beauty, constantly reminiscent of and inspired by the old dead cities of Flanders—reflecting, as the unrippled waters of those deserted towns,

Des nuages, des tours, et de longs peupliers.

As a novelist, also, Georges Rodenbach is worthy of note. His *Art en Exil* is as unlike conventional French fiction as his most exigent Flemish compatriot could wish. But, both as poet and novelist, he is hopelessly adrift in the maelstrom of Paris journalism. As for the exclusion of Georges Eekhoud, that may be on account of the eminent novelist's not being considered as a poet at all. From this opinion no unbiassed critic could differ. Eekhoud, the Maupassant of the Low Countries, the literary historian, looms gigantic in the van of the Belgian renaissance—Eekhoud, the author of *Myrtes et Cyprès*, &c., is insignificant. The gulf is as wide as that which divides Mr. Lecky the historian from Mr. Lecky the writer in verse. But I remember at least one light and dexterous poem ('Xaviola'), of an easy grace and the happiest *insouciance* though I can recall only a stanza—one that hummed in my ears for days after I first read it:—

Si l'anecdote est légère,
Excusez-moi, très-cher frère
Jésuite, pardonnez-moi:
On était sous la Régence.
Les mœurs ont changé, je pense;
On suit mieux la sainte loi.
Mon cher frère, excusez-moi.

It is not in verse, however, but in the prose of *Kees Doorik*, *Kermesses*, *Nouvelles Kermesses*, *La Nouvelle Carthage*, *Le Cycle Patibulaire*, that one must study this powerful though gloomy writer.

The *conteurs* of Belgium are a small but really noteworthy body. After Eekhoud, let me recommend to those readers who may be unacquainted with the Belgian writers, Louis Delattre's *Contes de mon Village*, and Eugène Demolder's *Contes d'Yperdamme*. The latter is a model of its kind. Mention should also be made of the *Contes à Marjolaine* and *Les Charneux* of Georges Garnir, that 'Wallon Wallonais'; Albert Giraud's *Le Scribe*, &c., and Henry Maubel's *Quelqu'un d'aujourd'hui* and singularly charming *Miette*. There are many others, but these seem to me particularly representative. Among the several writers of that species of *conte*, or allegory, or fantasy, now generally called 'Proses-lyriques'—a *genre* cultivated among the young Belgian poets and romancists with singular success—I must mention especially M. Arnold Goffin. Excellent and suggestive as are *Delzire Moris*, *Journal d'André*, and *Maxime*, this most able writer is seen at his highest artistic attainment in the charming *contes* of his recently published *Le Fou Raisonnable*. In point of art, no living Frenchman has, in this particular *genre*, excelled this series, unless in the just published *Mîmes* of Marcel Schwob.

The alphabetical arrangement of the contributors' names in the 'Contents' of *La Parnasse de la Jeune Belgique* gives this sequence: Emile Van Arenbergh, Paul Berlier, André Fontainas, Georges Garnir, Iwan Gilkin, Valère Gille, Octave Gillion, Albert Giraud, Théodore Hannon, Paul Lamber, C. Van Lerberghe, Grégoire Le Roy, Maurice Maeterlinck, Léon Montenaeken, Fernand Severin, Lucien Solvay, Hélène Swarth, and Max Waller. The list is, as any student of Belgian literature will recognise at a glance, far from being adequately representative. Not only do we miss Rodenbach, but that Cyril Tourneur of the movement, Auguste Jenart; Fernand Baudoux, also, with his *Rhythmes vieux*; Jean Develle, author of *Les Horizons Hantés*; Maurice Desombiaux, Robert Chantrailles, Paul Dulac, Arthur Dupont, author of *L'Envol des Rêves*; Max Elskamp, the promising young poet of *Dominical* and the quaintly entitled *Salutations, dont d'Angéliques*; Itiberê da Cunha, with his *Prêludes*, with their Portuguese savour; Gustave Kahn, whose *Palais Nomades* and *Chansons d'Amant* are among the best-known books of the minor poets in France; the somewhat mythical Comte de Lautréamont, author of the most 'grovelly' book of the century, the happily rare *Chants de Maldoror* (though, indeed, *Maldoror* itself comprises nothing in verse); Charles Sluÿts, with his promising *L'Appel des Voix*; Pierre Louÿs, author of *Astarté*; Albert Mockel, whose *Chantfable un peu naïve* attracted much attention; Paul Gérardy, author of *Les Chansons Naïves*—besides many other writers of note or promise whose names I do not recall at the moment. Yes: here are two other strange omissions: though, in the instance of Henri de Regnier, I may be mistaken in attributing to him Walloon nationality—De Regnier and the late Maurice Dormal. This young poet of

Brabant, whose untimely death occurred three years ago, has often seemed to me the poetic analogue of David Gray. He resembled the Scottish youth at least in his o'er-reaching ambition, in the exquisite small remainder of really notable work, and in the tragedy of death in youth with unfulfilled hopes and aims.

Apart from those already specially alluded to, the most distinguished of the Parnassiens are Fernand Severin, Grégoire Le Roy, André Fontainas, and Albert Giraud. Of these, only the first has any suggestion of what can fairly be called genius. His *Le Lys* and *Le Don d'Enfance* contain poetry of great beauty, with an exquisite sense for nature, the more appellant because the poet does not describe but always evokes the scene, the fleeting aspect, the quintessential moment. Grégoire Le Roy's *Mon Cœur pleure d'autrefois* is full of delicate fancy and seductive phrasing, but in the overwhelming pressure of excellent poetic writing in French he cannot be singled out for special honour. Albert Giraud is probably more widely appreciated as a romancist and critic than as a poet, though a poet the author of *Hors du Siècle, Pierrot Lunaire, Pierrot Narcisse*, and *Dernières Fêtes* unquestionably is. M. Giraud is one of the sanest and surest critics of literature now writing in French. Fontainas may yet distinguish himself; Emile Verhaeren (who is so much in sympathy with, though not included in 'La Jeune Belgique') has already done so in, particularly, *Les Flambeaux Noirs* and *Les Débâcles*. Léon Montenaeken deserves mention. No Belgian has a lighter touch, a sweeter, if restricted, lilt. The following haunting little song by him has been attributed to a dozen different French poets, old and latter-day, and, if I am not mistaken, even Mr. Andrew Lang fathered it on some innocent Frenchman:—

Peu de Chose

La vie est vaine:
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine . . .
Et puis—bonjour!

La vie est brève:
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve . . .
Et puis—bon soir!

But in the *Parnasse* list there are two names of supreme importance in the history of the Belgian renaissance, though neither of commanding rank in metrical composition: Charles Van Lerberghe and Maurice Maeterlinck. To these should be added the lesser but still noteworthy name of a third exponent of the *drame intime*, Auguste Jenart: a writer whose neglect by his fellows and the Belgian public has always to me been a source of surprise.

It is disappointing to find in the poetry of two such potent literary

temperaments so little of the same distinctive quality as is readily discernible in the respective dramatic work of either. It need scarce detain us at present. I must add that I know too little of M. Van Lerberghe's uncollected verse to attempt to judge it adequately. He betrays a marked *rapprochement* to Rossetti, and to a certain extent to Poe. Most of M. Van Lerberghe's published metrical work, I assume, may be read in the *Parnasse*. It is graceful and has an individual charm in such poems as 'La Devine' and 'Un Bois Dormant': while in 'Solyane' there is an echo of that austerely impressive style which characterises his dramatic masterpiece. Maeterlinck is perhaps more natively the poet. He shows himself an unmistakable and, as yet, very limited poet in *Serres Chaudes*; he displays promise as a *conteur* in his extremely clever if fantastically archaic 'Massacre des Innocents,' 'Onirologie,' &c.; and he has won a place as a critical writer by his scholarly monograph on Ruysbroëck l'Admirable and his occasional studies of contemporary literature. But it is as an imaginative writer in rarefied prose wrought in the dramatic form that he is a new-comer of distinction, of genius, and is a literary force which has to be reckoned with. As he is represented in the *Parnasse* by about a third of his unique volume of verse, and presumably by pieces chosen by himself, he may be said to be fairly represented. Unlikely masters are suggested in these poems: poets so distinct as Walt Whitman and Edgar Poe. Without his beloved 'cygnes' and his exclamation marks Maeterlinck would be heavily handicapped. 'Swans' are now as commonplace (though apparently as inevitable) in Belgian verse as the breeze in the trees in our albums and annuals fifty years ago. It would be absolutely safe to say that no Belgian volume of poetry has appeared without 'cygnes,' 'mensonges,' 'désirs fauves,' 'mon âme pâle,' and 'femmes lascivieuses' (or other expressive epithet). 'O' is a deadly pitfall for all 'Young Belgium,' and exclamation marks should be looked at by them with the same menacing disapproval (if secret longing) as our Academical painters (of course) regard the labour-saving photograph. In one of these poems of *Serres Chaudes* alone, consisting as it does of forty-one lines, I have counted no fewer than twenty-nine terminal exclamation marks. In the same poem, three lines begin with 'Oh,' six with 'À,' and nineteen with 'Et.' This is not art, but artifice: that is, the mechanical substitute for art. Those repetitive phrasings which Maeterlinck uses with such effect (though sometimes disenchantingly) in *La Princesse Maleine*, *Les Aveugles*, *L'Intruse*, *Les Sept Princesses*, and *Pélléas et Melisande*, are also much affected by him in these poems—sometimes, as in 'Ennui,' by monotonous insistence upon a single word, or noun and epithet: in this instance, 'paon blanc.' It is impossible to read these hot-house blooms of poetry without wishing for the author that 'wind Euroclydon' for which, he tells us in the opening of

'Ame,' he holds himself ready. For, truly, his soul is too much in the shade: 'Mon âme! . . . O mon âme vraiment trop à l'abri![5]

The real distinction of the contemporary literary movement in Belgium lies in the *drame intime*. This particular form of imaginative literature has been given new life and significance by M. Maeterlinck—Maeterlinck inspired by Charles Van Lerberghe. It has already had a strong influence on recent French literature, though naturally the Belgian origin of this influence is not recognised readily in France. 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?'

Broadly, the Belgian movement culminates in this new form—relatively new, that is to say. It is a form strangely seductive if obviously perilous, and one that has, probably, a remarkable future—coming, as it has done, at a time when our most eager spirits are solicitous of a wider scope in expression, for a further opening up of alluring ways through the ever-blossoming wilderness of art. It may well be that Maeterlinck's highest service will prove to be that of a pioneer—as Chateaubriand's highest service has not been by *Paul et Virginie*, but by his *Etudes de Nature*, having therewith directed into new and fresh channels of delight the stream which threatened to stagnate in the shallows of an insincere nature-convention. For, highly suggestive, profoundly interesting, and even fascinating as his best work is, he does not 'loom forth, the master.'

'C'est l'opérette de la décadence, après le drame de Baudelaire,' wrote E. Picard of the *début* of 'Young Belgium.' Baudelaire is, in truth, even yet the tutelary god of 'la jeune Belgique.' In the perusal of the writings of the league one almost inevitably comes to identify the great French poet with the nation among whom he sojourned awhile in anything but unalloyed joy– as the Germans, in that Bavarian Walhalla by the Danube, have included Shakespeare among their effigies of Teutonic celebrities. There are critics who believe that Maurice Maeterlinck will oust the alien master from his sovereignty—somewhat forgetful, meanwhile, of the fact that the relationship is not closer between these two men than between a sculptor and a painter working differently under a common bond. That able Belgian critic M. Albert Arnay, believes Maeterlinck to be 'among the giants.' For myself I can regard him only as a worthy forerunner of a greater than himself. Yet—he is young, he is still in time to unlearn as well as to learn, he enjoys what is for him a fortunate environment, he has had fit training; he has a strain, perhaps very much more than a strain, of genius. With his supreme advantages he *may* yet appear to his countrymen, to the world, as

[5] I may state here that M. Paul Lacomblez, of Brussels, has at present in the press a new volume of verse by Maurice Maeterlinck, to be entitled *La Quenouille et la Besace.*

he now does to such critics as M. Arnay in Belgium and M. Mirbeau in France.

It is strange that the imaginative writer who first showed Maeterlinck the method and allure of that peculiar dramatic form with which the younger man is identified, should be so little known. Strange, too, that he should be so austerely reticent, for Charles Van Lerberghe has published no book since *Les Flaireurs*, that epoch-marking *drame intime*, brief as it is. Here for the first time we encounter that dramatic method which has so impressed readers of Maeterlinck's dramas and episodes. Van Lerberghe does not appear to have followed any other writer in his own country or abroad. Possibly he has taken a hint from Calderon. There are in that writer's plays dramatic interludes of an extraordinary intensity. It is not improbable that the Flemish poet, a curious student of foreign literature, should have noted the aptitude of this specific form of composition for the expression of a certain quality of imaginative thought or emotion not so adequately to be rendered in verse or even in highly rarefied prose-narrative.

The short dramatic episode entitled *Les Flaireurs* occupies itself with a single incident: the death of an old peasant-woman, by night, in a lonely cottage in a remote district, with no companion save her girlish grandchild. Almost from the outset the reader guesses what the nocturnal voices indicate. The ruse of the dramatist is almost childishly simple, if its process of development be regarded in detail. The impressiveness lies greatly in the cumulative effect. A night of storm, the rain lashing at the windows, the appalling darkness without, the wan candle-glow within, a terrified and bewildered child, a dying and delirious old woman, an ominous oft-repeated knocking at the door, a hoarse voice without, changeful but always menacing, mocking or muttering an obscure and horrible message: this interwrought, again and again represented, austerely tragic byplay—from one point of view, merely the material for tragedy—is a profoundly impressive work of art. It is perhaps all the more so from the fact that it relies to some extent upon certain venerable and even outworn conventionalities. The midnight hour, storm, mysterious sounds, the howl of a dog: we are familiar with all these 'properties.' They do not now move us. Sheridan Le Fanu or Fitzjames O'Brien, or R. L. Stevenson, can create for us an inward terror far beyond the half simulated creep with which we read the conventional bogey-story. That Charles Van Lerberghe should so impress us by the simplest and most familiar stage-tricks points to his genuine artistry, to his essential masterhood. The literary conjurer would fain deceive us by sleight of hand; the literary artist persuades us by sleight of mind.

Van Lerberghe is neither romanticist nor realist, as these vague and often identical terms are understood abroad. He works realisti-

cally in the sphere of the imaginary. If it were not that his aim (as that of Maeterlinck) is to bring into literature a new form of the *drame intime*, with, meanwhile, the adventitious aid of nominal stage accessories, one might almost think that *Les Flaireurs* was meant for stage representation. It would be impossible, however, thus. Imagine the incongruity of the opening of this drama with its subject:—

'*Orchestral music. Funeral march. Roll of muffled drums. A blast of a horn in the distance. Roll of drums. A short psalmodic motive for the organ.* REPEATED KNOCKS, HEAVY AND DULL. *Curtain.*' What have orchestral music and rolling of drums and a psalmodic motive for the organ to do with an old peasant woman dying in a cottage? For that stage of the imagination from which many of us derive a keener pleasure than from that of any theatre, there is, perhaps, nothing incongruous here. The effect sought to be produced is a psychic one; and, if produced, the end is gained, and the means of no moment. It is only from this standpoint that we can view aright the work of Van Lerberghe, Maeterlinck, and Auguste Jenart. *Les Flaireurs* is wholly unsuitable for the actual stage, as unsuitable as *L'Intruse*, or *Les Aveugles*, or *Les Sept Princesses*, or *Le Barbare.* Each needs to be enacted in the shadow-haunted glade of the imagination, in order to be understood aright. Under the limelight their terror becomes folly, their poetry rhetoric, their tragic significance impotent commonplace, their atmosphere of mystery the common air of the squalidly apparent, their impressiveness a cause of mocking.

Of the strange drama of Auguste Jenart I can say little here. In its own kind it seems to me genuinely impressive. Nevertheless, it is ill sustained: here and there, even, passing into rhodomontade. The author has obviously been influenced by Maeterlinck as well as by Van Lerberghe, though the peril of the quest for derivation is exemplified in a recent allusion to *Le Barbare* as an indifferent production clearly inspired by such compositions as *Les Sept Princesses* and *Pélléas et Mélisande*—the critic oblivious of the fact that the first appeared in 1891, a few months after Jenart's drama, and the second last year. *Le Barbare* is a study in psychic heredity, in atavism. It is as remote in style and conception from Ibsen's *Ghosts*, on the one part, as, on the other, from such works as Zola's *Rougon-Maquart* series, the Goncourts' *Germinie Lacerteux*, or Huysman's *A Rebours.* The inevitableness is not less convincing because the action is mainly mental and spiritual rather than personal in the restricted bodily sense. A profoundly imaginative gloom lies over this tragedy of Rynel de Ronçort—the last exhausted scion of a noble race. In a sense, *Le Barbare* is a poetic version of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* It is an individual episode of the universal war of good and evil for supremacy. Only here, as Rynel would say, it is not one man struggling against

inborn tendencies and adverse circumstances, but the heritor of ancestral passions and desires, insensate cravings and inarticulate longings, baffling wildly against this overwhelming past, and striving against or yielding before the inevitable. 'Connais-tu la. Puissance ténébreuse qui trame nos destinées? Pourquoi lutter contre elle?' Rynel cries. Again, with a despairing sense of futility: 'des vies antérieures sont innombrablement présentes en moi.' The inner motive of *Le Barbare* is revealed in such a sentence as that of Nurh, the strange, dreamlike beloved of Rynel: 'there are graves below the nerves whence mount the desires of the dead.' The dominant note in this sombre symphony of despair is that ceaseless cry of Rynel: 'Eveille-moi du somnambulisme de cette vie!'

Le Barbare has obvious faults. Notably M. Jenart, like M. Maeterlinck, trusts too often and too much to effects of repetition:—

> *Siria*: Vous appartiendrez bientôt à un autre.
> *Nurh*: Jamais! Jamais! Jamais!
> *Siria*: Vous ne l'aimez pas! Vous ne l'aimez pas! Vous ne l'aimez pas!

A little of this interjectional repetition is effective: a little more, and it is no longer so. It soon becomes dulled—as that Sultan's scimitar which could raze the fluff from a falling feather at the first sweep, cleave the feather-quill at the second, and at the third merely whirl aside the drifting flake.

Perhaps the most notable thing in *Le Barbare* from the point of view of the literary student is the poetic and singularly impressive way in which the animate and inanimate environment of the personages of the drama play their part in the general scheme of psychic effect. The wind, snow, the tempest, the water of the lake that clucks and gurgles below the stairs of Rynel's castle, the old tapestries, the firelight, the deep gloom of chill rooms, the ominous silence, the leaping or crawling of shadows—are all wrought into the same tragic weft, and, as it seems to one under the glamour of the dramatist's imagination, wrought inevitably.

In Maurice Maeterlinck we certainly encounter the most interesting figure in the contemporary Belgian Renaissance. Member of a group though he be, fellow in dramatic method with Van Lerberghe and others, inheritor of both the Flemish and the Franco-Belgian tradition—he is yet original. He has temperament, personality. He has that exceptional absorbent faculty which is one of the several important factors that distinguish the man of genius from the man of talent—though, almost needless to say, one might be a veritable sponge in the waters of other people's minds and imaginations, and yet be no more than an insatiably absorbent sponge. But is Maeterlinck a dominant force? Will he revolutionise, will his captaincy remain uncancelled, will he be crowned at last as a welcome, if irresistible usurper? Or is he, in a word, really, and

like to remain, merely a distinguished performer in *l'opérette de la décadence?*

There are many who believed that the author of *La Princesse Maleine*—still more, that the author of *L'Intruse* and *Les Aveugles* —would attain to that high mastery which makes a writer a voice for all men, and not merely an arresting echo for his own hour, his own time, among his own people. His *début* was significant, remarkable. In France he is now looked upon as *passé.* There is something barometrical in the reputations of popular idols. A little ago, no comparative epithet was too extreme in praise of the young Belgian provincial whom M. Octave Mirbeau mentioned as equal in certain respects to Shakespeare. Now he is practically told to go about his business: he is not wanted at Paris. In Belgium itself he was unknown save to an elect few till the *Figaro*, in August 1890, blew loud the trumpet of fame. Then the good folk in Brussels, and Liège, and Antwerp, rubbed their eyes, and rejoiced that at last their merits (as embodied in M. Maeterlinck) were recognised by those jealous Parisians. To-day the same worthies, hearing the outcry of Francisque Sarcey and François Coppée and Maurice Barrès and the rest, are looking askance at 'that young man in Ghent.' Well, there is still time for Maurice Maeterlinck to confound both friends and foes.

Meanwhile we cannot estimate him otherwise than by his actual achievement. Has the author of *Les Sept Princesses* and *Pélléas et Mélisande* fulfilled, or at any rate sustained, the promise shown by the author of *L'Intruse* and *Les Aveugles?*

I have already, in an essay on Maeterlinck's earlier work,[6] told how this writer made his *début* in an obscure Paris periodical—drawn attention to the not very important fact that he was written about authoritatively by Georges Rodenbach and Albert Arnay some time before M. Octave Mirbeau 'discovered' him, as, in this country, he was discussed and admired before Mr. William Archer, by his timely and serviceable article, enacted the part of an English Mirbeau—and given an account of his literary derivations, and of his performances in verse prose-narrative, and dramatic composition. At the close of that article I alluded to a then unpublished five-act drama, named *Pélléas et Mélisande*, which M. Maeterlinck was understood to have completed. Will this forthcoming drama, I asked, be a new departure for the author, and a triumph? If not, and if too closely on the lines of *La Princesse Maleine* and *Les Sept Princesses*, it is more likely to be the dramatist's Sedan.

Well, *Pélléas et Mélisande* has appeared. It was extravagantly praised by some, as vehemently attacked or disallowed by others. In this alone were good augury for its worth. But it has no staying power. It is like a bell with a haunting echo, but a bell that can be struck only once, the metal not having been wrought strongly

[6] In the *Academy*, March 19, 1892.

enough to withstand more than a single concussion. In fact, the drama—except to a very few thoroughgoing admirers—would be already a thing of the past, 'a fair sleeper poppy-crown'd,' were it not for the recent clamour in Paris alluded to at the opening of this paper.

It was absurd to enact *Pélléas et Mélisande* on the Parisian (or any other) stage. Maeterlinck is not a dramatist of 'the boards.'

No, I do not think his latest production *is* Maeterlinck's Sedan. All the same it is, at best, 'a faithful failure'—this or a disaster, as one conceives it. I believe he will give us better work; work as distinctive as his two masterpieces, *L'Intruse* and *Les Aveugles*, but with a wider range, a sympathy more general, an insight and apprehension and technical accomplishment more masterly still.

For M. Maeterlinck, however, as for all, there is the rock ahead of a misleading conception of originality. The originality which lies in the formative vision is that which is of paramount value, not that which is preoccupied with novelty of presentment. In the words of M. Téodor de Wyzewa in a recent suggestive article in the *Mercure de France*:—

> Cette décroissance de l'originalité intérieure, et ce souci croissant de l'originalité extérieure, ce sont les deux faits qui résument toute l'histoire de l'art contemporain, aussi bien à l'étranger que chez nous.

If for M. Maeterlinck himself the warning be not called for, certainly for most of *les jeunes* in Belgium and France there is need to remember, to take to heart the scornful words of a great literary artist admired of them all:—

> Dors! L'impure laideur est la reine du monde,
> Et nous avons perdu le chemin de Paros.

It is not the least of M. Maeterlinck's honours that he is worthy to be ranged under the banner of Leconte de Lisle.

But what we have to bear in mind meanwhile is that a new method is coming into literature, and that the way has been shown by the *Jeune Belgique* pioneers. Maurice Maeterlinck is one of those pioneers, and one deserving of special note. True, his trust in certain treasured formulas may prove fatal to him. But he will unlearn. He is something more than a stalking-horse for 'Young Belgium;' for it is not in the accidents of his dramatic expression that he is the original writer, but in that quality of insight which is his own, that phrasing, that atmosphere.

WILLIAM SHARP.

THE MALAY PENINSULA

Of all the countries which are passed by the annual procession of travellers round the world, a band probably far in excess of those who made the 'grand tour' of Europe a century ago, perhaps the least known is the Malay Peninsula. The conscientious globe-trotter may land at Penang and obtain an impression of a Chinese settlement thus early on his voyage; he can in the course of the oppressively hot day's journey through the Straits view through his glass with a languid interest the picturesque little town which gives them their name, and in the evening or the morning, according to the time of the steamer's arrival, he will admire the beauty of the fine harbour of Singapore, and, if energetic, complete his local education by a drive to its beautiful Botanical Garden, and through the well-laid-out grounds attached to Government House. It is probable that he will be satisfied with these efforts and mentally register the Straits as 'done.' Singapore, Malacca and the Island of Penang do, indeed, make up, with two other insignificant provinces (Wellesley and the Dindings), between the two first named, the whole of the Crown colony known as the Straits Settlements. Its present importance is derived from the position of Singapore—as the gateway to the Further East, the emporium of a large trade, and an indispensable link in the defences of the Empire. The area and population of the whole colony is, especially to one who visited it, as I did, fresh from the experience of assisting in the administration of India with its hundreds of millions of inhabitants, unimportant, the former being something under 1,500 square miles, and the latter a little over half a million.

The Malay Peninsula, the country intervening between Penang and Singapore, whose hilly outline defiles before the vision of the wearied traveller during the tiresome hot day's steaming between these ports, is neither identical with nor comprised in the Straits Settlements—which only appear on the map as isolated patches of red situated at considerable distances from one another along the coast-line. The vast area behind them, extending from the borders of Burmah and Siam on the north to Singapore on the south, is occupied by several distinct States, all nominally under their native chiefs, but of which the principal have come directly or indirectly under British influence and control It is with these latter, their condition

and present constitution, that I propose to deal in the present article. If my subject is not a new one, I am certain it will have such attraction as novelty may impart for the majority of the readers of this Review, and, although the country is not in Africa, and cannot claim the interest that continent at present monopolises, its natural wealth, fertility, and future possibilities entitle it to the serious attention of all those who take an interest in the development of the British Empire, and the daily battles fought by its sons in the cause of civilisation and progress in the backward portions of the globe.

The States with which we are immediately concerned, whose relative positions will be seen by a glance at the accompanying map, are as follows:—

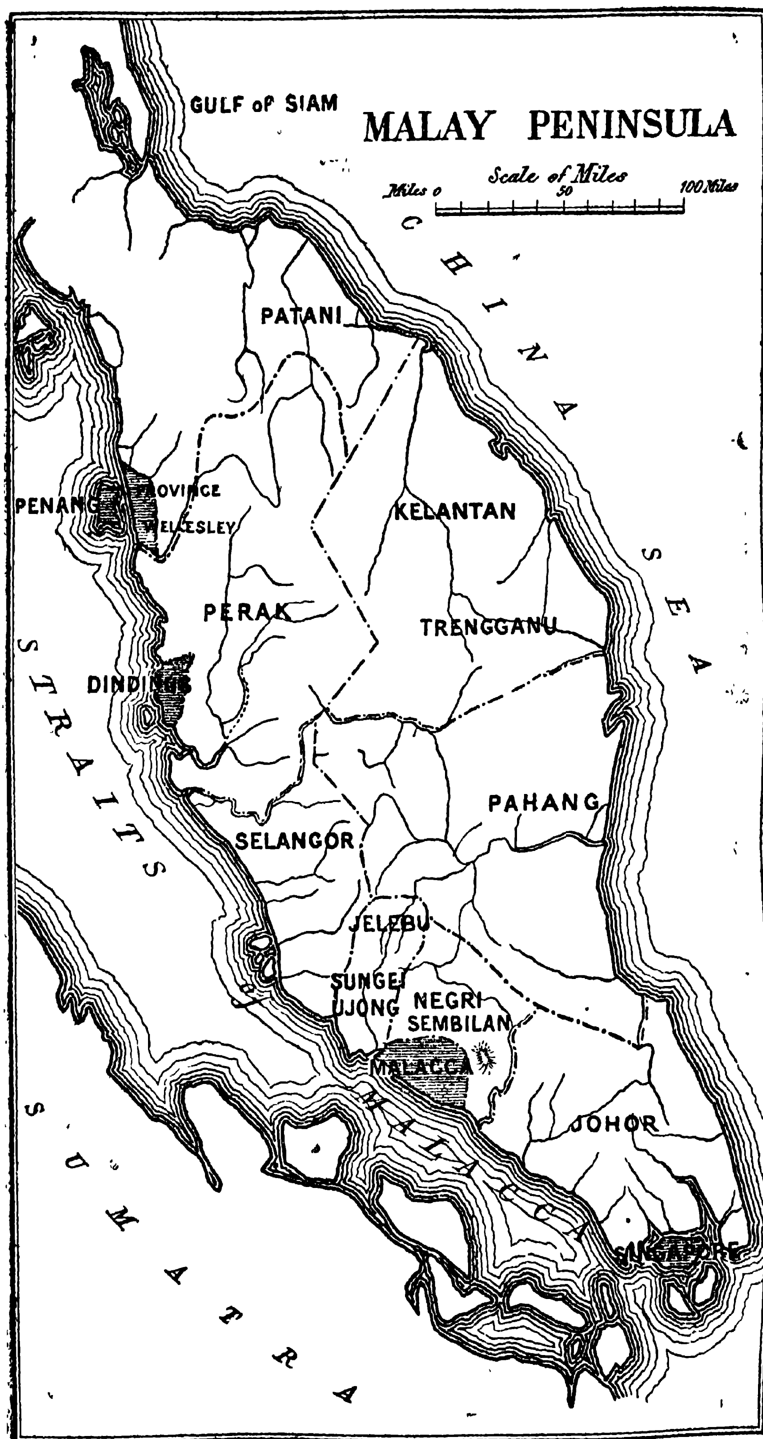
	Area sq m.	Population	
Johore . . .	9,000	200,000	Approximate, as conjectured
Pahang . . .	10,000	37,000	
Negri Sembilan, Sungei Ujong, and Jelebu	2,500	70,000	
Selangor . . .	3,000	85,000	Ascertained by actual census in 1891
Perak . . .	7,900	215,000	

North of Pahang and Perak there are several States, intervening between them and Siam proper, nominally under the control of the Siamese Government, but practically independent, about which very little is known.

I ought perhaps to explain that I spent a month in the Peninsula last year, visiting and travelling through Selangor, Jelebu and Sungei Ujong, and that I have both on that occasion and at other times been brought in contact with the leading officials of the different States, one of them being a near relative of my own.

To begin with the political constitution of the different States:—Johore, at the extreme south of the Peninsula and immediately north of Singapore, is actually ruled by our faithful ally the Sultan, who is a well-known figure in London society, and lives as much in Singapore, where he has a palace, as in his own capital on the mainland—a pleasant journey of two hours' distance. He employs English officials to administer his State and, although under treaty obligation to accept a representative of the British Government at his Court, is not likely to be asked to see it enforced, or to make any sacrifice of his present independent position by the acceptance of British interference in the administration.

The other States are, as I have said, nominally only under native rule. The theory is that the chief—generally called the Sultan—accepts a British Resident to advise him in governing. The actual result has been that the latter is the supreme ruler, governing in the name of the former and his council, while the *de jure* head of the State has sunk, usually with placid contentment, into the position of a State pensioner, his public functions being limited to affixing his 'chop' or seal to the laws and ordinances passed in his name.


MALAY PENINSULA
Scale of Miles
Miles 0
50
100 Miles
GULF OF SIAM
CHINA SEA
PATANI
PENANG
KELANTAN
PERAK
TRENGGANU
STRAITS
PAHANG
SELANGOR
JELEBU
SUNGEI
UJONG
NEGRI
SEMBILAN
JOHOR
SUMATRA

It is not the purpose of this article to do more than describe the present state of affairs or to go into any history of the causes or disturbances which led to the assumption by the Colonial Government through its officers of the control of these States. The present sparseness of the Malay population (more than half of the totals given above are foreigners, chiefly Chinese) shows how far intercourse and tribal wars had gone towards depopulating the country, and the development of the mining industry, with its consequent influx of hordes of Chinese labourers, was alone sufficient to make it imperative to provide a stronger and more advanced form of government than that of supine and indolent Malay chiefs, whose interest in public affairs was limited to quarrels and wars *inter se*, and the game of beggar-my-neighbour played to the bitter end.

The first of the States to come under the control of a British Resident was Perak (in 1876). The change was not effected without serious disturbances and armed resistance, attended by the murder of the Resident, Mr. Birch. But its history, since the country became settled, has been one of continued and advancing prosperity. The revenue shown in the first budget framed by Sir Hugh Low, Mr. Birch's successor, was 275,000 dollars. In 1890 it was nearly ten times the amount (2,504,116 dollars). Like the remainder of the Peninsula, it is still only partially populated, small mining settlements, with a few agricultural villages, being dotted about amidst extensive tracts of unreclaimed forest.

A census was taken in 1890, and I give the results, as they are typical of the mixed nature of the population of the Peninsula. The figures indicating that in this (with the possible exception of Johore), the most settled of the Malay States, the inhabitants average less than thirty to a square mile, of whom more than half are foreigners, are very suggestive both of the past and of the possible future of an extremely fertile and naturally wealthy country, depopulated and reduced by years of misrule and intertribal warfare almost to its original physical condition of unreclaimed forest.

Europeans	363
Eurasians	267
Malays	100,667
Chinese	94,360
Indians	14,955
Others	2,385
Total	212,997

The Sultan in this State is, perhaps, more than a mere figure-head. Mr. Swettenham, who succeeded Sir Hugh Low as Resident, writes of him, in 1890: 'His Highness's interest in the administration is as great and intelligent as ever, and his unvarying sympathy and good feeling are of the greatest assistance to me in my work.'

But in Perak, as in other States, the Resident is really sole

administrator, and, subject only to the control of the Government of Singapore, exercises a power for a counterpart of which it would be necessary to go back to the early history of some Indian provinces, before the days of telegraphs and the codification of the laws. The country is parcelled out into districts, administered by collectors and magistrates (much after the Indian model), who are all Englishmen; the charges are very small, but the duties are by no means light. Except for the police, the district officer has no trustworthy native subordinates, corresponding with the class in India who do all the actual work of collector (and four-fifths of the magisterial work), under his control, and he has actually to *collect* the taxes, receiving them himself into his own treasury, and to hold the magisterial inquiry in every case, whether of importance or not, that arises in his district.

The law administered is a somewhat rough-and-ready interpretation of the Indian Criminal Codes by a staff of magistrates with little judicial training beyond that derived from personal experience, under the supervision of a chief magistrate, who is an English barrister, the same tribunals disposing of civil suits. As the Resident admits in the report under quotation, the system needs improvement, and the State could well bear the expense it would entail in the form of payment of an officer of experience, who would preside over a chief Court, with power to supervise more closely than at present the proceedings of the subordinate Courts. Measures are now in contemplation to insure some more intimate knowledge of the codes administered, by insisting on all officers exercising judicial functions passing an examination in them, as is the practice in India. It is somewhat curious, bearing in mind that more than twenty-five years ago the Straits Settlements formed a portion of the Empire, under the direct control of the Governor-General of India, how little the Colonial Government has hitherto seemed disposed to take Indian administrative experience as a guide.

The other States have been annexed, or, to speak more correctly, placed under the controlling advice of British Residents, at various dates, since the appointment of Sir Hugh Low to Perak. The next in importance, Selangor, which enjoyed the advantage during its first period of development of the administrative ability and tact of Sir Hugh's present successor, Mr. Swettenham, C.M.G., has advanced in prosperity with equal strides, and, with a population of under 100,000, the revenue for the year 1891 was 1,800,000 dollars. Both Perak and Selangor are traversed by good metalled roads, and each boasts a railway leading from the chief port to the capital. These two States have enjoyed the advantages of a settled administration longer than their smaller neighbours, and their great prosperity is also, perhaps, due to proximity of the seaboard to the chief scenes of mining operations. Their area is so limited, and the population so

sparse, that any comparison with India (without bearing these two important factors in mind) would be misleading; but the financial condition of these States, with an income of twelve and eighteen dollars per head of population, must appear to represent a very paradise of prosperity to the Indian financier, who finds it difficult to extract a sum equal to an eighth of the lesser figure from each item of the millions who contribute to his exchequer.

I wish to avoid the risk of overloading this article with figures and statistics, which can be of small interest to the general reader, and I will not review in detail those of the minor States. Sungei Ujong and Negri Sembilan are both only agglomerations of petty chieftainships, but the following figures showing the development of revenue of the small territory of Jelebu will, I think, eloquently testify to the success attendant on the assumption of the administration of the Peninsula by the Colonial Government:—

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Revenue for 1886	1,808
„ 1887	6,110
„ 1888	14,019
„ 1889	26,843
„ 1890	36,764
„ 1891	52,995
„ 1892	133,285

'The truth is,' said the most experienced of the officials connected with the Peninsula to me in conversation, 'the country is so rich you have only to put a man of energy to administer any corner of it, and prosperity will follow.'

I cannot conclude this portion of my article without an allusion to the glaring exception to this record of successful administration. The state of Pahang, on the eastern seaboard of the Peninsula, was until recently under the independent control of its own Sultan. The latter consented in 1888 to the imposition—I think that word best describes the conditions—of a British Resident, who was placed in the difficult position of having to administer what was virtually a newly-annexed country without a settled revenue or the support of any physical force, beyond that of a handful of police, in the name of a nominal head of the State, who had only yielded the independent sovereignty under considerable pressure. The result has been to bring Pahang into disagreeable notoriety in the columns of the English press, and perhaps the brief telegraphic despatches recording the various phases of the disturbances—they never could claim the more dignified appellation of a little war—represent the amount of information possessed by the majority of educated persons of affairs in the Peninsula. Their history need not be related at any length; they were the natural consequence of the position. A petty and semi-independent chieftain, irritated by the withdrawal of his right to levy tolls, and perhaps the insufficiency of the pension given in commuta-

tion of it, attacked a body of police, to him the living embodiment of the power he sought to be avenged on, and, assisted by the impassable nature of the country, compact of hill and unexplored jungle, kept up, with his sympathisers and imitators, a series of outrages for a period extending over a year, the most serious including the murder of two English officials of a local exploration Company. According to latest advices, the country is quiet; but, previously insolvent, it has now the additional burden of a heavy debt, and, although the past history of its neighbour Perak affords a reassuring outlook for the future, it is a difficult problem for the Colonial Government to keep the administration going on a satisfactory basis pending its dawn.

The Malay Peninsula is, then, a congeries of States, of which the only ones of any size or importance are Perak, Selangor, Pahang and Johore, all of them, with the exception of the last-named, directly administered by English officers, in the name of their several Sultans, and under the control of the Colonial Government at Singapore. From the figures already cited, it will be gathered that the country is one of immense natural resources; that its population, which appeared to be gradually approaching extinction under native misrule, is still so disproportionately small that, for practical purposes, the greater portion of the Peninsula is uninhabited, and that it offers a boundless field for enterprise to the labourer as well as to the capitalist.

The bulk of the revenue now levied is due to the export duties charged on tin, varying from 8 to 12 per cent. on the local price of the metal. The next item of importance is virtually contributed from the same source, as it is derived from the licence duties levied on opium and other articles of consumption used by the miners, who are all Chinese.

The mineral wealth of the country is great and has probably arrested the agricultural development, as John Chinaman is essentially a gambler, and the speculative charm of mining enterprises is too attractive to allow him to turn his attention to the tardy profits attendant on the development of the agricultural resources of the country.

But there can be no doubt that the future of the Peninsula rests with the latter. I believe that they are unequalled by those of any country in the East. The physical conditions and climate resemble those of Ceylon, while the extent of territory is much greater than that of the island which leaves such a lasting impression of perpetual verdure and incomparable prosperity on every traveller to the East. Ranges of hills, from one to six thousand feet high, invite the enterprise of the planter, and the experience of the few pioneers who have commenced operations gives every promise of success.

Liberian coffee, which thrives chiefly at a low elevation, has

yielded good results wherever it has been planted, and experiments in tea-plantation have also been satisfactory.

Palms of every kind, cocoa, areca, sago, grow well in the low-lands, and might with advantage replace, as they do in India, the unreclaimed forest on the sea-coast. In the interior, tapioca, pepper, gambier, and other tropical products can be, and are, profitably grown, while there is practically no limit to the area suitable to and available for the cultivation of rice. The country could produce food for ten times its present population, yet the greater portion of that now consumed is imported from Siam, India, Burmah and Ceylon.

The rainfall appears to vary considerably, but it may be doubted if, excepting those from headquarter stations, the returns are very trustworthy. Taeping, the capital of Perak, shows the heaviest annual fall—146 inches—the highest in any one month being a little over 20 inches. The lowest annual return I saw in any printed statement was, I think, 66 inches. It is thus everywhere plentiful without being excessive, while perennial streams provide for irrigating such crops as may require additional water.

A range of mountains, running north and south, traverses the whole Peninsula with spurs abutting right on to the coast-line; but, although the character of the country is generally hilly, there is abundance of low-lying land, only awaiting clearing to produce abundant food crops. At present, except for small areas of rice-fields and orchards attached to the sparsely scattered settlements, either alongside the rivers, which are the main thoroughfares, or the few roads which have been of recent construction, the country is one large expanse of unreclaimed jungle, with here and there the shallow pits of abandoned tin-mines or of those where the process of tin extraction is still in progress. The difficulty lies with the paucity of population, the unenterprising character of the Malay, and the absence of facilities for transport. The Malay is satisfied to cultivate sufficient for his own immediate wants; and, although fond of money, and extravagant and self-indulgent when he has the opportunity, will take no trouble to get rich.

Nearly all the labour is imported. Officers, whose duties involve a great deal of travelling in the jungle, occasionally employ native servants, their inefficiency being compensated by their superiority to Chinese and other foreigners as companions when in camp—I have heard it said that every Malay is a gentleman—but Tamils, China-men, Cingalese, Javanese, and Boyanese (the two latter chiefly as grooms) fill the ranks of domestic service, drive the carts, work as coolies, and generally supply the labour market. Yet the pecuniary rewards are sufficiently tempting. Domestic servants are paid quite double the wages customary in Bombay, or treble those in Madras. A coolie working on the road earns the equivalent of ten annas as against the ordinary daily wage of three annas in India. As all the

bullocks are imported from India or Siam, cart-hire is extremely dear —from three to four times what it is in India, and the earnings of cart-men are proportionately high. A case came to my notice of a little Tamil boy of eleven earning ten dollars (equal to twenty-two rupees) a month by driving a pair of bullocks. His father in India would probably have been considered passing rich if he earned half the amount in the prime of manhood. Living is of course expensive as compared with India, the only standard of comparison available. There is no better criterion than the cost of feeding a prisoner in the jails. I ascertained it to be about the equivalent of five annas, while in India it varies from one and a half to two annas a day. These figures seem to offer sufficient inducements to immigrants from the overstocked labour markets of India, as five dollars a month are sufficient to provide the necessaries of life, and the surplus would enable them to return after a few years with a sufficient pile to keep them in comparative luxury for the remainder of their days. This latter fact is well appreciated by the personnel of the military police, which is recruited from Northern India. I have dwelt somewhat at length on the condition and prospects of the labour-market, because the one great want of the Peninsula is population, and, while other Eastern countries have a teeming, indeed generally a redundant, population, we have, virtually under our government, a country, naturally one of the most fertile in the world, whose land remains untilled and covered with impenetrable forest, for want of hands to till it and to substitute all the products of the gorgeous East for the luxuriant wild growth planted by nature, whose very presence is a testimony to the certain rewards which are the fruits of well-directed labour.

The tin mines which are the present source of wealth are worked for the most part by Chinese enterprise, masters and miners alike belonging to the marvellous race whose industry, frugality, and capacity for work make them such dangerous competitors to their Western rivals in the struggle for the industrial markets of the world.

I found two companies working under English management in Jelebu. One of them, owing to the liberal terms on which it had obtained mining concessions, was doing very well, and employed a considerable number of English and Australians as its supervising staff. The other had, I believe, confined its operations to subletting the concessions obtained from the Government to Chinese. Mining is limited to surface washings, alluvial tin alone having hitherto been found, and the country is consequently disfigured by abandoned pits —they are not deep enough to be called anything else—whence all the tin available has been abstracted. Extensions of the industry are hampered by want of means of transport, the made roads being almost limited to trunk roads through each State. In Pahang there are gold-fields of considerable promise, as I was assured by those

entitled to an opinion; but the want of means of communication arrests their development, the cost of transport of machinery, working plant, and especially of the rice and other supplies required for the miners being almost prohibitive, while the recent troubles and the unsafe state of the country have shaken confidence and arrested improvement.

If the first need of the country is population, the second most emphatically is capital, not only for private enterprise, but for State purposes. Without improved communications progress cannot advance except at a very slow rate. This is sufficiently indicated by the fact already cited that such efforts in the direction of cultivation as come under observation are limited to the vicinity of the roads and the waterways. The eternal want of pence vexes the minds of public men as much in the Malay Peninsula as it does in other portions of the habitable globe less favoured by nature, and although the budgets of Selangor and Perak are so satisfactory that their rulers may be safely left to work out their own salvation, the more newly settled States, especially Pahang, need financial assistance if the efforts to reclaim them are not to be rendered nugatory for want of the means to meet the first requirements of civilisation. A recent telegram states that it is contemplated, if the Colonial Government be not relieved from the intolerable financial burden imposed by the Home Government insisting on the whole cost of the troops in the colony being met from local sources, making Pahang an adjunct of Selangor. But any such measure, if it involves applying Selangor funds to the relief of Pahang needs, appears to me so immoral as almost to amount to a breach of trust. The States are separate, are nominally independent, the treaty obligations of the Sultans to the supreme Power amounting to no more than an undertaking to govern in accordance with the advice of the British Resident, and, apart from the consideration that these two States have not always been on terms of amity, and their inhabitants mutually regard each other as foreigners, any application of the funds of the one to relieve the other would be intensely repugnant to the feelings of the *de jure* ruler and of all his subjects. The Colonial Government can have no right, legal, moral, or equitable, to expend a farthing of the public money of Selangor for the benefit of any others than the subjects of that State. The administrative question of placing two or more States under the control of one Resident is a minor one, which, however, can hardly be passed over. The whole question of the government of these countries is admittedly one for discussion. The supporters of the present system under which Perak and Selangor have thriven so well point to it as a triumph of the personal régime which has allowed the Residents a free hand. But, granting the success which has attended the administration of Sir Hugh Low, Mr. Maxwell, the present distinguished Colonial Secretary at Singapore, and Mr. Swettenham,

their very admirers will admit that they are men of exceptional ability, the latter especially, as I know of my own personal knowledge, having the two virtues, so rare in the successful administrator, of tolerance and patience—and the government of a small dependency like the Straits Settlements cannot expect, as recent experience may have taught them, to find men of exceptional ability to hand whenever they may be wanted. Indeed the transfer of Mr. Swettenham from Selangor, or rather what followed it, sufficiently emphasised the need for a greater exercise of central control by the Colonial Government. A succession of administrators, however able, if they hold different views on such important questions as mining concessions, land tenure, or the administration of justice, with a free hand to make and unmake laws, are apt to make changes of a somewhat violent and revolutionary nature, with results affecting security of property and weakening the public confidence in the Government. It was hinted to me pretty broadly when I was in Singapore that such results actually did occur, and I found some of the subordinate officials in Selangor whom I interrogated on the subject had amusingly hazy ideas of the laws and 'ordinances' (the local name for Resident-made law) they were administering, while uncertainty as to the validity of leases and mining concessions already granted was impressed upon me more than once by members of the non-official community of Singapore as a reason for hesitation in embarking on enterprises whether as planters or miners.

The latest Singapore newspaper I have received contains an elaborate denunciation of the frequent changes in the land laws, and shows how a feeling of insecurity and want of confidence in the Government has arisen in Selangor owing to the cancelment of leases already given. But a more centralised control does not imply or lead to an amalgamation of States, and I should not state such an obvious proposition had I not found some of my friends in the Straits under the impression that one necessarily followed the other. The several States of Central India or of Kathiawad, preserve their autonomy, unaffected by the fact that in each province the same agent represents the Government of India at all the Courts which respectively make up the provinces known by their names. But amalgamation would be as unpolitic as it is unfair. I cannot do better here than quote again from Mr. Swettenham's report on Perak, and I am assured that the italicised portion might find its way without fear of contradiction into a report on any other of the States.

Perak Malays are yery peculiar, even as compared with other Malays: they are very conservative; they are justly proud of their country;[1] *they have an exceeding dislike for and jealousy of all foreigners, including Malays not of Perak . . . and they are fond of managing their own affairs.*

The fact cannot be sufficiently emphasised even at the risk of

[1] The italics are mine.

repetition, that the British Government is bound to respect this feeling of nationality so long as it refrains from annexing the States. Until or unless they be made an integral portion of the British Empire, the Colonial Government, through its Resident, acts only as trustee for the funds of the several States, and has, under the treaty imposing a Resident, only the power to administer them for the benefit of the inhabitants of each. There must be no suspicion of unfair dealing in the name of the Queen-Empress in any part of her dominions, and especially in countries under her protection and not forming part of them. And we must not assist poor Paul of Pahang by robbing his wealthier neighbour, Peter of Selangor.

But these young States—to reckon their age from the date of their entrance into the civilised world—require, as I have said, financial assistance, and there is no reason, except that the Secretary of State has passed his veto upon it, why the wealthier ones, who are not wholly without interest in the settlement of countries on their borders, should not invest their surplus funds in loans to their younger brethren. So Perak assisted Selangor in the freer times of the early eighties, and both States are, I believe, prepared to render similar aid to ensure the assumption of a quiet demeanour and the enjoyment of a peaceful life by their hitherto turbulent neighbours of Pahang. Such loans should be under the guarantee of the Straits Government, whose responsibility for and control over the Native States must be more clearly defined and acted on than either has hitherto been. That Government, however, could and would take on its own shoulders the burden of the debt which must be incurred by Pahang, were it not that its own financial prosperity has been ruthlessly destroyed by the Home Government insisting on doubling the contribution of the colony towards the cost of Imperial defence, by putting the whole expense of the defence of the harbour, one of the most important from its position, its size, and the amount of through trade to which it affords shelter and protection, in the world, upon the colony. The colony has protested and continues to protest in vain. It has shown that the payment insisted on is unfair, not only from the point of view of the relative responsibility of the Supreme Government and of the colony for the protection of a harbour whose stability and safety are essentially of Imperial or even cosmopolitan importance, but that, as compared with every other colony in the Empire, the treatment of the Straits Settlements has been exceptionally severe and ungenerous. The Home Government is the judge and the supreme arbiter of the case, in which it is also the defendant, and I am afraid, unless public opinion can bring it to some sense of shame, it will continue to exact the last farthing there is any plausible excuse for levying. Meanwhile a chronic surplus has been turned into a yearly deficit, and the colony finds the Colonial Office as hard a taskmaster as any Pharaoh, leaving it to make wars with-

out money (a harder task than bricks without straw), and to settle and develop new countries without the means to give them decent outfits to commence life with, or to embark on a career which previous experience shows to be so full of promise.

My chief object in writing this article has been to give prominence to the fact that, without any direct act of annexation, the British Government has made itself responsible for the administration of the greater portion of the Malay Peninsula, and to direct attention to the wealth, and at the same time to the wants, of the countries composed in that geographical expression. So long as their present somewhat anomalous constitution is maintained and the intention of converting a protectorate into an annexation is disclaimed, treaty obligations and ordinary morality alike make it obligatory to treat each State as a separate entity. But, at the same time, it appears to me of the highest political necessity, in the interests of good government, that the control exercised over them should be more rigid than the hitherto somewhat apathetic condition of passive acquiescence by the Governor of Singapore in the action of the several Residents has made it. I should be the last to detract from the credit due to the latter, to which the splendid record of progress of the last two decades bears such eloquent testimony. And I am well aware that, besides the able administrators whose names I have mentioned, others are doing excellent work with little reward beyond the satisfaction which every genuine workman feels when he sees that his efforts to improve the condition of the people among whom he labours are attended with visible success. The salaries are, compared with those paid in India, for similar work, small, the chances of recognition of their efforts not very great, the climatic conditions unfavourable to Europeans, and the expenses of living high. I know too, by experience, how far all considerations of personal discomfort are overbalanced by the charm of being allowed a free hand, and how much the interest of the worker is enhanced when his discretion is not unduly hampered from above, and he can do what he thinks best in the interests of the community for whose well-being he is responsible, without perpetual references to higher authority or risk of seeing his most cherished plans disallowed. But it is out of the question, however theoretically attractive, to substitute the personal will of a succession of British Residents, constantly liable to change, for that of the hereditary Sultans. And a newly-acquired country, such as Pahang, with its resources undeveloped, with no immediate sources of revenue at all equal to the demands of the most modest requirements of a settled administration, makes assistance from the outside necessary. The sooner the Colonial Office in London recognises its duties and its responsibilities in the matter, the better. The country has great mineral wealth, and is capable of producing abundant food crops. Yet one of the reasons that the mines remain unremunerative is that the transport of food

for the miners is almost impracticable on account of the want of roads.

The Government of Singapore, nominally responsible for the administration of Pahang, is, partly owing to the action of the Home Government, unable to give financial assistance. An enormous amount of British capital has already been sunk in the State—the shares of several Pahang companies are quoted (unfortunately at present at very low prices) on the London Stock Exchange. A settled government, security for life and property, and trunk roads are urgently needed, and to meet these wants money is of course necessary. It cannot be allowed, as I have said, that advantage should be taken of our holding the keys of the treasuries of more prosperous States to abstract their money for the service of Pahang, and it is to the Imperial Government, which has made itself responsible by supporting the action of that of Singapore in assuming the control of the State, that the necessary assistance must be looked for.

The other administrative questions to which I have alluded, all of which hang on the exercise of a more centralised control over the several States—in other words, the recognition of the responsibility of the Colonial Office for their good government—will doubtless receive attention when more financial responsibility has been recognised. They are many and important, but I have not space to do more than allude to them. Foremost, perhaps, comes the question of land tenure, about which the highest authorities on the spot differ. Intimately connected with this is the validity of leases and mining concessions already granted, whether by the Sultans in the days of their power or by the Residents in their name. As may be well understood, nothing has a more deterrent effect on the investment of capital than any doubts on this subject. A settled code of law, however simple, for each State and limitation of the discretion of youthful and untrained magistrates seem requisite, and, last, but not least emergent among burning questions, is that of immigration and the importation of labour from India and China to supply the urgent need for hands to develop its enormous resources. The latter country is already pouring hundreds of thousands to work the mines, and the number who will come, if fair treatment be assured them, is practically perhaps only limited by the employment they can find—employment which, if remunerative to themselves, is, from the duties on the tin they produce and on the opium and other imported articles they consume, of enormous benefit to the States where they settle. India should be able to supply the necessary agricultural labour; but, fascinating as the subject may be to one who, like the present writer, has spent a quarter of a century in the service of the great dependency, this article is already too long to allow me to do more than suggest it.

The same reason prevents my relating any of the personal experiences with which I had intended to enliven an article which I

feel must be somewhat heavy reading. I will conclude by answering one question which every Englishman asks the traveller to an Eastern land which he himself has not visited: Is there any sport? I can reply that there are undoubtedly numbers of elephants, tigers, pig, and deer in the incalculable extent of forest which covers the Peninsula, but its very extent and its density make them very difficult to get at. Whether the difficulties are insurmountable I am not myself a sufficiently experienced sportsman to be able to pronounce, but there is no doubt that the animals are there. When I was in Jelebu a tiger made nightly raids on some sheep penned within a hundred yards of the bungalow I was staying in; and it is no uncommon experience to see a tiger retreating from the roadside, or even, as my host did, asleep within a few yards of it; while a traveller who erects a hut in the forest, if he has occasion to halt again on the same spot, will have to recommence building operations, as he will be sure to find his former shelter has been demolished by playful elephants. But of this I am sure, that no traveller, be he in pursuit of big game, a student of human institutions, one in search of the picturesque, or merely possessed by the traveller's longing to see a new country, will regret a visit to the Malay Peninsula, which will assuredly afford him much to interest and amuse his mind, to delight his eyes, and, if he be of a speculative turn and have the means to indulge it, to turn to profitable account. The native inhabitants will receive him with charming courtesy, and are the cleanest and most companionable of Oriental races; while in no quarter of the world that I have visited are the rites of hospitality more sacredly observed or will the stranger receive a more friendly welcome by our fellow-countrymen than in the Malay Peninsula.

ALFRED KEYSER.

A NEW STAGE DOCTRINE

NEVER, perhaps, has the stage, at home and abroad, been as much discussed in England as during the past six months. New ground has been broken, new ideas have taken a certain hold of the public mind; a revolution against restrictions of subject, of treatment, and even of exposition, has broken out; an endeavour to sweep away the old barriers has been met with vigorous resistance, if not with uniform success. Of the plays which have been the battlefield of the opposing forces it is not my purpose to speak. The works of Messrs. Ibsen and Maeterlinck are now open to all to read; and, appealing, as they do, so passionately to some, while to others they appear tedious, if not incomprehensible, no writing about them is likely to be of much avail. The best criticism of all time has done no more than direct attention to the beauties or defects, which might escape observation, in the work under examination. In the shock of the combatants over these plays a good deal of vehement, ill-considered praise and vituperation has been spilt, and the judgment of the impartial spectator remains much as it was when he first read, or witnessed, the strange productions which either interested or bored him, as the case may be. That verdict is final: all the laudation or denunciation in the world will not affect it.

Following these productions, the independence of public judgment was yet more forcibly shown in the case of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, where a license of subject unknown in any English drama of modern times was from the first, in spite of loud protest from certain organs of the press, warmly greeted by nightly crowded houses. Here was an absorbing play, which dealt with subjects discussed by all, but hitherto tabooed from the British stage. It could not have been produced a few years since, and its appearance marks an epoch in our drama. A fine piece of work, not adapted *virginibus*, but *pueris*, to some of whom, possibly, it may act as a health-restoring antidote to the poison administered by the sad and sickly *Dame aux Camélias*.

But it is not of the plays, but the players, not of the matter, but the methods in which the rising exponents of the Drama shall be trained, that I desire to say a few words; because I believe there is

danger, and some confusion of terms, in the teaching of the 'Naturalistic' school, as in the opinion that 'genius,' spontaneity, momentary impulse, are all that is needed, and that these render study superfluous in the actor's calling. No more mischievous theory, I believe, was ever propounded.

When my friend Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in his clever and amusing lecture on 'The Imaginative Faculty,' asks 'Can acting be taught?' and goes on to say, 'This is answered on the stage, and I think triumphantly answered, in the negative,' I can quite agree with him. Passion, tenderness, poetry cannot be taught in the theatre, any more than in the concert-room. About this there can be no doubt. But I find it impossible to subscribe to the axiom contained in his very next words: 'Acting, in fact, is *purely* an affair of the imagination.' This assuredly it is not; for the gift of clearly conceiving an image is wholly different from the power of reproducing it—even on paper. The authoress of *Mary Barton* once said to me, 'If I could make you see as clearly as I do what I have in my mind, I should be satisfied.' To that gracious lady it *was* given to make others see as very few have done; but among them is one, whose work she greatly admired, and who illustrates well the point I wish to make. Mrs. Inchbald was a woman rarely endowed with imagination, as is shown in her *Simple Story*, which has its place among English classics; but she was an indifferent actress, chiefly noted on the stage for her personal beauty. Her imagination, in short, had but a limited capacity of physical expression. I do not say that training would have given her this, since I believe as fully as does Mr. Tree that no training avails where the natural capacity to act does not exist. But to think that cultivation is detrimental to the histrionic art seems to me a dangerous doctrine, opposed to all the experience of the stage. Garrick, the Kembles, Macready, Talma, Rachel all studied, and studied laboriously, at their calling. The latter was, indeed, an ignorant woman, with one great gift, which, like a rich soil, had to be tilled and sown by that careful gardener Samson in order to produce the abundant fruit it bore. Each of her parts was long and seduously studied with him—each modulation of her voice, each *pose* which appeared so spontaneous, rehearsed—in order to produce the effect which *her own fine instinct no doubt suggested.* But had she been educated, had she indulged in what my friend playfully calls 'the pernicious habit of reading books'—had she, for instance, learned who Marc Antony was, when she inquired why the hero of the Cleopatra she was studying had been given 'ce nom de valet,' can he or anyone believe that the light of her genius would have been dimmed? Is it on record that any creator, be he painter, sculptor, poet, or actor, has suffered from the strenuous, well-directed study of his craft? On what ground is the actor alone to be exempt from the necessity that weighs upon all

who desire to present to the world in its most perfect form the conception struggling for birth within them?

Mr. Beerbohm Tree says: 'In acting there is an infinity to learn, but infinitely little that can be taught. The actor must be capable, of course, of pronouncing his native language, and of having a reasonable control over the movements of his limbs; but thus equipped, his technical education is practically complete.' I maintain that something far beyond this is essential to the actor's perfect training. I hold that to the absence of such training, to ignorance of the just balance, restraint, and modulation, alike of the voice and of the body, is due the comparative failure of many a gifted artist to give full value to his conception of a character. It is as though he wrote without a knowledge of syntax, or painted without a knowledge of pigments. Those who are 'seers' will, indeed, detect the force of constructive faculty, even when deformed by tricks of enunciation and gesture, which study might easily have overcome. But how little justice does the actor thus half 'equipped' do to his own genius!

Of the tricks of the body, one of the commonest and most exasperating is want of repose—the perpetual desire on the actor's part to elucidate his meaning by gestures, which are often mannerisms, and not seldom wanting in individuality. As an example of what careful study in this matter can achieve, as opposed to the spontaneous-combustion theory, where all is left to chance and 'inspiration,' those who saw Eleonora Duse in the *Cavalleria Rusticana*, in the *Locandiera*, in *Camille*, and in *Divorçons*, will not have failed to note how widely different were her gait and the character of her movements in each part. The heart-stricken Sicilian peasant, absorbed in her jealousy and grief, passionate and abrupt, rocking herself clumsily to and fro, and careless of appearances, was a most minute and highly finished picture, resembling in no detail that of the saucy Venetian landlady, the poor Parisian *déclassée*, or the impetuous and mercurial little wife, whose caprices we felt inclined, for the first time, to condone. This was true genius, but it was genius thoroughly drilled. We may feel sure that nothing was left to chance, or was dependent on what Mr. Tree calls 'the mood of the moment.' For, obviously, the actor's mood may not be the mood proper to the character he represents. Two of our own greatest actresses said to me, in almost the same words: 'You talk of La Duse's naturalness, but it is the perfection of art, carried to that point when all that she does seems to be inevitable.'

Of the tricks of the voice I need only name one—that of raising and dropping it at a full stop, or at the end of a line in blank verse, which the French call 'chanter.' This and the indistinctness so common to English utterance render it difficult anywhere but in the

front rows of stalls to follow every word on the stage, more especially in Shakespeare. I was at a theatre not long since—a bad one as to acoustics, I admit—where I only heard the speeches of one character in their integrity, by reason of the faultless articulation and intonation of the player's voice. This artist had been trained, and very carefully trained, in this respect: the others had not. One such instance, I maintain, weighs more than several pages directed against 'academic' instruction.

But Mr. Beerbohm Tree's views have obtained an unexpected support lately, I am bound to admit, from a quarter where I least thought to have met it. In the pages of the French *Figaro*—the most Parisian of all Parisian journals—have recently appeared a series of articles signed 'Un Poète,' vehemently denouncing the traditions and the conventional teaching of the Paris Conservatoire, which, as a school, has always been held in France to be above criticism. These essays read to me like the writing of a foolish young man—probably *very* young. They are certainly not convincing in their attempt to prove that the playwright knows more of their craft than the players, and should direct their every movement. Now the author-actor is not an unknown quantity with us, and he is not always a success. But, dismissing this, let us see what else the writer has to say.

He complains of the absence of originality, the fettered method which prevails among the rising players of the day, not only in Olympus, but in those lesser spheres (such as the Théâtre Libre), where we should most expect to find a license of treatment and freedom from mannerisms. That there is something in this charge I am not prepared to deny. When witnessing more than one performance of the Comédie Française this summer, I was painfully struck with the artificiality and sameness of exposition prevailing throughout what I must call the second rank of the company. Of course there were brilliant exceptions, where the presentment of the play was as near perfection as it could be; and I can imagine no one who saw *La joie fait peur* or *Le gendre de Monsieur Poirier* being antagonistic to a system which has produced such artists as Got, Mauban, Silvain, &c.—not to mention that master of his art Coquelin aîné—alas! no more a member of the great House of Molière. But there is great conventionality in the rank and file, I admit. One knows exactly how the *ingénue*, and the *jeune premier* will deliver themselves of their speeches, with gestures proper to each: the maidenly timidity of the one, so much more timid than anything in real life now: the fictitious fire of the other, which trembles through those outstretched hands, and leaves the spectator so cold. These players have learned the grammar of their art: without genius, they have not got beyond it. The heaven-born orator is no less an orator because he has learned grammar;

nay, because he has studied those arts of elocution which lend weight and effect to the delivery of his message.

The question, then, to be asked must be—Is the imagination 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' by study? Genius has been said to be the taking of infinite pains; and, without subscribing to that extreme statement, I hold that the finest creative genius finds nothing necessarily destructive in the strong staff of knowledge. Rather will that staff strike open wide the gates of a sanctuary where the passions and poetry of the past are storied, and shine down, as in the jewelled splendour of a painted window, on the upturned gaze of the imaginative student. Mr. Tree says, very justly: 'I have often noticed that those who devote their spare energies to indiscriminate reading acquire a habit of thinking by memory, and thus gradually lose the faculty which the spontaneous observation of life tends to quicken. Their thought becomes artificial . . . the memory is developed at the expense of the imagination.' This is as true as it is cleverly expressed; but to what conclusion does it force us? That the imagination, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is of so weakly a growth that, after sprouting up in youth, it is easily choked; and if by learning, why, then, better than by more hurtful weeds. A healthy and vigorous imagination is the rarest of mental gifts, and when allied to that of representation—to the power of 'adapting his individuality to the character he is portraying'—a man has the first requisite to become a great actor. But he has not all the requisites. That is where I part company from my friend, and from the 'Poète' of the *Figaro*. Discipline is repugnant to both: both are agreed that 'academic' study (there seems to be some secret terror connected with this word) must stifle Nature's promptings. I defy them to point to an instance where a great histrionic gift has been spoiled by judicious training. I have, on the other hand, named several of the first actors of this century who would, avowedly, never have been what they were, had they trusted to their own unassisted genius.

The two instances I am prepared to hear cited, as illustrating the uselessness of training, are Edmund Kean and Fanny Kemble. No one could be a warmer admirer of the former genius than George Henry Lewes, who says:—

> The irregular splendour of his power was felicitously characterised in a saying of Coleridge, that 'seeing Kean was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning.'

He goes on to say, a little later:—

> It was a patchy performance [his Othello] considered as a whole; some parts were miserably tricky, others misconceived, others gabbled over in haste to reach the 'points.' . . . The address to the Senate was very bad.[1] He had little power

[1] Anyone who remembers Salvini's delivery of this speech will understand how much the actor must have lost who did not at once impress his audience by this dignified and splendid opening oration.

of elocution, unless when sustained by a strong emotion, and this long simple narrative was the kind of speech he could not manage at all.

In short, in the art of managing his voice it is clear that Kean's training had been neglected, and to this no doubt was partly due his great inequality. Yet it was a mistake, Lewes assures us, to imagine that Kean did not study—that he

abandoned himself to the impulse of the moment without forethought of prearranged effect. He was an artist, and in art *all effects are regulated*. . . . Without nice calculation no proportion could be preserved. Kean vigilantly and patiently rehearsed every detail, trying the tones until his ear was satisfied, practising looks and gestures until his artistic sense was satisfied; and, having once regulated these, he never changed them.

Yet this is the man who is often quoted as a type of 'the impulsive actor.' He was a great genius and an incomplete artist, but he never trusted to the 'inspiration' of the moment. He had not been carefully trained, hence his delivery and some of his effects were disappointing; but they were well weighed, after his imagination had conceived them, and where the execution fell short of the conception, the failure was often due to tricks and vulgarities which had grown up with him from youth, uncastigated.

The other instance, that of the gifted young girl who has given us so lifelike a picture of her youth, and of how she was thrust suddenly and unexpectedly upon the stage, cannot—as the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble—be said to have been wholly without 'equipment' for the career. She had been bred in an atmosphere of dramatic criticism; she had been accustomed to see her father act; she had heard her aunt, Mrs. Siddons, read; she had learnt much—half unconsciously, perhaps—from her accomplished mother. I have heard Mrs. Fanny Kemble herself describe how in reading aloud a scene to her mother, the latter would cry out to her daughter, 'Higher! Sharper! Don't you see that the situation demands that you should say that in another key?' She reckoned her mother to be even a finer judge, a more subtle critic of acting, than her father. Yet, in spite of her great success, she often said, in after years, 'I only began to know how to play Juliet when I was too old for the part.' She judged her own performance, perhaps, more severely than anyone. She knew that she was a finer reader than she had ever been an actress, for here she had but one instrument to deal with, and that perfectly at her command. In acting she, better than anybody, felt how many things are needed for the embodiment and presentation of a character, however fine the conception of it may be. Endowed, as Mrs. Ritchie happily expresses it, with her family's 'noble gift of illumination,' she was the last person who would have given her adhesion to this new doctrine, that, on the stage, reading, discipline, and direction are uncalled for.

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

A QUESTION OF TASTE

It is a self-evident proposition—unless, indeed, we adopt the view that art has reached in some bygone age the limit to which man is likely to advance it—that, from an artistic standpoint, we are still progressing, or have, at any rate, the potentialities for progress. Unless we deliberately believe that one painter, one writer, of another age than ours reached a point which will never again be reached, that art has declined since his day, and will continue to decline, we must confess that any efforts made seriously, in which a writer or painter does his best, though not productive of any very notable result, are still worthy of praise; for by this way alone—by the constant striving in many methods of various minds—is it possible that we shall attain what is the dream of every artist, namely, the infinite.

There will, however, be found in every age a large number of men who do not take this view, who consider that the best that can be done has been done, or, at any rate, that those artistic efforts which most nearly approach their ideal of perfection belong to what others would call an obsolete mode of expression. In poetry such men, supposing they were artists as well as critics, would revert to the Elizabethan age, and give us now, in the nineteenth century, Elizabethan dramas couched in Elizabethan language. In painting, the school of pre-Raphaelites is an adequate example of the same idea.

That there should be artists who feel that Shakespeare realises to them, more than any other dramatist, the possibilities of dramatic art, that the early Italian painters mingled with their pigments something more divine than can be found in the works of other masters, is intelligible enough; but the deliberate reversion to such modes of thought and expression is a confession of faith, clearly stated, and not capable of being misunderstood. They commit themselves to the declaration—if they are true artists, and love best that which they think comes nearest their ideal of art—that their mistress was nearer the earth then than she is now; that she has turned her back upon the world; that the best they can do is to pick up the golden feathers which have fallen from her wings, and make no directer efforts to bring her back.

But these are probably in the minority. The mass of men, as well as the mass of artists, though they acknowledge and reverence the high achievements of the earlier day, reflect, and reasonably, that there is such a thing as progress, and that since they do not find such works of art to be wholly satisfactory, it is their business to see where the defect lies; that if they find early Madonnas to be inhumanly serene, they must mingle a larger ingredient of humanity in their own efforts, at the expense of serenity, or even of Madonnas; that if they find the splendid five-act tragedy a little too colossal, they must sacrifice a little splendour in order that the yard measure of man may be of some use again.

There is surely something to be said for their view. If human nature is not now more complex than it was, we may at least say that its complexities have been the subject of more observation and analysis. The grouping of the lovely irreproachable heroine with the manly and constant lover, parted until the last chapter by the utterly abandoned villain, does not strike us as quite like real life, and a world entirely composed of such trios would be a little uninteresting. 'Come down, O maid, from yondér mountain height,' sings the shepherd. And in truth, for most of us, she has come down.

A request that art should represent nature seems just; in fact, it seems hard to name anything else which it ought to represent; and if there are many who find that romantic and epic art does not represent nature as they know it, if they want to read about such people as those among whom their own lines are cast, it seems excusable in them to yawn over the hero and the villain. The proportion of villains to ordinary men and women is happily, for our peace of mind, but small: the proportion of heroes, also happily, is smaller still. In any case, it cannot be said that the artist who tries to represent life as he sees it has chosen the easy course. His little figures, cast on no gigantic mould, will be more complex than the gods and goddesses of an elder day; their ties and collars, their trousers, rather bulgy at the knee, will be harder to cut out than the yards of simple flowing drapery cast lightly over the shoulders of the gods. The Parisian *modiste* who exclaimed that the Venus of Milo had no *chic* was feeling about, though somewhat blindly, after a great truth.

The deliberate choice of the artist to represent nature as he sees it, the innumerable difficulties and problems which he encounters at every step, and the violent antagonism he meets with, promises, happily for those who delight in burning questions, to be interminable; and it is only one small point connected in a measure with this great conflict going on on the subject of realism that we propose to discuss. To state the question concretely: supposing a book were written in which the author described with much accuracy and completeness of detail the appearance, habits, and characters of some remarkably unpleasant intimate friends in an unmistakable way, giving them

the setting of real life and making them experience a series of adventures which they actually had experienced, Art and Morality would join hands. Morality, by the mouth of all who read the book, and knew its *fabulæ personæ*, would unanimously exclaim that all the decencies of private life had been violated. But Art would go much further. 'He has sinned the one unpardonable sin,' she would say; 'he has committed the one fault which can never be condoned. Henceforth he is anathema, for he has not painted, he has photographed.'

Now, when Art and Morality join hands, who shall say them nay? When the question is between two, and the two agree, the question is a question no longer. Art and Morality have kissed each other, and all the world applauds. But such unanimity, especially on the realistic question, is rare. Once in a way they are at one, either because the most sacred beliefs of each have been made a mock of, or, what is rarer still, because something has been written or painted so exquisitely, so transparently true, that they embrace with tears, not of indignation, but of joy. But in the long intervals between these rare moments they are for the most part casting stones at one another. Art, whom, when she is obedient, moralists call the handmaid of religion, is somewhat self-opinionated. Unless she herself thinks that the housemaid's cupboard wants overhauling, she will not clean it because the mistress orders her to. She may take the line that certain dirt, certain untidiness, is picturesque; in fact, she has of late years taken that line very often. She may even go so far as to say that it is true cleanliness.

But, leaving Morality altogether out of the question, what has Art got to say on the subject? Now, any one—and in this delightful age of universal scribbling, when every one has a right, and most people a mind, to give birth to a book, there are many such—who has attempted with the least seriousness of purpose to produce a work of art of any kind, whether it strikes others as being a work of art or not, has probably realised that there are x ways of working, and that, after employing any one of these, he has produced something capable of being framed, bound, played or acted.

We contend—the contention is no new one—that $x-1$ of these ways are wrong, and are productive of abortions if the author sticks close to his system, and of an invertebrate vagueness if he does not. English art, particularly in the branch of fiction, the only branch into which we are making any inquiry, affects one of these wrong methods with a fidelity that is positively touching. The process of production, if we may judge by the results, appears to be somewhat as follows. The author is struck by one or more characters whom he meets in real life, and he makes a mental note. 'These,' he says, 'I will "put" into my book.' The phrase is completely characteristic of the results; and, if he has any gift of writing, it is probable that he will produce something which is moderately lifelike. He then

evolves or recollects a number of incidents and scenes, selected for no particular reason except that in most other books he has come across dinner parties, marriage services, and yachts, into which he pushes his puppets, the book is complete, and, from the point of view of Art, he has sinned past all forgiveness. He has uttered a forgery, and, what is worse, to experts a clumsy forgery. Such work has no more to do with the art of fiction than photography has to do with the art of painting. In aim it is very like a photograph, in result even more like a coloured photograph to which pigments have been applied with the intention of deluding the beholders into the belief that they are looking at a picture. A photograph pure and simple could hardly be mistaken for a drawing, whereas there are a number of uncultivated people who may—probably will—be deceived by the author's abortion; just that class, in fact, who in another realm of art might believe that a coloured photograph was a picture, or in any case would consider that it had more or less artistic merit. And the work of such an author has all the bad points of photography and none of its good points, or rather the good points of a photograph are the bad points of a work of fiction. A photograph, at any rate, is a mechanically exact reproduction of a certain effect of light on sensitive plates; whereas, in proportion as the author's work is mechanical, it is bad, and it cannot conceivably be exact.

This revolting travesty of art has all the marks by which the ignorant will be deceived: it is in one or more volumes, it is nearly certain that it is to be obtained at 'libraries,' it is advertised, probably reviewed, and perhaps praised in the pages of magazines; it is printed on paper, it is about men and women; but on every page is set the mark of the beast. It is bad, bad, bad; it cannot conceivably be good.

'There is one Art,' to be reached or not reached by one road. The method, the means, the plan of the rightly constructed book are the exact opposite of an example of this class. First comes the idea, the essence, the plot, be that what it may—the inevitable development (not the portrait), not of individuals, but of types. Next comes the grouping, the scenery, the successive presentations of the march of types. Lastly, the artist, as he is bound to do, looks about him for models from which to draw his type, and when he has found them he draws from them. Every step is vital and essential, the order in which the steps are taken is even more vital still. The construction inevitably consists of three factors: the idea, the grouping, the models to make the type, whereas in the typical English mode the idea is usually left out altogether, the two other factors are taken in the wrong order, and for types are substituted individuals.

Let us translate this into the language of that analogous art, painting. What should we say of the artist who drew several faces, several figures that had taken his fancy, cut them out, as it were,

from the canvas, and made permutations and combinations of them till they fitted together in a slovenly, inexact manner, and painted in the gaps; who then sat down and looked at his picture till it occurred to him that it might possibly be construed into the representation of some known scene; who found in his scrap-book the figures, say, of some courtiers—a king, perhaps scowling—a poor girl, perhaps selling match-boxes, and who played with them like a Chinese puzzle, until they accidentally fell into positions which suggested to his vacant mind the story of King Cophetua? Brilliant thought! Exit the match-box: enter a bland smile on the face of the hitherto scowling king: let him extend a welcoming hand, and make ready to step down from his throne, and the great composition is complete. The models first, the grouping next; last and least, but not always, the idea, the nominal *raison d'être* of this work of art.

The only point really in common between the two methods is that the artist in both cases paints from Nature. They both, though at different times and in opposite manners, use models. No one can evolve a man or woman out of his inner consciousness. We have all seen men and women so constantly that a self-evolved image is either a faint reflex of some man or men, in so far as it is not purely evolved, or, if it is really evolved, there is no reason why it should not be as like a dog or a cat as a human being. Art must represent Nature. But at this point writers and painters part company. The painter takes one model, or it is at any rate obviously right for him to take one model, if that model more nearly satisfies his conception than another or others. But writers—I am no longer speaking of the *vice-versâ* writer who begins his work with his model, and finishes it by leaving out the idea—cannot and may not do this. A character in fiction is not an individual, but a type: if it is an individual, the writer at once begins to degenerate into the photographer, and his work becomes meagre. Art says there is no longer any hope for him in this world, and Morality denies him salvation in the next. No doubt in minor characters such a thing may be done, and has been done, in first-rate work. In the case where a footman appears to say that dinner is ready, the typical appearance is sufficiently close to the actual; the typical phrase is identical with the actual; and as he has no direct connection with the working out of the idea, an individual is adequate to play his part. But in a 'working' character this is impossible. No development of a character in fiction can be identical with the development of any character in real life, because the novelist deals not with individuals but with types, and many individuals go to make the type, and the typical development is the development of a certain part of all these.

Though the figures who work out the artist's idea play their part in a human drama, it is impossible that they, as he conceives them, should be individuals. The idea is the sequence of cause and

effect, and the figures on which the idea acts are the embodiment, as perfectly as the artist can conceive it, of certain dispositions, necessary for the illustration of this law, and of no other dispositions. Thus supposing, to take the most possible case, the idea of the book was the change wrought in a perfectly mediocre person of the middle classes, by the influence of a strong will exercised over it in a given way for evil, the artist might search—more than that, would have searched—the middle classes through in vain, before he found a man or woman mediocre enough. In the creation of a type there must bé a process of selection—not the process of selection as exemplified in a caricature, where a prominent feature of the victim is exaggerated, and the rest made like him—but an ignoring of the rest of him, and the prominent feature gathered and copied from as many people as possible, who also possess it.

Now, if the artist eschews photography, as he is bound to do, and realises his inability—if the question ever occurs to him—to evolve men and women out of his inner consciousness, he must either describe types or describe himself. This has been often done, and done successfully, because the process of selection, necessary to the description of a type, has been employed; and when a man selects from himself, his work will not necessarily have that meagreness which it would have if he selected from another individual, because he knows himself better, in all probability, than he knows anyone else. That in works where such a treatment is successful, selection has been employed, is admirably illustrated in the case of George Elliot, who said on one occasion that Casaubon in *Middlemarch* was drawn from herself; on another, that Grandcourt in *Daniel Deronda* came from the same source. Though in both cases the type was drawn from an individual, it would be obviously impossible to accuse her of photography, since the proper selection, the one characteristic of type drawing as opposed to photography, gave two so widely different results. But a self-painted portrait, made without selection, is in all artistic essentials a photograph, and as bad, artistically, as the photograph of another individual. The danger of such a process is clear, especially when the self-painted portrait is anything of an autobiography. A man who, at the age of forty, chooses himself as the hero of a work of fiction who goes through the same experiences as he has himself gone through, is apt to regard those experiences from his present standpoint, with the result that the character is marked by a certain sameness throughout, and is not influenced by circumstances in a way that the strongest character is bound to be. There is no need, for example, to ask from what source Dickens drew his *David Copperfield.* How different, how diametrically opposed to the steady, somewhat complacent, uniformity with which David Copperfield goes through enough incident to furnish a bookshelf of novels, is the constantly changing presentation of Thackeray's Becky Sharp, who, being evil to

begin with, could have become good if she had wished to, who goes on being evil, till, when bored with Vanity Fair, and even with her patron, she wished to become good, but was unable, and ended by caring not a jot whether she was good or bad.

With regard to minor characters—characters who are not directly concerned with the working of the idea, whose development is not the point of the book, but who are only the *milieu* of the type—the case is somewhat different. An individual made to act as the type is either a caricature or a too meagre representative of its class; an individual as a minor character need not be either. Here, again, Dickens, owing mainly to his enormous power of observation, produces results which remind one alternately of caricatures and photographs. The interest with which he regards his minor characters leads him to concentrate the reader's attention on the one that for the moment fills the stage; they are, in fact, treated like major characters, more especially as they share the same fault that his major characters show—namely, the absence of that gradual change and development to which the strongest are necessarily subject. Thackeray, on the other hand, in his absorbing interest in the progress of his type, leaves the minor characters to shift for themselves, describing their affairs from a sense of duty rather than of interest. How many of us, for example, could say anything about Amelia Sedley, except that her only characteristic lay in the total absence of all other characteristics?

But though a type may not be a portrait of an individual, yet in the story it must be treated as one. To the artist it has become an individual, and it has to take an individual's part in the drama. The character, the essence of a certain group of men or women, has been made incarnate, and, unless it shares the experiences, not of the whole of its class, but of one member of it, the result is unnatural.

The artist may not heap misfortune on to its head, or load it with glory to a greater degree that that which is common to a man. As a matter of experience an immoral man does not spend his time in putting one foot through the whole decalogue as quickly as possible, and then the other, though the typically immoral man, in so far as he approaches the type, would be always doing so; but if he was represented in fiction as so doing, he would be a monstrosity. When the type is incarnate, it is subject to the sins and temptations, not of all the individuals who are specimens of that type, but to those of one. The single temptation, the temptation that tests any one person in the type which is under dissection, is taken to be typical, and by it the type is tested.

It is here that the artist most commonly blunders, and the penalty for his blunder is rigorously exacted by Morality. In reality, he is not describing an individual, but a type; but he may, innocently enough but foolishly, overlook the fact that if, in order to save

himself the trouble of inventing, or from omitting to draw his scenes from an experience sufficiently remote, he recalls in the *milieu* of his type the *milieu* of one of the models from whom he has drawn, he lays himself open to a direct and, on the whole, a justifiable attack.

In all probability he acted innocently enough; but innocence, in the opinion of the children of this world, is only a contemptuous synonym for folly. And it is for folly that we pay more dearly than for anything else; it is the one failure for which no allowance is made, and justly. For folly is nothing more than an unsuccessful way of dealing with our fellows—clearly we should suffer for it on the spot, and, as our mission is to deal successfully in some line or other with our fellow men, it is right that the punishment should be severe. On the whole, the artist is lucky if he is called a knave when he should have been called a fool.

The third factor, the most important of all, to which type and grouping are both subservient, which is the true cause of all that occurs in the book, is the idea, the development. The type is only the particular instance of the idea translated into life, the scenery only the concrete setting. The idea is as fully the reason of the book's existence as a sunset is the reason of the picture of a sunset. The artist did not paint some scattered clouds, some forest trees, a river, a church spire, and arrive at the idea of painting a sunset from the contemplation of these—he saw a sunset, he knew it was beautiful, and he set to work to represent it. So, too, the author sees that the development of a certain sort of character, its inevitable rise from bad to good, or its inevitable fall from bad to worse, is interesting to him. He pictures to himself the various phases through which it passes, and translates them into the intelligible language of scenes and situations, the series of crises through which the character has to go in order to work out its own salvation or the reverse. Lastly, he clothes his character in flesh and blood, the flesh and blood common to its type. Every word in the book is in the service of the idea; the idea passes through them all, like the string which holds a necklace together. It is right that it should not be visible outwardly, but a moment's thought instinctively exercised will show any one that it is there: he knows that the beads would fall and roll away if it were withdrawn; unconsciously he takes into account its existence and use.

It is here that a question of taste comes in. The artist knows that his necklace is a necklace, because he has put the beads one by one on to the string which holds them together. But supposing Morality—as she has been known to do—peers at the necklace short-sightedly, refuses to take it in her hand, and says 'These are beads,' and when the artist replies, 'True, they are beads, but they are a necklace,' she refuses to hear him. 'They are beads, beads; they

shall be treated as such.' Who is to blame? The artist says, 'Not I.' Morality says, 'But they are beads; I am sure of it, and, what is more, I recognise them.'

This is not quite such a deadlock as might be supposed. It is not the function of Morality to be critical, and the critical faculty, *pace* Molière, is more a matter of experience than of instinct. Morality has been shown so many boxes of beads, and has been told they are necklaces, so many coloured photographs, and has been told they are oil-paintings, that it would be strange if her critical faculty were very acute. In other words, it is a matter of good taste, as well as of good policy, for the artist to make it clear that his types are types, though the very fact that it is so hard to him to conceive of their being mistaken for individuals renders his task a difficult one.

His danger and his safety, luckily for him, lie in the grouping, not in the choice of type: and here he has obviously a wide range. If he will only take the trouble to give to his type a different *milieu* from that of any of the models from whom he drew it, it is safe to say that he will be open to no attack from even the most censorious. The very fact that Morality is not possessed of a keen critical sense is in favour of the artist, if he will only take pains not to put any very glaring sign-posts in her way. For the sake of decency and good taste it is necessary that a certain rough justice should be done, and the court which administers this justice only lays hold of the most obvious pieces of evidence—obvious, that is, to the uncritical sense. And it is only fair that the artist should recognise this. It entails no sacrifice, only the exercise of a little caution, a little consideration: he does not have to give up any of the essentials of his art: he may take his type, he may draw from individuals, but he ought to do what common sense advises him to do. In so far as he is an artist, he only uses his art for its own ends: given that, his choice often lies outside the domain of art, he may, with no sacrifice of his aim, either give offence, or avoid doing so, and it is absurd to run amuck of anything in this world, only for the sake of running amuck of it. If his idea of his art clashes with anything else, he has to consider, and he must sacrifice one; but when the refusal to sacrifice one entails no sacrifice on the other, his course is clear.

That art will be judged by other standards than the spirit in which it is given to the world is inevitable; but those artists who are in most active revolt against such judgment are, for the most part, exactly those who most often retard the growth of the critical faculty among those who judge them, and help it to grow up by feeding it on gin. Another section equally misguided, though admirably well meaning, tries to counteract the effect of the gin by large and frequent doses of skim-milk. No wonder they are both alike puzzled at the result.

The advocates of the skim-milk diet complain that all sense of

decency and morality is dead, whereas the gin section preach that we are still bound by obsolete and pedantic restrictions, which cramp and fetter the wings of art. There is exaggeration on both sides.

The providers of skim-milk do not see that the romantico-historical novel has had its day, that it is over. We divide mankind no longer into two broad classes—the completely heroic and the utterly villainous. The reward of virtue is not always ineffable joy and golden-haired children, nor is vice always associated with dungeons and sudden death. There was a time when all that was best in literature was either epic or romantic: every literature which has grown to beauty or maturity has experienced it, but it is not final. Homer is succeeded by Æschylus, Sophocles by Euripides. It is easier, and therefore an earlier experience of art, to draw heroes rather than middle-class bankers, because the hero is the less complicated of the two. He is wholly magnificent, and in the literature of to-day he is naturally wholly obsolete. Such a picture has fewer lines in it, less perspective, less gradation of tones. All that is insisted on is the grand scale, and the grand scale is easily realised by making a man lean in a *négligé* attitude on a house-roof. But we do not for the most part lean on house-roofs: we go in and out of the front doors. And if the 'idea' is no longer concerned with heroes and villains, but with ordinary folk, our models must be taken from them. Of course, in every generation there are many of an epic or romantic nature, but such representations are no longer national. The majority of us are no longer satisfied with pictures which, however splendid and noble, do not, as a matter of fact, bear much resemblance to the people among whom we live. Not that the epic poets will not continue to live, but they live chiefly, not because they are epic, but because they are after all human. The story of the parting of Hector and Andromache can never perish: the most modern of our race can feel the force of that, for it touches the human heart. Hector and Andromache are man and wife; the child cries out in terror at Hector's nodding plume; the father smiles, and lays his helmet by.

But the advocates of the gin-diet are also wrong, as we have tried to point out both on this minor point and also on the whole idea of realism, as it presents itself to them. We want pictures of the age in which we live, volumes of humanity; but we want the ingredients which make that age in due proportion. It is not yet universal for men to marry women whom they dislike, and to be filled with love for those they may not marry. Though we are not any longer epic or romantic, we are not yet all morbid and disillusioned. It is true that many men are curs; but let us have the curs in due proportion. Many women are heartless; but let us have the due proportion of faithful, loving womankind. Gin is not yet a universal beverage.

The characters in works of fiction must be human, and that they should be human they must have been drawn from living men and living women, and from the men and women of our own time, if we wish to appeal to our own time, and those who feed us on gin only appeal to what they imagine posterity will be. But, reverting to the main topic, it is quite conceivable that one of the models used in a certain type of man should have been a woman; or, again, the artist may find in a man to a degree which justifies him in taking that man as a model, certain characteristics which go to make up the type of woman he desires to represent. Such a thing is probably not rare. He would have sacrificed nothing of his art, and he would have run no sort of risk of offending any sensibilities. The treatment of types in such a case, drawn from models, is admitted on all sides, and a successful result is applauded as a work of art.

On the other hand, the artist has the right to claim a corresponding concession. It is sometimes assumed that what is intended for a type is an individual, and the artist is dubbed a photographer, and then pilloried as an artist. 'Such-and-such a figure,' it is said, 'is clearly a portrait, and in that portrait the greater part of the original has been ignored.' But it is this very selection which ought to show that what is thought to be a portrait is not one; it is invested with the characteristic of a type as opposed to a photograph.

Such a conclusion is no doubt annoying to the artist; but with his annoyance is mingled a sweet secret joy. His type has been called a portrait—a one-sided portrait, a caricature. He could hardly be presented with a more gratifying testimonial. He has chosen to represent a certain type, and he has used models. What could be more flattering? He has taken models, not a model, because one human being cannot represent a type; we are all compounded of many types, and represent each imperfectly. But it appears, after all, that he has succeeded in selecting his material rightly; he has taken the parts of his models which bear on the type, clothed them in the guise of an individual, for he has to treat his type as an individual, and it seems that after all it *is* like an individual, that it is mistaken for one. His type has become incarnate not only to himself, but to others. Truly every cloud has a silver lining!

Life is no simple matter: the issues of art and taste and morality seem inextricably intertwined. We are not like the little children in allegories, with whom all goes well as long as they keep to the road, but on whom spiritual lions and tigers spring with mechanical accuracy and fatal results if they venture on to the grass. Nowadays the grass has overgrown its strict allegorical borders; there are patches of it in the road, and there are patches of bare soil on the grass. It has become a matter of judgment rather than certain moral

choice, whether we may step across to those little arks which lie in the sea of lions and tigers, or on to those patches of grass which appear in the very middle of the road. But it is worth while exercising a little judgment now and then, especially if it does not entail any sacrifice of principle.

E. F. Benson.

POACHING

FROM varying causes poaching has become almost a lost art, for what little is practised now is but very degenerate compared to the professional proceedings of its former votaries, the tales of whose prowess in capturing, while avoiding being captured, are still cherished and related with kindly extenuation, both in the halls and hostelries of their native villages.

For they were none of your skulking, semi-burglar, ne'er-do-wells, who stole game only for filthy lucre; but, generally, smart jovial-mannered fellows, who divided all natural history into two classes, 'game' and 'vermin,' and who knew more of the habits of both than most naturalists; and, being the keenest of sportsmen, they poached simply because the fates had not made them landed proprietors, or rich enough to rent game preserves.

The fascination of poaching to such men one can easily imagine; for those who need not have occasionally joined them for the pure excitement of it. One well-known clergyman's son actually assisted to poach the very preserves over which he was to shoot the next day with the squire; and, unfortunately, the keepers surprised them, when the poachers cleverly vanished, as only poachers can, leaving the vicar's son to be hunted by the keepers, from whom he only escaped by crawling through an almost impenetrable stretch of furze, to the intense pain and disfigurement of face, hands, and knees.

The pains and penalties of the law were defiantly risked and submitted to over and over again: and one well-known character, whose only fault was this unconquerable love of poaching, always pleaded so hard with the magistrates that he often succeeded in getting his punishments reduced. On one such occasion he coolly told them he '*could pay* the fine, but might as well work it out in jail, as it ain't a *busy time* just now.' And afterwards, to the magistrate's clerk, who, himself a keen sportsman and owner of shooting, was known to sympathise, asked him where he had done best of late, he impudently said, 'The best hauls I ever get, sir, are on your own place.' Another one, as he paid his fine, told the keeper who had caught him that 'No matter, I'll take it back off your place very soon.'

Man-traps and spring-guns are no longer allowed to be set for poachers as of old, their use, except within a dwelling-house for its protection, being punishable by imprisonment. Man-traps for cruellest brutality rank with the instruments of torture of the middle ages; one belonging to the writer being 7 feet long, with teeth $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep on each side of its grip, which is 18 inches long, with spring at either end: so that once stepped on and sprung, it would either break or most terribly lacerate the legs, and its strength and weight of 70 lbs. would hold its victim like a rat in a trap. They were made of various patterns, some being less cruel than others, and having no teeth, but merely holding the poacher as in a vice until the keeper released him. A lady who was once caught in one of these when wandering in a wood, never forgot her alarming experience. Dog-traps were also used for the poachers' dogs, as well as for themselves. Spring-guns worked on a pivot from which were stretched wires in several directions, so that the gun swung round and discharged towards whichever wire was pushed against, probably greatly injuring the poacher, and most certainly arousing the keepers.

First and foremost necessity for poaching is the far-famed 'poacher's dog'—the true Norfolk Lurcher (so called from an old meaning of the verb lurk: viz. to steal), originally a cross between the greyhound for speed and the retriever for scent and work; but now a recognised breed, and often again crossed with the greyhound.

As to the training and cleverness of these dogs a whole paper might easily be written; they are not only never allowed out in the day-time, but are always kept in the dark, and their skill and cunning, when well trained, is beyond the belief of those who have never witnessed it. A comical instance was of one taught to reverse all the usual orders, so that when loudly called to heel, he would slip off after a rabbit, and the more he was whistled the faster he went. None will appear with any game in his mouth before a stranger, however friendly he may appear to be, until whatever the accustomed signal of safety has been given him; and if his master be driving along the lanes in his cart, as one style of rabbit poachers often do, the dog is trained to jump into the cart, drop his rabbit, and out again, without any stoppage of the wheels which might excite the suspicions of any observant keeper.

Given the dog and a suitable night, wet and windy preferred, the rest of the paraphernalia depends on the kind of sport on hand. Deer are too big to be easily disposed of, and the punishment of *50l.*, or imprisonment and whipping, too heavy to be lightly risked; though, but a few years ago, fawns were frequently stolen from a celebrated park, and conveyed by a carter, hidden in his sacks of corn, to a neighbouring town.

Night poaching—that is, after one hour from sunset to one hour before sunrise—is a much more serious offence than in the day, but only by night are most forms of poaching possible. Then the pheasants roost in the trees, and for them the poacher takes his gun, with its barrel so shortened that he can carry it in one of his many pockets, and its stock in the other: or a quieter and less likely way to attract the keepers is to hold burning sulphur at the end of a fishing-rod beneath the sleeping birds, when they tumble half suffocated into his arms. The keepers circumvent these pheasant poachers by nailing on to the branches dummy pheasants so cleverly made of bunches of twigs or straw and bits of wood that much valuable time in shooting at, and holding of the sulphur, is wasted before the dummy is detected in the dim light, when the 'language is frequent, and painful, and free,' and made the more realistic by the fumes of the burning sulphur.

In preserves so overstocked that, as at Dhuleep Singh's for instance, 620 pheasants were shot in twenty-five minutes by twelve men with three guns each, and over 3,000 head of game in that one day, it can easily be imagined what havoc a clever gang can commit just before a big day. Amusing tales are told of the strategies of keepers and poachers at such critical times. In one preserve the former fixed cartridges with wires in all directions, so that when pushed they would explode and summon them to surround the wood and capture the poachers. Of this the poachers got wind, and while a couple of them drove some cattle into the wood, which presently discharging the cartridges, attracted the whole staff of keepers, the rest of the gang completely cleared out a more distant preserve in perfect safety. Both pheasants and partridges are also caught in the day-time by 'hingles,' called by poachers 'shackles,' or 'leg-ties' made of fine wire, and pegged to the ground where the pheasants are fed by the keepers, or tied to the branches beneath hedgerows, and in the winter-time round cornstacks is a favourite place. They are either raised by means of a little stick called a 'pricker,' so as to catch them by the head, or simply laid on the ground, so as to catch their feet, and, when well made and set, the result is very profitable to the poacher. A good instance of the clever impudence of the old professors of this most daring method is told of one 'Cutty White,' a well-known poacher, who, being surprised early one morning in a forest glade by a keeper, threw his bag (an indispensable part of a poacher's outfit and the origin of the term poacher; that is, one who *pockets* game, stealing and conveying it away in a bag) into a furze bush, and himself, as if utterly exhausted, on the bank. Apparently delighted to meet any one, he anxiously asked if he was right for a distant village, where his only son was dying, and when told he had taken the wrong glade, his grief was very great; for he was an old man and so worn out and bad on his feet that he could scarcely walk at all—so lame, in fact, that the

kindly keeper had to assist him towards the right road, when, meeting the owner of the estate, his sympathy was so excited by the old man's story and appearance that he sent him to the Hall and gave him a good breakfast and half-a-crown, and would have had him driven to see his sick son, but that was more than the rascal was quite prepared for; so with profuse thanks he limped out of sight along the right road, and then turned in another direction. Almost immediately he was gone the keeper rushed back to the Hall, saying he had found, behind the bank whereon the old man was resting, fifteen snared pheasants, while a lot more were 'jumping about' in snares on the feeding-ground close at hand.

Men were instantly despatched in every direction to find the old man, and one met a jovial butcher's man in the conventional blue blouse, hastening to fetch some sheep from a neighbouring farm, who remembered passing an old man limping along in quite the opposite direction. Needless to say, 'the butcher' was but another of Cutty's many disguises, and that he got safely away from the district until the legal time for his apprehension had expired.

Partridge-poaching requires a totally different method: the two ends of the line running along the top of a sometimes silken drag-net, some thirty to forty yards long by two to four wide, are either held by two men or tied to the tops of two poles, and carried over their shoulders while walking very quietly up and down the fields, holding up the net in a slanting direction, so that the bottom just slightly sweeps the ground behind them, a third man, if the net is a very long one, sometimes walking behind it holding a long cord fastened to its centre. On a wet and windy night the partridges lie so closely to the ground, on which they sleep in little family groups, that whole coveys are easily flushed right into the meshes of the net slanting above them, when it is instantly dropped on to them until they are caught and killed. The thorn bushes stuck over the newly-mown corn-fields by the keepers are a terrible trial to the poachers, tearing their delicate nets, or worse, getting caught in them and dragging along the ground until hopelessly entangled.

Such nets are rare to procure now; the one in the possession of the writer once belonged to a celebrated poacher, and has caught as many as thirty brace in one night. Their mesh is about two inches, and they do up into a very small compass.

For hares and rabbits nets of various kinds are used. For gates and gaps, to which hares and rabbits always make when disturbed while feeding in the fields, there are gate-nets, ten or twelve of which are placed by the poachers lightly and well on to the ground before the favourite gates and gaps, and then a couple of lurchers are told to 'go,' when off they hurry under the shelter of the fences, one on either side of the field, to the far end, when, in the most wonderfully clever way, they work all the hares and rabbits towards

the nets, which the poachers empty and reset, until often as many as three or four men can carry are caught thus in one night.

For rabbits' burrows, the 'purse' net is placed over the mouth of the burrow, and a 'cooped' or muzzled ferret turned in to frighten the rabbits out, when they 'bolt' into the net, which is so cleverly made that it runs up like a purse, safely securing the rabbit. They also catch the rabbit equally well if it is bolting into its burrow, and with a ferret and half-a-dozen nets a single poacher can easily get from twelve to twenty rabbits in an evening. Also wire snares, or 'necklaces,' are used for both hares and rabbits; and in the making and setting of these much skill is required. They are put in the well-beaten runs or 'paths' made by both hares and rabbits, being pegged down with a large stick, or tied to a brick, which is more often done, as they will drag it about in silence; whereas, if tied, they often shriek, and so alarm the ever-watchful keepers. A smaller stick, or 'pricker,' holds the snare at the right distance from the ground—about seven inches for a hare and five for rabbits—and the poacher generally creeps about in the late afternoon, when the 'look-out,' or keeper, is likely to be at home, and puts down a score or more of these, which he takes up in the early dawn.

One hair-breadth escape occurred to a poacher, one of whose snares the keeper had found with a hare in it, and hid up close by to catch the poacher when he came for it. Luckily for the poacher, he came earlier than usual, and had already taken several hares from his other snares, when, nearing this one, he noticed a fresh footprint on a molehill, and instantly crawled, with the greatest caution, through the underwood; when, to his horror, he almost knocked against the keeper, who, however, was so sound asleep that the poacher not only took the hare from his snare, but reset it for pure impudence, and got safely away.

Very successful rabbit-poaching is also done from carts, as already described. One clever poacher for long defied detection; he was a rabbit-catcher by trade, and, though well watched and often searched, nothing could be found, although his master was certain he was robbing him. At last, one day the master noticed the ferrets eagerly scratching at the bottom of their box, and then found it was a false one, and beneath it two couples of his best rabbits neatly hidden away, which, multiplied by every weekday, represented a considerable haul.

Poaching is often done by regular gangs of men, some of whom merely watch and fool the keepers, while the rest do the work, and all share the profits. One such gang of eighteen, some years ago, became a terror to their district, and were undoubtedly the murderers of a keeper, to try and find out which a well-known London detective was employed. Appearing in the district as a ne'er-do-well gentleman's servant out of work, he so wormed his way into their

secrets that he became almost their leader, until, after many months, finding he had got all the information he could get against them, he took steps to have the whole gang arrested; and when he appeared in court against them in his proper character, and they recognised their former pal, their threats and curses were terrible to hear.

Poaching is now mainly 'egging,' which early in the season, when proprietors are stocking their preserves, is a very profitable business, as may be understood when Dhuleep Singh, the Indian prince and celebrated sportsman, in his later years at Elveden Hall, sold over a hundred thousand pheasants' eggs in one year, at from ninepence to a shilling each. A local tale is told that when buying, in his earlier years, a large order for pheasants' eggs hatched out only bantams, their eggs having been stained the correct coffee colour; and doubtless many of the true game eggs he then bought were poached from his own estate.

Another important factor in poaching is the 'go-between,' he who conveys from the poacher to the purchaser. These are generally local hucksters and carriers, whose trade takes them to the outlying hamlets, and who easily conceal game and eggs amidst their goods. An amusing tale is told of one whose donkey cart upset just as he met the squire of the parish, who, kindly stopping to assist him, saw scores of, probably his own, pheasants' eggs roll from innocent-looking baskets of market produce.

Delicious little 'spring chickens' were eagerly bought one late summer from an apparently respectable old woman in a remote Welsh village, until found to be undoubted pheasants; and in the same district fine trout were impudently offered as 'fresh herring.'

But the subject of 'fish poaching' is so large that it requires a future paper to itself; and meantime these few details of general poaching may be of some interest in connection with the collection of poaching appliances at the Sports and Pastimes Exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

L'AIGLE COLE.

AMERICAN LIFE THROUGH ENGLISH SPECTACLES

My object in writing this sketch of some of the salient features wherein life in America differs from that in England has been, not to criticise the real, but to correct the false, impressions which I have often seen in English prints. Most Englishmen travelling through this country can obtain but a very faint idea of the inner life of its inhabitants. Their sketches, therefore, being drawn from individuals, frequently do not do justice to the whole. Generally, too, the Americans who pioneer the distinguished British tourists through their country are not representatives of American society in its truest and best form.

Besides this, I have felt that, as so many young Englishmen are now wisely choosing this country for their home, it would be not unacceptable to their relatives in England to see American social life from an Englishman's point of view.

I have not attempted to go into social problems, nor have I alluded to that much-petted, much-written-about class, the uncrowned kings of America, the working men. Neither in speaking of American life have I thought it proper to more than mention those natives of the United States who copy English manners with such ludicrous exaggeration that they are styled by their countrymen 'Anglo-maniacs.'

In the land where all men are said to be born free and equal, and the titular distinctions of the Old World are supposed to be held in contempt, there is this large class, whose knowledge of *The Court Guide* far exceeds that of Mrs. Ponto, and to whom the sayings and doings of the least known British peer are of more importance than those of their own President.

But the love of outward and visible form is not confined to any one class in America. Throughout the country there is a profound respect for marks of distinction, which, oppressed by democratic laws, finds vent in such titles as Chief Clerk of the Works Smith, or Assistant Elevator Starter Brown. While it is comical enough to hear men designated by their profession, the adoption of the idea by women is still more amusing. Mrs. Colonel Jones, or Mrs. Chief

Engineer Roberts—is the vanity that compels the use of such titles more absurd or pitiable? The craze descends into the lower orders of life too. The servants who advertise themselves as such are regarded as slaves by the cook ladies and waiting gentlemen whose cards appear in every newspaper. The Southern story, so old, and told of so many people, that it is a wonder the folk-lorists do not claim it as a sun myth, of the coloured lady who wanted to see 'de white woman ob de house 'bout de washin',' gives one an idea of the feeling among this class. Only among the upper classes in the Northern States is there an adherence to plain Esquire and Madam.

The composition of American society may be briefly noticed before going further. Roughly speaking, the upper classes in America are English by descent, with some foreign blood mixed in. In the Western cities there are a number of Germans, but these do not come into contact, to any appreciable extent, with the English-speaking people, except in matters of business.

New England, which is the largest contributor to the upper-class population of the Western towns, is inhabited chiefly by persons of pure English descent, many of them being the descendants of the Puritans who fled from England during the religious troubles of the seventeenth century. The people of New York and Pennsylvania are largely of English extraction, with an admixture of Dutch blood. The South, excepting New Orleans, was also colonised by Englishmen, but the upper classes in the South belonged, as a rule, to that class which in England is supposed to be of gentle blood; although now all such distinctions have long since passed away. New Orleans possesses a society of its own, a society of Frenchmen, while the interior States contain a population drawn mainly from the seaboard States. I allude in this distribution only to what may be called the aristocracy of the States, and take no account of the nationalities of the working classes.

There is one important difference between an Englishman and an American. The latter regards the city as his home and the country as his sojourning place, while the former clings to his old family estate and his country home, and parts from them with reluctance. The citizen of the United States, except possibly in some of the Southern States, and even there the sentiment is dying away, has no such feelings, and on the death of the heads of the family, its members split up, and the country homestead passes into the hands of strangers and out of the minds of those who no longer dwell there. Although there is some, there is far less, sentiment for the old home among Americans than among Englishmen. The comparative newness of the country and the lack of family traditions to a large extent account for this.

Great landed estates such as exist all over England are very rare in America, few men having a desire to exile themselves from the

society of their equals in the towns and bury themselves in the country districts. Neither would a lonely country place removed four or five miles from a town be an attractive residence in the States. Except in the large cities, where the comforts of life can be had in profusion, there is a great lack of luxury throughout the whole Republic. Of the necessities of life there is usually abundance; but woe to the unhappy gentleman who might acquire land and mansion a few miles distant from any of the hundreds of the small thriving towns scattered throughout the country. His life would be one of isolation. Removed by four or five miles from the nearest town and railway station, and the distance rendered trebly great by the abominable country roads (there are no decent high roads anywhere in the United States except in parts of New England and in Kentucky), he would find himself compelled to send, not to the nearest town, but to the nearest great city, for all the comforts of life.

Trains on most of the American railways are few and far between, and supplies are therefore hard to obtain. I do not speak of the suburban service of any of the big cities, but of through trains. Postal delivery in the country districts there is none. The sporting instinct does not exist in the heart of the American farmer, whilst the practically unprotected game throughout most of the States of the Union is getting scarce. He would have no neighbours either resident or transient, and would be thrown absolutely upon his own resources for amusement and occupation. The whole theory of American life is opposed to this state of existence; and the few who are bold enough to disregard public opinion and live as they choose are regarded almost as madmen. I remember one summer, while driving, seeing a beautiful and well-kept home about five miles from the seaside resort whence we had come. I asked the owner's name, which was given me, and then followed exclamations from every member of the party. Some regarded the man as mad to live away from everybody, others believed him a recluse. Some pitied his family and others himself; but not one upheld him in choosing a most beautiful, though somewhat lonely, piece of coast for his summer home.

The result of this absence of individual country houses has led to the growth of a system without parallel, I believe, in the world. I allude to the country resorts. Of these resorts, or spots chosen for the gathering together of several families, there are many kinds. They may be divided, so far as we are at present concerned, into three varieties: the suburban, the health, and the pleasure resort. A brief description of them may be interesting. First, let us take a sample of the suburban resorts which may be found surrounding all the great American cities, and which correspond largely to the suburbs of English towns. A suburban resort usually originates as follows. Some wealthy man, or a syndicate, usually of friends, decides that it will be very pleasant to live in the country within easy

reach of their places of business. Accordingly they sally forth and purchase at some point near the city, possessing generally some natural attractions, a considerable piece of land. A fine name, chosen for its sound, not for its sense, is then given to the new acquisition; the management of the nearest railway is persuaded to stop certain morning and evening trains at a new station, and the syndicate commences to lay out good roads, which form an oasis in the mud-covered country trails, to plant trees, to form little parks, and to improve their new property in every way. At the same time they select certain spots for their own homes, and then begin to recoup themselves for their outlay of money by selling sites for houses to their friends. Usually care is exercised at first, and only people acceptable to the founders of the colony can gain admittance to it. That is the palmy and attractive season of the resort. In the meanwhile a few tradesmen, dealers in the more bulky necessities of life, settle on the outskirts of the charmed circle. The United States Government locates a post office, a rapacious livery stable locates itself, and 'Mountain Glen' is in the full swing of success. More dwellers in the adjacent city pour in to seek for homes, the price for lots goes up, and their size inversely diminishes. The original syndicate sells out at a large profit, and seeks a new field elsewhere. More people flow in. Electric lights and tramcars appear. A municipality is formed, which at once goes into debt for so-called public improvements, and a full-fledged city is the final result. Or the process of deterioration goes the other way. Instead of the original syndicate selling out, and small householders being introduced, the early settlers of the colony hold on to their possessions, and, wealthy in land, assume social pretensions. The colony becomes fashionable. To be the possessor of a cottage at 'Mountain Glen' proves the owner a man of good social standing. And at last, though the fresh air of the country cannot be vitiated, yet in every other respect the settlement takes on the customs and hours of the more fashionable city. One or the other of these endings is the eventual fate of most suburban settlements; but, though to English ideas such a settlement during the earlier and later part of its existence is not attractive, yet during the middle of its career there is much that is pleasant in life in it. Let me try and paint a very common type of these little colonies. Imagine, then, a considerable piece of land, usually lying in some situation more or less favoured by nature. Cut up this tract into little parks well wooded with young trees, and divided from each other by well-kept roads penetrating in every direction. On each little islet of green, bounded by roadway and sidewalk, place a trim, well-kept house, often of wood, gaily painted, and built in every conceivable style of architecture. Let each house be surrounded by pleasant lawns, flower gardens, &c., and have in its rear its stables and perhaps kitchen garden. Place every house

standing open to the public highway, with no vestige of fence or wall to denote which is private and which public ground, and at some convenient distance put a little railway station, neatly kept, and for the greater part of the day entirely deserted, while clustering around it let there be a few small shops and a livery stable or two. Several churches, of which the best kept and most imposing belongs to the ruling denomination in the colony, complete the picture. Viewed from a balloon the whole must resemble the toy villages of my infancy, where the brightly-painted houses, trees, shops, men, and animals could be moved about at will. During the greater part of the day the little village bears an aspect of solitude. All the male members of the population have left for their places of business on the early morning train, and the ladies have followed on one an hour or so later, bent on shopping or other city pleasures. There is something humorous in the sacred light in which this early train is regarded by the American business man. He will leave his breakfast untasted rather than miss it. Poorly is he regarded who comes into town with the ladies. Only a few weeks ago I was seriously informed that young So-and-so would never be a success. 'He doesn't take the 8.15,' said my informant, 'but comes in on the 9.30.' About five o'clock in the evening the stillness that has existed during the day throughout the village begins to be broken. Vehicles of all descriptions congregate at the railway station, the evening train from the city rolls in, and the various male suburbanites are whisked away to their homes to enjoy the pleasure of sleeping in the country after living in the town.

Sunday in a suburban resort is the great day. After the morning church and the midday meal (all American servants insist on a midday dinner on Sunday, and a scrambling supper in the evening, and never yield without a fierce contest), the majority of the inhabitants settle down into a state of somnolence. Most of the ladies array themselves in their best, and some of the men, fighting against sleep, straggle from cottage to cottage paying calls. The idea of a long walk is usually discussed, and almost invariably set aside on some specious pretence, and the whole community dozes and gossips until the hour for supper and for bed.

There is much that is pretty about the little well-kept 'cottages,' as they are styled, with their trim lawns and flower-beds, and though more privacy would seem desirable to an English mind than can be afforded by the utter absence of all substantial boundaries to each grounds, yet when most of the community consists of friends, this publicity is not unpleasant to experience, while considerable pleasure can be had by watching who is calling on who, and what So-and-so 'has on.' In the summer-time the cool and pleasant loggias and verandas surrounding each house are the common sitting-room, and the interior is used for little save for eating and sleeping in. But

the inside, too, of the house is pleasant, even in the summer, the time when most of the suburban resorts are in their chief glory. It is all open, and the usual arrangement is to have both sitting and dining rooms opening by large portièred doorways out of the central hall, which itself communicates with the front door. By this means, though privacy is confined to the sleeping rooms, a perfect circulation of air—a thing much needed during an American summer—is secured, and pretty effects can be obtained by people of taste in the way of interior decorations. Most of these houses are comparatively small, inasmuch as house-entertaining is but little practised, one or two men or a married couple being usually as many as are invited at one time to sleep the night. Another reason for their general smallness of size is the difficulty of obtaining servants. The American servant, or 'help,' as she prefers to be called, is the real domestic ruler, and, there being a general paucity of amusements, or beaux, at most of the suburban places, but few of these household queens can be induced to accept places therein, and then only on easy terms. The arrogance of the servants and the sufferings of the employers are the topics of many a whispered gossip, where the ladies, clustered together in the library, pause at intervals to note whether their enemy is listening behind the dining-room portière.

As are the suburban resorts, so are those devoted to health and pleasure, only, perhaps, the common characteristics are more strongly marked in the latter. Along the coast of the Atlantic from Maine to Florida, among the mountains, and clustered around the Great Lakes, swarm innumerable little settlements, which for a brief fashionable season are teeming with a more or less brilliant society life. The appearance of one of these places when the season is over and it is deserted by all save a few caretakers, reminds one of a city of the dead. The tightly closed cottages, the vast empty hotels, the deserted promenades look dreary beyond belief, and one can hardly fancy, on visiting a summer resort in the winter, that it is any but a city desolated by some frightful plague.

In the season, however, all this is changed ; the natives, who, like the mosquitoes, have vanished during the winter, reappear to devour the indignant stranger, whilst the patient American (no race on earth are so enduring under wrongs inflicted as the American), who pays treble the price for thrice indifferent accommodation, smiles, and remarks that it is only during two months of the year that the native can make that which is necessary to support him through twelve. Many of these pleasure resorts have of late years become the places where, in all America, the greatest sums are spent in social display. To have a cottage at Newport or Bar Harbour is in itself a stamp of social distinction, and eagerly do the American millionaires pursue the coveted 'lot.' I remember last year hearing of a lady who owns a cottage and several acres of land in Newport. Some family not

desirable as neighbours in the eyes of the lady millionaire sought to possess but one of her acres; and for this, a sterile piece of rock, fashion prompted them to offer a sum which I will understate at 20,000*l.* The owner quietly replied that 'she needed the land to pasture her cow on.' But, excepting in a few such resorts, where the round of fashion goes on just as in the cities, the major part of these health-restoring settlements are the reverse of fashionable. Life moves on in an undress fashion, and men and women, worn out by city life, are given a chance to rest. As I have before pointed out, individual country-house life, if I may so call it, does not yet exist in the States. In the neighbourhood of New York, on Long Island, a few country places now exist, but the estates are small, rarely exceeding 200 acres in extent, and they only exist for the purpose of isolating the owner's house from his neighbour's dwellings, and not for any use of their own. But, excepting for the fact that one must pursue one's occupations under the eyes of the whole colony, there is nothing in most of these summer or winter retreats to prevent one's doing as one chooses. All sorts of amusements can be found in them. On the sea and lake coasts there is rowing, sailing, boating, bathing; at the inland points there is shooting or fishing. Everywhere there is walking or driving, if one cares to tempt Providence on an American country road. At the more old-fashioned places the most desperate efforts are made to keep out the entrance of the so-called 'smart set.' At a seaside resort which I visited lately I was implored not to wear a dress suit in the evening. 'We want to keep out of the fashion' was the cry of all those who, in their own native cities, were the acknowledged leaders of the fashionable world. This taste for simplicity is growing, I hope and believe, throughout America. In every city the foes to display are gaining in numbers, and the vulgar ostentation which some years back so many foreign writers attributed to almost every American is fast dying away. In such of the resorts as escape the fate of being selected by the votaries of fashion for the scene of their performances, there is a perfectly friendly kindly spirit which resists the temptation to assume the style of city life, and strives to keep the resort what it was at first intended to be—a place of rest and relaxation. There is something very queer to the English mind in a first experience of one of these watering-places. The centre or centres of the community are the gigantic hotels, usually of wood, which rise at frequent intervals. Grouped all around them, and often with little plank walks binding them together, and to the common centre like cords, stand rows of tiny wooden cottages containing sleeping and dining accommodation for the family, but minus kitchen or servants' room. Meals are brought to their residents from the hotel, and from that centre are sent servants to attend to the wants of the cottagers. Thus the American housewife escapes for a few months from the tyranny of the servant-girl, and can idly spend her day reclining

in a rocking-chair on the hotel piazza, and discussing with her fellows the woe from which she has escaped and the wrath to which she must return. Besides these grand hotels and their cottage appendages, there are usually plenty of boarding-houses and private cottages, the latter inhabited by the more well-to-do, and where the household *ménage* continues as in town. The occupations, as I have said before, are numerous, and the complete rest, so needed by most of the nervous, overwrought American housekeepers, counterbalances the monotony and the publicity of the hotel life. I do not know for what reason, whether from this publicity of life, or whether from other causes, but American daily life and intercourse is more formal than English. I know this statement will be fiercely contradicted by Americans, but I make it deliberately. I am aware that I shall have the English laws of precedence and the existence of titles of nobility cast up against me, but I still assert that, while the letter of life in England is more formal, the spirit of it is less so than in America. It is true that precedence and titles of nobility are not known in the States, and that the American hostess has the blessed joy of knowing that she can send the two most congenial people in to dinner together without violating the laws of etiquette, but it is also true that in the daily life of the family more formality is observed than would be thought consonant with family affection in England.

While saying that American inter-family intercourse is more formal than at home, I do not wish to say that the same is true of society. On the contrary, an American dinner-party, for instance, is by far less formal than one in England. Usually these parties are much smaller than at home, twelve or fourteen being considered a large party, and the dinner itself is shorter and more simple. Conversation, too, is more general, and of a less solemn nature than is too often the case in England. A few years ago, in many of the more old-fashioned houses, wine was not served at table, and the only liquid refreshment was water, which was served, as a friend of mine once remarked, on returning from one of these banquets, in four ways, 'Hot, cold, iced, and Apollinaris, and never a drop of "hard stuff" to wash it down.'

Fortunately, with the growth of the more liberal spirit, this custom—a relic, I suppose, of Puritan days—is rapidly vanishing. Many men, however, abstain in the middle of the day, and it is the exception to see, at clubs or restaurants, any wine or beer on the table at the midday meal. As a compensation, quite a number of men stop at the various clubs and first-class bars on their way home for a 'cocktail'—a pleasant and sociable custom, though one to be indulged in with moderation.

Another existing, though fast disappearing, American social custom is that of paying visits in the evening. A few years ago, formal

calls always were paid at this time, the accepted hours being from 8 P.M. to about 9.45 P.M. During these hours, the family, if desiring to receive, was always liable to be dropped in upon by young men, whose business engagements prevented their paying their devoirs at an earlier hour. I remember that one used to pay one's more formal calls in the earlier part of the evening, and at about 9.30 would seek the house of some intimate friend, where one could prolong one's visit beyond the usual hour. There was a pleasant informality about these late evening visits, which has been destroyed by the introduction of the afternoon call. Everyone was more or less at ease and contented, with the toil of the day behind them. Frequently cigars were brought out—American ladies regard smoking in the house with a far more lenient eye than their English cousins—and sometimes an impromptu supper would wind up the evening. All this is passing away in the large cities, although, in places of lesser magnitude, the custom is still kept up. Although the old system had its pleasures, yet it is a sign of the advance of America that it is being abandoned. It has existed till now only because men are too busy to call earlier in the day, and it is this over-pressure of business that is the greatest drawback to life in the United States. In America, even now, the average business man sees more of his business colleagues than of his wife and family. An early hurried breakfast over, he starts down town to his office, where he remains, with a brief interval for lunch, until five or six o'clock, at which time he returns home, and by 10.30 usually has retired, thus spending more than two-thirds of his waking hours away from home. Many men visit their offices on Sunday also. This too close attention to business produces the almost inevitable result of man after man breaking down in the prime of life. It is a cheering omen for the future to see that a steady diminution of office hours is commencing, and that in many cities the Saturday half-holiday is beginning to be regularly observed.

This business life of American gentlemen is one of the hardest problems for an Englishman to understand correctly. Till comparatively lately in England commercial business, except banking, has not been thought highly of for gentlemen. Politics, the Church, the army and navy, the Bar &c. have been the outlets for English younger sons. In America it is quite different. Among the many reasons for this, I will mention but the one important one, that the pursuits above mentioned afford but few openings, comparatively speaking. The Church is a poorly paid profession for the sons of the wealthy merchants, the army and navy are so small in number that they do not afford a field for more than a few. The Bar is of course open, and is crowded in America as in England. Politics, for some inscrutable reason, do not seem to attract many of the higher grades of youth. Consequently the young American seeks the com-

mercial field, and in every American city, especially in the West, one finds at the head of cultivation and progress men whose rise has been due to successful commercial enterprise. It is well for the individual that success should be so rewarded, and it is well for the community also that the man of business, who has gained his success on legitimate lines, should be its leader. In a new and partly unsettled country like America, so fortunately situated as to need practically no foreign policy, and to fear no foreign enemies, the creator or the distributor of wealth is a far more valuable man than the politician or the soldier.

The sanguineness of the American is another feature especially striking to an outsider. The whole temper of the people is one of hope. No young man enters life in any line without the fullest belief that he is going to succeed, and going to make a great deal of money, and do it all very quickly. This may be true of young men everywhere, but it is especially so in the States. And men are justified in their youthful hopes. Practically any young man of reasonable brains and industry is sure to succeed. Openings are numerous, and the sharp-witted American is quick to take advantage of them. It is a curious fact, but one that I have often heard employers of unskilled labour comment on, that none of their workmen were American born, unless possibly some of the foremen. As an Englishman, I am glad to add that rarely are Englishmen either found as unskilled labourers in American workshops.

Among the results of this general hopefulness, one may note the reckless chances taken in the battle of life. Young men will marry and older men will speculate with a cheerful confidence that, even if the sky is darkened for a time, all will come right in the end. Frequently, nay generally, they may be right; but alas! too often they are wrong, as one may see from the human wrecks in every street of the great cities.

Of one thing, however, the American as a whole (I except the New Englander) is incapable. He cannot save. The creed of thrift of the German farmer or the French peasant is without a follower among city-inhabiting Americans. 'Light come, light go; one will never get rich by saving a dollar,' is his motto, and, though throughout New England thrift is general, and though many commercial kings have gotten rich by wise investments of their first savings, yet as a whole the clerk's increased salary or the small manufacturer's growing profits do not go into the savings bank, but into increasing the comforts of his household life.

One of the misfortunes arising from the early and eager application to business by Americans is that among the young men education is too frequently deficient. At the age when English youths are entering college, the young American is just beginning to study his father's business. In the meantime his sisters are pursuing their

studies at home and abroad, and unless the young man has the love of knowledge in him, it usually happens that they surpass him in accomplishments. No women in the world are more accomplished or more charming than the American women, or know better how to display their charms. I have often heard foreigners remark with surprise that at an American dinner the men sit silent, and are talked to and entertained by their fair neighbours. I have also been amused occasionally by American ladies telling me that they did like 'that young Englishman, Mr. So-and-so,' or 'your Scotch friend, Mr. ——, because they are so bright and agreeable to talk to.' They did not think for one moment that the real reason lay in that the foreigner conceived it to be his social duty to bear at least half the conversational burden, whilst the American deposited the whole on the ladies' shoulders. I do not mean by what I have just said that the art of conversation does not exist among American men. Far from it, but I do say that American men do not believe it incumbent upon them to amuse their dinner companion, but on the contrary allow her to take the initiative and lead the conversation.

There is one curious difference between Englishwomen and their American cousins, which is particularly marked in the States south of the Ohio river. In England, marriage by no means cuts off the woman from her old friends' social enjoyments. In the Southern States, however, once a girl is married, gay though she may have been, she at once lapses into social insignificance. I believe that, until recently, the thought of a young married woman's waltzing would have sent a thrill of horror through every Southern heart. Marriage was to a lively young girl almost like taking the veil; it separated her from her former companions by a great gulf. This idea, which I presume originated in the notion that a married woman should stay at home and look after her house, is now passing away, and the sooner its final death occurs the better for Southern society.

Another feature, peculiar not only to the South, but also to the less important Northern cities, is the absence of that European social necessity, the chaperon. In towns as large as Louisville for instance, with a population of 200,000, it is customary for a young man to invite any girl he may like, to attend a ball, or a reception, or to accompany him to the theatre, absolutely unattended. It is his duty to provide a carriage for his companion, and he is supposed to present her with flowers to wear during the evening. At the ball he is expected to find her partners, and occasionally, at any rate, to dance with her himself. I have heard ludicrous stories from Southern women of the agony of their escort, who, himself engaged to dance with some other girl, sees his own convoy disengaged, and of the struggle between the necessity of providing for her comfort before attending to his own pleasures. I believe it is a not uncommon custom among young Southern men to arrange beforehand among themselves so that

the partners of any of them may not be neglected. One of the most objectionable features of this whole system is the expense it entails on the luckless young men, who often have to spend from 2*l.* to 3*l.* an evening apiece in complying with the dictates of this foolish custom. In time, doubtless, the chaperon will be universally introduced, but the fight against her, in the South especially, will be stubbornly maintained, as neither the rest-loving mothers nor the pleasure-seeking daughters are particularly eager for her appearance. One of the results of this lack of chaperonage is the absence, almost entirely, of older people from social entertainments in the South; it tends to the dividing into two sets, the older and the younger, of all members of society. But this separation into sets is not confined to the South. Throughout America, there is still a strong tendency towards this division by ages, and parties for young people, and for old separately, are very common. So long as the separation is confined to the larger entertainments, it may not be an unwise thing, but the system of dinner parties where none save the host and hostess are married, or if married are only just so, is to many tedious in the extreme, and to none usually more so than to the unlucky entertainers. How often have I seen the unhappy host yawning dismally, though privately, as he strives to converse with the youthful daughter of his college friend, while his wife at the other end of the table is racking her brains to find some subject of interest to her young escort.

One last point would I mention before I close this rambling dissertation on American ways. It is not so much a social custom as a national trait. I allude to the extreme courtesy and kindliness of the American people as a whole. Nowhere is there a greater desire to make the stranger at his ease than in America, and no foreigner who has made even the shortest sojourn in this country but will affirm what I say. Instances of this courtesy are needless; it is universal. The struggle between this natural courtesy and the fear of being thought servile leads, among the lower grades of Americans, to most amusing episodes. The tramcar conductor, the cabman, the railway guard, assert their American independence by treating their male passengers with perfect equality, amounting often to rudeness; but place a lady, travelling alone, under their charge, and politeness is never lacking. In fact, I have heard ladies declare that, except for sociability, they would infinitely prefer, for comfort's sake, to travel alone. This general courtesy has one outcome, which it is well for Englishmen who propose to present letters of introduction in the United States to understand. An introductory letter in America means nothing; it is given by the most casual acquaintance to the most casual acquaintance, and is only intended to make the presenter and presentee known to each other. It carries no claim to the hospitality or friendship of the person to whom it is presented, nor does it vouch for the good qualities of him who presents it, unless in

both cases it distinctly is so written. I remember how disappointed I was on my first arrival in this country at the result of a letter left by me on a wealthy and influential man, to whom I had been highly recommended by my English friend. An invitation to an evening reception, three weeks later, was the only notice ever taken of it.

And now I find that I am overstepping the limit of my space, and must briefly conclude this hasty sketch of American life. I have written it in the friendliest spirit to my adopted country. If I have laughed, I have also loved; the United States is my abiding-place; among my warmest friends are American.

On one trait of American life I have not dwelt at all; nor is it, indeed, easy for me to do so. No foreigner who has not himself experienced it can be made to understand the kindness and hospitality with which Americans of all classes treat the stranger within their gates.

A. S. NORTHCOTE.

Chicago: August 1893

THE VERDICT OF ROME ON 'THE HAPPINESS IN HELL'

The recent decision of the Roman Congregation of the Index respecting the articles of Professor Mivart on 'The Happiness in Hell' is an excellent illustration of the practical working of the disciplinary system of the Catholic Church in matters of faith and morals, and of the safeguards and preventive measures that she has at her disposal whenever any strange doctrine threatens to undermine the orthodoxy of her children. The story is one full of interest to non-Catholics as well as to Catholics, not only on account of the importance of the question, but because it presents a very suitable opportunity for explaining the *modus operandi* of tribunals of faith, and the character and authority of the sentences they pass on propositions laid before them for decision.

When any Catholic publicly advances some opinion, or set of opinions, that is at variance with the common belief of the faithful, the new doctrine is sure to attract attention, especially when it is put forward by a man of such distinguished ability as Professor Mivart. It disturbs the minds of men and gives rise to a feeling of anxiety which, after a time, finds utterance in the public press or elsewhere. The new opinions are challenged as unsound. Their author naturally defends himself, and it may be that the Catholic world is divided on the point at issue. Some uphold the novelty as in accordance with Catholic teaching, and perhaps even as a distinct advance on the popular belief that has hitherto prevailed; others condemn it as subversive of truth and in opposition to the authoritative doctrines of the Church. After a time the controversy attracts the notice of the bishops of the country, and one and another animadverts on it in a pastoral or some other public pronouncement. Its author, availing himself of the liberty enjoyed by every Catholic, replies to the episcopal utterance, which, though claiming all respect and deference, may nevertheless pronounce a more unfavourable judgment than is required by Catholic orthodoxy. After this the question will sometimes come under discussion at a meeting of the Catholic Hierarchy of the country in which it arose, and they may either decide to interfere collectively, or may leave the matter to be de-

cided, if necessary, by some higher tribunal. At length some pastor of the Church, bishop or parish priest, seeing with anxiety what he regards as the poison of the new doctrine spreading among his flock, selects from the writings that contain it a number of propositions that seem to him to be opposed to the teaching of the Church, and forwards them either to one of these Congregations direct, or to the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, with a letter asking for an authoritative judgment respecting them. But the course of procedure at Rome is ordinarily a slow one, and if it is of importance that an answer should be sent without delay it is necessary that this should be represented to the Roman authorities by others besides the first applicant, and that some bishop or bishops should plead what is called *instantia*, or urgency, giving as a reason the mischief that is likely to supervene if the answer is long delayed. Sometimes, moreover, a further application is made to the Holy Father himself, who, as the father of all the faithful and chief guardian of truth in the Church, has his ears ever open to any note of discord, or to any doctrine that is represented to him as likely to work havoc in the flock committed to his care. But in any case the process is a slow one, and even where there is the strongest representation of urgency, weeks and often months will have passed before the judicial answer comes.

To those who are familiar with the proceedings of our English law courts this delay will not seem a surprising or unreasonable one. A judicial process of its very nature requires time, and this in proportion to the importance of the case that is being tried. Every lawyer knows the value of a precedent, even though it be but the opinion of an individual judge. Where several judges concur, it contributes not a little to the decision of all similar cases for all future time. It is recognised as the well-weighed and authoritative judgment of a number of experts in the law, men of unstained honour and unimpeachable honesty, possessed of a high degree of intelligence and keen instinct of justice, who have given to the question before them a long and patient hearing, and whose previous training and experience gives to their decision an overwhelming force.

In the judicial proceedings of the Court of Rome all these elements are present, and many of them in a degree that gives to their proceedings, and that on natural grounds, even a greater weight than that which attaches to those who are members of the judicial Bench of England. The cardinals and other ecclesiastics by whom the causes are tried are in no way inferior in ability, prudence, learning, probity, and experience to those who pass sentence in our English tribunals; the verdict given represents the concurrent opinion of a far larger number of experts; the time given to each case is considerably longer; there are attached to the various Courts (or Congregations, as they are called) a body of consultors or advisers, who comprise some of the most able theologians and canonists in the

world. The consultors hold meetings preliminary to those of the Congregations themselves, and lay the result of their deliberations before the various cardinals of the Congregation to which they are attached. Sometimes there are held many successive meetings both of consultors and cardinals. And when every side of the question has been most carefully inquired into, and the matter has been thoroughly threshed out in private and in public, the sentence passed is not promulgated until it has been submitted to the Pope and has received his official sanction. No wonder, then, that such an investigation takes time, and that even where urgency is recognised the final verdict has to be waited for a good deal longer than we in our impatience are inclined to like.

There are two different tribunals at Rome, to which is entrusted the judgment of books, pamphlets, articles, and other writings referred to them as liable to a charge of endangering faith and morals. One of these is the Congregation of the *Holy Office*, or *Inquisition*, the other is the Congregation of the *Index*. The very name of the former of these will cause a thrill of horror in the minds of those whose knowledge of the Inquisition is derived from the calumnies and exaggerations that have been heaped upon it by its enemies. It is not my business to defend it in my present paper. I would only remind the reader that it is most unfair to impute to the Roman Inquisition the cruelty and injustice of the Spanish tribunal against which the Popes again and again protested. The Spanish Inquisition is now happily defunct, and the Roman Congregation of the Inquisition alone survives. It is a permanent committee chosen from the Cardinalitian body, and holds its meetings always within the precincts of the Holy City. It was instituted in the year 1542 by Paul the Third by the Constitution beginning with the words 'Licet ab initio,' and had for its chief object to arrest the progress of the doctrines of Luther.

The Congregation of the Holy Office or Inquisition holds the first place among Roman Congregations. Its members are some dozen cardinals, more or less, selected by the Pope on account of their knowledge of theology and canon law, and their skill and energy in the transaction of ecclesiastical business. It has jurisdiction over a field of greater importance than any other tribunal whatsoever, for it has entrusted to it the guardianship of the purity of faith and morals throughout the Christian world. Alone of all the Roman courts it has for its official president the Pope himself, although in point of fact his multitudinous duties rarely permit of his presence at its meetings, and his place is taken by one of the cardinals chosen by him, who has to report to the Holy Father the same evening all that takes place during its session. Besides the cardinal who acts as president there is a *secretary*, who is usually the senior cardinal

present; a *commissary*, whose business is to decide what questions shall be referred to the consultors for their opinion, and who is always a Dominican; a *Promotor fiscalis*, or public prosecutor, who conducts the case; and an *Advocatus reorum*, or counsel for the defendant, who seeks to clear the suspected writings of the charge of false doctrine.

In addition to the cardinals who compose the tribunal there is attached to it, as I have said, a number of *consultors*, and of these a certain number are selected, under the name of *qualificators*, for what is the most difficult and delicate part of the work entrusted to them. The consultors include the most celebrated of the Roman theologians, secular and regular. Some of them are official consultors, others are specially appointed by the Pope. Two of them are always Dominicans, viz. the General of the order, and another who fills the office of Master of the sacred palace; one is always a Franciscan. Their number varies from time to time at the will of the Pope. Every question of importance that arises in the course of the deliberations of the Congregation is submitted to them, and they have to draw up a report on each question and submit it to the assessor, whose business is to report it to the next meeting of the Congregation. The work of the qualificators is to determine the amount of censure due to the various questionable propositions submitted to them. For when a book or other written work is condemned, it is always because of a certain number of false or dangerous propositions contained in it. In the representation made to Rome a number of such propositions is generally selected as the ground of the appeal. In the sentence passed some of these propositions are often quoted verbatim, and stamped each with the special note or mark of censure that it deserves. It may be that one of them is declared heretical, another proximate to heresy, a third erroneous, a fourth scandalous, a fifth offensive to pious ears, a sixth temerarious, and so on. It is the business of the qualificators to determine the particular note due to each several proposition that is condemned, and to report accordingly to the Congregation. The extreme difficulty of the task can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who are conversant with the variety of opinion among theologians as to the degree of censure due to doctrines which all are agreed in regarding as departures from recognised Catholic doctrine.

The course of procedure on the part of the Congregation of the Inquisition is as follows. Every Monday there is held in a building near the Vatican—erected by Pius the Fifth for the purpose—a meeting of the consultors of the Congregation, at which the commissary, the assessor, and one or two other officials are present. The proceedings open with a statement by the commissary of the case that has been sent in for judgment. Sometimes this is the first intimation of it

made to the consultors, but more often a memorandum of the matters to be discussed, and especially a list of the propositions on which a report will have to be made, has been drawn up and distributed among them, in order that they may consider the matter, and consult the standard writers on the subject, before the official communication is made to them at the meeting. The various items are then discussed, and if the questions involved are not very complicated, and the consultors have had the printed memorandum in their hands previously, they will in many cases be able to come to a vote on the matter on the same day. But more often the meeting is postponed till the following Monday for further discussion, and is sometimes adjourned even for several weeks in succession. When the matter is sufficiently threshed out the vote is taken, and one of the consultors is chosen to draw out a report of their opinions and submit it to the cardinal who acts as assessor. This report is printed and distributed among the cardinals composing the Congregation, and after a sufficient time has been granted to allow of its perusal and of a careful study of all its details, a meeting of the Congregation is held to receive and to decide on the course to be pursued respecting it.

The meeting of the cardinals is always held on a Wednesday. First of all the assessor reads the various documents, letters, appeals, and other communications received on the subject, and after this the formal recommendation contained in the report of the consultors. In former times the consultors used meantime to wait in an adjoining apartment and were sent for to speak for themselves, and notify by word of mouth their recommendations to the Congregation. But in the present day their written report is generally found sufficient. Then the cardinals discuss the question generally, and the report of the consultors in particular. Sometimes the matter is sufficiently simple to allow of a vote on the first occasion; sometimes the meeting is postponed; sometimes the whole question is referred back to the consultors for further explanations and a fresh report. When at last the final meeting of the cardinals has been held, the vote taken, and the sentence passed, the assessor prepares a full account of the proceedings and of the conclusion arrived at, and the same evening has to repair to the Vatican and present it to the Holy Father with his own hand. In former days a final session was held on the next day, at which the Pope presided, and pronounced the sentence with his own lips. But this has long since been changed into a private but official interview of the assessor with his Holiness, at which he receives the Pope's instructions as to the definitive sentence that is to be promulgated to the world. What this sentence is depends on the Pope and the Pope alone. He is the universal judge in all matters concerning faith and morals, and has a plenitude of power to decide, define, and decree as may seem good to him, guided as he is in his every official act by the Holy Spirit, who watches over the Church,

and assists its supreme pastor even in those acts in which there is no absolute promise of inerrancy. It would therefore be quite within the Pope's power to disregard or reverse, if it seemed good to him, the sentence of the Congregation.

In general one of three different courses is pursued by the Pope when the verdict of the cardinals is reported to him:—

1. He may leave the Congregation to issue their decree in their own name, simply giving it his verbal sanction. In this case it has the collective weight of the judgments of all who have concurred in it, whether cardinals or consultors. It will be received with the greatest reverence by all faithful Catholics, as being the authoritative decision of the highest tribunal in the Church, acting under the authority of the Vicar of Christ, and passing a sentence that is sanctioned by him. But however great its claim upon us, we have no sort of guarantee of its infallible truth.

In the case of the acquittal of any work from the charges laid against it, there is obviously no need of any papal confirmation. The simple word 'Dimittatur' expresses the intention of the Congregation to refrain from any judgment whatsoever. But it does not imply any positive approbation, or any final acquittal. It merely conveys an expression of unwillingness on the part of the Congregation to come to any unfavourable decision at the time. It remains an open question whether the accused may not be again arraigned before the same tribunal. Thus the verdict of the Congregation that first examined the writings of Rosmini was one of 'dismissal;' but this did not prevent a number of propositions taken from his works from being condemned some years later by the same tribunal.

2. The Pope may add to the judgment of the Congregation a sentence approving it, to which an order for its promulgation is appended. The ordinary formula employed for this purpose consists of a separate paragraph following the condemnation, and runs thus: 'The above proceedings having been duly reported to our most holy Lord the Pope by me, the undersigned Secretary of the S. Congregation, His Holiness approves the decree, and orders it to be promulgated.'

In this case the weight attaching to the decree is much increased by the fact of the Pope adding his own authority to that of the Congregation in a more formal manner. But it is still issued in the name of the Congregation, not in that of the Pope, and it remains therefore altogether outside the sphere of infallibility. It cannot compel interior assent, and though the case is only just possible in the domain of practice, yet we can imagine an occasion in which a theologian or man of science might perhaps be justified in withholding interior assent even from a decree thus confirmed by the Pope. He would, however, be like one standing

on the very brink of a precipice, and the arguments that would justify him must indeed be overpoweringly strong. Some, indeed, there are who assert in such a case the duty of internal assent to the decree, not as necessarily true in all times and in all places, but as one the value of which at the time it is issued is greater than that of the judgment of any individual, however great his ability or wide his knowledge. It is, however, just possible, though it is scarcely possible, that an individual might in some very extraordinary and exceptional case prefer, without committing any sin, his own judgment even to the collective wisdom of the Congregation approved by the Vicar of Christ himself. We should have no right absolutely to condemn any one if looking into his heart we detected there a disagreement from, or at least a doubt respecting the accuracy of, such a decree. Yet the disagreement must be altogether an interior one, and he who is condemned must not only receive the verdict with all respect and reverence, but he must submit to its provisions, and conform his conduct to it. If he were to continue to teach the doctrine condemned, or to defend it in public or in private, he would commit a grievous sin of rebellion against authority, and that the highest ecclesiastical authority in the world.

3. The Pope may take the decree passed by the Congregation and make it his own, issue it in his own name and by his own authority. He may condemn an opinion or set of opinions in words that sufficiently make it manifest to the world that he is speaking as the Supreme Teacher of the Universal Church. In this case he incorporates the doctrine enforced, or the contrary propositions condemned, in a Bull, Brief, or Constitution, and promulgates it as proceeding directly from himself. Sometimes he affixes a certain note or notes to the propositions condemned, sometimes he merely states the fact of their condemnation without qualifying it by any particular censure attached. Thus Leo the Tenth, in the Bull *Exsurge Domine* of the 16th of May, 1520, condemns forty propositions from the writings of Martin Luther without any particular note.[1] On the other hand, Clement the Eleventh, in the Constitution *Unigenitus* of the 8th of September, 1713, passes sentence on 101 propositions of Paschasius Quesnel with a string of varying censures which almost exhausts the vocabulary of condemnation. These 101 propositions are stigmatised as 'false, captious, ill-sounding, offensive to pious ears, scandalous, pernicious, temerarious, insulting to the Church and her usages, full of abuse not only of the Church, but also of secular powers, seditious, impious, blasphemous, suspected of heresy, savouring also of heresy (*hæresim sapientes*), favourable moreover to heresy, heretics, and schism, erroneous, bordering on heresy, often before condemned, and finally heretical, renewing various heresies, especially those contained in the notorious propositions of Jansenius, taken in the very sense

[1] Denzinger, *Enchiridion*, p. 175, nn. 625 seqq.

in which they were condemned.[2] In this case we are not to suppose that the accumulated force of all these censures falls on each and every one of the propositions condemned, but that each of them deserves one or other of the notes enumerated.

Are documents like these, proceeding directly from the Father of the faithful, to be received as infallibly true? It seems impossible to conceive it otherwise. The infallibility of papal condemnations rests on the double ground of reason and tradition. For if to the Apostles and their successors our Lord imparted the plenitude of His doctrinal authority, empowering them to teach in His name all the body of revealed truth that He had communicated to them (St. Matt. xxviii. 16)—if to Peter as their head was specially committed the task of feeding the flock of Christ (St. John xxi. 15–17), it is clear that for the performance of the trust there must not only exist in the Church the power of laying down doctrines infallibly true, but also of putting forth warnings against false doctrine that are equally exempt from error. It is not enough for the shepherd to be able to indicate the wholesome herbage unless he can also warn his flock from grazing on that which is poisonous. There would be something lacking in the Church's gift of infallibility if it had not the power of rejecting the false as well as of accepting the true. Without such a power it would be maimed and in great measure ineffective, as there are comparatively few dogmatic statements that may not be evaded by an ingenious metaphysician, if his evasions cannot be met by a direct condemnation, to which he is compelled to yield under pain of forfeiting any claim to be regarded as a faithful Catholic.

The argument, from the very nature of the authority committed to the Church, is confirmed by the argument from tradition. The decrees of several Councils assert the plenitude of the Apostolic power vested in the see of Rome, not only to defend the truth of the faith, but also 'to decide questions of faith that may arise,'[3] and the duty of having recourse to Rome in matters of doubt and difficulty, when some doubt respecting faith presents itself, is urged upon the faithful by the Council of Constance.[4] Among theologians we may mention St. Thomas, Suarez and De Lugo, Ferraris, Schelstrate and Tournely, Bossuet, Ballerini, Kleutgen, Hettinger, Murray, and Franzelin, who are all of one mind on this point. Perhaps it may be enough to quote the words of Cardinal Franzelin, one of the ablest and most accurate of all modern theologians. 'Not only,' he says,[5] 'has the Church power to condemn heresies, but also to pass lesser censures with infallible authority under the guidance of the Holy Spirit of truth. It is a great error to assert that there is no *ex cathedra*

[2] Denzinger, *Enchiridion*, p. 289, n. 1316.
[3] *Lugd. Concil. II.* apud Labbe, xi. col. 960.
[4] *Concil. Constant. in condemnatione Wiclefii.*
[5] *De Trad. et Script.* p. 112.

decision, and no infallible pronouncement, when a doctrine is not defined as revealed in itself, or when errors are not condemned one by one as heretical, or when they are proscribed without having any definite censure attached to them, or when the censures are lower than that of heresy, or when there are collectively a number of censures combined.' In fact, the only question among theologians with respect to these censures is the note that would be deserved by any one who should deny their infallibility. Bannez, the great Dominican, says that such denial would be 'erroneous;' Malder calls it 'heretical;' Coninck, 'probably heretical;' while De Lugo himself, after quoting these opinions of others, pronounces it erroneous, or at least proximate to error.

We may therefore take it for granted that every good Catholic accepts with interior assent these various censures. And here I remark with pleasure, in passing, that no one gives in his adherence more loyally to their unerring nature than Professor Mivart. 'The Pope's infallibility,' he says in an article in the *Tablet* of the 3rd of May, 1893, 'would take in any minor censure, as well as a censure of heresy.' In this respect I think he has been misunderstood by some of his opponents. No one has ever more boldly and unflinchingly declared his unshaken fidelity to the infallible decisions of the see of Rome.

From the proceedings of the Congregation of the Inquisition I pass on to those of the other court that has taken part in the sentence passed on Professor Mivart's articles. The Congregation of the Index has functions closely akin to those of the Inquisition. It is altogether a later tribunal, and was instituted to relieve the Inquisition of one branch of its multifarious business. When Paul the Third committed to the Congregation of the Inquisition the task of condemning books injurious to faith or morals, he made no provision for any sort of register or catalogue of them, whereby the faithful might be warned against their perusal. But in 1557 Paul the Fourth, recognising the difficulty that ordinary Catholics were under of ascertaining what books had been thus formally condemned, and, at the same time, seeing the extraordinary literary activity of the party of Luther and Calvin, ordered a list to be drawn up and circulated of these forbidden books. The whole question was discussed at the Council of Trent, and eighteen Fathers were appointed to prepare a more complete catalogue than had previously existed. New books injurious to faith were continually appearing, and it was necessary, as far as possible, to notify the Catholic world of their true character. The new list was promulgated by Pius the Fourth in the Constitution beginning 'Dominici gregis,' on the 24th of March, 1564, together with various rules regulating the reading of prohibited books. Thirty years later an enlarged edition appeared by command of Clement the Eighth, prepared by the Congregation of the Inquisition.

But though the Inquisition had the fullest powers in the matter, the revised and enlarged editions that were required from time to time needed more time and attention than it was possible for this already overworked Congregation to bestow upon it. Accordingly St. Pius the Fifth[6] appointed an altogether new and separate Congregation of Cardinals, whose special function was the examination of books which were charged with being dangerous to faith or morals, and the insertion of them on the forbidden list if the charge turned out to be true. Any book thus catalogued was prohibited to Catholics until it had been duly corrected (if correction was possible), and the corrections approved by the Congregation. No one was allowed to read such books without permission from the competent authority, and the penalty incurred by any transgression of this rule is thus stated in the last of the rules that are published at the beginning of every edition of the list of forbidden books :—

> If any one shall read or have in his possession the books of heretics, or the writings of any author whatsoever that have been condemned and prohibited on account of heresy, or suspicion of false doctrine, let him at once incur the sentence of excommunication.
>
> But if any one read, or have in his possession, books for any reason forbidden, then, in addition to the guilt of mortal sin that he incurs, let him be severely punished at the discretion of the bishop.[7]

Various corrected and enlarged editions of this list have been drawn up from time to time, the latest having appeared in the year 1888. It is needless to say that none of them make any attempt at including more than a mere selection of dangerous books. No book is condemned unless some complaint is made of its pernicious tendencies and bad influence. No book again is condemned merely because it contains a few incidental errors. Sometimes there is added to the condemnation the qualifying words, 'donec corrigatur,' or 'donec expurgetur,' where the book is not essentially a bad one, but yet contains serious errors which render it dangerous to the reader. Occasionally the condemnation is extended to all books written by the same author, in which case there is added to the names of those expressly condemned the words 'et cetera ejusdem opera omnia.'

Before any book is condemned, notice is generally given to the author, in order that he may have the opportunity of withdrawing or correcting it. If he does so, his submission is intimated in the approving formula, 'Auctor laudabiliter se subjecit, et opus reprobavit.' Sometimes this form of submission is inserted in decrees subsequently issued, even after a considerable lapse of time.

The members of the Congregation of the Index are some six or seven cardinals appointed by the Pope. It has a prefect, or president, an assistant, and a secretary, the last named being always a Dominican. It has attached to it a number of consultors, selected from the

[6] Cf. Bouix, *De Cur. Romana*, p. 450.

[7] *Regulæ Indicis SS. Synodi Trid.* jussu editæ, Reg. x. ad fin.

ranks of the secular and regular clergy of Rome. Its method of procedure is naturally a replica, more or less, of that of the Congregation of the Inquisition, and its sentences are, in a majority of instances, supplementary to sentences already passed in the older Congregation. A large proportion of the books condemned by it have previously been condemned by the Inquisition. Sometimes, however, it takes the initiative, and it then proceeds as follows: A book is denounced by some zealous Catholic to the Cardinal Prefect as hurtful to souls, and the denunciation is laid before the secretary of the Congregation. The denouncer, or delator as he is technically termed, has to give full reasons for his complaint. The secretary has then to examine the book for himself with care, and to associate with himself two advisers, chosen by him with the consent of the Holy Father or the Cardinal Prefect. If their collective judgment is against the book, a further adviser has to be selected who is an expert in the special subject of which the book treats. He has to give in a detailed report to the secretary, marking the particular passages to which exception can be justly taken. After this a preliminary meeting of the body of consultors is held, the secretary being present with at least six consultors who are familiar with the topics discussed in the book. Finally a general meeting of the cardinals composing the Congregation is held, whose procedure is exactly the same as that of the Congregation of the Inquisition. There is the same full discussion, the same reference to the consultors, and finally the same report of the proceedings and of their result to the Pope, with a view to his approval of the sentence passed.

In the decrees of the Index different formulas are in use, according to the method of procedure employed. When the Congregation acts on its own responsibility it prohibits or condemns the book on which it passes sentence without reference to any other tribunal. But when its action is supplementary to that of the Inquisition, it merely states the fact of prohibition, as following from the previous condemnation by the Inquisition. Where the Index itself condemns the book, it words its decree as follows: 'The Sacred Congregation of the Index . . . has condemned and condemns, has proscribed and proscribes, or if elsewhere condemned or proscribed, orders that the following works should be entered on the list of proscribed books,' &c. Where there has been a previous condemnation by the Inquisition the words used are these: 'The Sacred Congregation of the Index . . . has ordered and orders that the following works already condemned by the Sacred Congregation of the Inquisition should be entered on the list of prohibited books,' &c.

In the decree recently passed respecting the articles of Professor Mivart there is a condemnation by both tribunals. The decree of the Inquisition condemning them is mentioned in the decree of the Index, and yet the Index, instead of merely placing them in consequence on the list of prohibited books, has added a separate con-

demnation of its own. The decree may be of interest to the readers of this Review, and I therefore give it at length, merely remarking that the departure from ordinary usage consists in the insertion of the words in italics at the end of the second paragraph:—

DECREE.

The Sacred Congregation of the most eminent and reverend cardinals of the holy Roman Church, appointed and delegated by our most holy Lord Leo the Thirteenth and the Holy Apostolic See, for the drawing up of a list of books of evil doctrine, and for proscribing, correcting, and giving leave for the same, in the whole Christian commonwealth, has condemned and condemns, has proscribed and proscribes, or if elsewhere condemned or proscribed, has ordered and orders that the following works should be entered on the list of prohibited books:—

Mivart, St. George, 'Happiness in Hell' (*Nineteenth Century*), London, December, 1892, and 'The Happiness in Hell,' *ib.* February, 1893, and 'Last Words on the Happiness in Hell,' *ib.* April, 1893. *By a decree of the Holy Office, Wednesday, July 19th,* 1893.

Wherefore let no one henceforward, of whatever rank or condition, venture to publish in any place or language, or to read if published, or to keep in his possession, the aforesaid works thus condemned and proscribed, but let him be bound to hand them over to the Ordinaries of the place, or to the Inquisitors of heresy, under the penalties laid down in the Index of forbidden books.

These proceedings having been referred to our most holy Lord the Pope by me, the undersigned Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Index, His Holiness approved the decree, and ordered it to be published.

Given at Rome, 21 July, 1893,
Camillus Cardinal Mazzella, Prefect.
Fr. Hyacinthus Frati, O.P.

This decree is decisive respecting the general tendency of the articles in question. It proscribes the doctrine that they teach as in opposition to Catholic dogma. It does not select any special assertions therein contained for note or censure, and we therefore have no right to pass sentence on any individual proposition laid down by Professor Mivart. All that we know for certain is that in general the articles are condemned alike by the Congregation of the Inquisition and the Congregation of the Index. The decree of the former is a dogmatic decree, and declares them at variance with the teaching of the Church; that of the latter is rather prohibitory than dogmatic, and its primary motive is their dangerous consequences to their readers. No one can fail to recognise the motives that influenced their author. He was actuated by a generous desire to help those who were wavering in their faith, and he thought to do so by departing from the traditional doctrine respecting the eternal punishment of the wicked. The recent decision has shown him to be mistaken in his judgment. The controversy is now happily at an end. *Roma locuta est: causa finita est.*

R. F. CLARKE, S.J.

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

No. CC—October 1893

THE PALACE OF PAN

(Inscribed to my Mother)

September, all glorious with gold, as a king
  In the radiance of triumph attired,
Outlightening the summer, outsweetening the spring,
Broods wide on the woodlands with limitless wing,
  A presence of all men desired.

Far eastward and westward the sun-coloured lands
  Smile warm as the light on them smiles;
And statelier than temples upbuilded with hands,
Tall column by column, the sanctuary stands
  Of the pine-forest's infinite aisles.

Mute worship, too fervent for praise or for prayer,
  Possesses the spirit with peace,
Fulfilled with the breath of the luminous air,
The fragrance, the silence, the shadows as fair
  As the rays that recede or increase.

Ridged pillars that redden aloft and aloof,
With never a branch for a nest,
Sustain the sublime indivisible roof,
To the storm and the sun in his majesty proof,
And awful as waters at rest.

Man's hand hath not measured the height of them; thought
May measure not, awe may not know;
In its shadow the woofs of the woodland are wrought;
As a bird is the sun in the toils of them caught,
And the flakes of it scattered as snow.

As the shreds of a plumage of gold on the ground
The sun-flakes by multitudes lie,
Shed loose as the petals of roses discrowned
On the floors of the forest engilt and embrowned
And reddened afar and anigh.

Dim centuries with darkling inscrutable hands
Have reared and secluded the shrine
For gods that we know not, and kindled as brands
On the altar the years that are dust, and their sands
Time's glass has forgotten for sign.

A temple whose transepts are measured by miles,
Whose chancel has morning for priest,
Whose floor-work the foot of no spoiler defiles,
Whose musical silence no music beguiles,
No festivals limit its feast.

The noon's ministration, the night's and the dawn's,
Conceals not, reveals not for man,
On the slopes of the herbless and blossomless lawns,
Some track of a nymph's or some trail of a faun's
To the place of the slumber of Pan.

Thought, kindled and quickened by worship and wonder
  To rapture too sacred for fear
On the ways that unite or divide them in sunder,
Alone may discern if about them or under
  Be token or trace of him here.

With passionate awe that is deeper than panic
  The spirit subdued and unshaken
Takes heed of the godhead terrene and Titanic
Whose footfall is felt on the breach of volcanic
  Sharp steeps that their fire has forsaken.

By a spell more serene than the dim necromantic
  Dead charms of the past and the night,
Or the terror that lurked in the noon to make frantic
Where Etna takes shape from the limbs of gigantic
  Dead gods disanointed of might,

The spirit made one with the spirit whose breath
  Makes noon in the woodland sublime
Abides as entranced in a presence that saith
Things loftier than life and serener than death,
  Triumphant and silent as time.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

PINE RIDGE: September 1893.

A CABINET MINISTER'S VADE-MECUM

SOME of us, who are apt to mock at the attempt to direct the affairs of this complicated world by means of two quarrelling political parties and the machine called Parliament, have not been able to resist, as we watched the present session, some slight feeling of grim satisfaction. To that poor old machine Mr. Gladstone—'the destroyer' as he has been lately called—has dealt some hard knocks, and in doing it has probably helped to weaken some existing superstitions. Let us walk across the now silent battlefield and see what there is to be gleaned.

In one of his brilliant speeches—for they have been brilliant—Mr. Chamberlain spoke, I think, of Mr. Gladstone's 'necessities.' Whose property the necessities are matters but little. There is good reason to think that they belong just as much to Lord Salisbury or to Mr. Chamberlain as to Mr. Gladstone; but giving Mr. Gladstone—as is due under the circumstances—the first title to their ownership, the important fact is to note that henceforth they are the recognised methods of political war, that henceforth they are the accepted 'necessities' of the great governing machine to which our liberties, our lives, and our property are subject. Let us now try—with Mr. Chamberlain's and Mr. Balfour's help—to count them up and put them on record in some short form, so that they may serve at any future time as a Cabinet Minister's vade-mecum. If you wish to pass a great measure that profoundly alters, for good or for evil, the relations of the parts of a great country, first make yourself master of the following necessities:

1. Keep the measure carefully veiled—something after the fashion of a presentation picture or a bust of the Mayor subscribed for by the Corporation—so as to make it impossible, until the actual fight begins, for the nation to understand it, criticise it, test it, detect weak places, or pass an intelligent judgment upon it. This, perhaps, may be expressed in other words: whenever convenient from a strategical point of view, put a hood over the eyes of the nation, treat them as a negligible quantity, and don't for a moment indulge their fancy that they take any real part in passing great measures. That work is exclusively the private business of the professional fighters.

2. When there is a specially difficult and complicated point, (*a*) call upon either the newspapers, or the House, or your own party in the House, to be good enough to settle the matter for you; (*b*) leave it for your successor—whoever he may be—to deal with; (*c*) use such language in your measure that nobody can exactly say what is meant or not meant. This last method will be found useful, when you have a wasp's nest on both sides of you and don't wish to provoke either of the two.

3. Be ready to alter vital arrangements at twenty-four hours' notice, and to expect all those concerned to alter their profound convictions in the same number of hours. It will be found of the highest importance in modern politics to practise the manœuvre of revolution on your own mental axis, so that, whenever necessary, the dogma of yesterday may by instantaneous process be expelled in favour of the dogma of to-day. Celerity of movement in this manœuvre is of the highest importance, as it is not desirable that the public should realise what is taking place.

4. In order to facilitate No. 3, aim at bringing the discipline of the party to such a high point that they take their official exercise in the official lobby without experiencing any inconvenient desires to exercise other functions except the crural muscles. No member of Parliament can be of real service to his party if these special muscles are not in good order. Any member of Parliament, however poor his qualifications, can speak, move amendments, &c.; but the true work is done in the lobbies. Grouse shooting is recommended in the recess by way of useful training.

5. Always assume official infallibility, and therefore—except when it may be necessary to avoid a catastrophe as regards the division list—disregard all views of your opponents, and all those varied lights which are thrown from different minds, when a subject is frankly and widely discussed apart from political partisanship by an intelligent public.

6. Be prepared to assert that days and hours are of infinite importance in the life of a nation; that, if discussion is not brought to an end, Ministers will refuse to be responsible for the continued existence of the nation; and therefore it is far safer for the nation to exist in ill-arranged fragments than to make rash attempts—at the expense of days and hours—to give order and coherence to the parts.

7. If you are aware that some special portions of your work are of defective workmanship, strict silence on the part of your own followers, and free use of the closure on the plea of saving time, are the orthodox and approved as well as the most simple methods of treatment.

8. It is no use being squeamish in such matters, and if you
chinery for stopping discussion, you may as well employ

it to prevent voting as well as speaking on amendments. No machine should be allowed to 'eat off its own head' for want of being used.

9. To put it quite plainly, use any kind of gag or guillotine that is most efficient. A political opponent is but a kind of vermin to be got rid of on easiest terms, and the parliamentary machine must be constructed so as to deal effectually with vermin at short notice. A majority has to govern, and there's the end of it. If not, what would be the use of the trouble and expense incurred in getting a majority?

10. When you are engaged in passing what is perhaps the biggest measure of the century, you must be careful not to let the nation judge it frankly on its own merits. It must be sugared by putting by its side certain dainty morsels that you consider toothsome for various important sections. The way to pass those great measures on which your party depends is to put the sections in good humour, and to let them understand that their own bit of cake depends upon the big loaf being eaten. Sugaring the sections is the secret of success in modern politics.

11. When you hold in trust the interests of two nations, you must boldly sell the interests of the one nation at any point where by selling them you thus command the support of the other nation for yourself. In such cases look upon nations but as sections in a nation, and treat in same manner. A clear head and boldness in buying and selling will indicate the best method to be followed.

12. If there is a weak class possessed of property whose influence and support count for little or nothing, they can be usefully treated as vote-material for strengthening your position as regards other more valuable classes of supporters.

13. If by any chance you have given pledges or expressed opinions, or have been betrayed into denunciations which conflict with the course which you are now taking, you must explain that truth in political matters must not be confused with truth in other everyday matters; that in politics it is strictly relative; that a thing which is true from the Opposition benches is not necessarily true from the Government benches; that a truth employed to pass a measure at a particular time ceases to be a truth after the measure is passed; and that it is mere moral pedantry to suppose that political truths have an objective reality, as they clearly depend upon the condition of mind at any given moment of certain classes of voters, especially those classes which happen to hold the balance of power in their hands. Political principles are of the highest importance and utility, so long as they are confined to their one proper purpose, as rhetorical decorations. They are of great value during a debate, to which they give considerable force and dignity, but should not receive attention after the close of debate.

Few persons who have taken the trouble to read these thirteen

commandments of the new dispensation will, I think, quarrel much with them. They are in the nature of truisms and platitudes nowadays on the lips of us all. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain will tell you that these are the principles on which the Liberals manage their business. Mr. Gladstone and Sir W. Harcourt will tell you that they exactly express the conduct of the Conservatives when in office. We may, therefore, look upon them without much hesitation as embodying the practical rules which after many years of parliamentary life have been evolved for the practical guidance of the politician; and the real point of interest is to consider how it has come to pass that the code has been evolved. Why is the parliamentary machine subject to these necessities? Why in politics—whichever is your party—is it necessary to treat your opponents as so much vermin? Of course it is possible that some innocent-minded Conservative might remark that after all Mr. Gladstone is Mr. Gladstone, and that the thirteen necessities are his own peculiar satanic invention; whilst some equally innocent-minded Liberal might remark that the thirteen necessities would never have come into existence but for the satanic character of the opposition of the Conservatives, who have never yet understood what great measures were in the true interest of the country. Innocence has charms of its own, and should always be respected where it is possible; but, alas! I am afraid we have no reason to think that had Lord Salisbury been engaged in disestablishing the empire the slightest change would have taken place in the manner in which the play would have been played. The parts would have been differently cast, the hero and the villain would have fallen to the lot of different actors and that would have been all. Lord Salisbury would have draped the measure in the same perfect official secrecy; Mr. Balfour or Mr. Chamberlain would have told us with the same thrilling solemnity, as if they stood on our behalf on Mount Sinai, that majorities must govern, and these two gentlemen doubtless would have handled the guillotine with the same nerve and adroitness as their opponents have done; whilst Mr. Gladstone—with that energy of which he alone holds the secret—would have thundered against official wrappings up, closure, and the guillotine in a manner which would have fired half England, and made some of us almost forgive the half of his own sins. It is a pity that the parts have been cast as they are. They would have suited the actors better if they had been reversed. That, however, is a small matter; the point of interest is, why do the politician's thirteen commandments evolve out of politics? Why does every prominent leader—whether Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury or another—necessarily gravitate under some law that he cannot resist towards that political manœuvring, that secret and sharp practice, and that contempt for and coercion of his opponents, which are expressed in the thirteen necessities? Men adorned by many virtues and many capacities, known everywhere to be most

attractive in their private and social relations, don't descend into a moral abyss except under pressure of some overwhelming force. To put it a little bluntly, we, none of us, good or bad, go to hell for nothing. There must be a reason for the moral abyss. And there is a reason. The truth is, that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury—they are merely typical of all other modern political leaders—have constructed a position for themselves which takes from them all power over their own actions. They are like the drivers of coaches who have begun to gallop down hill, and whose only safety lies in continuing to gallop. The coach is thundering behind the horses, and all they can do is to sit and lash the horses to keep them out of the way. They are masters of great hordes—hordes organised for battle, keen for plunder, dominated by the one idea of their own self-interest, to which everything must give place, and fed from day to day upon honey and lies. The honey and the lies are not mixed in quite the same manner, for there are differences in the two hordes, and the daily portion must be adjusted to taste. Neither horde is held together by any moral bond. Both hordes are dominated by the idea of self-interest; both are kept in hand and inspired for battle by the hope of getting whatever they want, and by the belief that their own leaders will secure for them more booty of one or the other kind than any other leader. To clamour and to get is the function of the horde; to give, to satisfy, and to inspire is the function of the leader.

It never serves a purpose in the end to exaggerate. But have I exaggerated? I am satisfied to submit the matter to one test. How many clear-sighted persons are there, not partisans, who believe that any matter on which either of the hordes had set its heart would be denied to it? Who believes in any stopping-point? Who believes that in either of our political leaders there is any high-water mark, or even any prosaic sign-board which bears the legend, 'Thus far and no farther'? Of course each horde has its own characteristics which faintly differentiate it off from the other. There are certain things which Mr. Gladstone's horde, as things go—for example, a duty on corn—is not likely to ask for, and things—like nationalisation of the land—which at this moment Lord Salisbury's horde is not likely to ask for, and on these points respectively the virtue of the two leaders is beyond all suspicion or reproach; but supposing that on these very points the hordes underwent some mental transformation, does any person believe that the leaders would not be equal to the occasion? Is there any single demand in the whole region of political demands about which you could say that here at least, under all circumstances, the leaders would resist; that the melting process would not set in; that granite would remain granite, and not pass into sludge? Everybody knows that with the leaders and with the parties as a whole—there being a few honourable exceptions sprinkled here and there—there is no such point of resistance. Like the

horizon as you approach it, all such points of resistance as you push towards them perpetually disappear. Indeed, if there were such fixed and abiding points, our leaders would not be leaders—that is, political leaders. A political leader is a caterer, an active-minded inventive caterer, who must not simply wait upon demand, but must often go before it—like Lord Salisbury and his gratuitous education—and help to stimulate and even to manufacture it, in order that he may have the advantage and credit of supplying it. From moment to moment his position depends upon his being able to read off a list of services which surpass the services of his rival, and the moment that his mental resource and his audacity fail him, so that he no longer successfully stimulates an existing demand, or if necessary calls a demand into existence, he is only fit for a 'back seat.'

Is another test wanted? Of what does the incessant rhetorical battle between the hordes and their forefront fighters principally consist? Is it not principally made up of proving—which is done with much incisive language as well as much historical accuracy—that what the one side are condemning to-day is the same thing that they themselves did yesterday; and what the other side are doing to-day is that about which they protested yesterday that 'thy servants were not dogs' that they should ever put their hands to such a thing? I am quite content on this point to refer to Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain as regards Mr. Gladstone and Sir W. Harcourt; or to Mr. Gladstone and Sir W. Harcourt as regards Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain. They have all of them excellent memories, and they keep the record against each other with much exactness.

I am sometimes tempted into a subtle metaphysical question in this matter. As highly capable and most amiable private citizens I have no doubt at all of the existence of either Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury. But as political personalities, I am troubled with many doubts. We believe in the existence of matter because it resists. Does a personality exist when you can detect resistance at no point whatsoever? If you cannot put your finger on any given spot and say here are a definite resisting will and a definite resisting judgment; if under your touch each thing melts in turn, is there anything which we are fairly entitled to call a personality? At certain *séances* John King used to be good enough to appear. He was a very striking and interesting phosphorescent shadow—far more interesting than any of Maskelyne and Cooke's ghosts that I have been fortunate enough to see—but as you stretched out your hands towards him they encountered no resistance, and passed through the shadow as they would pass through air. Well, it is just such εἴδωλον or simulacrum that the political Mr. Gladstone or the political Lord Salisbury appears to be. You may see the outward form, you may admire the force and eloquence, or the mordant intelligence, but as you search for the deeper and more real strata, the will and judgment in their

permanent resisting forms, then your hands come back to you empty, as they did when you grasped at the phosphorescent John King.

Of course it may be asked if all political leaders are of the same family of εἴδωλα. I can only answer that they necessarily tend to be. As a rule, the longer you play the game of politics, the more the personality wanes, and the more the εἴδωλον waxes. It is found that the longer a soldier lives the unhealthy barrack life, the more he becomes liable to tubercular disease. It is the same in politics, only that in politics it is the wasting of the moral personality.

Of course the innate qualities count for much, and notwithstanding the exigencies of political life the underlying tissue of soul persists in some cases in a remarkable manner. There is a toughness of fibre, a fighting temper, a capacity for scorn, a power of hating, which help some men to retain their personality, when perhaps milder qualities might be less effective. If I may venture to treat Mr. Chamberlain's soul as public property, I should say that it possessed some such power of persistence. Never was soul which had more earthly wrappings to it. Never was soul so beset with carnality. Two Western men once discussed the efficacy of the water employed in baptism, and thereupon one of them delivered it as his opinion that if it were to be of any avail in the case of a particular friend who was under discussion, that it would be necessary for that friend to be anchored out for at least twenty-four hours in mid-stream. Mr. Chamberlain's spiritual necessities are of the same order as the spiritual necessities of that friend of the Western man. His soul requires to be hung out for at least a week on the highest mountain peak, or plunged into the sea beyond the three miles limit, in order to get rid of its earthy admixtures. Mr. Chamberlain's politics, beyond the ordinary measure in politics, even when pressed down and running over, are saturated with commercialism. His constant recurring idea is the exhibition of political wares. Such and such things are the peculiar achievement of his own horde, and are not to be claimed by the other horde. Such and such things are good to be done, just because they will help the reputation of the horde. But still for all that the soul exists and persists, and as long as that is so, all things are possible. Unless I read him wrongly—and it is very difficult to read in that blurred, stained human palimpsest—there is a vein of conviction mixed in with the commercial opinions, there is a bottom to be reached, there is definite resistance, and therefore there is personality. You may have to wade through layers of carnality, layers of commercialism, but at the end you do arrive. With our other leaders it is different. You may spend a whole day in digging in most of them, and at the end only find that 'running-sand' which we sometimes come to in the forest, and which is the despair of those who are seeking for bottom.

I can't pursue the subject of Mr. Chamberlain's soul, interesting as it is. My purpose is to ask why in politics all souls tend to be lost to their owners; not to examine why the lamp still flickers in particular politicians, but to ask why leaders, who in private life seem such gifted, such admirable persons, should in political life, notwithstanding all outward signs of vigour and force, become mere refuters of their own opinions, mere destroyers of their own work and of their own personalities—so far as there are such things—mere masks and shadows, mere 'shells' tenanted by a life that is in no real sense their own. Clearly the fault is not simply to be looked for in the men themselves. If Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury slowly descend to this soulless existence, who amongst us shall not descend also?

I had already begun my answer to that question. I said that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, as leaders of clamorous hordes, had the duty of sometimes satisfying, sometimes inspiring, their hordes. They are like those Roman emperors who for their own ends surrounded themselves with their Prætorian guards, and whose safety and enjoyment of their thrones depended from hour to hour in keeping their defenders in good temper. But though such a position explains a part of what we see in politics, it does not explain the whole. Much as the leaders and their dependants may have done to organise the hordes and to whet their appetites, they have in truth created nothing; they have only lent themselves to circumstances and swum in the stream of tendencies. What is it which has created the rival hordes, which has forced on the leaders the perfecting of their organisation, which year by year kindles into flame the war which goes on between them, and which marks out the work and position of the great captains or caterers-in-chief? The answer is not far to seek. Some great superstition, blinding and confusing men's souls, is at the bottom of almost all our troubles, and we must look for the same cause here. It is the 'State superstition,' a superstition descending with successive changes in its form from the twilight of history, which creates the quarrelling hordes, the leaders without personalities, and all that mixture of unreality, untruthfulness, and self-seeking, that goes by the name of politics. Just as chieftain, Church, king, emperor were supposed to own the bodies and minds of their various subjects and clients, so when these different owners became outworn in their due time, the State slipped into their place and claimed the vacant ownership. No superstition dies suddenly. Like evil spirits, when exorcised, taking new forms and seeking new quarters, our old superstitions occupy new corners in the human mind, and still cling to existence. It is so with the State superstition. We no longer believe in ownership by Church or emperor, but we are deep in the belief of ownership by one half of the people of the other half. It must be so. We could not have passed straight to liberty from the tutelage

with it. If a poor animal is to be slaughtered, it is vain to complain of the machinery which brings its head into the true position to receive the blow, or the fastenings which may be necessary to prevent a struggle. It is the same in politics. All the moral indignation poured out by each party in turn when they are tied up by the stronger hand of their rivals to the parliamentary slaughtering block is little more than wasted breath, if the final act is right and true in itself. It may possibly comfort the parliamentary animal before it is slaughtered to utter an eloquent denunciation upon the head and hand of the slaughterer, but is much gained by the process? Is the parliamentary slaughtering good in itself? is the true question. Is the body and soul domination of majority over minority right in itself? If men can rightly own each other, rightly take possession of the faculties and property of each other, and use them for their own ends, then the little incidents of closure and guillotine may be very lightly passed over. In such cases these methods are probably only useful precautions for making the final act easier. Let us by all means indulge freely in them.

Whilst, however, Mr. Gladstone's thirteen necessities should claim very little attention from any of those who are acquiescing players in the great game, still they are full of meaning to those who don't acquiesce. They throw a very vivid gleam upon the true nature of politics. If men like Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury descend to these things, if they declare that they are necessities in playing their game, what must be the nature of the game itself? If war—as we know it, at all events, on the Continent—means, even during peace, as its necessary antecedent, the perverting of human wealth and energy from those services that make the earth fruitful and happy, the invasion of the home, the seizing on young men as if they were animals, the forcing of barrack life upon them, the handling of them as mere waste material of the politicians—what sort of a thing is war likely to be in itself? If politics require Mr. Gladstone's thirteen necessities, what sort of a thing are politics likely to be in themselves? Add to his necessities a few other not quite beautiful things that we see on all sides of us, more plainly as yet in foreign countries—the growing burdens, a quarter or a third of a man's faculties mortgaged to the voting crowd, the enormous debts thrown on succeeding generations, who have never been consulted as to the object of these debts, the extravagant works undertaken, generally for party purposes, the perpetual growth of new classes of officials, the passions excited between class and class, the pettiness and bitterness of the factions, the punishments multiplied and year by year invading new spheres of action, the indifferent character of many of the men who climb to power, the peculations and corruptions in endless form and variety, the unscrupulous enterprises abroad, and the stimulation of an utterly false and degraded type of patriotism—if

all these further things are the incidents of politics, what are politics in themselves? What sort of thing is this domination over each other which is accompanied by these incidents, is served by these methods, and produces this kind of fruit? It is time that the question were asked. Politics may provide occupation, and excitement, and remuneration for the professional players retained on both sides, but the question is gradually forcing itself upon men's minds, whether or no great vigorous communities exist for the sake of the politician, and whether or no life can be spent in some better fashion than splitting themselves up into two or three bigoted and self-interested factions, and spending their best energies fighting each other, after the example of the adherents of the red and blue chariots of Constantinople. Is that really to be the end of it all? Have we exhausted human possibilities when we succeed in perching this or that politician for the moment on his little eminence at Westminster? or shall we exhaust them when our friends the Socialists succeed in arresting this world, charged with its burden of wonderful ever-changing human destinies, and consigning it to a condition under which the leading State question—always recurring and never to be laid to rest—will be whether a wife may or may not possess a needle, and may or may not mend her husband's breeches?[1] In those good days the 'heirs of all the ages' will probably grow to be much like Virgil's bees, who were to be quieted, whenever their souls were too much moved, *pulveris exigui jactu*.

On what foundation does this ownership of each other stand; or rather, what great reasons condemn it? First of all, the thing in itself is absurd. You can't justify it by any process of sane reason. Rationally—apart from all the ugly results—the thing is a tangle of contradictions. Either A and B, in virtue of the separate bodies and separate minds which they possess—a very simple natural fact, but yet the biggest of all facts which concern us—are self-owning individuals, or they are not. If they are, the question is ended, because if A is self-owning, then he can't be owned by B. Of course, to get out of the difficulty, you may deny this assumption of self-ownership, if you have a liking for intellectual Serbonian bogs, but the denial will not help you towards the ownership of some men by other men. For if A is not self-owning, how, so long as he does not own himself, can he own another person? That monstrous conception—a unit, who can't own himself, but can own others—a unit, possessed of no rights of self-guidance over himself, but possessed of unlimited rights of guidance over others—is hardly worthy of discussion. Put it in

[1] On this interesting point see Leroy Beaulieu's *Communisme*. It is plain that when the State owns all the means of production, and is the only employer of labour, that it will look with extreme jealousy upon all work done outside the State-factory. And rightly. If the smallest opportunity be given to free labour, the luckless State will have all its battles to fight again.

another way. Mr. Spencer, in one of his delightful chapters, once reminded us that a mass composed of similar particles can only have the qualities which the particles possess. A mass of stones has the properties of stones; a mass of potatoes the properties of potatoes. We see, therefore, that combining men in a mass and calling them by the name of a State, or anything else you like, cannot give to the mass, so christened, any larger rights than the individuals as individuals possess. If I, as an individual, have any right to go and take my neighbour by the collar, and, disregarding his consent, appropriate as much of his property as I like, calling my act, if it so please me, by the name of a tax, strip him of the right of exercising such faculties as I choose, assign him certain hours to work and certain hours in which he is not to work, settle for him what he shall drink and not drink, what he shall teach his children and not teach—in a word, appropriate his property and arrange his faculties for him according to my supreme will and pleasure—if I, as an individual, have the right to do these things to my neighbour, then also the State has the right. But if I have not any such right, and to imagine that I have such right simply reduces society to absolute moral confusion, neither has the State any such right. The State is a creature of the individuals; it is simply made by the individuals who consent to make it. They can endow it with such rights as they themselves possess, but they cannot in any conceivable manner endow it with rights which they themselves do not possess. That the delegated body should exceed in powers of any kind those who delegated it is a conception which is hardly worth the trouble to discuss. Rationally speaking, it is an absurdity.

There are, it should be said, two refuges open to those who worship the power of the State, but I am afraid hardly good against wind and weather. You may look upon the State as a sort of metaphysical entity, something with supernatural roots belonging to it, like king and like Church, invested with a transcendent character. Well, that is a thing which is to be believed, but not argued about. You may believe in these transcendencies if you like, but you cannot argue about them. They are not in the domain of reason; and for those who accept them most of the practical difficulties remain. Granted that king, Church, and State are all three of them metaphysical entities, with certain claims upon my obedience, I have still to make up my mind whether I shall consent to go to prison for not paying the king ship-money, or consent to let the Church burn me for differing from it in opinion, or consent to let the State take what proportion of my income it likes, under the name of taxes, and apply it to purposes of which I disapprove.

Heaven forfend that I should speak disrespectfully of metaphysical entities. The earth and the air may be full of them for all I know. What is, or what is not, in this wonderful place that we call

the world, I have but the dimmest of conceptions; but all the same it is necessary to object strongly to a metaphysical conception being used as the authority for everyday practices of a very oppressive character. The State may be a metaphysical entity; but does that give license to a motley mass of politicians, officials, magistrates, and policemen to interfere in every sort of fantastic fashion with the faculties and property of unoffending citizens?

There is another refuge. You may found authority nakedly on force. You may say that what Government or the State does is valid just because Government or the State is stronger than the individual. In one sense you are then on solid ground; in another sense on the most treacherous ground on which man ever laid his foundations. There is nothing in the history of the world which has crumbled so persistently as material force. With that irony which runs through human affairs, the possession of great force seems almost always to single out the possessors of it for destruction. Will it be different in this case? Tell us frankly that the House of Commons, or any other machine, has no other authority than the fact that for the moment it has the strongest force behind it—sweep out of existence all belief in individual rights and moral forces, and tell us quite plainly that the basis of all that you do rests on the simple fact that three men are stronger than two, and are you quite sure in the universal unchaining of force-passions that the House of Commons, or House of anything else, will bear the strain you place upon it? Force is of many kinds, and those who lay their claim to do as they like to-day with their fellow-men because they are stronger, may presently have some difficulty in showing that one kind of force is better than other kinds of force. If force is our law, why not 'the General on the black horse,' who is never very far in the background of any society where force is already recognised under other disguises. If he command the stronger force, why not have him? Or the man with dynamite? On what ground can you object to him? You may say that he uses his force secretly, treacherously. True enough, but that is only an incident which attaches to his special force methods. That is like Mr. Gladstone's thirteen necessities. If pressed on the point, Mr. Gladstone would probably regret his necessities, would much desire to pass any measure that suggests itself to him without falling back on them. I have no doubt the man with dynamite would do the same. He would say your kind of force is possessed of so many convenient arrangements, you have unlimited armies of policemen and officials, and happy little methods of taking what you want wherewith to pay them, and therefore—he would go on—I understand your force being employed in a less abrupt and more ceremonious fashion than mine; but after all force is force, and if we are to recognise force and obey force as the supreme law of our being, then the only crucial question is: which kind is the

most effective? and if a pound of dynamite gets itself better obeyed than an Act of Parliament, then clearly judgment must go for dynamite.

It is possible that some insufficiently illuminated person may suspect me of predilections for dynamite. I loathe it from the bottom of my heart; but just because I loathe it, therefore I loathe also a dispensation under which the great State questions will concern the mending of the breeches of the husbands by the wives; and in the same way I loathe a governing system which requires, as oil to its wheels, Mr. Gladstone's thirteen necessities. If I did not loathe these other force systems, it is possible I might not loathe the franker system of dynamite. If I acknowledged force as our true law, I might perhaps draw some distinctions unfavourable to the more informal and more frank methods, but they would be objections which, as I should know very well, would touch only the surface and not the heart of the matter. Worshippers of majority government may not like to hear it bluntly stated, but the truth is that between their methods and the dynamiter's methods there is no essential difference. It is true that if we are to discuss the incidents of both methods we should agree that dynamite allows somewhat less play for reason and discussion than the closure and the guillotine, but these details don't alter the great underlying fact, that if force exerted by some men over other men is wrong, then the majority worshipper and the dynamiter stand on the same level of wrong-doing. If it is wrong to take my self-ownership from me, the wrong to me is equally inflicted whether it is done by a number of men voting at the polls or by one man using dynamite.

Perhaps there is one more refuge. People delight in the present day to do what is essentially wrong, and whilst they do it to cover it up in the most beautiful moral wrappings. Some of those skilled in the moral wrapping business may perhaps plead that under our parliamentary system physical force is only the humble servant of moral force, that we talk on paper and on platform, we reason and persuade, and when these excellent forces have done their work, then comes in the strong man and carries into execution their conclusion. All that is very nice, and very like the treacly mess in which those things can be swallowed which we should not like to swallow if offered to us plain and simple. It is all very pretty in the way of moral drapery. But prettiness is not of such value as seeing clearly. Moral force is one thing physical force is another. I may persuade a man, or I may compel him. The two things don't really touch; for the persuaded man need not be compelled, and the compelled man need not be persuaded. The processes are opposite and antagonistic; they appeal to different parts of a man, and they act through different machineries which I need not describe here. The question is, which of the two processes is the right one? which is the one

that is permissible for us fallible mortals to employ against each other? There is the simple issue. It does not alter the act of compulsion because before we arrived at that final stage we indulged in some preface of persuasion. The fact that the master flogged the boy is not altered by the fact that he lectured him for a week before he flogged him. To those who are intent on the question: 'Is flogging right or wrong?' the fact that the boy was flogged is the important bit of the matter, not the fact that certain moral exhortations preceded the flogging.

Another point should be noticed. Our moral persuasions, which accompany an election, are hardly ever, if ever, directed towards persuading our fellow-men to change or better their own conduct. What we do is to persuade people to join us in coercing somebody else. Our persuasion of A is not persuasion to reform himself, but to assist us in coercing B. Long ago Mill helped us to see that self-government is the most delusive word in the English language. It means that the bigger half crams what it can down the throat of the smaller half, and the true meaning of the word has been much more distinctly brought out since Mill wrote. Of course, fond as we are of coercing each other, the coercing section must undergo a certain amount of stimulation, must have its interests, passions, vanities, fears, appealed to, before it is ready to coerce the smaller section. So far, if you like it, the moral forces come in. You must get the steam up before A and B undertake to coerce C.

There are many lesser ways in which you can see the absurdity of State-ownership of us all. Does any sane-minded person mean to say that he has no personal rights in presence of the State, in presence of the larger half of the voting crowd; that he belongs in property, in person, and in mind, to the State—that whatever the State chooses to decree about him, that it is his duty as it is his necessity to accept? A thorough-going Socialist may accept such a statement joyfully, being quite undaunted by any number of needle-and-breeches questions, but few other people will accept it. The doctrine, as they deliberately look at it, will strike them with horror and disgust. To hold all that they possess and all that they are, their occupations, their labours and their pleasures, their beliefs social and religious—so far as the State can reach them, which is a pretty considerable way—their home relations, at the mercy of the larger half of the voting crowd; to have no will over their own personality, except such as a half of the voting crowd is good enough from time to time to concede to them, will seem to them, when they fairly face it, an abyss of degradation, into which they cannot descend without losing all that makes life worth having. And yet into this abyss they are steadily descending. Every day the action of a thoughtless multitude, poor and rich, in sanctioning politics as they are, establishes this absolute power of the voting crowd over all individuals. To this

power there are, and can be, no limits, so long as the State is looked on as morally a bigger thing than the individual. Once make this fatal admission, once believe that the State possesses, as the State, rights which the individual does not possess, once forget that the State is a mere creature of the individual, made by him in his own likeness and image, and drawing from him just such rights and powers as he, the individual, possesses, and then all fixed limits to its power disappear, for the simple reason that on this theory you leave it to the Voting Crowd, as morally a bigger thing than the individual, to plant the landmarks of its power at any point that it chooses. If it is the bigger thing, the delimitation of power, on which all turns, must fall to its share.

I have called with perfect accuracy the State, that owns us and oppresses us, the Voting Crowd; but apart from and beyond this false State, which is a mere usurper, like all the power-owners that have gone before it, is a truer and higher State. This truer and higher State represents the common interests and common ties that exist between those who come of the same race, inherit the same history, and speak the same language; and it is only wrongly allied in men's minds with the State which represents the clique that dominates us and owns us. This higher State rests upon sympathy and friendship; it has nothing to do with the fastening of iron collars by some men round the necks of other men. Those who worship the Voting Crowd would gladly mix the two States together for their own purposes, but between free voluntary service for common public objects and enforced service in the interests of the horde there is little relationship. Long after we have made an end of the untrue State—the rapacious and aggressive hordes that follow their leaders for spoil—we shall continue to serve the true State. Indeed, all the best service given to this true State can only begin as the hordes drop out of existence.

Take one more practical absurdity which inheres in our ownership by the Voting Crowd. If we who make up the Voting Crowd are to undertake each other's concerns, one of two things must happen. Either we must neglect our own concerns or we must neglect those concerns of others which with such large philanthropy we take upon our shoulders. It is plain that we poor limited mortals have not energy and time for both sets of service. How can you expect any busy professional or commercial man to follow carefully and understand what the State is doing in the various provinces of its multifarious work? The thing is impossible. It is impossible even for the politician himself, to whom State work is meat, drink, and sleep. And yet each of us, however busy, is responsible for all that the State does. The means of doing it are taken out of our pockets, and by our acquiescence in politics we sanction the thing done. We stand, therefore, in this position, that we are doing a vast number of

things, exerting a very large amount of interference, without in many cases actually knowing what we are doing, and in a still larger number of cases without being able—for mere lack of time and energy—to form an opinion worth having as to whether what is being done is rightly or wrongly done. Was there ever invented such a topsy-turvy system? Of course our heroic friend the Socialist has here, as everywhere else, his way out of the difficulty. He saves the individual from the embarrassing choice of neglecting his own concerns or those concerns of others which he has taken on his shoulders by getting rid of all individual concerns. Naked we shall come into the Socialist world, and naked we shall live in it. There will be no individual concerns, there will only be State concerns. Create a centre of overwhelming power, and for very peace sake and system sake and unity sake all things will be gradually engulfed in it. Even the specially interesting State question to which I have before alluded may then find its settlement. The breeches and the needle will both be declared State property, and whatever happens to the breeches when they are out of repair, the rent in the Socialist world will be patched up for a time.

I must pass by other absurdities to come to the question: how are we to be delivered from this degrading dependence on the Voting Crowd? I answer: by a return to sanity—if we have ever yet been sane on the subject—to good sense, to what is practically safe, to what is morally true. It is none of these things to believe ourselves to be in bondage, body and mind, to either Mr. Gladstone's or Lord Salisbury's horde. We are each of us rational beings, possessed of a machinery for our own guidance, possessed of faculties and feelings of our own, and we are not the property of any horde or any voting crowd. The thing is a lie, a lie that has gradually grown up, and which cries aloud that the axe should be laid to its roots. We must invert the common view of the State and the individual. We have slipped into the idea that the individual exists for the State; that the State is a sort of over-lord, a god which is supreme over us. All that superstitious mental construction must be tumbled over. The State is not over-lord, it is not a god, it is only a creation of our own hands, a servant, a useful tool.

I cannot now discuss all the consequences that are involved in self-ownership and subordination of the State to the individual. It must be enough to point out that the State has the moral right to use force for only one special purpose, and that it derives this moral right from the individual, who possesses it in himself, whether a State exists or not. The only true use of force (that is, physical force used as regards a person or his property against his consent) which can be morally justified is force used to defend and maintain self-ownership[2]—all other uses of force being aggressive,

[2] The Socialist fallacy must be avoided. A Socialist loves to use the word liberty whilst he is engaged in destroying the thing itself; and, indeed, is sometimes ready

being infringements upon the ownership of the individual. For those infringements there is no moral sanction to be found. All of them, from interfering with a man's glass of beer up to taking from him 25 per cent. of the value of his house under the name of rates, or sending him to be killed as a soldier against his will, simply involve us in utter confusion, because they take a man's ownership out of his own hands and invest it in the hands of others. There is, therefore, only one rightful use of force. The individual, as self-owner, has a right to defend his self-ownership with force against force, but there his right to use force begins and ends. That right he can delegate to others if he choose, and as a matter of convenience it is much more convenient that he should delegate it instead of exercising it in his own person, and those to whom he delegates it we may without objection continue to call by the name of State. But this delegated body (the State) cannot by any possibility have larger rights of using force than the individual, for whatever rights the individual has, those rights he can delegate, but rights which he does not possess, those evidently he cannot delegate. Thus we are led to see that nineteen-twentieths of what governments or ruling majorities do lie outside their moral capacity. Nineteen-twentieths of their industry are as much perverted as the industry of the pirate and highwayman. There is no way in which it can be justified except under the simple law of force:—that A and B, because they are stronger, are to decide for C what is right and to enforce it. To a certain class of moralists that may seem a very excellent thing to do, *as long as it lasts*, but as in the end it leads certainly to dynamite, or whatever substances the chemists may discover more potent than dynamite, and there are plenty of them, it is hardly a course which the world will pursue with uninterrupted satisfaction to itself. It will, therefore, on the whole, be wise for our friend the politician to reconsider himself and his present ways of going on as speedily as may be. One thing, I think, at all events, he may take for certain—as certain as if it were written in fire across the sky—that this adventurous English race will not long rest content, as light begins to come to it, to be the plaything of his weakness and his vanity; and that this fair earth has got some better destiny before it than to be a cockpit for his quarrelsome intriguing hordes.

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to contend that his system is specially constructed to favour self-ownership. This is, of course, using words in their non-natural sense, is mere juggling with them, as self-ownership depends upon the consent of the individual being respected as regards the exercise of his faculties and his fashion of life. That consent under Socialism is swept, like old cobwebs, out of existence. A system which forbids a man buying and selling, employing others or being employed by them, acquiring and owning property, may be as excellent from other points of view as you choose, but it has nothing to do with self-ownership.

'SETTING THE POOR ON WORK'

THERE has arisen, especially during recent years, a feeling that something should be done to mitigate the rigour of the effects of irregularity of employment upon those who are physically or mentally unable to bear the strain of it.

The promotion of attempts to 'set the poor on work' is no new idea; but the motive which prompted it in earlier times was, at least ostensibly, the advantage which would accrue to the nation from the constant employment of industrious peasants and craftsmen, and the training of the children of these to habits of industry; while the feeling which has more recently arisen may be regarded as one of unalloyed compassion, or as inspired by fear of social revolution.

In order to understand the reason for the assumed need for organisation of the labour of those who have not organised their own industry, it is necessary to grasp the outlines of the great movements which have transformed mediæval Britain, with its self-contained village communities and the comparative isolation of its scattered agricultural and industrial groups, into modern Britain, with its closely related towns, its network of canals and railways, and the practically infinite ramifications of its foreign commerce. We have been breaking away from agriculture and have been devoting ourselves to manufacture and to transport. 'We have abandoned the solid basis of the land for the fluctuating basis of trade.' Against what we have gained from this great change we must set what we have lost. We have gained in rapidity of expansion, in numbers, in total wealth; but we have become more sensitive to fluctuations of commerce, and these fluctuations are, or tend to be, probably quite as disastrous in their effects as many of at least the minor famines which were the chief causes of economic disturbance in the Middle Ages.

It is thus natural that there has arisen a demand, amounting even to a clamour, that a means should be devised of dealing here and now with those who suffer from these fluctuations, with those who are swept into a side eddy by the stream of industry, with those who, if left to themselves, would inevitably imperil the physique and the morale of the following generations. We have to devise a hospital for those who are wounded by our industrial system.

One of the forms which this demand takes is due to a revival of

the spirit that prompted the mediæval legislation which had for its object the 'setting of the poor on work.' That is, in modern phrase, to provide a labour colony as a means of affording access to the means of production to those who are unable to obtain access to them under customary conditions, to give work at subsistence wages to the 'able-bodied' unemployed.

The theory of the labour colony involves the assumption that there is a certain number of men who are willing to work, but who cannot unaided find work to do, and who are, moreover, willing to work under a certain degree of restraint in return for subsistence wages alone.

The labour colony is intended to offer at once work and a healthy mode of existence to those who break down under the strain of independent labour, whether they are unfit or unfortunate.

On the Continent, and especially in Germany, there has been developed during the past eleven years a system of relief stations and labour colonies which is by far the most interesting and instructive of modern experiments in the suppression of vagrancy and begging. The precise relations of this system to the problem of the unemployed is 'another story,' upon which I do not propose to enter at the moment.

My present purpose is to give, in outline, an account of similar experiments in England of a much earlier date.

It has somehow been supposed that the labour colony is a Dutch or a German idea. That supposition is entirely inaccurate. Whatever credit attaches to the invention belongs to England, for in that country there were labour colonies founded by statute before any were even projected abroad.

Several early Acts make reference to the provision of work for the able-bodied poor; but the principal Act in this connection is the 43rd Elizabeth, cap. ii.[1]

This Act provided that the churchwardens, associated with from two to four substantial householders in each parish or group of parishes, should meet and

> take order from time to time for setting to work the children of all such whose parents shall not by the said &c. be thought able to keep and maintain their children, and for setting to work all such persons, married or unmarried, having no means to maintain them, and use no ordinary and daily trade of life to get their living by; and also to raise, . . . by taxation of every inhabitant, . . . a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other ware or stuff to set the poor on work.[2]

[1] The 18th Eliz. c. 3 contained a similar provision; and the 14th Eliz. c. 5 gave overseers the option of employing able-bodied poor. For the historical development of the English Poor Law, see the classical authorities and specially the recent works: Cunningham's *Growth of English Industry and Commerce*, vol. ii. p. 58; and Ashley's *Economic History*, vol. i. part ii. p. 305.

[2] 43 Eliz. c. 2.

It has been held, and with some force, that in imposing a duty upon the officers of the poor, this Act confirmed or created a statutory '*right to work.*'

This provision of the 43rd of Elizabeth, though not wholly neglected, was by no means universally applied. The reason of this is suggested by Henry Fielding, who says that the overseers were told what to do, but not how to do it. Various statutes[3] made the instruction more definite, and several special Acts were applied for by groups of parishes, for the purpose of enabling them to establish Houses of Industry. Yet in 1783 and 1784 the average amount per annum expended in England and Wales in setting the poor to work was only 15,892*l.* in a total expenditure of 2,004,000*l.*[4]

The slowness with which this clause in Elizabeth's Act was applied was perhaps due to a certain ambiguity in its terms. It might be construed to mean simply a labour test prior to relief, or an effort on the part of the overseers to procure or give work rather than to give relief, or it might be held to be an instruction to the overseers to engage in actual organisation of labour on an extensive scale. One consequence of this ambiguity was the promotion of numerous schemes for the employment of the poor. Among the most notable of these were:—

Sir Matthew Hale's scheme; the project of John Bellers, whose *College of Industry*, 1696, contains an elaborate design of a farm colony; the *Scheme for Setting the Poor to Work*, published by Sir William Petty; the Earl of Hillsborough's scheme, 1753; Sir Richard Lloyd's scheme, 1753; Henry Fielding's *Proposal for Making an Effectual Provision for the Poor*, 1753;[5] James Massie's scheme, 1758; Bailey's *Treatise on the Utility of Workhouses*, 1758; Dr. Tucker's scheme, 1760; Cooper's *Definitions and Axioms Relative to Charity, Charity Organisations, and the Poor Laws*, 1763; and Sir William Young's Bill about 1790.[6] Among the earlier writers abroad should be mentioned Count Rumford, who developed his scheme in his *Experimental Essays.*[7]

Robert Owen propounded in detail a scheme for the establishment of farm colonies in his *Report presented to the Committee of the Association for the Relief of the Manufacturing and Labouring Poor,—and by them referred to a Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor Laws, 1817*; and in his *Report to the County of Lanark, of a Plan for relieving Public Distress and removing Discontent by giving Permanent Productive Employment to the*

[3] *E.g.* 22 Geo. III. c. 83; 59 Geo. III. c. 12; 1 and 2 Will. IV. c. 42.

[4] *State of the Poor*, Eden, 1797, i. pp. 371, 372.

[5] A proposal for establishing a free-will farm colony, with 5,000 places, and a compulsory colony with 600 places. See Eden's *State of the Poor*, i. p. 320.

[6] It was not until 1818 that the Dutch labour colonies were founded.

[7] Eden also quotes Voglet's *Account of Institutions at Hamburg*, 1788, in the same connection.

Poor and Working Classes, under arrangements which will essentially improve their character and ameliorate their condition, diminish the expenses of Production and Consumption, and create markets coextensive with Production. These reports are printed in *The New Existence of Man upon the Earth*, Appendix B. Part I. p. 5, and Appendix to Part III. London, 1854.

In the third quarter of last century a definite movement in the direction of founding Houses of Industry extended, especially over the south of England. The most important of these Houses of Industry, or, at all events, those about which most information is available, were those at Blything, Bulcamp, Gressinghall, Isle of Wight, Melton, Reigate, Shrewsbury, Oxford. Details of most of these are given by Sir F. M. Eden in his *State of the Poor*.[8] These details are exceedingly interesting and instructive when read in connection with projects now being formed for doing precisely the same work.

The Houses of Industry were as a rule founded by a number of parishes incorporated for the purpose. Whole families were admitted, able-bodied and impotent poor alike. So far as efficiency of labour is concerned, it is obvious that the production per head must have been low. Thus at Bulcamp House of Industry, where in 1795 there were forty men, sixty women, and 255 children, the combined earnings were only 8*l.* per week.[9] This house was opened in 1766. It cost 12,000*l.* The chief industry was worsted manufacture.

At Gressinghall a House of Industry was founded in 1777. Although called only a House of Industry it was also a Parish Farm; for it was surrounded by sixty acres of fields and gardens which were worked by the paupers.[10] The industries carried on in the house were wool combing, flax and hemp dressing, weaving for use of the house. The total cost of the sixty-three acres of land, of the buildings, &c., was 15,442*l.* The annual cost to the fifty incorporated parishes owning the house was 3,965*l.*; but in twenty years the debt on the house had been reduced to 10,000*l.* The earnings of the paupers varied from 615*l.* to 911*l.* per annum. The cost of administration was relatively high. The chaplain, the surgeons, and the committee clerk absorbed 323*l.*; while the management otherwise received 132*l.* per annum.

The House of Industry at Shrewsbury was one of the most successful from the point of view of the ratepayers. Prior to its establish-

[8] *State of the Poor*, Eden, 1797, vol. iii.

[9] This was, however, one of the worst of the Houses of Industry. The death rate was enormous, 200 per 1,000 per annum.

[10] In 1794 there were in the house 85 men, 133 women, 106 boys, and 64 girls—in all, 408 persons. The average number of births, 1777–1794, was 16 per annum, of deaths 65, and the average number of inmates was 447. The number of places was about 540. Men above 60 years of age were not obliged to work.

ment the rates amounted to 4,605*l.*; immediately after its opening they were reduced to 2,992*l.*[11]

In addition to the Houses of Industry there were established from about 1777 onward, a number of Parish Farms. These were ordinary farms which had become vacant and were taken by the parish, and by trustees acting on behalf of the parish, for the purpose of setting the poor to work. It occasionally happened, as at Cranbrook, Kent, that the proprietor of the farm insisted upon the appointment of substantial persons in the neighbourhood to act as trustees. It is a little difficult to trace with precision the history of these parish farms. It seems fair to say that, so far as can be learned from their available history, no good case can be made out against them in general. Where failures have occurred, and most of the farms resulted in failures, they may as a rule be traced to want of proper management rather than to any inherent defect in the system; although the principle was repeatedly assailed in the reports of various commissions and otherwise. The history of the Beaconhill Farm and of the Cranbrook Farm, as pieced together from various sources, may be taken as typical of the best of the parish farms. The latter lasted from 1794 until 1858, and seems to have been an advantage to the parish.

In an Appendix (D) to the *Report from the Select Committee on the Poor Laws*, 1817, Sir John Sinclair contributes a paper 'On the practicability of employing the Poor in the Labours of Agriculture, and the utility of renting "Parochial Farms" for that purpose.' This paper consists mainly of details of the statistics up till 1817 of two parish farms, one the farm of Beaconhill in the parish of Benenden, which was occupied as a parish farm for ten years from 1807 until 1817. The area of the farm was about eighty-six acres. Fifteen acres were in wheat, as much in spring corn, and six acres in hops. The farm was cultivated 'not as subservient to that great object, the furnishing of healthy employment for the poor, but in the style of common farming, with the view of diminishing, by means of the profit it yields, the burden of the poor rates.' The average amount carried to the credit of the poor rate for three years, 1814 till 1816, was 116*l.* a year. These years were, however, the 'dear years,' when labour was scarce, and when pauper labour sufficient to work the farm did not offer itself.

Sir John Sinclair also gives an account of a much more extensive experiment at Cranbrook in Kent. When this account was written this farm had already been carried on by the parish for thirty-seven

[11] Eden ii. p. 636. A comparison in detail of the accounts of the Shrewsbury House of Industry, with estimates for any similar experiment at the present time, would be very instructive, since the prices of commodities and the rent of land as stated in Eden's accounts do not differ widely from corresponding statistics of to-day. See Eden, *loc. cit.*

years. The area of it was 429 acres, and the rent 448*l.* per annum. The distribution of the land was as follows:—

Wheat	45 acres
Lent corn	70 "
Hops	23 "
Potatoes	4 "
Turnips	2 "
Fallow	35 "
Permanent meadow	20 "
Pasture and wood	230 "
	429 "

There were in 1817 about eighty-eight paupers, working the farm and lodging in Sissinghurst Castle, an old mansion house on the land. The farm was self-contained, excepting for the purchase of some butcher meat and malt. 'Mr. Epps, the overseer of the house, assured me that, so far as he could judge, the plan of renting parochial farms was by far the best system to be adopted for the advantage of the poor in country parishes, the girls being taught to milk cows, and the boys to plough and drive the team. . . . Both young and old enjoy an excellent state of health from the pure and wholesome air they breathe, and the other advantages of country life.'[12]

In 1817 the poor rates in the parish of Cranbrook were only 8*s.* in the pound, while the rates in the neighbouring parishes were 14*s.* and 15*s.* The parish officers considered that the farm saved the parish 1,650*l.*

This parish farm, of which Sir John Sinclair wrote an account in 1817, was held by, or in the interest of, the parish of Cranbrook until 1858. I am indebted to the Rev. A. H. Harrison, vicar of Cranbrook, and to Mr. W. Tarbutt, an archæologist in the district, for an account of the history of the farm prior and subsequent to the narrative of Sir John Sinclair. It seems that from 1774 until 1780 the maintenance of the poor of the parish was the subject of a contract between the parish vestry and a Mr. Herbert Foreman. Mr. Foreman undertook to maintain the poor of the parish for 1,000*l.* a year, and he did so for six years. In 1780, however, the overseers determined to resume the direct control of poor relief, and they made up their minds to attempt to lessen the burden by taking a farm. The landlord having declined to let his farm to a fluctuating body such as the vestry, seven leading farmers and others became trustees on behalf of the parish, and became personally liable to the landlord. This arrangement subsisted until 1834, when the Poor Law Commissioners insisted upon the trustees relieving the parish of all responsibility, or ceasing to carry on the farm. 'After considerable hesitation the trustees agreed to carry on the farm' entirely

[12] *Report*, 1817, *loc. cit.*

at their own risk, and they carried it on from 1834 until 1858. The farm during that period of voluntary management accumulated a considerable amount of money. Donations were given by the trustees to the parish of Cranbrook, and even to extra-parochial objects. The estate upon which the Cranbrook Farm was situated having changed hands shortly before the expiry of the lease, the trustees of the farm, for some unexplained reason, received notice to quit. 'When they went out many circumstances occurred to their advantage,' and thus they found themselves in possession of a fund of 4,000*l*. With this money they built a new vestry hall, paid off vestry debts, and handed over the balance for investment for behoof of the parish.

The reasons why the parish farm and the House of Industry were not more highly developed and extensively adopted are stated by the Poor Law Commissioners of 1834.[13]

1. To afford relief gratuitously is less troublesome to the parochial authorities than to require work in return for it. Wherever work is to be paid for there must be superintendence, but where paupers are the workpeople much more than the ordinary degree of superintendence is necessary.

2. The collection of paupers in gangs had an injurious effect upon some of them.

3. Parish employment affords no direct profit to any individual. Under most other systems of relief the immediate employers of labour can throw on the parish a part of the wages of their labourers. They prefer therefore those modes of relief which they can turn to their own account, out of which they can extract profit under the mask of charity.

The indolence of the parochial authorities had results more serious than mere inefficiency in the organisation of the work of the poor under their charge.

The opinion formed of the Houses of Industry as they existed in 1834, by the Commissioners of that year, was probably not very wide of the mark. No doubt there were differences in the methods and in the spirit of management; but the exceedingly high death rate in many of the houses suggests that the conditions of life there were even much worse than the Commissioners have indicated.

In some very few instances, among which Southwell, in Nottinghamshire, is pre-eminent, the workhouse (here is included also the House of Industry) appears to be a place in which the aged and impotent are maintained in comfort, and the able-bodied supported; but under such restrictions as to induce them to prefer to it a life of independent labour. But in by far the larger number of cases it is a large almshouse, in which the young are trained in idleness, ignorance, and vice; the able-bodied maintained in sluggish sensual indolence; the aged and more respectable exposed to all the misery that is incident to dwelling in such a society without government or classification, and the whole body of inmates subsisting on food far exceeding, both in kind and in amount, not merely the diet of the independent labourer, but that of the majority of the persons who contribute to their support.[14]

[13] *Report from H.M. Commissioners for inquiring into the Administration and practical Operation of the Poor Laws*, London, 1834, p. 37.
[14] *Ibid.* 1834, p. 54.

Several incidents appear in the reports of the Poor Law Commissioners at various periods, which illustrate the difficulties of conducting the parish farms. In the Isle of Wight, where the incorporated parishes had a farm which in 1830 employed 240 men, at the same wages as those usually given in the district to farm labourers, the men 'scarcely did any work, and twice left the farm to threaten the directors. Their wages were consequently raised.'

The Poor Law Commissioners of 1817 quote with approval instances of successful parish farms;[15] but the Commissioners of 1834 and of 1835, '36, and '37 disapproved of them in general, and, as in the case of Cranbrook, in 1834 actually made the further management of the farm by the parish an impossibility. Although the grounds of the opinion of the Commission are not fully disclosed, it is probable that the adverse judgment was based upon some cases in which parish farms had been much mismanaged.

> The parish farms which have come within our knowledge have all failed of their objects, and have proved to be sources of malversation. Next we had to encounter difficulties in procuring agents at any expense proportionate to the gain, to superintend the enforcement of labour within the smaller parishes. To these difficulties were added others in the enforcement of the performance of labour upon sound principles; difficulties usually arising from the erroneous notions of the parish officers as to the obtainment of a profit upon labour, and the erroneous notions of the labourers as to the amount of work which they are bound to give, and of the wages they are entitled to receive from the parish. And, further, the mode of relief was beset by the difficulties . . . . in providing for the necessary interruptions of outdoor labour in winter and during bad weather.[16]

While the House of Industry as a means of organising labour in various industries was thus not highly developed, almost all the overseers in England organised some simple work with the view mainly of preventing paupers from being quite idle. As a rule the workhouse-masters found it difficult to get work for the paupers to do.[17]

Needlework for the slop shops was done in the workhouse, and work was done in it for various tradesmen.[18]

The effect of the labour rate system, and the conditions of English industry between 1815 and 1830, had brought about so

[15] As above. Yet in the body of the *Report* (p. 34) the Commissioners, basing their argument upon the then accepted wage fund theory, which they state in the baldest manner, express their disapproval of all 'compulsory application of funds' to the employment of 'the poor.' *Cf.* also Nicholls' *History of the English Poor Law*, ii. p. 185.

[16] This applies to the system of setting able-bodied paupers to work during the day, and allowing them to return to their own homes at night. *First Annual Report*, &c. 1835, p. 11.

[17] *Report*, 1834, p. 39; *ibid.* p. 35. See also *Evidence, Report Commission*, 1817, p. 93.

[18] As is the case now in the German labour colonies and also in the Belgian penal colonies to a certain extent.

great an increase in the numbers of able-bodied paupers [19] that determined efforts were made to force those who were obtaining relief into the ranks of independent labour by making the conditions of relief irksome. In 1833, for example, the then Marquis of Salisbury made the following rule at Hatfield, Herts:

All persons, except women, employed by the parish, under the age of fifty shall be employed in task work. The value of the work done by them shall be calculated at five-sixths of the common rate of wages for such work. Persons above the age of fifty may be employed in such work as is not capable of being measured, but the wages of their labour shall be one-sixth below the common rate of wages.[20]

After the adoption of this rule it is said that wages in the neighbourhood advanced by 1*s*. per week.[21]

A similar rule was adopted with similar results at Cookham, Berks,[22] and elsewhere.

The new poor law of 1834 practically abolished the system of 'setting the poor on work,' excepting as a test prior to relief.

While the English poor law from 1601 until 1834 may perhaps be held to give statutory sanction to the 'right to labour,' the Scots poor law has generally been regarded as being based upon an entirely different principle. 'The Scotch have uniformly proceeded on the principle that every individual is bound to provide for himself by his own labour as long as he is able to do so; and that his parish is only bound to make up that portion of the necessaries of life which he cannot earn or obtain by other lawful means.' [23]

Yet the Act of the Scots Parliament of 1579, which is the basis of the Scots poor law, imposed a penalty upon those who refused to work. It has been held [24] that this implies that work was to be offered. It is improbable, however, that the statute was intended to be interpreted in the sense that the State or the municipality should organise labour. The expression might be held to mean refusal to work although it was known that work was available in the locality. The Act of 1597 (James the Sixth) gave more explicit instructions as to the employment of 'beggars and their bairns in common work.' I have been unable, however, to find any evidence to show that this provision in these Acts was at any period carried out continuously to any extent. It would appear that the limitation of relief of the poor to the aged and impotent became the established tradition.

The clause in the 43rd of Elizabeth which instructs the overseers 'to set the poor on work,' taken in the light of the policy which

[19] See on this especially *Reports of Poor Law Commissioners*, 1817, 1834, 1835, 1836, and 1837.

[20] *Report* of 1834, p. 230.

[21] *Ibid.* p. 239.

[22] *Ibid.* pp. 229 and 233.

[23] *Report of Committee of General Assembly*, 1817. See *Report of Poor Law Commissioners*, 1817, p. 217.

[24] Nicholls' *History of the Scottish Poor Law*, p. 25.

grew out of it, has thus no precise counterpart in the later law of Scotland, and there are few incidents in the history of the Scottish poor law which serve to illustrate the application of the principle of the employment of the able-bodied poor.[25]

The reasons for the difference between the English and Scottish poor laws in this regard are probably the later disintegration of the tribal, village community, and feudal systems in Scotland than in England, the later industrial development, the rapidity of it when it did take place, and the adoption of temporary measures during periods of pressure as a buttress to the system of non-relief of able-bodied poor.

The conclusions from this survey of attempts 'to set the poor on work' cannot be said to afford much substantial ground for optimism regarding the probability of success of modern attempts in the same direction. It is quite evident that the parish farm hitherto has not afforded a means of relief to the respectable artisan out of employment; but that it has been occupied solely by the vagrant and the beggar.

It would seem to be a well-established fact that these two very distinct classes will not mix together in parish farms or anywhere else. The history of the parish farm shows that while it is costly and highly susceptible to the evils of bad management, it may be adapted to the needs of the beggar; but there is no evidence to show that the respectable artisan would be likely ever to enter it so long as the beggar is there.

James Mavor.

[25] See generally, on 'The Foundations of the Scottish Poor Law,' *The Scottish Poor Laws*, by R. P. Lamond. Glasgow, 1892. Specially p. 17.

THROUGH THE KHYBER PASS

LATE in the evening on the 2nd of December I left Lahore by the mail to Peshawar, an eighteen hours' journey. When I awoke next morning near Rawal Pindi the train was winding slowly among low hills, which grew higher as the morning advanced. About noon it glided out of a cutting into Attock station, and we saw in front across its path a deep valley between sloping irregular rocks, which hemmed in on each side the grey swirling waters of a swift river. The train crossed the valley by a bridge high above the stream, giving us glimpses on either hand of the gorge of the Indus. The stream flows between grey rocks which rise on each side in broken stony slopes to the tops of the hills, a mile from the river and a thousand feet above it. The hills are unmitigated rock, bare and bleak. Here and there a sage-green bush dots the hill-side, but it only emphasises the general barrenness of the scene. Across the bridge the train turns to the right and goes up the valley for a mile or two, giving us glimpses of the river and of the great bridge. As we near the station at Khairabad we look across the river at the old Mogul fort of Attock, its high loopholed walls and battlements on a cliff a hundred feet above the water. Below, to the left of it, is a wide plain stretching as far as the eye can reach, like a vast swamp, with one or two silvery bands of water, the winter streams of the Indus approaching the gorge. Beyond Khairabad the railway leaves the Indus and follows the valley of its tributary the Kabul river. At four o'clock we pass the citadel of Peshawar, crowning a rock that juts up from the plain, and a few minutes later the train stops at Peshawar Cantonment, the Ultima Thule of British India.

The cantonment, at an Indian town, means the place where the English live. The native town is usually enclosed by high walls and accessible only by a few gates; it is brimful of people, who crowd its bazaars or shop streets. Quite outside the town and a mile or two away is the cantonment, an unwalled district, where each house stands in its own inclosure or compound, and where the regiments, British or native, are quartered in 'lines' or rows of huts. The cantonment usually has wide well-kept roads, with a grassy margin and avenues of fine trees, giving it the appearance of a great park. The English visitor, if he stays with friends, might be

a week without seeing the native town at all, unless his curiosity prompted an excursion in search of it. There is always in the cantonment a club, with a ladies' wing (unless the ladies have a gymkhana or club of their own), and, besides the various parade grounds, a polo ground or a tennis court, so that a visitor bent only on amusement has plenty of resources.

The town gate of Peshawar is a mile from the cantonment, and the morning after my arrival I drove in with no companion but a native interpreter. Peshawar, with its mud and wood houses, its lattice windows, and its multitude of men, is infinitely picturesque. But the impression of the first visit upon an Englishman is not due to the quaint appearance of the houses nor to the Eastern dress of the inhabitants. There are about eighty thousand natives in the city. As soon as you are through the gate and inside the walls you are among them. Not another Englishman is to be seen, and possibly enough you are, at the moment, the only one in the town. Everyone looks at you. There is no staring and no rudeness, but you feel the eyes. The looks of the first half-dozen men you pass, as they sit in their shops or stand in the street, give you a new and strange sensation. You straighten yourself and hold your head up, with a resolve, of which you are hardly conscious till afterwards, that if a knife is plunged into your back you will not flinch. The eyes about you suggest that if there were no cantonment, no others to ask for an account of you, your throat would be cut and your corpse thrown away, and that the people in the street would look on without moving. You immediately feel that there is a responsibility in being an Englishman; you are a representative of your race, and all that you do and say must be worthy of the position. The first duty is to not mind the eighty thousand people in Peshawar nor anything they may do. Those first five minutes in the Peshawar bazaar reveal to you the secret of British power in the East. It is impossible without utter fearlessness.[1]

I had been advised to see the view from a watch tower in the fort. As I stepped on to the roof my first glance was along the railway line towards Attock and the valley of the Kabul river, by which I had come. This valley was the only opening in a circle of mountains surrounding the spacious plain. To the left the plain would have seemed endless but that beyond it were visible giant mountains one behind another, and above and beyond them all the cold pale snows of the Hindu Kush. Turning round, I found myself

[1] The undoubted hostility of part, at least, of the population of Peshawar is, of course, not representative of any general feeling in India. But I have seen the same expression and had the same feelings resulting from it in Multan and Lucknow. Each of these cities was the scene and bears the marks of a bitter conflict: Multan of the murder of Agnew and Anderson and the subsequent siege, and Lucknow of the siege and relief of the residency. I was startled, however, to observe the same expression, unmistakable, on the faces of Bengalis at Calcutta.

facing a semicircle of black rugged hills about fifteen miles away, that seemed to rise straight up out of the plain and shut it in like a wall. No outlets were visible, but the directions of the passes that cross the hills were pointed out by a Sikh policeman: to the south the Kohat Pass, to the west the Bazaar Valley and the Khyber, to the right of which the Kabul river issues from the mountains. The flat ground at our feet is British territory; but the mountains all round are Afghan. Here in the plain the Queen's peace is kept; there in the mountains live Pathan tribes who acknowledge neither Queen nor Ameer.* We are at the edge of the Empire.

The Khyber Pass is generally thought of as the northernmost gate in a great mountain wall separating India from Afghanistan. In reality it is the small gate through an outer wall, leading into an inclosure, the plain of Jellallabad. Beyond this is the real wall with its great gates, the passes from Jellallabad to Kabul.

Put three basins in a row, and where two of them touch each other break down the edges a little. Call the middle basin that of Jellallabad, the left-hand one that of Kabul, and the right-hand one that of Peshawar. The broken-down rim between Peshawar and Jellallabad is the Khyber range, a block of hills twenty miles through from basin to basin and over 5,000 feet high. The broken-down double rim between Jellallabad and Kabul is a mass of mountains (the Karkacha and Kurd Kabul ranges) some 10,000 feet high and fifty miles through from basin to basin. Except at these two broken-down ends the rim of the Jellallabad basin is made up all round of much higher and practically impassable mountains. Accordingly all traffic between Peshawar and Kabul must go through the Jellallabad valley, getting in or coming out through the Khyber range. The range has only one road through it. There is a gorge through which the Kabul river forces its way, and there are paths, difficult, high and tortuous, but the only road by which traffic is possible follows the Khyber Pass.

The Jellallabad basin belongs to the Ameer and the Peshawar basin to Great Britain, but the Khyber block of mountains belongs to the tribes who inhabit it—independent Afghans or, in border language, Pathans. These Khyber Pathans can raise but scant crops from their native rocks. They cannot 'live on their holdings,' and must needs have some other resource by which to eke out their sustenance. This additional source of revenue is the pass. From time immemorial they have taken toll from all who go through. Being poor, uncivilised, and accustomed to fight, their methods of levying what they conceive to be their due are rough and irregular. But from their point of view the dues are their traditional inalienable right. They are, however, very businesslike people. Their point is to receive the money. They are by no means disposed to insist on rough modes of collection. Accordingly they are open to contract

for the tolls. During the first Afghan war they took a rent in lieu of pass dues from the British, and caused trouble only when they believed they were being defrauded. Since the last Afghan war the same arrangement has been renewed. Each tribe receives an annual payment from the British Government, in return for which the pass is free to all authorised travellers on certain days in the week. There is also a modern device by which the good relation between the British Government and the tribes is increased. A corps of troops called the Khyber Rifles is recruited from the tribesmen, and occupied to guard the pass on the open days and to supply escorts to caravans and travellers. The pay of the men, of course, finds its way to their villages, and the whole population grows accustomed to a sort of respect for British authority. All these arrangements are in the hands of Colonel Warburton, whose official title is 'Political Officer, Khyber Pass.' His position as paymaster to the tribes makes him a sort of half-recognised king. He frequently settles their disputes, and by the exercise of a delicate tact and of an unusual personal influence has for many years kept the whole Khyber district—a thousand square miles of hills—in comparative order. The cost of the whole business—the rent-charge in lieu of dues, the Khyber Rifles, and Colonel Warburton—does not exceed 10,000*l.* a year.

It was my great good fortune when at Peshawar to be Colonel Warburton's guest, and he very kindly made arrangements to take me through the Khyber Pass himself. On Monday the 5th of December, at eight in the morning, we left Peshawar in a *ghari*, a rough two-horse cab. The road leads across a flat plain, with few trees and not much grass or cultivation. As we emerged from the shady roads of the cantonment into the open, it was a glorious, clear, bright morning, and the air crisp and cool. In front and on either hand were the mountains, encircling the plain. On the left they were low and distant; then, crossing our front, higher and nearer; and again, to the right, lower because further away. In front was a peak, Tartara, which I took to be the height of Saddleback or of Cader Idris, but it is as high above where we were as Ben Nevis above Loch Linnhe. Gradually we saw behind the low range to the north, which might be twenty miles away, a few higher and more distant summits. Then above their rims was here and there a line of snowy peaks, far, far away. We stayed a few minutes at Hari Singh, where is Colonel Warburton's official residence, the headquarters of the Khyber Rifles, in a fort, and the frontier. About ten we reached Jamrood, where there is another fort or castle of light brown mud, a caravanserai or inclosed courtyard, and a parade ground. Here the Khyber Rifles, a fine body of men in khaki uniform with knickerbockers, were being inspected by their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Aslam Khan. Aslam Khan is an Afghan prince of the Saddozai family, i.e. the royal family that reigned

before the present Barakzai dynasty. He has passed most of his life in the British service, and has for some time commanded these border levies. His fine soldierlike appearance and courteous bearing make him a favourite with the British of Peshawar, and it was a pleasure to learn that he would accompany us to Landi Kotal. At Jamrood we were joined by a third Englishman, Mr. Walton, and found waiting for us an escort—a native mounted officer and two or three troopers—horses for the colonels, and dogcarts (called *tum-tums*) for the English travellers and their native servants. The baggage had been sent forward on mules, and we started almost immediately. From Jamrood the road rises very gently for about three miles, over a belt of undulating ground at the foot of the hills. It leads into a deep bay in the mountains, at the end of which the ascent begins. In a few minutes we were winding our way through the most rough and tumble hills I had ever seen. The strata stood bolt upright, the hills being carved out of them. The road, which is well laid out and has a regular ascent without extravagant windings, mounts steadily for three or four miles, when it emerges on to an irregular ridge, the margin of an airy upland plateau, wild and broken, shut in by black jagged hills beyond, but wide open to the sky. We looked down on a little valley at our feet, with a streamlet, a tiny patch of green, and a primitive mill. It is Lala China, the 'red mill' where, in 1878, Cavagnari met Shere Ali's officer, and received the reply which was the immediate occasion of the Afghan war. We move on through the valley, and ascend for another mile or two to a second ridge, from which we see straight before us the fort of Ali Masjid. Imagine Helvellyn and Skiddaw, carded into the utmost possible ruggedness and steepness, planted facing each other, with just a quarter of a mile between, and drop into the interval a hill like the great pyramid, but steeper and twice as high, with the battlements of a fort on its flattened top: that is the first view of Ali Masjid. We descend a few yards to a hut by the stream, and find ourselves the guests of Colonel Aslam Khan at a picnic lunch.

An hour later we are again on the road, which pierces the defile on the right of the fort. The road has been skilfully engineered, and is here cut into the mountain on the right. But in 1878 this road had not been made, and the troops had to march along the river-bed, which here for half a mile is a veritable gorge with sides of sheer rock, in some places only about twenty yards apart. Beyond Ali Masjid the road ascends so gently as to seem almost level. It winds in a great bend round the base of a hill which fits into a bay in the opposite hill, leaving just room for the road and the stream. This form of winding glen repeats itself several times, and then the hills stand further apart, leaving between them a level plain about a mile across and three or four miles long. This wider vale is dotted with

villages, or perhaps they should be called forts, of strange and striking build. Four mud walls, 15 feet high and 40 yards long, loopholed near the top, inclose a square space accessible only by a single door. At each of two opposite corners is a round tower about 25 feet high, also loopholed, and so built that it projects from the square. The houses, also of mud, are inside the square, which is the family fortress, the towers being placed so that men in one of them can fire along the outside of two sides of the main wall. We see in a general view about twenty of these strongholds. A rocky spur comes down from the right towards the centre of the plain, and its low extremity is crowned by a solid stone dome crumbling into ruins. Colonel Warburton tells us that it is a Buddhist 'tope' of unknown antiquity. At the end of the spur, just in front of the tope, was a post of the Khyber Rifles, who presented arms as we passed. Similar posts, of two, four, or more men, were perched up at nearly all the commanding points on each side of the road from end to end of the pass. They looked pretty in their bright khaki dress, and it was a quaint sight to see, as we did sometimes, two sentries on a pinnacle of rock 500 feet above us. I doubt whether such tiny posts have more than a ceremonial value, but their presence on such inaccessible points proves that they are thorough mountain troops, perfect in wind and limb.

We halt for a few minutes at one village—a cluster of forts by the road—while the head man salaams to the Political Officer and offers us tea and bread by the roadside.

At the next village the head man's sons come out and salaam, their father being away. Colonel Warburton explains that these two villages are at feud; a few weeks ago there was a 'shooting' between them, in which eight men were killed. When there is a feud the women and children and cattle are shut up in the fort, and the men crown the battlements and try to pick off any of the other side who show themselves within range. But when Colonel Warburton is in the pass there is a truce. Both sides are agreed that a little fighting is good, but that regular pay is better, and by a judicious arrangement of times there is nothing to prevent them enjoying the benefits of one and the pleasure of the other.

At one village we saw a group of women drawing water from a stone cistern with good European pipes and taps. This is a much appreciated boon. The tribes well understand the benefits of English interference when it takes the shape of a good road where there was no road, or of bringing to their doors the water which before the women had to carry for miles on their heads.

About three o'clock we came to the end of the plain, which was formed by two spurs meeting. A short defile between them led to a second plain, lying across instead of along the road, and sloping up to the hills all round instead of being flat. In the middle of this

hollow is the fort of Landi Kotal, an oblong rectangle 350 yards long by 250 wide, with high solid mud walls and round flanking towers at the corners. Up and down the plateau were villages such as we had seen already, their pale brown towers breaking the monotony of the treeless landscape.

The fort contains barracks for several companies, sheds and stabling, a covered reservoir of good water, and officers' quarters, in which our party was soon established. An hour later we strolled over to the serai, an inclosure a quarter of a mile away, smaller than the fort, with a similar mud wall. A caravan from Kabul had just come in, and the great square was crammed full with a noisy crowd of men, horses, camels, mules, and donkeys, infinitely dirty. There was a guard of Khyber Rifles at the gate, and the crowd inside, though noisy, was not disorderly. The officers of our party talked in Persian and Pushtu to some of the wayfarers, who came from various parts of Central Asia, from Samarkand, Tashkend, Balkh, and Kabul. Mr. Walton was anxious to buy the wooden bowl used to mix his rice by one of the Turkestan men, who had at first refused to sell it, then demanded many rupees, and when at last he had handed over his bowl and received one rupee, threw it into the air with a loud triumphant shout, 'Allah Akbar!' We went back at sunset to our quarters in the fort.

Next morning we were up in good time, and set out to walk to the Afghan end of the pass. From the fort the plateau of Landi Kotal seems to be shut in all round by hills, but following the road for a mile or two we found it dropping behind a spur into a huge winding gully, a sort of funnel or ravine down which in rainy times a torrent pours. The engineers have skilfully traced the road round the sides of this great drop so as to have a uniform and practicable gradient.

After walking down for a mile or two we came out on to a spur from which could be seen the end of the pass. The ravine was not wide enough even here to admit of a free view right and left, but the glance at Afghanistan through the V-shaped opening was a sight not to be forgotten. We sat on an irregular pinnacle of rock standing up from the ravine, which it half filled up. On our left was the dreadful gorge of the torrent, and across it the rugged slopes of mountains that rose 5,000 feet above its bed. These hill slopes limited the view on one side; and similar slopes shut it in on the other. Deep down at our feet was Landi Khana, the foot of the pass; then, seen across a small patch of the plain, a stormy sea of mountains.

We walked back to the fort and spent the morning exploring the plateau. In the afternoon we ascended Mount Pisgah, one of the hills forming its western margin, and overlooking the vale or plain of Jellallabad. Here we saw beneath us the whole valley from Dakka,

where the Kabul river enters the Khyber range, to the hill behind which lies hidden the town of Jellallabad, fifty miles away. The river could be watched for many a mile, its slender thread of water seeming insignificant in its broad stony bed. The plain stretched far into the distance, level like a calm sea, with rocks and hills jutting up through its surface. Beyond them were irregular ranges of hills, backed in turn by mountain ranges one behind another, and on the left, above the last dark mountains, the delicate pearly saw-teeth of a snowy range, faint and spectral in the dim distance. To the right, partly hidden by the rocks beside us, a giant roof of pure white snow stood up into the sky. At its feet was a mountain range seen above nearer lines of hills, so that three great valleys lay between us and the peaks that bore that vast expanse of snow.

Late at night, when all my companions had gone to bed, I went out on to the parapet of the fort. In one of the towers stood, silent and motionless, the Pathan sentry. The moon had set, but in the starlight I could see the vale of Landi Kotal, with its lovely rim of mountains rising, jagged and broken, against the blue sky, and one great peak outside looking down at me over the rim. In the still sky the innumerable stars sparkled with unwonted brilliance, and as I looked up at Jupiter and Orion I thought that five or six hours later the turning earth would show these stars to eyes at home. How gladly would many an Englishman, exiled half across the globe, give his message to some star which might shine it down when passing England later in the night! The Englishman who stays at home too easily forgets that India is a great way off. Perhaps because it is so far away many have forgotten it altogether.

Next day we returned. Across the plain of Landi Kotal, along the plain of the Buddhist tope, and through the winding defiles I drove in the *tum-tum*; through the gorge of Ali Masjid I walked by the river-bed; and down the descent from Ali Masjid to Jamrood I rode with Colonel Warburton, following for part of the way a bridle path, which is shorter than the carriage road. At Jamrood we said good-bye to Aslam Khan, and drove into Peshawar.

The Khyber Pass is no longer a hindrance to movement. Thanks to the British engineers, whose road is excellent, having no grade steeper than 1 in 50, a lady's brougham can drive from Peshawar to Landi Khana. In a military sense the pass is difficult. The gorge at Ali Masjid and the defile beyond could be held for a long time by a small force against an army. Sir Sam Brown, in 1878, failed in his front attack, and the turning movement which caused the Afghans to retire would not have succeeded against a vigilant defender. There is a track over the hills to the north, sometimes called the Tartara Pass, but it would not serve for a large force, and could easily be defended. To the south of the pass the parallel Bazaar valley offers an alternative route, but it is accessible from

the Jellallabad basin only by crossing a high ridge, and ought not to be available against a wideawake opponent. A vigorous defence, with the tribes in its favour, would close the Khyber range against any advance in either direction.

From Peshawar to Jellallabad is eighty miles, and from Jellallabad to Kabul another ninety miles. Every mile that the railway could be carried beyond Peshawar would bring India, in every sense, nearer to Kabul. The goods which, at present, are carried 170 miles by camels and mules, would be indefinitely multiplied when drawn by the locomotive. The clans to whom the British are strangers would get to know them and become friendly. The Ameer and his people would have a better chance of understanding the Indian Government. These advantages are appreciated in India, and the Khyber country has been reconnoitred for a railway line. The pass is not a good route, as the descent to Landi Khana is too steep for any railway. But modern engineers would make a line along the gorge of the Kabul river, which pierces the range, and by following its course an excellent route can be obtained, free from floods, with no gradients above 1 in 200 and no extravagant tunnels. The rails once laid to Dakka, could be carried on along the plain without difficulty to Jellallabad.

The peculiar situation of Jellallabad must be borne in mind. The stupendous hills which I saw from Mount Pisgah are the northern wall of the Jellallabad basin, an irregular wall formed by the ends of great ranges running down from the north, but yet an effective barrier, which no army, Afghan or British, and hardly any traveller has yet crossed. The southern side of the basin is not visible from Pisgah; it is a straight wall of mountains (the Sufed-Koh) from 12,000 to 15,000 feet high, without a break. At its western end the valley is crossed by north and south ranges twice as high as the Khyber range, and the few passes through them are incomparably more formidable than the Khyber. It was in these terrible defiles that the British army retreating from Kabul was destroyed in 1842, a disaster that, strangely enough, is traditionally known as the 'Khyber Pass massacre.'

Some of my friends in India think that the best plan for the defence of the north-west frontier would be to hold a fortified position on these hills, connected by railway with Peshawar. Such a position would be the gate of Afghanistan. A British force there would be two or three marches from Kabul, the centre of Afghan life and trade and the nucleus of all the communications in the country. Nothing could be better, provided the Afghans were agreeable. But they would hardly accept quietly such a state of things, though it might have been forced upon them after a crushing defeat. The Jellallabad valley is peopled by the most turbulent of the Pathan clans. The railway would be almost at their mercy. For this policy, therefore,

the first requisite is to secure the allegiance of these clans. A man like Colonel Warburton might accomplish this, if he were given a free hand and supported.

At present such men are kept in leading strings, or rather are held on the curb; not by the Indian Government, which appreciates them, but by the Punjab Government. Incredible as it may seem, the Political Agent for the Khyber is in no direct relation with the Indian Government, but reports to and receives his instructions from the Government of the Punjab. This is a most unfortunate arrangement. A local government has its attention properly concentrated upon the internal affairs of its province, and has neither the money nor the staff available to deal with a frontier policy. When times are quiet the local government can carry on the correspondence, but when an important issue presses the matter must be referred to headquarters, and the intermediate authority is a cause of delay. Moreover, no local government can properly be the judge of questions of external policy. There has been much discussion between Indian officials concerning the distribution of authority on the frontier. The question cannot be fully examined in relation to the Khyber district alone, but no account of the Khyber would be complete which did not take note of this thorny controversy.

It is hardly conceivable that the railway should not at some time be carried on to Kabul itself. This appears to be the consummation which the Indian Government should keep in view. A railway to Kabul will, sooner than any other agency, break down the isolation of the Afghans and efface the memory of the unhappy conflicts which have estranged them from the British. It would also enable the Indian Government to render them effectual help for the defence of their country, in case they should need and desire it. The dislike for the railway is at present cherished partly by the Ameer, and still more by the Mullahs, who dread European influence as dangerous to their own ascendency. The common people are by no means absolutely biassed against the railway, or even against the British. If the line were carried to a point just outside the Ameer's territory at Dakka, and the Khyber tribes employed in its construction and working, and their subsistence provided for, the mere saving of time and trouble to the *Kafilas*, or caravans of traders, would advertise the advantages of the iron road to all the population of the Jellallabad and Kabul regions.

In these countries, too, it should not be forgotten, the railway of itself brings most of the benefits and avoids most of the evils of annexation. It Europeanises or Anglicises the country.

Spenser Wilkinson.

DR. PEARSON ON THE MODERN DRAMA

DR. PEARSON, in the wide sweep of his recent prognostications about *National Life and Character*, has given several pages to the consideration of the future, or rather the impossibility of any future, that lies before the drama. Those of us who are therein concerned and interested may perhaps be allowed some feeling of pride at being noticed at all in a work of such philosophical pretensions as Dr. Pearson's. Twenty years ago it would have almost been impossible for a philosophical or sociological forecast to have glanced at anything so trivial as the future of the English drama. As well might it have concerned itself with the future of the rag doll or Noah's Ark trade as a possible makeweight in social progress or degeneration. It is most gratifying to notice how, during the last ten years, the drama has been weaving connections with all the roots and supports of our national life—with science and religion, with art, philosophy, and literature. In the present instance, our pride, indeed, is somewhat tempered by the fact that out of 344 pages Dr. Pearson only gives about seven to the drama, and that those seven are filled with lamentations over its decline and assertions of its demise beyond all hope of resurrection.

Now it seems to me that Dr. Pearson's is the typical attitude of many cultivated minds towards the drama, and while such an attitude is general dramatic progress is much hampered and delayed. Therefore it is worth while to carefully examine Dr. Pearson's statements, opinions, judgments, and conclusions. He begins well, by acknowledging the power that the stage has to vivify and to bring out, as it were, in letters of fire, the meaning and design of the author. He says, 'Hardly any one derives as much pleasure from reading a play as from seeing it well put upon the stage. Even a very ordinary cast of actors, giving only the trivial stage tradition with no original renderings, will present one of Shakespeare's plays in such a way as to stimulate or instruct a critic.' Excellent! But then in the very next sentence he goes on to say, 'Unfortunately, the age is no longer tolerant of work with a high aim.' So far as this refers to Shakespeare it is scarcely true, for Shakespeare's plays have drawn far larger houses and commanded longer runs in this generation than they have ever drawn and commanded before. They have

been the subject of more exhaustive comment, and I cannot think—although this must remain a matter of opinion—that they have called forth less loving or less intelligent appreciation.

But Dr. Pearson continues: 'It has become a proverb that Shakespeare spells ruin, and the exceptions to this are where popular actors give the stage version more or less infamously garbled with such gorgeousness of costume and surroundings that the mind is diverted from the words to the presentation.' There is in this sentence a heap of contentious matter, and I think it lays Dr. Pearson open to a charge of grave, though unintentional, misrepresentation. Who has infamously garbled Shakespeare in these days? The tendency of this age is to restore the text of Shakespeare, to preserve it superstitiously. Shakespeare was, indeed, 'infamously garbled' in the days of Garrick, Kean, and the Kembles; but surely it would puzzle Dr. Pearson to substantiate the implied charge of 'infamously garbling' in these days. When Dr. Pearson blames the present gorgeous mounting and lavish scenery, it seems to me that, to a great extent, he contradicts what is surely implied in his first admirable sentence about the stimulation and instruction to be gained from seeing a play 'well put on the stage.' Evidently Dr. Pearson desires that pieces should be 'well put on the stage.' But what is being 'well put on the stage'? I think a good general definition would be that a piece is 'well put on the stage' when it is so mounted that the scenery and accessories illustrate and sustain the author's meaning, and do not disturb the spectator, either by their inadequacy, poverty, and unsuitability on the one hand, or by their over-elaboration, ostentation, and irrelevance on the other. Dr. Pearson's phrase about 'the mind being diverted from the words to the presentation' is, I think, an unhappy one. The only way in which Dr. Pearson could secure that his mind, in a theatre, should not be thus diverted from the words to the presentation would be to shut his eyes. In any stage representation whatever, no matter whether the scenery is good, bad, or indifferent, the mind is constantly playing round both words and scenery. There is a profound significance in the ordinary expression we use in speaking of a visit to a theatre. We always speak of going to 'see' a play, never of going to 'hear' it. 'Have you "seen" Salvini's Othello?' 'Have you "seen" Irving's Iago?' 'Have you "seen" Tree's Hamlet?' We never go to 'hear' a play or an actor. So I think Dr. Pearson quite mistakes the relations that should exist between words and scenery. One would, indeed, desire first of all to hear beautiful language fitly and appropriately spoken with all due emphasis and pause and music. Bad elocution—the slovenly and ignorant management of the voice—is the crying sin of our English stage to-day. How many actors have we who can speak a blank-verse speech so that a critical auditor, hearing it for the first time, can tell what its

metre is and where its lines begin and end, or, indeed, whether it is verse or prose, and not some amorphous jumble of both?

So that, granted it is of the first importance that the author's words should be exactly measured and correctly delivered, yet this alone is not enough: the eye must be satisfied too. Words and scenery should be perfectly married. Now Dr. Pearson, of course, will reply that he wants the play to be 'well put on.' But to this generation that means 'gorgeous costumes and scenery.' Now that we playgoers have become used to these beautiful settings, we should be certainly more distracted and disturbed by their absence than we are by their presence. Any one who remembers Salvini's last performances of *Othello* at Covent Garden will also remember the hideously inappropriate and vamped-up scenery that all through the evening poked fun at the tragedian's grandest efforts and shrieked at the spectator and defied him to indulge in a moment's illusion. Now, better Salvini and his hideous green and white modern furniture than a bad Othello and the most perfect *mise-en-scène*. But why not Salvini and a beautiful setting? Surely this would have been less 'diverting' in Dr. Pearson's sense. A cavil at gorgeous mounting seems to come more fittingly from a crushed tragedian of the old school than from the lips of a liberal and broad-minded scholar. I am persuaded that if Shakespeare lived to-day he would rejoice in the beautiful illustration of his plays that is now always accorded to them by the better West End theatres. The chorus in *Henry the Fifth* is surely a safe guide to his desires and aspirations in the matter of mounting a play. Of course elaborate mounting does not absolve the manager from other and perhaps higher duties to the drama; but the careful and artistic setting which plays receive to-day at the hands of some four or five West End managers is, I assure Dr. Pearson, most welcome to an author, and I cannot help thinking that it is also a most valuable illumination to the play. Of course the setting of plays to-day is so utterly different from the Elizabethan setting that a revival of a Shakesperean play often necessitates some rearrangement and cutting of scenes. But if I may venture upon what will doubtless be called an amazing piece of impudence, here again I fancy Shakespeare would be very tolerant. He was a consummate master of stagecraft, and had the keenest sense for what was effective on the boards. But he was far more than this. In spite of all their crudities and of their adaptation to wholly different modes of stage-setting and stage-management, his plays yet remain masterpieces, not, indeed, of paltry nineteenth-century theatrical device and trickiness, but of sovereign, constructive, dramatic skill. They still contain the best lessons in stagecraft for beginners. The design of Sardou is to the design of Shakespeare as the design of a gimcrack eight-story boulevard 'residence, with every fitting complete,' to the design of a Gothic cathedral.

But in certain respects Shakespeare's plays, being written for such wholly different conditions, do need some slight rearrangement and curtailing before they can be made acceptable to a nineteenth-century audience—nay, before they can be presented at all. Will his blindest worshipper assert that, supposing *Antony and Cleopatra* were to be represented to-morrow, it would be more reverent to Shakespeare to play thirteen scenes in one act with constant changes and interruptions and constant noise of carpenters shifting the scenes and properties, than to prune and dovetail the act so that without altering its drift and main design the spectators might be allowed some repose and continuity of interest in what was set before them? It is impossible to suppose Shakespeare is raising any objections in the shades if he knows what is being done to and for his plays on the London stage to-day. Nor would he, I am persuaded, bring any charge of 'infamous garbling' against the later producers of his plays who have thus adapted them to the present necessities of stage representation.

But Dr. Pearson also accuses the present age of being intolerant of work of a high aim because the works of Shakespeare's contemporaries are not placed on the stage. Now how many Elizabethan plays can be put on the stage to-day in a manner that would please even their most fervent admirers? The first condition of any enjoyable representation of any play is that it should be acted to a full house. Whatever other merits a play may have if it has not this sovereign one of adaptability to the actual stage, of possibility of representation in such a way that its course of action and the motives of its characters shall be clearly intelligible to an audience, its place is not on the boards of a theatre. Now the very great majority of the Elizabethan plays are simply impossible on the boards to-day, with our present development of the art of scenic illustration and costume. They would all of them cost enormous sums and infinite care and patience to produce, and they would draw perhaps one full house of votaries. The second night the theatre would be empty, not because this age is no longer tolerant of work with a high aim, for Hamlet is played more frequently, and is on the whole more popular, than any modern play. They would fail to draw, because, with all their wild power and beauty, their magic and grandeur, their lightning and music, their incomparable dramatic situations, their stores of passion and poise and clash of character, they so generally lack that sustained harmony and unity of design and that sure, instinctive, impregnable foothold of world-wide morality which make the great Shakespearean plays so universally popular and assure them their deathless renown as the acknowledged dramatic masterpieces of the civilised world. That is, Elizabethan plays outside Shakespeare fail, or would fail, on our regular stage to-day, and with our present play-going public, not because of their high and noble qualities, but because those qualities

are marred and obscured by imperfections in design and puerilities in the conduct of the story. They fail, not because they are too good, but because in certain very important stage qualities they are not good enough. For instance, it would be impossible to put certain scenes in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* before any cultured English audience without provoking shouts of derisive laughter. But if we are not likely to see any elaborate productions of the Elizabethan plays outside Shakespeare, I think we shall occasionally witness very interesting and creditable performances of some of them. The Independent Theatre gave a performance last season of that most beautiful of all tragedies, excepting only Shakespeare's, *The Duchess of Malfi.* And excellent work is being done by the university students at Oxford every year. They might with advantage turn their attention one year to some Elizabethan play outside Shakespeare. I do not know what impassable limits have been set to their annual dramatic excursions by 'strict age and sour severity,' but if I am not daring the censure of dread unknown powers I would suggest the performance of one of Massinger's plays. *The City Madam*, *The Bondman*, or *The Fatal Dowry* would make a very interesting experiment. Indeed, outside Shakespeare, Massinger has left us a series of plays that could be placed on our modern stage with less alteration than those of any other dramatist of that age. There is hardly one of them that has not a succinct plot, which so far as structure goes could be easily adapted to our theatre of to-day. Though, of course, as a poet Massinger is not in the first flight of the Elizabethans. I think, in the matter of our old dramatists, I have made a good answer to Dr. Pearson's assertion that 'unfortunately the age is no longer tolerant of work with a high aim.'

When Dr. Pearson comes to modern dramatic work he shows a delightful confusion of thought and vagueness of accusation which make his judgments quite typical of outside cultivated modern opinion on the drama. On p. 165 he says, 'We find that the serious work of modern times is never even regarded. Shelley, Browning, and Tennyson are experimented on from time to time, and put away almost instantly; Byron's name has not recommended his dramas; Swinburne has never been tried. Then afterwards he says, 'Dramas like *Manfred*, *Luria*, and *Erechtheus* are little more than splendid collections of passages reflecting the subjective moods of the poet. Just so: they are not dramas at all, at least they are not plays. Then why should the age be censured for not producing them? Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, and Byron do not fail on the stage because they are poets; they fail because they are not dramatists. One has only to take any chance page of Shakespeare and note the infinite variety and volume and involution of *objective* action and character—set forth in poetic language, it is true, but in language that can be instantly seized and understood by the man in the pit—to know

why Shakespeare succeeds as a dramatist and why Byron and Browning fail. And it is scarcely true to say that Tennyson has failed. I know of nothing so flattering to the modern English drama as the intense interest latterly shown by Tennyson in the Theatre and the pretty, touching stories that are told of his eagerness to win a success on the boards. His attitude in this respect differs very much from that of some of our minor poets, who are never tired of exclaiming how contemptible is that avocation of modern playwright which they have assayed, and how dirty are those laurels that they have failed to win. Both attitudes are, however, equally flattering to the modern drama.

But Tennyson has achieved a very great success during the last season, and stands a good chance of being continuously reproduced. There was 'nothing for tears,' 'nothing but well and fair, And what might quiet us,' in that beautiful death with his dearly loved Cymbeline—'the play of plays, which is *Cymbeline*'—by his side. But its circumstances make doubly poignant the regret that our great poet did not live to see the production of *Becket* and the magnificent impersonation of the prelate by Mr. Irving. Further, Dr. Pearson says that the success of Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles 'seems to show that the public is really tolerant of the drama only when it is bad.' But here again Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles succeeded not because they wrote bad poetry, but because they wrote actable plays. And because they wrote fustian literature they have been found out and are virtually dead on our stage to-day. Mr. Daly's recent revival of *The Hunchback* will surely be the last time such an attempt will be made by a West End manager of high standing. Indeed, the disrepute of Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles to-day is one of the most hopeful signs of the renascence of the English drama.

I think if Dr. Pearson will re-examine his position he will admit that the charges he has brought against the age of intolerance of dramatic work with a high aim are really not to be proved by the facts he quotes, and, indeed, cannot be substantiated at all.

Again, Doctor Pearson seems to think that all great situations have been used up, all great characters exhausted, all great themes treated. This reminds me of the strange fear that haunted John Stuart Mill's early life, that the notes of music being limited to seven, no great future development was possible to the art, but only eternal imitation and repetition. Wagner appeared soon after.

Once more, Dr. Pearson says, 'The world everywhere is more orderly and reticent than it was, and less suited to theatrical effects.' Perhaps so, and our drama will accordingly follow suit. Already we

see a great reduction of gesture and mere ranting on our modern stage, and actors convey their meaning by quieter and subtler methods. But this does not mean the extinction of the drama. Our future drama will doubtless copy the manners and methods of the age: we shall have less gesture but not less feeling, less friction but not less power, less theatrical effect of voice and bearing but not necessarily less drama.

To sum up, I believe that the English drama has never since the days of Elizabeth had such a chance of establishing itself as a national art and as a great power in our national life as it has to-day. Of course, very little has been accomplished as yet. Nothing has been garnered yet, and very little has flowered. But the ground has been prepared, and the seed sown. I believe that the work of the last ten years is bound to be immensely productive in the future. The great theatre-going public is no doubt stupid, and careless, and indifferent; but we have to-day a sufficiently large inner public who are keen, alert, discriminating, and highly appreciative and cultivated. And the bigger public is good-natured enough and stupid enough to be led anywhere.

It is most amusing to hear cultivated men like Dr. Pearson, who know neither our difficulties, nor our aims, nor our circumstances, nor how great and many-sided is the stress of the battle we are waging; it is most amusing and most exasperating to hear them talk vaguely and superciliously about the impossibility of any good coming out of that Nazareth—the modern English theatre.

Constantly some of our best literary men do try to write a play for the actual stage to-day, and when they do not succeed they shrug their shoulders and say to their friends, 'There! You see what a contemptible thing play-writing is! How absolutely it is beneath the contempt of any self-respecting man of letters.'

The mere technique of a modern English play is as fine as the deftest goldsmith's work. This is quite apart from the dialogue, but without it the best dialogue is of no avail. In all that has been written about the drama of late years I only remember one passage that shows any grasp of the difficulties of dramatic work, or any insight into the relations of dramatic to other literature. This passage is contained in a recent article on Lessing by Mr. T. W. Rolleston:—

The discipline of the drama seems to give, as nothing else can give, a strong, athletic, sinewy fibre to the literature which has passed through it. It is easy to see how this comes about. A drama is a *doing*, an action. Place the poet under the necessity of making the passion with which he deals visible in *action*, and that an action which must strike an audience as natural and appropriate, and it is obvious that the passion is at once submitted to a severe test of its genuineness. Nothing that is artificial and hollow will pass muster here, and no mere magic of expression will avail to hide that hollowness if it exists. Hence the severe psychological study which the drama exacts—the wholesome necessity of keeping closely in touch

with fact. Again, mark the conditions under which alone a drama can make a successful appeal to an audience—the variety it demands, and the conspicuous unity of action which it no less strictly demands—what a training in composition is here involved! Finally, it is an essential condition of the drama that the author shall keep himself out of sight. He must not comment, he must not explain or justify; he must gain the right moral and the right æsthetic effect by the bare presentation of what his audience will accept as a rendering of Nature. In dealing under these conditions with a great and moving theme, what a power of concentration, what a mastery of expression, what delicacy of judgment are involved! As a piece of artistic training it has precisely the same effect as it has on a human character to be forced to wrestle with the grim realities of life. To be told 'words, intentions, will not avail you here—show what you can *do*,' is bracing to the strong in the measure of their strength, disastrous to the feeble in the measure of their weakness. And it is the drama above all forms of literary art which lays upon the poet that severe and wholesome ordeal.

I have quoted this passage at length because it really explains the failure of so many eminent literary men to write a play. In addition to the inherent difficulties of all dramatic work, there are just now many passing currents and sidewinds of modern public feeling to be understood and allowed for, many shoals and sandbanks of prejudice and cliquism to be left on one side. But land is in sight at last.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

THE POSITION OF GEOLOGY

THE position of geology in this country at the present time, more especially as relates to the later geological periods, is anomalous and possibly without precedent. On one side its advance is barred by the doctrine of Uniformity, and on the other side by the teaching of Physicists. The former requires that everything should be regulated by a martinet measure of time and change. It asserts that the vast changes on the earth's surface, effected during long geological periods, are to be *measured by the rate at which similar but minor changes are effected in the present day*, and that the agencies now modifying the surface have been alike, in every respect, in all past time. It is true that no restriction is placed on the extent of the changes, but such prolonged time is insisted on for their accomplishment as to destroy the value of the concession. Not that time is in itself a difficulty, but a time-rate, assumed on very insufficient grounds, is used as a master-key, whether or not it fits, to unravel all difficulties. What if it were suggested that the brick-built Pyramid of Hawâra had been laid brick by brick by a single workman? Given time, this would not be beyond the bounds of possibility. But Nature, like the Pharaohs, had greater forces at her command to do the work better and more expeditiously than is admitted by Uniformitarians.

On the other side, Physicists would lead us to suppose that those great movements of the earth's crust, with which we are all familiar in the form of high mountain and continental upheavals in the earlier stages of the earth's history, were impossible in those times which more immediately approached our own. They maintain that, if the earth is not solid throughout, its outer crust at least must have now attained a thickness estimated to vary from 800 to 2,500 miles, and is so rigid that we are forced to believe that for a long preceding period it must have been in a state of comparatively stable equilibrium. This, however, would have rendered the great earth movements, considered by geologists to have continued up to the threshold of our own times, impossible. And to this finding the Physicists would have geological speculations conform. At the same time, judging, amongst other reasons, from the rate of cooling of hot solid bodies, they would assign a much shorter term to the earth's history *since it became habitable* than is compatible with the views

of the Uniformitarian school of geologists. The one side counts in round numbers upon some three hundred million years; the other sees no reason to go beyond fifteen to twenty million years—a term, in our humble opinion, much more probable than the other.

On another point, our two allies (allies in the sense of working at the same subject) are in irreconcilable antagonism. The Physicists tell us that uniformity of action in all time is impossible, while the Uniformitarians say that such a shortening of geological time as would follow on the acceptance of the physical argument is against all geological experience. Not only do these opinions clash, but those also concerning the rigidity of the earth and the thickness of its crust are widely divergent. None of these contentions can, however, be disregarded, for we must all recognise the importance of considering the question from every point of view. The argument in favour of uniformity of action has been put before us with so much skill and ability, and possessing as it does the charm of an infallible faith, that Uniformitarianism has become the accepted doctrine of the dominant school of geology. Besides, within certain limits and in certain lights, the arguments of the Uniformitarian and of the Physicist might hold good—that is to say, if we would restrict the deductions of the former to the recent period, and could adopt the propositions of the latter. Our part, however, is to see whether their conclusions agree—not with their respective assumptions, but with the geological evidence: for no conclusions can be accepted that do not meet with the full concurrence of all the co-partners interested in the result, and without respect for their mutual claims progress is not possible. The geologist must attend to the claims of the physicist, and the physicist ought not to overlook those of the geologist. How then stands the case?

With regard to the geological problem, we are told by the Uniformitarians that the forces acting on the surface of the globe have been in all past times the same, both in *kind* and *degree*, as those now in operation. On those grounds they have proceeded to estimate, first, the time required for mountain and continental elevation; secondly, the rate of erosion of the valleys, and of the denudation or lowering of the land. Their conjecture is that our limited experience of 2,000 to 3,000 years has sufficed to furnish us with instances of all the various vicissitudes and changes that the earth has undergone during the illimitable past—a generalisation incompatible with what is known of the evolution of the earth, and in contradiction to their own premisses. For even geologists who recognise no change admit the original molten state of the globe. This of itself involves, in the cooling of the mass, the intervention of stresses and strains, with all their consequences, which render it inconceivable that there was nothing in all those stages of the earth's history beyond what our limited experience has brought us in contact with.

But although the assumption of the Uniformitarians on the question of *degree* may be disputed, that on the question of *kind* admits of no dispute. That rivers excavate and currents distribute the excavated materials, and that the land is mobile and subject to changes of level, no one will contest. The point of contention is the *rate* at which these operations and changes proceeded formerly as compared with the rate at the present day. The many observations made on the erosive and transporting power of rivers, and on the movements and waste of the land, are admirable in so far as they apply to the silting up of ports, the recession of the coast, and the reclamation of marsh lands; but, though valuable to the engineer, they are misleading to the geologist. They furnish him, it is true, with standards applicable to present changes, and indicate *the method* in which the erosive power of the rivers and seas has acted in all time, but they give no measure of the *amount and rate of work* they did at different periods. Nevertheless, knowing what at present is accomplished by their means, it is reasonable to judge, by ascertaining what their agency accomplished in former days, of the difference in the forces in operation at the several periods. Those forces have to be estimated by the work done in the past, and not by any fixed rate founded upon present work.

Few geologists would, we presume, contest this position; notwithstanding which, and though many now profess a modified Uniformitarianism, the old lines of argument still, with few exceptions, prevail, and the concessions made are more apparent than real, or are of little value. In our opinion, no partial concession can be entertained on the question of *degree.* It must be an unconditional surrender; for, in contradistinction to *method,* or manner, where we are on common ground, no common scale on the question of degree is possible in judging of the past by comparison with the present.

As an example of the present position, we may take one argument as presented by the advocates of the Uniformitarian school. The observations on the transporting power of the large rivers of the world have shown that the quantity of sediment carried down by them to the sea is, according to one of their estimates, such as would suffice to lower the level of the land about one foot in 6,000 years, or about 1,000 feet in 6,000,000 years. Exception might be taken to this estimate in that no account is taken of the calcareous matter removed in solution, which, in fact, is not far from the quantity of insoluble matter carried down mechanically. Let that pass. This measure, or one approximate to it, has been very generally accepted, and is in common use. Hence, those geologists, proceeding solely on the assumed postulate, and not attaching due weight to other considerations, have, it seems to us, placed the later Quaternary times at far too great a distance from the present. In the same way, the rate at which the elevation

of the land took place having been estimated on the mean of 2½ feet in a century, would, if that scale were accepted, manifestly push back to a very remote distance even later geological changes.

The importance of determining these points more accurately became more evident when it was discovered that man existed with the extinct Mammalia; and therefore upon the solution of the time-rate problem depended the determination of the antiquity of man upon the earth. Various have been the attempts since made; but, as they have almost all been made upon measurements based on the above-named scales, they necessarily involved a very free use of time. For long, geologists had held to the belief, prevailing half a century ago, that man could not have existed on the earth for more than 5,000 to 6,000 years. When evidence was given, and at last accepted, to prove a higher antiquity, the Uniformitarians were placed in the difficulty of proving too little or too much. If they adopted a short chronology, it would clash with the corner-stone of their belief as to the age of the Quaternary deposits; if, on the other hand, they retained their belief in the great length of time they held to be necessary for the formation of the post- or later- glacial deposits, they would have to assign to man an antiquity which would clash sorely not only with their own previous belief, but also with that held on various grounds by other geologists and anthropologists.

The fetish of uniformity prevailed, the Uniformitarians made *volte-face* to their former contention, and hesitated not to claim for man an antiquity going on for a million years. One old friend of ours, in a public lecture, even put in a claim for two millions, heedless of the cries of his unprepared audience to remind him of the rights of Adam. At a loss to prove their case by independent geological evidence, they found an unexpected ally in a novel and ingenious astronomical hypothesis, which apart from its connection with geology we will not contest. The object of the hypothesis was to show that there had been cycles, in which at times the position of the earth in its orbit was such as would cause a great lowering of the terrestrial temperature, and give rise to recurring Glacial periods. Here were offered the definite measures that geology failed to furnish, and which tallied too well with the time needed by the Uniformitarians to be neglected. It was therefore eagerly adopted, and has since been prominent in geological literature. That the hypothesis, however, is not in accordance with the facts of geology has been abundantly shown both in America and in this country; nevertheless the belief prevails. The result is that, as the last of these astronomical periods was calculated to have commenced 250,000 years and to have ended 80,000 years ago, these numbers have become stereotyped as those of the beginning and the end of the Glacial period.

The able author of this hypothesis, in his attempt to reconcile geological and astronomical time, built his geological argument upon

the rate of erosion of rivers at the present time, as held by the Uniformitarian. Nevertheless, an observation of his own, that must be endorsed by all geologists, whatsoever their creed, shows the fallacy of adopting the rates of the present day as measures for the past, for he remarks '*if the rate of denudation be at present so great, what must it have been during the Glacial period? It must have been something enormous.*' Very true, yet the argument proceeds as before. With the admission here made, how is it possible to adopt a scale admitted by its advocate to be subject to such variation? Its retention only serves to divert the real issue and stay inquiry.

Another objection to this chronology is that it fixes the date of the disappearance of Paleolithic man and the Quaternary fauna at a distance of 80,000 years from our own times. Of these 80,000 years, we can account for 10,000 or 12,000, during which Neolithic and recent man has been in occupation of the land; but this leaves some 70,000 years unaccounted for. Unable satisfactorily to show on geological grounds the need of so great an interval between the end of the Quaternary period and the present time, the Uniformitarians find a more colourable defence on biological grounds. They point, in a manner we do not quite understand, to the circumstance that with the close of the Post-glacial period a number of the animals then living disappear from the scene, and contend that for the dying-out of so many species long ages must have been required. Had they been able to show the working of evolution in the coming in of new species by descent from the extinct species, or of change in the contemporary species still living, their argument could not be gainsaid. But there is no question of evolution. The Mammoth and woolly Rhinoceros disappeared for good; the Reindeer, Musk-ox, and Glutton were driven to northern latitudes, and there still survive unchanged; while the Horse, Ox, Red-deer, Wolf, Fox, Badger, Hare, and others remain on with us without variation of species. The extraordinary change of climate which then took place is quite sufficient to account for such changes as these, which are chiefly of those of faunal distribution, having been effected in a measurable length of time, instead of needing the vastly long period mentioned. This length of time could hardly have failed to involve more extensive changes in the species, even without the aid of the physical changes which then took place, than are apparent in the species now existing. There is, in fact, no sufficient evidence either geological or biological to show the need of the long interval assumed. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that it did not exist, but that Paleolithic man and his companions came down to within some 10,000 to 12,000 years of our times. We cannot suppose that either man or geological work would have remained stationary during 70,000 years, and yet that is the conclusion we should be driven to adopt. Are we to be debarred from pursuing these inquiries by an hypothesis

having no better foundation, and involving such unquestionable difficulties?

Another barrier to inquiry is the postulate which would fix the rate of upheaval of the land during geological periods upon observations based—not upon the experience of even 2,000 or 3,000 years—but upon observations which do not extend beyond two centuries. These observations have shown, as put by Uniformitarians, that the *mean* rate of elevation of the coasts of Norway and Sweden has been during that time 2½ feet in a century, and this scale has been accepted and employed unhesitatingly as a safe and sure basis for calculation of geological time. The determination of a secular rise of the land is of itself an interesting fact, as settling the question of a retained mobility in the earth's crust; but it is quite insufficient, even if it were applicable, to establish a definite rate, not only for the past but even for the present. It is not a mean rate that is wanted. No upheaval can be otherwise than local and graduated. The extremes are what is needful. No engineer would take the mean delivery of a river as the measure to be depended upon for a water-supply. It is the limit in both directions, or the minimum and maximum quantities, that are essential. To know what earth movements can still effect, we should at least take the maximum rate, which amounts in the above case, at the North Cape, to 5 feet in the century, or double the measure of the mean adopted by Uniformitarians.

If also, in calculating the present rate of elevation of the land, the mean rate along the whole length of the axis is adopted, the same rule should at least be applied to elevations of past periods, and the time should not be estimated by the height of any one point, as that may prove to be more or less in excess of the mean. Thus, for example, the Westleton marine shingle is found in Buckinghamshire at a height of 600 feet. Estimating this upheaval at the rate of 2½ feet in a century, the Uniformitarian would put in a claim for 24,000 years. But this bed, as it trends eastward, is met with at gradually lower levels, until in Suffolk it falls to the sea-level. A mean of 300 feet should therefore be taken, with a corresponding shorter time-term of 12,000 years; or are we to ignore any interval of time and to look only, at the beds on the coast, where they are consecutive? From every point of view such estimates must be worthless.

More than this, the very leaders of the belief that the average rate of motion does not exceed that above-named allow that '*the average rate proposed is a purely arbitrary and conjectural one.*' It is admitted also that it is not improbable that during the last 400 years there has been a still faster rate in high northern latitudes. Not only, however, is the half measure adopted, but the warning that higher measures exist is neglected. When therefore the mean is applied to determine the length of time required to effect such elevations as that of the marine shell bed on Moel Tryfaen, 1,400 feet above

sea-level and of late Quaternary age, Uniformitarians are obliged to ask for a term of 56,000 if not 80,000 years. Should the case of Moel Tryfaen be objected to as uncertain, there are still the unquestioned raised beaches of Norway and Sweden, which are from 200 to 600 feet above the sea-level, and of still more recent date. These, on the same estimate, would have taken for their upheaval some 8,000 to 24,000 years. We need not, however, pursue this subject further. The very admissions of the advocates of the two above-named measures of time, based upon present rates of denudation and of elevation, show how untenable their conclusions are.

Such observations, howsoever useful and suggestive, are in fact futile so far as regards their application to former rates of upheaval, and needlessly play with time. If we could suppose that the causes which produced those movements had always acted with the same degree of energy the reasoning would hold good; but, as that regularity depends upon the stresses to which the earth's crust has been exposed at any particular time, the effects must have varied in proportion as the stresses varied. With a cooling globe it could not have been otherwise. What those movements of the past were, and what their duration, must therefore be judged of by other circumstances and on surer data.

We trust we have now said enough to show upon how insecure a basis the Uniformitarian measures of time and change stand. They have probably done more to impede the exercise of free inquiry and discussion than any of the catastrophic theories which formerly prevailed. The latter found their own cure in the more accurate observation of geological phenomena and the progress of the collateral sciences; but the former hedge us in by dogmas which forbid any interpretation of the phenomena other than that of fixed rules which are more worthy of the sixteenth than of the nineteenth century. Instead of weighing the evidence and following up the consequences that should ensue from the assumption, too many attempts have been made—not unnaturally by those who hold this faith—to adjust the evidence to the assumption. The result has been strained interpretations framed to meet one point, but without sufficient regard for the others. We repeat that we would not for a moment contend that the forces of erosion, the modes of sedimentation, and the methods of motion, are not the same in *kind* as they have ever been, but we can never admit that they have always been the same in *degree*. The physical laws are permanent; but the effects are conditional and changing, in accordance with the conditions under which the law is exhibited.

Such are the barriers which seem to us seriously to retard the advance in one direction of an important branch of theoretical geology, whilst in another it is fronted by the stern rules of an apparently definite calculation.

We must ask to be forgiven if we cannot accept the conclusions of Physicists respecting the extreme rigidity of the earth and the immobility of the crust as conclusive. That the rigidity is now very great—as great, we will admit for argument's sake, as if the globe were of glass or steel—may be as asserted, but that conclusion can only be accepted in so far as it conforms to the facts of geology. Were the data on which the conclusion is based fixed and positive, like those on which the laws of gravitation and light are established, there would be nothing for the Geologist to do but to bow to the decision of the Physicist, and, if possible, revise his work. But in this case the tidal observations, on which the calculations of rigidity are mainly based, are of such extreme delicacy that, failing as the hypothesis does to satisfy the requirements of geology, the Geologist may be excused for his dissent, pending further inquiry. Should this tend to confirm the extreme rigidity of the globe, we must seek for some explanation of earth movements consistent with that rigidity. It is indisputable that up to the latest geological period—that touching on our own times—the mobility of the crust was very considerable, for the raised beaches of Europe and of the Mediterranean prove conclusively that in that period extensive tracts were raised at intervals to heights of from 10 to 600 feet or more above their former levels. It is difficult to conceive that a globe, of which the crust was then so mobile, could have acquired, in the comparatively short interval between the latest of the beaches and our own time, so great a rigidity as to be practically immobile.

For similar reasons the conjoint conclusion that the crust of the earth is not less than from 1,000 to 2,500 miles thick is open to question. We cannot imagine that a crust of that enormous thickness could, in such recent geological times, have possessed so great a flexibility as is indicated by the movements we have referred to. Independently of that improbability, there are certain geological facts which are inexplicable on that assumption. Volcanic phenomena would be unintelligible; for vents traversing that thickness of solid rock could hardly be kept open owing to the cooling which the lava in its ascent would undergo. The rock fragments ejected during explosions are also those of rocks which lie at no great depth, while, with the increase of temperature in descending beneath the surface, there is every reason to suppose that at a depth to be measured by tens, and not by hundreds of miles, the immediate underlying magma at least is in a state of plasticity such as would allow of comparatively free movements of the crust. Again, surely, if the crust were so thick, we might expect to find, when that crust was broken and its edges thrust up by compression or protrusion of the igneous rocks, that some indications of that enormous thickness should be exhibited; but none such are forthcoming. Whatever may be the state of the nucleus, there is nothing geologically to indicate, as some Physicists

also have contended on other grounds, that the outer crust of the earth is more than from about twenty to thirty miles thick. The effective rigidity will therefore, if it be necessary, have to be explained in some other manner than that of a comparatively solid globe or of a crust of enormous thickness.

We are thus brought face to face with apparently irreconcilable opinions. That they admit of adjustment there can be no doubt, but it must be by mutual understanding. How it is to be effected is a problem for the future.

These, briefly, are the barriers which restrict inquiry on many important questions. On the side of the Uniformitarians, it is assumed that every position must be reduced to a fixed measure—where fixity is not possible—of time and speed; and, on that of the Physicists, geologists are gently reminded that the subject is outside their immediate sphere of inquiry, in a way somewhat suggestive of 'the closure.'

It would be an unfortunate day for any science to have free discussion and inquiry barred by assumed postulates, and not by the ordinary rules of evidence as established by the facts, however divergent the conclusions to which those facts lead may be from the prevailing belief. In any case it must be remembered that no hypothesis can be true which does not satisfy the conditions both of the geological phenomena and of the physical laws.

The foregoing remarks are intended to apply mainly to questions connected with the more recent geological periods. The older epochs have happily been treated as beyond the barriers, and consequently have enjoyed and made good use of their greater freedom. It is to be hoped that, when the phenomena of these later periods are judged of by the evidence of facts rather than by rules, they will receive more independent interpretations—interpretations that may escape the dwarfing influence of Uniformitarianism.

JOSEPH PRESTWICH.

THE ARCHAIC STATUES OF THE ACROPOLIS MUSEUM

It is my intention in this article to give a short description of the collection of Archaic female figures in the east room of the Acropolis Museum, presided over by the colossal statue of Antenor.

In almost all the great capitals of the West—in the British Museum and the Louvre, at Rome, Naples, and Berlin—we shall find finer examples of Greek sculpture of the best period; but it is in Athens, and in Athens alone, that we can see so perfect an exhibition of the art of the sixth century, transforming the modest little building on the Acropolis into one of the richest and most interesting museums of the world.

Rarely has excitement in archæological circles been raised to a higher pitch than at the moment of the discovery of this imposing assemblage, which gives us a clear insight into Attic art as it was before the Persian war, and an exact representation of the dress, coiffure, and ornaments of the smart Athenian lady of the sixth century B.C.

On the 5th and 6th of February, 1886, no less than fourteen female statues were brought to light by M. Cavvadias, between the Erechtheium and the north wall of the Acropolis. There they had remained buried and unknown since 480 B.C., when they yet adorned the approaches of the great Athenè temple of Peisistratus. They had witnessed the Persian invasion, the flight of the Athenians to Salamis, and the devastation of the Acropolis. Hurled from their pedestals, and mutilated by the rude soldiery of Xerxes, they had been collected by Cimon on the return of the Athenians and used along with columns, pediments, and other débris of the former temples as foundations for new walls and new edifices, nobler and more splendid than the last, which should rise as an eternal tribute to the goddess who had delivered her chosen people from the might of the foreign invaders.

It may be well perhaps to trace here shortly the history of this renaissance of Attic art. At the beginning of the sixth century Athens was still the small and rather squalid town of Solon, clustering on the southern slopes of the Acropolis, torn by the political strife

of the local factions known as 'the Shore,' 'the Upland,' and 'the Plain.' Indigenous art was in the most primitive condition. Connected in Attica with the mythical name of Dædalus, it had at the beginning of the sixth century found no higher expression than the *ξόανα*, or wooden idols richly smeared with paint, by which the Athenians sought dimly to represent their gods. The external influences from which it was to receive its first stimulus, and which, when once planted in the congenial soil of Attica, grew and flourished so rapidly, had not yet been felt, nor had there up till now been any contact with the schools of the Ionian Islands, at that time the art centres of Greece.

In 560 B.C. Peisistratus seized the reins of government, but, owing to a coalition of his enemies, was soon after dispossessed and forced into exile, and it was not till between 540 and 530 B.C. that he definitely returned victorious to Athens, where he and his sons remained established till 511 B.C. We learn from Thucydides that they governed 'in a wise and virtuous spirit,' and under their mild and beneficent tyranny Athens made vast strides in commercial wealth and importance. In addition to these material advantages, it was the aim of Peisistratus, as a true Athenian, to attain intellectual supremacy for his native city, and render her the centre of literature and art in Greece. With this object, he surrounded himself with poets and savants, and bestowed the greatest care in collating and editing the poems of Homer, which he caused to be recited at the greater Panathenaic festival instituted by him, and celebrated with all solemnity and magnificence every fourth year at Athens.

His architects were employed at the same time in beautifying the old edifices and in constructing new ones on a scale hitherto unknown. He enriched with sculpture the nine mouths of the sacred fountain henceforward known under the name of Enneakrounos, enlarged the sanctuary of the Pythian Apollo, and, spurred with jealousy of the vaunted magnificence of the Heraion at Samos, laid the foundations of the vast temple of Zeus Olympius, which remained unfinished for 650 years until the Emperor Hadrian undertook the task. The Acropolis, too, the centre of Athenian veneration, came in for its share of decoration, and the foundations of the temple of Peisistratus, composed of stone and marble, dedicated to the patron goddess of the town, are still to be seen between the Parthenon and Erechtheium. Hipparchus followed in the steps of his father, living in the intimacy of the poets Simonides and Anacreon, and fostering religion and the fine arts in this his native country. It was not till after his murder, in 514, that the complexion of affairs was changed and Hippias entered on his career of suspicion and oppression, which was terminated by his exile in 511.

The immediate result of the great stimulus given to art by the enlightened rule of the Peisistratids was the attraction to Athens of all the greatest masters from the rest of Greece: from the Ionian Islands,

Chios, Samos, and Naxos, from the Greek cities of Asia Minor, and later on from the Peloponnesus.

The most advanced school of sculpture at that period was to be found in the Greek islands of the Ionian archipelago, and amongst these Chios undoubtedly took the lead. We know from inscriptions and a signature on a statue of Victory that the greatest Chian master, Archermos, visited the court of Peisistratus about the middle of the sixth century, and worked at Athens for some time. He more than any other influenced the Attic school, initiating them in the use of the marble of Paros and prevailing upon them to discard their previous rougher materials of Piræus stone and Hymettus marble. It was his school, too, which inspired the representation of the female figure as we find it in the Acropolis Museum, richly draped, and decorated with all the minutest details of refinement and elegance. Athenian taste lent itself only too readily to this type, carrying it even to excess, until at the end of the century it was corrected by the more severe influence of the Dorian school, and produced the statues which mark the transition from Archaism to the perfect sculpture of the fifth century.

The influence of the school of Chios sculpture is perhaps nowhere so strongly illustrated as in the group of female statues which I propose to try to describe.

We are at first sight struck by the family likeness existing between them all—they all bear strongly the marks of Archaic conventionalism, the running up eyes and the smiling mouth—a smile almost ghastly in its reality, and for a moment we shudder as though in the presence of a supernatural assemblage of beings, buried indeed for over 2,000 years, but risen again, who seem to mock us with the glare of their stony eyes and the inscrutable irony of their smiling lips.

The attitude is the same in all, the left leg slightly advanced as though about to step forward, one arm hanging by the side, the hand holding up the folds of the chiton, the other arm outstretched holding an offering, probably a bird or flower, to judge from the fragments which remain.

Their costume is composed of three garments—(1) the chiton (*χίτων ποδήρης*), a sort of long shift, tight over the shoulders and bust, drawn in at the waist by a cord, and reaching below the feet, so as to form at once a body and petticoat. It is almost exactly similar to the long white undergarment worn at the present day by the Greek and Albanian peasants. It was made of some linen material ornamented down the front by a broad band of embroidery called the *παρύφη*, which, when the chiton was allowed to hang, fell in a straight line to the feet; but in the case of these statues, all of which, as above stated, are in the act of stepping forward, the chiton is held up in the left hand so that the *παρύφη* is drawn in graceful folds across the skirt and falls at the side to the ground. The

embroidery is not modelled, but represented by brilliant colouring, principally red and blue; the pattern is rich and complicated, consisting chiefly of variations on the Græca. Another band of embroidery runs round the base of the chiton, and the garment generally is decorated with small coloured flowers and stars.

Above the chiton was the chitoniskos, a short woollen jersey covering the shoulders and arms and hanging a little below the waist, the opening round the throat being decorated with a flat band of embroidery. The texture of the chitoniskos is represented by thin wavy lines, and is always coloured blue.

The third and by far the most interesting garment is the Ionian himation or peplos. The chiton and chitoniskos, composing the ordinary clothing of every Athenian woman, hardly ever vary in cut or design; whereas the himation, a luxury rather than a necessity, opened a wide field to the taste and ingenuity of the Athenian *élégante*.

It was a short cloak composed of some rich material falling in folds from one shoulder, on which it was attached by clasps, and drawn across the breast, where it was again fastened under the other arm and fell in a cascade of folds below the hip. There was, however, no general rule, and we sometimes find it clasped on both shoulders and falling in folds over the arms; sometimes it is simply worn as a sort of shawl or scarf. It was richly decorated all along the lower edge with embroidery similar to that of the παρύφη, but not so wide; it was gathered into a pleating along the top, and the whole surface was richly sewn with brilliant moucherettes in the shape of crosses, stars, and flowers represented by colour.

The himation was the garment which gave the greatest scope to the sculptor—unlike the chiton and chitoniskos, it detached itself from the body, and the skill of the master can be traced in his treatment of the bold vertical folds and the sinuous outline of the drapery where it falls below the waist.

We are astounded when we examine the coiffure of these statues, so minute is the detail and so amazing the ingenuity. In the general lines it is the same in all—the front hair is either parted in the middle, falling in wavy *bandeaux*, or else it is curled and crimped across the forehead in a heavy circular fringe; but the formation of this fringe is varied and manifold. Sometimes it is composed of little rows of spiral curls, sometimes it is waved in a kind of flounce across the forehead, sometimes twisted in coils like a turban. The hair falls behind in a flat mass of long, waved curls, three or four of which on each side are brought forward and hang on the breast. It is in all cases painted a dull red, and the headdress is generally completed by the *stephanè*, a crown composed of copper overlaid with gold and studded with jewels, represented in the statues by painted marble. Like the tiara of the smart lady of the present day, it varied

according to the taste of the wearer, the most usual shape resembling the Russian diadem, high in the centre, falling on either side to the ears, and then circling the back of the head. The attire of the Athenian lady was completed by a necklace, bracelet, and earrings—carved in the marble and painted blue.

After this general description I should like to say a few words about one or two of the individual statues. First and foremost about one which was not discovered till rather later than the rest, in October 1888, between the Eastern façade of the Parthenon and the temple of Artemis Brauronia, near the wall of Cimon. Like her fellows, she has been terribly mutilated, her head even being found severed from her body. This, however, gave rise to an interesting discovery, namely, that her head and neck were composed of a separate block, and riveted to the shoulders. It was the practice of Archaic sculptors thus to attach various portions of the statue: the outstretched arm in every case is carved from a separate block, and this has led to the supposition that the Archaic masters could not afford a block of marble sufficiently large to allow for any very salient limb. This, however, does not quite cover the case, as we find many small portions of the statue carved separate and added on—folds of the dress, curls, and almost all the ornaments. It has been maintained that the sculptor kept a quantity of trunks ready in stock, adding later the head and characteristic ornaments of the person who gave an order for her statue. This, however, is not very satisfactory, and the simplest solution is probably the best—that the sculptor preferred carving the general mass, and then added first those portions which would have necessitated too large an original block of marble, and secondly the small accessories of dress and decoration, which, being the most exposed, were the most brittle.

There is nothing very remarkable in the costume or headdress of this particular statue. She wears the usual chiton, chitoniskos, and himation, and is crowned with a stephanè ornamented by a blue and red pattern. Her marvellous charm lies in the expression and execution of the face—a beautiful oval face, the hair parted high on the forehead, and falling in thick wavy *bandeaux* below the ears, casting a deep, soft shadow on the long oblique eyes, half veiled by their heavy lids, and seemingly shrouded by a double fringe of eyelashes, so masterly is the deception produced by the still remaining paint.

There is no insolent glare in these eyes, but rather an expression of deep mystery and knowledge; they seem to gaze far away beyond us, on things for ever hidden from our view.

The mouth is most delicately yet firmly chiselled—too firmly, we might say at first, when we notice the violence of the outline of the lower lip, did we not remember that it was softened by the paint, which here, alas! has disappeared. The corners of the mouth are slightly drawn up to meet the exigencies of Archaic conventionalism,

but there is no mockery in the smile that plays fitfully about the lips—a smile which speaks of infinite wisdom and of infinite pity for our petty strivings and strugglings, and the rush and bustle of the world as it hurries by. As we gaze on this face, upborne by its long and graceful neck, we are irresistibly reminded of the Madonnas of Lionardo da Vinci—the Vierge aux Rochers rises before us with her veiled mysterious eyes and her sweet, sad-smiling mouth. How far this expression was intentional we cannot tell. Monsieur Lechat, in an article in the *Bulletin de Correspondance Hellénique*, maintains that it is due to accident, and considers the impression produced to be purely subjective. Psychology, he says, was entirely absent in the sculpture of the sixth century. The master was solely occupied with the modelling, absorbed by the material difficulties, the resistance of the marble, and the handling of a delicate tool. His work is purely concrete, and it is we who attribute to the lines and form an abstract and ideal language of which he had never dreamt. But this seems a very uninteresting point of view, and the more one examines this group of statues the more one is struck by the marked individuality of each particular one. Where masters had already attained such excellence of technique in many respects, I do not see why they should not be credited with the desire and the power of rendering the distinctive characteristics of the person whose portrait they were engaged upon. I feel that the sculptor to whose chisel we owe this masterpiece was, like Lionardo, imbued with the conviction that true art consisted in making the soul shine through the body, seeing that all life comes from the soul, and that the body is but its image. Its peculiar charm lies in the subtle blending of observation with imagination, of analysis with sentiment, of the natural with the spiritual. Be this as it may, it is to the sculptor, and the sculptor alone, that belongs the glory of the marvellous technique and execution of the face—the texture of the skin, the moulding of the cheeks and jaw, and the treatment of the muscles round the mouth. Under his chisel the marble seems to have been transformed, and to have acquired the warmth, the softness, and the consistency of flesh. Apart from the charm of expression, the technical excellence of the 'morbidezza' will always place this statue in the foremost rank of the masterpieces of Archaism, or indeed of Greek art of the best period; for in this respect the masters of the latter part of the sixth century stand unrivalled, and as art developed and grew more complicated under the later masters, this primitive skill tended gradually to be lost.

The remarkable texture of the flesh is partly due to the fact that this statue has preserved more than any other the mellowness and surface produced by the 'patina,' which was undoubtedly used by the sculptors of that period. We find it mentioned by Vitruvius, Pliny, and Plutarch under the name of γάνωσις, and M. Homolle, head of

the French School of Archæology at Athens, has been fortunate enough to discover at Delos an inscription giving an exact account of the receipt for making and using the varnish. The marble was first sponged with water and nitre, and then rubbed with a mixture of oil and wax, scented with an unguent of roses. This softened the dazzling whiteness, and endowed the marble with the texture and similitude of flesh.

There is only one statue in this series which we can ascribe to a known artist. During the excavations on the Acropolis a statue was discovered having a base bearing the following inscription: 'Nearchos the potter dedicated as first-fruits of his work; Antenor, son of Eumares, made the statue.' Antenor flourished in the latter part of the sixth century, his father, Eumares, being reputed to be the first Athenian painter who made a distinction in his pictures between the two sexes. The date of the statue is probably about 530 B.C., and we find in it traces of a refusal to submit to the influence of the Chios school. The master seems to have resisted the exaggerated mannerism and love of detail which characterise the other statues of this period, and we are impressed rather by its colossal proportions and simple majesty: the lines of the drapery are vertical and severe, the hair less tortured, the decoration less minute. It possesses one very interesting characteristic, namely, that the eyeballs were composed of a coloured paste, enclosed in a socket of brass the edge of which was cut in a fringe to represent eyelashes, the pupil being hollowed out in the paste.

The most important work of Antenor was the bronze group executed shortly after the fall of the Peisistratids, representing Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the murderers of Hipparchus, which was erected on a space called the Orchestra, close to the road leading from the Agora to the Acropolis. It did not, however, stay there long, as Xerxes carried it off in 480 to Ecbatana, where it remained for 200 years, until in 280 B.C. it was restored to the Athenians by Antiochus, son of Seleucus. Its place on the Orchestra had not, in the meanwhile, been allowed to remain empty, and in 477 two sculptors, Kritias and Nesiotes, were commissioned to execute a group representing the same subject, to replace it.

There exists in the Naples museum a Roman replica of the group of the Tyrannicides, but the question arises, Of which group? whether that of Antenor, or of the two latter sculptors? Since the discovery on the Acropolis of this female statue opinion has inclined to the former. Allowing for unfortunate restorations (a head of a much later date having been placed on the body of Aristogeiton) and the modernising influence of the Roman copyist, there is much that is Archaic in the style of this group. If we compare the head of Harmodius with that of the female statue of the Acropolis museum, we shall find many points of resemblance—the massive brow and strong

chin, and especially the treatment of the hair, which, indeed, is almost identical.

I would, finally, mention one statue in which the influence of the Dorian school is clearly visible. The headdress and costume are far plainer, the sole decoration of the latter consisting of a delicate tracery representing horses and chariots, which has now become very faint. Above all, we find in this statue a reaction against the characteristic features of Archaism. The eyes do not run up, the cheek bones are not so high, and the artist, still rather inexperienced, in his efforts to resist the Archaic smile, has drawn down the corners of the mouth instead of raising them, giving a pouting expression to the lower lip, and a general look of disdain to the face.

The characteristics of this statue already foreshadow the female type as rendered by Phidias, and it is altogether a beautiful example of the sculpture of the period of transition from Archaism to the art of the fifth century.

These statues, which at the moment of their discovery still retained all their pristine brilliancy of colouring, possess an additional value in the eyes of archæologists, as enabling them to trace the history and development of polychromy in Archaic sculpture.

In the earliest fragments discovered on the Acropolis, pediments of temples, &c., we find paint used over the whole surface, the usual colours being red, blue, black, brown, yellow, and white, the two former greatly preponderating.

In the group known as the 'Typhon,' the faces and torsos are painted red, the hair and beards blue, whilst the snakes are decorated with lines of blue and red picked out with black.

In the group representing a bull dragged to the ground by lions, the lions are painted red, their manes of rather a darker shade; the bull is blue, with red ears and a red tail. From these data we may deduce two facts: first, that in early Archaic sculpture the use of colour was general, and, secondly, that this colouring was purely decorative and in no way imitated real life. This general use of colour must be attributed to two main reasons.

1. The early Archaic sculptors were still very inexperienced in the use of their tools, and a coat of brilliant colour covered the shortcomings and deficiencies of their work.

2. The Piræus stone or 'tuf' in which they worked was a material of the roughest description, full of flaws and defects, which were to a certain extent concealed by a thick coat of paint. To these two causes M. Lechat adds a third—the naked form undecorated by colour did not satisfy the semi-barbarous eye. An idol painted and bedizened produced a far greater effect on its worshippers; the rough image carved in wood or stone derived life from its gaudy colouring, and became more real and more worthy of adoration.

When in the middle of the sixth century this rough stone was

superseded by Paros marble, the general use of colour was abandoned. The artist felt himself in the presence of a material too beautifu to be defaced by a wholesale coat of gaudy colour; not only were there no shortcomings to be concealed, but he realised that there was much to be gained from the transparency and polished surface of the marble. Colour, therefore, began to be used only partially; to mark certain features in the face, the eyes and eyebrows, the lips and the hair; certain ornaments and the embroidery and decoration of the dress. This painting, however, remained purely conventional, except in the case of the lips, which were red. The iris of the eye is rendered by a red circle, the pupil being painted black. The hair is coloured a dull red, with two exceptions, where it is yellow ochre.

The remaining parts of the marble, however, were not left white. Statues in those days being considered solely as a form of decoration for temples, themselves richly coloured, these white patches would have offered too great a contrast, and detracted from the general harmony. The sculptors therefore made use of the patina above described, giving a mellowness to the marble, which served to enhance the brilliant colouring of parts of the statue itself, and of the temple which it was destined to adorn.

It now only remains to say a few words on the subject of what these statues represented. The original idea that they were statues of Athenè herself has been discarded, not one of them bearing a single attribute of the goddess in her character of Promachos, Polias, or Erganè. It would also appear strange, as M. Collignon justly remarks in an essay in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' that at so advanced a period of Archaic art the Athenian masters should not have taken the trouble to reproduce by some more distinctive features the countenance of the goddess sacred to them above all others. That there was such a generally admitted type we know from the Archaic coins; yet these statues, though possessing a family likeness, are all distinctly personal.

The theory that they represent priestesses only is equally unsatisfactory. The priestesses of Athenè were very few in number, and the office was held for life, whereas the fragments which have come down to us prove that these statues must have existed in great quantities on the Acropolis, and that they cannot have extended over a period of more than sixty years. Even admitting them to represent also the 'Errephoræ,' young maidens appointed to the service of Athenè for one year, the explanation is not sufficiently wide to embrace all; and the most probable solution is that they are simply portraits of Athenian ladies dedicated to the goddess as *ex-voto* offerings. The revival of religion and art under Peisistratus being simultaneous, the ladies of Athens were actuated by the former with a desire to offer some token of devotion to the goddess of their city. Surrounded as they were by this newly-revived and flourishing art, this pious wish

very naturally found expression in the dedication of a statue. The statues were placed an pedestals bearing a dedicatory inscription, and decorated the approaches of the temple. These pedestals were as a rule in the form of Doric or Ionic columns, the capitals decorated with brilliantly coloured carving, and served, no doubt, to accentuate the *ex-voto* character of the statue.

Gorgeous indeed is the picture which rises to our eyes of the Acropolis as it must have been in the days of the glory of this galaxy of statues. In the midst the great temple of Athena glittering with gold and brilliant colours, surrounded with votive offerings, avenues of statues, graceful vases, and many a masterpiece of the potter's craft. Around it stand the hills, the violet crown of Athens; Parnes, Hymettus, and Pentelicus, his rugged sides as yet unseared by the great white gashes which speak to us now of the later achievements of Athenian art. Before us lies the blue bay of Phalerum stretching away with its innumerable laughter to where Ægina and the distant mountains of the Peloponnesus rise like veils of colour from the sea. Radiancy and light are the characteristics of all around us, and one who has stood upon the Acropolis can well understand what Euripides wrote of his compatriots, *ἀεὶ διὰ λαμπροτάτου βαίνοντες αἰθέρος*, 'Ever walking through most translucent air.'

REGINALD LISTER.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF JAPAN

II. THE ERA OF MEIJI 'ENLIGHTENED GOVERNMENT'

THE nobles having abandoned their feudal rights, it became necessary to deal with the land which had reverted to the Emperor. In theory the whole territory had from the earliest days belonged to the heaven-descended sovereign, and it was granted by the Shoguns in the name of the Emperor to the daimios, on condition of their rendering military service. The very name Sei-i-tai-Shogun implied that the defence of the country was confided to the barbarian-subjugating great general, and that he was justified in apportioning it out to those who were ready to guard it from danger. The daimios had proceeded on the same principle. Either those to whom they granted the land were to render personal service or they were to provide sustenance for the men who fought in their stead. When Commodore Perry first demanded admission one curious argument quoted as having been used in favour of concession rather than war shows how inseparably connected in the Japanese mind were military prowess and possession of land.

> Soldiers who have distinguished themselves are rewarded by grants of land; but, as all the land in this country has already owners, there will be none to give away as rewards, so we shall have to give rewards in words or money. Let us have intercourse with foreign countries, learn their drill and tactics, and when we have made the nation as united as one family we shall be able to go abroad and give lands in foreign countries to those who have distinguished themselves in battle.

Not only in theory but in practice the nobles who restored the land to their feudal lord abode by the principle enunciated by a native writer, 'There is not a single foot of land that is not the territory of the sovereign, not a single individual who is not the subject of the sovereign;' but the small occupiers who actually tilled the soil regarded it in a very different light, looking upon it as their absolute property so long as they paid the assessed tax. Among the many complications and disputes concerning this tax one may be noticed in passing which recalls a trouble not unknown nearer home. A farmer in parting with a portion of his land would undertake to pay the dues on the whole, with the natural consequence that his

descendants grumbled, complaining that they paid for land which did not exist.

When the Emperor resumed possession certificates of ownership were granted to the then occupiers, entitling them to deal with their properties as they pleased, to sell them or leave them by will to their heirs, but always with the charge upon them now called the land tax. In fact the Japanese farmer attained at a bound the position to which the Irish tenant aspires, and the political student has an opportunity of studying the results of such an arrangement among a quiet and industrious people with no previous record of struggle and outrage.

The land tax is a continual grievance. The peasant severed from his feudal lord asserts that the land is his own, and he does not see why he should pay dues for it, call them by what name men will. An assessment of value every five years was promised, which has not been made, though the tax has been reduced and its proportion to the total revenue of the country is much lower than formerly. It is also pleaded that the railways now in progress will alter the value of property in many places, and that a reassessment cannot be fairly made till the main lines are completed.

In Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan* is related the story of Sakura, who met his death in the seventeenth century by his resolution in bringing before the Shogun in person the grievances of his fellow-agriculturists, oppressed by their feudal lord. Unable to obtain redress from any subordinate authority, he concealed himself beneath a bridge over which the Shogun's procession must inevitably pass, and, climbing out at the crucial moment, thrust his memorial at the end of a bamboo stick into the dictator's litter. This was a capital offence, and even-handed justice punished the oppressors but executed the complainant. An Englishman travelling quite lately in the part of the country inhabited by this Japanese tribune found his tomb and a temple erected to his memory, which has been highly honoured of late years. The visitor pointed out that Sakura had been crucified for complaining of the rent. 'Yes,' said the malcontent farmers, 'but the rent was decreased; they don't crucify us now, but they don't lower the tax.' 'Everything,' continues the observer, 'was the fault of the Government—if it rained, if the dams burst, if there was a blight. It was all in consequence of the land tax.'

And now a new arena has been opened for the ventilation of agrarian wrongs. On resuming power the Emperor, as has been already mentioned, promised to grant a Constitution. This, though deferred for some time, was promulgated in 1889, and the first Diet was opened in 1891.

The Constitution is carefully compiled from European precedents, and the Diet framed chiefly on the Prussian model, which was considered less radical than some others. The Upper House, or House

of Peers, consists of the Imperial Princes and higher nobles sitting in their own right, other nobles chosen by the members of their respective orders from among themselves, Imperial nominees, and certain elected representatives of the higher order of tax-payers. The Lower House, or House of Representatives, is chosen by electors not under twenty-five years old, and paying annual taxes amounting to not less than fifteen dollars—about 3*l.* in Japanese purchasing power, but little over 2*l.* according to the present European rate of exchange.

The Ministers do not sit in either House as elected representatives, but are accommodated with seats either for themselves or their delegates, should they wish to attend and make explanations either personally or by proxy. They are not only nominally but actually appointed by the Emperor, and hold office during his pleasure, not during that of the House.

Count Ito, the Minister President, is a man whose ability and energy would have made him a name in any country. Of Samurai class and Choshiu clan, he, early in life, perceived that there were treasures of information to be won in distant lands which would be invaluable to the statesman. In those days no man might leave the country without a permission, seldom or never accorded. The young Ito, with two or three companions and the aid of an English friend, was smuggled on board an English merchant vessel, disguised as a sailor. Arrived in London, he found a humble lodging in the house of a chemist, and, despite many hardships and difficulties, contrived to educate himself both in the English language and in other branches of learning. On his return to Japan he took an active part in the arduous work of the years immediately succeeding the Restoration, and to his knowledge of Western institutions and history may be largely attributed the Constitution of which his countrymen are justly proud, as comprising in itself so much that has been proved and found advantageous elsewhere.

For the first time probably in history the clan system has met the new democracy face to face in an elected Chamber. It is true that feudalism has been swept away, that great daimios have been transformed into modern nobles, and class distinctions abolished in the ranks below them; yet it is not so easy to break altogether with the traditions of the past, and the old proverb 'Blood is thicker than water' holds good in the Island Empire.

The two powerful clans Satsuma and Choshiu were the main forces which overthrew the Shogunate and restored the Empire: not unnaturally they have portioned out the spoils.

The principality of Satsuma was described (1871) by Mr. F. Adams—formerly Secretary of Legation at Yedo—as one vast military organisation, the resources of the territory being drained to keep up its force of some twenty-five thousand fighting men, the forts which

stretched across the Bay of Kagoshima, and the factory for casting guns. The whole of Satsuma was far from submitting peacefully to the new order of things, which attempted to turn these fierce warriors to peaceful pursuits. Though their principal chiefs allowed loyalty to the Emperor to overcome all other considerations, and thus retained for the clan at large its position in the Imperial councils, the Satsuma rebellion of 1877 is famous as the expiring struggle of feudalism. The desperate bravery of the rebels, whose losses up to the time of their final defeat were estimated at eighteen thousand killed and wounded out of forty thousand supposed to have been engaged in the war, showed, at all events, the excellence of the military material to be found among them.

Popular tradition asserts that the spirit of their departed hero, Saigo Takamori, has taken up its abode in the planet Mars, while the spirits of his slaughtered followers animate a new race of frogs, so courageous that they will attack men and never desist till they are killed.

The scarcely less powerful Choshiu clan was among the first to play off Kyoto against Yedo, and assisted in the final defeat of Keiki near Osaka.

Now a large majority of the important posts in the army and navy are filled by Satsuma men, and most posts in the Home Department by adherents of Choshiu.

A Government and Government departments thus constituted are naturally obnoxious to the Radical and progressist elements in the Lower House, and though the present Ministry is nominally Liberal, it is regarded by these sections much as a Cabinet taken entirely from the great Whig families of sixty years ago would be by a latter-day Radical.

The Opposition platform, then, is to break up the clan system and make ministers servants of the popular will and dependent on the Parliamentary vote. To accomplish these objects they have taken as weapons the readjustment of the land tax and alteration of the system which regulates the budget.

At present the Emperor determines the salaries and allowances of all civil and military officers, and these make up three-quarters of the budget; so Parliament can only deal with the remaining twenty-five per cent. Further, if the House fails to vote the budget laid before it in one session, the Government can avail themselves of the budget of the previous year.

Government last session brought in a Bill for readjusting the land tax, and asked the House to make up the deficiency which would be consequent on such a measure, and also, and more pressingly, to provide for an increase in the navy by imposing duties on tobacco and the spirituous liquor sakē, and an income tax. The Bill for readjusting the land tax was passed, as it has been regularly and

unavailingly every session, and sent up to the Peers. The budget was, however, largely cut down, the new taxes refused, and the proposed salaries of the civil and military officials reduced, on the ground that they were too high for the quality of the work done, and that the officials themselves were too numerous. Further, though all sections of the House were known to be in favour of a stronger navy, the Opposition opposed its increase, because it was in the hands of the Satsuma clan, and expressed the same sentiment with regard to Choshiu and the Civil Service. 'A man cannot be head of the Home Office and Railway Bureau,' said the leader of the Opposition, 'unless he is a Choshiu man; or at the head of the War Office or Navy unless he comes from Satsuma.' The Government retorted that the House had nothing to do with either the *personnel* of the departments or their salaries, successfully encouraged the House of Peers to reject the Land Tax Bill, and absolutely refused to accept the amendments to the budget. Thereupon the Opposition moved and carried an Address to the Throne complaining of the ministerial attitude. The debates were not a little animated, and amenities such as have been heard in some older assemblies found their way to courteous Japan. For instance, Mr. Inouye Kakugoro, leader of the Government party (not, be it remembered, a minister), thus referred in the House to Mr. Kono Hironaka, leader of the Radical party: 'What does Mr. Kono know about constitutional development since the revolution? He was in prison most of the time. So was I, but I don't talk as if I knew everything.'

The Address was taken to the palace and personally presented by the President of the House to the Sovereign, who took it and merely said, 'We shall peruse it.' Two days later, on the 10th of February of the present year, the House, which had been adjourned, was summoned to reassemble, and a little surprise was prepared for the members. The Emperor's rescript in reply to the Address states that since he has assumed the reins of government, abolished feudal polity, and replaced it by a government of progress, each and every part of the Executive has been framed on lines bequeathed to him by his ancestors. Any semblance of time squandered in fruitless quarrelling, or of opportunities for extending the country's prosperity forfeited, is a spectacle which he has no desire to display to the spirits of those ancestors. With regard to the items of expenditure fixed by Imperial decree, his Majesty points out that these cannot become a ground of dispute, but he specially directs that his ministers should bring every section of the Administration into good order. Then comes the gist of the message. For the purposes of national defence the Emperor will economise the expenses of his household and contribute three hundred thousand dollars (a tenth of his civil list) annually for six years. All military and civil officials are directed, except in cases where special circumstances interfere, to contribute one-tenth of their

salaries during the same period, which sums shall be devoted to supplement the fund for building men-of-war. The Government had, indeed, played a trump card. Respect for the Emperor is the dominant religious sentiment actuating a Japanese, and the patriotic and self-denying action of their sovereign sent a thrill through every breast. A loyal reply to the 'benevolent rescript' was at once voted, premising respectful obedience and harmonious co-operation, 'with a view to, in some measure, requiting the gracious consideration shown.' The budget was recommitted and voted; the men-of-war are to be built. As to the reassessment of the land tax, that is shelved till another session, when it will doubtless reappear as a stalking horse for progressist and Radical discontent.

Though the tax is, as already stated, lower than in bygone days, it in one way at least weighs more heavily upon the farmer. He has to pay it in cash instead of in kind, and therefore fluctuations in the price of rice and other produce affect him far more now than formerly, particularly when the assessment is of some years' standing, and he cannot deal with the agent of a hard and fast central authority as he could with the local representative of his personal landlord. Moreover, widespread education is producing its usual effect. The farmer's son is no longer content with country life. If he can in any way contrive it he comes up to Tokio, or to some other large city, where he pays for schooling so long as his father can and will send him supplies, and, these failing, picks up a more or less precarious livelihood as clerk or shopboy, unless indeed unusual genius or good fortune lands him in that coveted paradise Government employ.

The deserted father, losing a hand on his farm, may find some resource in the universal custom of adoption. A Japanese child adopted into a fresh family becomes absolutely equivalent to one born in the house. Even a hereditary peer may select a son who, though no blood relation whatever, will succeed without question to his new father's title. This does not prevent marriages between children themselves not related who are adopted by the same parents, for we met a very charming young lady taken into a noble family who had married a young man similarly adopted.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the welcome extended by the Japanese to their foreign guests. We arrived at Tokio in time for the garden party annually given by the Emperor when the cherry blossom is in full flower. Unfortunately heavy rain rendered the party an impossibility, but by the courteous hospitality of the members of the Imperial household, and especially of our kind friends Mr. Sannomiya, the deputy-master of ceremonies, and Mrs. Sannomiya, we were afterwards entertained in the beautiful garden which was to have been the scene of the festivity. The flowers, shrubs, avenues, and ornamental water were laid out with all the skill for which Japanese gardeners are renowned, and we were further amused by the appear-

ance of a falconer with his bird on his wrist, hawking being a sport still pursued in Japan.

Nor were we deprived of the opportunity of paying our respects to their Imperial Majesties. The audience was fixed for the early hour of ten in the morning, when the Emperor received the gentlemen of our party, and the Empress both gentlemen and ladies, the latter having been carefully forewarned that the proper Court costume was long high gowns and no bonnets.

The old palace at Tokio was burnt down some years ago, and the new buildings are large and sumptuously furnished. We greatly admired the beautiful lacquered doors, with their fittings of metal-work, and the magnificent specimens of Japanese *cloisonné*, wood-carving, and tapestry, which pleased us more than the embroideries and furniture imported from Germany. Court officials and gentlemen in waiting, all in uniform or European evening dress, thronged the corridors and reception rooms. The audience with the Emperor took place in a fine hall, and his Majesty, who had given such practical proof of his interest in the navy, appeared especially pleased to learn that one of his war ships had been at Sydney, and that the officers had been entertained at Government House. The Empress, who received us in a smaller apartment, was attended by ladies in the regulation costume, and herself wore a purple gown, with a pattern of small gold flowers and an order. Her Majesty, who is particularly gentle and gracious in manner, is known and beloved throughout the Empire for the ready aid which she gives to every philanthropic work. Her charity is so great that on at least one occasion she bestowed the whole of her available pin money for the year on a hospital in need of funds. One of the institutions in which the Empress shows particular interest is the Peeresses' School, in which the little girls of noble families receive a good modern education. In order that they may pursue physical exercises, the children attending this school wear divided skirts, in addition to the upper garment and obi, or sash, of their native country. Nor is the training in polite manners omitted, which forms so necessary a part of a Japanese lady's education. A little house in the grounds is arranged for instruction in tea-making, bowing, and all the ceremonious salutations and pretty introductory greetings which avoid any awkward embarrassment on first meetings or introductions.

Early education is rendered slow and difficult, both for boys and girls, by the necessity of learning to read and write the Chinese characters in which Japanese books are written. These characters convey ideas, not sounds, and it is asserted that seven or eight thousand are required for ordinary use. To study Chinese literature, which is to the Japanese student what Greek and Latin are to us, at least as many more must be learnt. The further necessity of studying foreign languages has added so greatly to the work of students

in the University and higher middle schools that the period of their exemption from conscription has lately been extended from twenty-six to twenty-eight years of age, after which they must join the colours—a somewhat tardy start in life.

Prince Haru, the Emperor's only son and heir apparent, a boy of about thirteen, attends the Nobles' School, where he is educated with the sons of the peers and other nobles, but sits at a raised desk a little apart from his schoolfellows. He has a house and a separate establishment of his own, and is allowed the companionship of several chosen playmates. He is said to be a remarkably intelligent and promising boy.

The principal master of ceremonies of the Emperor, the Marquis Nabeshima, belongs to one of the historic families of Japan. He has built himself a fine house in Tokio in European style, but constructed by Japanese workmen of Japanese materials, where he and his charming and pretty wife gave a brilliant ball during our stay in the city. The Japanese ladies present were partly in European and partly in native dress. When called upon to appear at Court the former is obligatory, but on the whole the ladies appear to abandon their national costume less readily than the men, and women of the middle and lower classes everywhere cling to their old dress. European clothes are, on the other hand, universal among gentlemen, soldiers, policemen, and railway officials, but are not common among shopkeepers and never worn by coolies or labourers. The doublets and long tight blue breeches of the labourer are convenient and picturesque; but when a man of the middle class dons, as he generally does, a European felt hat, with his long-sleeved, long-skirted garment, he looks as if he were walking about in a dressing-gown, and the effect is not striking.

The Japanese are an essentially social and active-minded race, much resembling the Peloponnesian Greeks of old times. When not employed in study, commerce, or agriculture, they seldom appear content to lounge away their leisure, but want to enjoy themselves definitely and in society. Everywhere the traveller comes across picnic parties, water parties, dinner and tea parties; gardens, tea houses, temples, all offer facilities for merry-making; and the company cannot be accused on such occasions of taking its pleasure sadly, for every member thereof is chattering, laughing, singing, and doing his or her best to make matters go off cheerily.

Among the favourite entertainments of the populace, dramatic performances have always held a high place, and a great actor is fully as much appreciated among the Japanese as among ourselves. We had an opportunity of seeing Danjolo, commonly called the 'Irving of Japan,' in one of his principal characters. The building in which the performance took place, though built of wood and slightly decorated, is in many respects not unlike a good-sized London theatre. The

floor of the house is divided into little square boxes, in which kneel the audience, men, women, and children. From the main entrance to the stage runs a gangway, somewhat elevated above the floor; this is called the Flowery Path, and serves not only as a means of access to the boxes on either side, but also as an approach by which some of the principal actors make a sensational entrance on the scene. A large gallery, divided like the parterre, runs round three sides of the house, and is reached from an outside balcony. European spectators taking seats in the gallery are accommodated with chairs. The main difference between an English and a Japanese stage lies in the fact that the whole of the centre part of the latter, which is of considerable size, is round and turns on a pivot. The scenery runs across the diameter of the reversible part; so while one scene is before the audience another is being set behind, and when wanted is simply wheeled round to the front. This certainly saves a great deal of time and scene-shifting, but might be difficult to manage with the very elaborate adornments demanded by a modern European public. Japanese scenery is sufficient and historically correct, and for indoor scenes at least far less furniture is required than with us to truthfully represent a native interior.

To remove the impedimenta at the sides, or anything which has to be taken away during the progress of a scene, little black figures, with black veils over their faces, like familiars of the Inquisition, come in and are supposed to be invisible. Japanese politeness is never inconveniently clear-sighted.

The piece which we saw—the *Vendetta of the Soga Brothers*—was historical; the plot turned, as in the majority of Japanese tragedies, on the ruling passions of the race—filial piety, fidelity, and revenge. *Hamlet* and *The Corsican Brothers* would be typical dramas in the Island Empire. In the first scene a retainer of the Soga brothers receives a pass from a noble which will admit the youths into the princely hunting camp, and thereby enable them to avenge the murder of their father on their uncle, an adherent of the great Shogun Yoritomo. The noble who gives the pass is, however, accused in the second scene of thereby aiding and abetting treason. He kills his accuser and promptly commits hara-kiri, neither murder nor suicide on the stage being a breach of Japanese dramatic law.

The brothers themselves do not appear till the second act, when they come up the Flowery Path fighting with the guards of Kudo, the wicked uncle, whom they challenge to immediate combat. They are delayed by a summons to their mother's death bed, and the uncle lends them two horses to get rid of them.

Most curious is the third act. The mother proves to have shammed sickness to lure them from their enterprise, and announces her intention of marrying them forthwith, for 'wives are bits in the mouths of men.' The daughters-in-law whom she is pleased to select

are two women of more than doubtful character, whom her sons sulkily but unquestioningly accept. The marriage takes place on the stage, with a comic and well-acted representation of the bridegrooms' annoyance.

The whole was, however, a pious maternal fraud to throw their treacherous half-brother off his guard, and by night the mother dismisses them with her blessing to execute their deadly purpose, which they accomplish with the assistance of another lady, but at the expense of their own lives. We saw the tombs of the brothers and of the lady who helped them on a wild hillside not far from Lake Hakone.

Danjolo, who acted the wicked uncle, proved himself worthy of his reputation, and was excellently supported by the company. All the parts were taken by men; some plays are entirely acted by women, but the two sexes seldom perform together, and such a proceeding is still regarded with disfavour. Japanese men have little hair on their faces and make up easily as women, while, as all the performers speak in artificial falsetto voices, there is nothing to call particular attention to male assumption of the female character. The play began nominally at ten, really at eleven o'clock in the morning. We did not stay to the end, which I believe occurred at about four in the afternoon, when the audience were treated to an after-piece of lighter and more operatic nature. Japanese play-goers always spend the day at the theatre, and sufficient intervals are allowed for refreshments, which are provided both in and outside the house.

It is commonly said, and with a measure of truth, that the modern Japanese care nothing for religion; yet the race has at various times shown itself most susceptible to spiritual impressions.

The original Shinto faith seems to have been a mixture of nature and ancestor worship, to which was added later on a system of Confucian morality adopted from China, yet not endorsed with any divine sanction. Buddhism, when introduced into the country, spread rapidly, and finally settled down side by side with Shintoism, both faiths admitting into their respective pantheons deities adapted to every circumstance of life, Buddhists and Shintoists worshipping at each others' shrines indiscriminately, as they do at the present day. What is now called pure Shintoism was so overgrown by rites and ceremonies borrowed from Buddhism that its original significance almost disappeared. Then came Christianity, preached by St. Francis Xavier in the sixteenth century. Xavier himself records the remarkable testimony of his Japanese secretary, Anjiro of Satsuma, whom he found and converted at Goa.

His people would not immediately assent to what might be said to them, but they would investigate what I might affirm respecting religion by a multitude of questions, and above all by observing whether my conduct agreed with my words.

This done, the king (daimiō), the nobility, and adult population would flock to Christ, being a nation which always follows reason as a guide.

Whether convinced by reason or by the blameless lives of these early teachers, certain it is that the Japanese accepted Christianity with extraordinary facility. Native writers estimate the number of Christians prior to the persecution at two millions; the missionaries more moderately claim six hundred thousand converts.

One thing nevertheless [says Xavier's biographer] arrested the progress of the evangelist. It was difficult to prove to the Japanese that those who during their lives had not worshipped the true God would be consigned to everlasting fire in hell. They could not reconcile this article of faith with the infinite goodness of God. The memory of their ancestors is dear and precious to them.

Hideyoshi, and after him Ieyasu, aggravated, as has been said, by ecclesiastical assumptions and disputes, regarded the missionaries as foreign intruders, and determined to expel them from Japan, and to utterly destroy their doctrines. A persecution as furious as any recorded in history raged in Japan. The Christians were crucified[1] and otherwise put to death, or compelled as an alternative to trample under foot copper plates bearing representations of the Madonna and Child, the Passion of Our Lord, and other holy subjects. Specimens of these plates may still be seen in the museum at Uyemo. The answer of a neophyte who was asked how he would respond should his sovereign order him to abjure Christianity bears witness to the spirit in which the martyrs met their fate:—

Sire, would you wish me to remain faithful and ever to preserve that submission which it is seemly for a subject to feel towards his king? would you wish me to manifest zeal for your service on all occasions on which I can be of use, so that no private interest should cause me to forget what I owe you? would you wish me to be meek, temperate, and loving, full of charity towards my equals—that I should patiently suffer all the ill-treatment to which I may be exposed? Command me, then, to remain a Christian, for it is from a Christian alone that all this can be reasonably expected.

The Government was, however, too strong for these isolated Churches, and Christianity was almost exterminated. Almost, but not quite; for when Roman Catholic missionaries re-entered the country after the signing of the treaties, they discovered that several communities near Nagasaki had preserved the rite of baptism and a few Christian prayers and books. The arms of Satsuma too, a kind of cross within a circle, are by some supposed to be a relic of Christianity, but others more prosaically aver that they represent two horses' bits crossed.

A renewed attempt to crush out Christianity by exile and

[1] A Japanese condemned to crucifixion was bound upon an upright post with two cross bars, and pierced with spears until he died, by men of the Eta or Pariah class. This was a less lingering, and therefore less barbarous, mode of execution than Western crucifixion.

imprisonment was made so lately as 1867, but this was soon abandoned, and for the last twenty years persecution has been unknown in the land.

On the extirpation of Christianity at the beginning of the seventeenth century Buddhism resumed undisputed sway—by no means the atheistic and philosophic Buddhism originally promulgated by Gautama, but a Buddhism of gorgeous temples and elaborate ritual, of many gods and goddesses; of Amida, god of heaven and boundless light, whose gigantic seated image at Kamakura bends over the ancient capital; of Kwannon, the thousand-handed goddess of mercy, who is as popular in the towns and country places of Japan as the Madonna among the hills and valleys of Italy. Buddhism was essentially the creed of the Shogunate, and after the restoration was deposed from the foremost place, which was given to Shintoism, though the commentaries on the constitution expressly declare that 'to force upon a nation a particular form of belief by the establishment of a State religion is very injurious to the natural intellectual development of the people.' Temples, however, which had been used for a kind of mixed worship between Buddhism and Shintoism were purified and devoted for the future to pure Shintoism. Nobody seemed much affected by the change. A Buddhist monk has been known to emulate the Vicar of Bray, let his hair grow, and accept as a reward the appointment of priest to a Shinto shrine.

Shintoism is more especially the religion of the Court. Based as it is on reverence for, and worship of, the divine ancestors of the Emperor, it casts a halo round the Imperial vicegerent of the gods. It is impossible to estimate how far what is considered piety in Western lands influences its nominal adherents, but probably the general idea is that a man should do nothing unworthy of his ancestors, whose spirits, in some undefined way, act as his guardians and predecessors in the unseen world.

Meantime the masses of the people continue to be drawn by the colossal images and attractive services of Buddhism, and, despite all assertions, it is difficult to believe in the speedy extinction of a faith which is able to rear such a temple as the new Higashi Hongwanji at Kyoto. The size and proportions of this building are unrivalled in the ecclesiastical architecture of Japan. Its massive polished wooden columns, its beautifully fitted ceilings and flooring, and its fine wood carving can be accurately judged while the eye is still undistracted by the intended gilding and decoration of the interior. It is said that two millions of dollars have been already expended on the fabric, and that another quarter of a million has been contributed towards the internal ornamentation. Here too are the immense ropes of twisted human hair given by votaries too poor to present any other worthy offering.

Buddhism throws all its weight into the scale against the missions

of the numerous Christian Churches now working in the country, foremost among them being that of the orthodox Russian Church. The accounts of their success or otherwise are somewhat contradictory, though they have certainly made converts even among men of high standing. The distinguished leader of the Progressionists, Mr. Shimada Saburo, who held the office of Chairman of Committees of the whole House in the first session of the Diet, is a Christian, as is also Count Itagaki, who, though not a Member of Parliament, is head of the radical party. On the whole, however, the Japanese idea seems to be that men who have to re-make a nation and fight their way into the front ranks of civilisation have no time to devote to metaphysical questions. They do not believe that Christianity influences the statesmanship of foreign countries, or that entry by this gate into the comity of nations will further their cherished desire for a treaty revision which shall permit them to fix their own customs tariff and exercise jurisdiction over foreigners in the Treaty ports. They have more faith in big guns, men-of-war, diplomacy, and political economy.

Unfortunately the education of the rising generation seems to be conducted on the secular system carried to an extreme point. Up to the Restoration every class of the community had certain well-defined duties; their lives were mapped out and regulated; honour, loyalty, filial piety in both sexes, devotion till death to a cause believed to be right in men, gentleness and submission in women, were abiding principles whose infringement must entail contempt and punishment. Now the old landmarks are being broken up, and it is hard to foretell whether the ethical text-books in the public schools, morality devoid of religious foundation, will effectually take their place, whether the shadowy ancestor-worship of Shintoism will sufficiently raise the aspirations of young Japan, or whether children will be led in the right way by the preaching of tonsured monks who have still, as has been said, perceptible influence among the lower classes, but whom the pupils in the great schools are certainly learning to despise.

Yet we may have confidence that the good sense of the people and their leaders will realise and avert the danger threatening them from this quarter.

No characteristic of the Japanese race is more evident than their practical spirit. When they see that something needs to be done they instantly cast about for the best way of doing it. They have taken warning by the fate of Egypt, which has fallen into the hands of Europe as a debtor into those of his creditors, and having determined that all money required for public purposes shall be raised within their own borders, they have no national debt placed abroad since 1873, and the total foreign debt is under 800,000*l*.

Their railways, of which 1,750 miles are now open, are well con-

structed and well regulated, and the first home-made locomotive was built in Japan last January. The post and telegraph system leaves nothing to be desired. The Nippon Yusen Kuisha (Japanese Steamship Company), which owns forty-seven ships running to Chinese and other ports, and carries a large trade, now intends to enlarge its operations by starting a first-class line for passengers and cargo to Sydney and Melbourne. As the present service is excellent, and the accommodation good, there is every reason to anticipate success for this new development. Coal-mines are being rapidly opened up, and the production of iron is steadily increasing. The manufacture of cotton fabrics is sixfold what it was eight years ago, and cheap labour enables Japan to be a formidable competitor with England in the markets of the East.

The animosity to the foreigner is everywhere dying out. The present racecourse at Yokohama is a piece of land originally set aside in order that Europeans and Americans might have some place to ride and drive without infringing on the Tokaido, the road traversed by daimios' processions, a meeting with which caused almost inevitable disorder. Just before we left Japan we were present at the race luncheon given by H.B.M.'s able and popular *chargé d'affaires*, Mr. Maurice de Bunsen, to a large gathering of prominent Japanese and European residents from Tokio, and admired the handsome prizes presented to the successful competitors in the races by the Emperor and by Count Ito in conjunction with the genial Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Mutsu. Nowhere could have been displayed more friendship and good feeling between men of different nationalities.

Mingled with interest in the past history of Japan, and admiration for her present energy and enterprise, must ever be our hearty wishes for her happy and prosperous future.

M. E. JERSEY.

A STUDY FOR COLONEL NEWCOME

It happens to some of us to have a personal and peculiar association with some incident, of more or less possible public interest, which makes us the proper reporter of it. Of such sort is my own connection with that one which lends its name to this paper. I alone can give original and firsthand witness touching 'A Study for Colonel Newcome.'

During many years I have from time to time been urged by Carthusian and other friends to commit my memories to writing, but I have tarried until now when Colonel Newcome has been a dear familiar friend of the English-speaking races for well-nigh forty years, and the brain which conceived him has been dormant for thirty. At this present I have been stimulated to the effort by a letter received a few days back from a Scottish gentleman to whom I had in a journey of business imparted my little tale, and who has written:

> The 'genesis' of Thackeray's idea of Colonel Newcome, 'Old Codd Colonel,' is far more interesting to most people, I should think, than that of Gladstone's idea of Home Rule, and as no one can tell it so well as you can, I hope you will embrace an early opportunity of doing so.

These lines, immediately followed by days of heat which drove me from my study to seek occupation which I could undertake apart from books *patulæ sub tegmine fagi*, are answerable for this little narration, which I desire by the favour of an indulgent editor to lay before a public to whom Thackeray is still dear.

Perhaps I may be permitted to preface my special anecdote—my *pièce de résistance*—with a short record of my acquaintance with the great writer whom Becky Sharp and other inhabitants of Vanity Fair first introduced to fame, but whose most beautiful creation beyond all doubt is Colonel Newcome.

I first heard the name of Thackeray in 1848 from the lips of my uncle, a gallant Colonel of Engineers, who had married a first cousin and old playmate of W. M. T.'s, and who was then living at Little Holland House, Kensington, not far from Thackeray's home in

Young Street. I remember that the name sounded to me queer, not to say ugly; nor can I now account it musical, although many happy associations have clothed it with abundant charms.

Pendennis was at that time appearing month by month in its yellow covers, and I recollect telling one of my schoolfellows at Charterhouse (what I had heard my uncle say) that Thackeray valued himself more on his drawings than on his letterpress, which brought out the expression, 'Ah, there he's wrong!'

Other members of my own family knew Thackeray before I did. My eldest brother used to meet him at Little Holland House and go to him in Young Street. He had always been delicate, and died of phthisis at Brompton July 13, 1850, active mischief having been set up from his having got drenched out hunting in Leicestershire in November 1849 and gone on in his wet clothes. I recognise from the charming volume of his letters to Mrs. Brookfield that Thackeray visited my brother on the 25th of February. Under date the 26th of February, 1850, he writes:

> Yesterday, after writing for three hours or so, what did I go out for to see? First the Miss Jinglebys, looking very fresh and pretty; you see we have consolations; then a poor fellow dying of consumption. He talked as they all do, with a jaunty, lively manner, as if he should recover; his sister sat with us looking very wistfully at him as he talked on about hunting, and how he had got his cold by falling with his horse in a brook, and how he should get better by going to St. Leonards; and I said of course he would, and his sister looked at him very hard.[1]

My own first sight of the great author was at Tunbridge Wells, about April 1852, when I was recruiting after a serious school illness at the house of my aunt already alluded to, then become a widow.

Thackeray made his appearance at breakfast, and on entering put his hands together to indicate that he had seen us through the window at family prayer. He stayed literally the whole day, not leaving until after supper, though he vanished awhile after early dinner for a smoke.

In the drawing-room during both morning and afternoon he was talking delightfully with my aunt and her sister, Miss Shakespear, occupied most of the time in making pen-and-ink drawings, for which he had brought the requisite materials—a drawing-pad and coloured inks as well as black in a capacious side-pocket.

I have in my possession the first sketch of that morning—of a youth telling the old, old story to a young girl resting her pitcher at a well, with a rather doubtful dog for witness, and a pretty gabled house in the background. Several other sketches followed this one; two, I think, representing scenes connected with *Esmond*—the one (unless my memory ill serves me) of a bridal pair in a State coach of the time of Queen Anne; the other, a scene in a theatre. These

[1] *Letters of W. M. Thackeray*, p. 103.

are still, I believe, in the hands in which Thackeray placed them that day, those of his cousin, Selina Shakespear.

He told us, I remember, of his forthcoming work, *Esmond*, and said, 'You'll find it dull, but it's founded upon family papers'—for General Richmond Webb, one of Marlborough's generals, has a place in the Thackeray pedigree. I do not think that any of us have found *Esmond* 'dull'!

I remember also that he spoke of Dickens (no doubt, in answer to some question) and said, 'He can't forgive me for my success with *Vanity Fair*; as if there were not room in the world for both of us!'

I can never forget that day, which left upon my mind a deep impression of the tenderness of the man, exhibited especially towards his old playmate (still in the thirties) in her widow's weeds, and his charming courtesy to girl and womankind.

I think I may be permitted here to quote a letter which Thackeray wrote when my uncle died, which seems to me of great beauty. It was addressed to Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late General Sir John Low, K.C.B., G.C.S.I., of Clatto (afterwards the wife of Sir John Theophilus Metcalfe, Baronet). She was living with my uncle and aunt (who were hers also), her parents being in India, and had communicated to Thackeray the sad tidings. My cousin, who has the good fortune to possess the original, has kindly made for me the copy which I now transcribe:—

Kensington: Dec. 31, 1849.

My dear Charlotte,—There is no answer to such an afflicting letter as yours—for who can offer any consolation to a tender and devoted wife bereaved of her greatest earthly treasure? I think we have scarce a right even to offer condolence. May God Almighty help and comfort your dear aunt under her calamity. The pang which makes the parting with such a man, so upright, so honest, so pure-minded, so tender-hearted, inexpressibly bitter to the woman who has possessed his entire confidence and affection (and knows his goodness infinitely better than we) must yet after the first keenness yield to thoughts more comforting. Where can a good and pious man be better than in the presence of God? away from ill and temptation and care, and secure of reward. What a comfort to think that he, who was so good and so faithful here, must be called away to dwell among the good and just for ever?

There never seems to me to be any cause for grief at the thought of a good man dying, beyond the sorrow for those who survive him, and trusting in God's mercy and wisdom, infinite here and everywhere, await the day when they too shall be called away.

Goodbye, my dear Charlotte, write to me if I can be of any service, and believe me always,

Affectionately yours,
W. M. THACKERAY.

I do not suppose that I saw Thackeray again until he came to Charterhouse (to our great delight) in the summer quarter of 1853, and gave us, in the Governor's Room (the beautiful old withdrawing-room of Howard House), a lecture upon Humour and Charity. I

cannot, of course, recall the particulars of that lecture, but he spoke in it of Addison and Steele, *Arcades ambo*, Carthusians both, and, I think, complained of the Reverend Laurence Sterne, who never spoke of a child except once to curse it for having the measles and keeping him from its lady mother.

Certainly I remember that he spoke in high praise of Dickens's characteristic work, and told how one of his girls had said to him, 'Papa, why don't you write something like *Nicholas Nickleby*?' to which he had replied, 'My dear, I *can't*.' He afterwards read to us that charming paper 'The Curate's Walk' (to be found in his 'Miscellanies'), and ended by saying, with a characteristic gesture, 'They call the man who wrote that a *cynic*!'

I remember Thackeray coming to see me at Charterhouse twice during my schoolboy days, and I think the first of those visits was in the summer of 1854; but I am approaching the period of Colonel Newcome's 'genesis,' which is the *raison d'être* of my contribution.

Whatever Thackeray's first conception of Colonel Newcome and his career may have been, there is no doubt that he largely wrote his serial stories from hand to mouth. The unfinished story of *Denis Duval*, with its sad last posthumous number of notes and preparations—most industrious preparations—told its own tale. Probably the author developed his first conceptions, as the inspiration came, while the monthly instalments were in process of incubation. Certainly he filled in the outlines, and gave them (what I may call) local colouring from his surroundings.

A friend of mine, an ardent admirer of our author, once told me of a journey from Cambridge to London, which he took in the Pendennis era in company with a rather younger academic, who had been revisiting his Cambridge chums after a first year of town life. The two men had ensconced themselves in a first-class carriage, when Thackeray entered it. All the way to town the younger man rattled on of men and things, evidently to Thackeray's great amusement; and when the journey was ended, my friend, who had recognised their fellow-traveller, said to his pal, 'Do you know who that was? It was Thackeray, and you'll appear in the next number of *Pendennis*,' 'which,' says my informant R. W., 'actually came to pass, as you will see by referring to chap. xvii.' Referring to that chapter, which bears the heading, 'Alma Mater,' I read:

Coming back a few weeks since from a brief visit to the old university of Oxbridge, where my friend Mr. Arthur Pendennis passed some period of his life, I made the journey on the railroad by the side of a young fellow at present a student of St. Boniface. He had got an *exeat* somehow, and was bent on a day's lark in London; he never stopped rattling and talking from the commencement of the journey until its close (which was a great deal too soon for me, for I never was tired of listening to the honest young fellow's jokes and cheery laughter); and when we arrived at the terminus nothing would satisfy him but a hansom cab, so that he might get into town the quicker, and plunge into the pleasures awaiting

him there. Away the young lad went whirling, with joy lighting up his honest face; and as for the reader's humble servant, having but a small carpet-bag, I got up on the outside of an omnibus.

I remember reading, with something of indignation, Mr. Anthony Trollope's strictures upon Thackeray's—shall I say unsteadiness?—perhaps I should rather say dilatoriness and unsystematic behaviour as an author. Mr. Trollope valued himself upon writing precisely so many pages of precisely so many words day by day, while Thackeray probably could only write at his proper level when the humour came, or else under the pressure of urgency, when a publisher was becoming clamorous for 'copy.' Anywise, for Trollope to lecture, or to hold up his own bright example to Thackeray, seems to me like a superior sign-painter lecturing or prescribing journeyman's hours to Sir Joshua.

But whatever Thackeray may have predetermined touching the history of the Newcomes, the 12th of December, 1854, was a day upon which he made an important announcement. That date marks for me also a *Cressâ dies notâ*, for upon it I had the good fortune to speak at Charterhouse the annual Oration, in praise of our good founder Thomas Sutton, and to receive in my cap, by way of reward, no less a sum than 195*l.* Would that my more recent rostrum and my orations 'in the vulgar tongue' might *occasionally* bring a recompense after that sort!

How well I remember, after all but forty years, those sounding periods: 'Oratori vestro quæ anno jam præterito evenerunt reputanti,' &c. How well I remember having to learn and then unlearn and revise a bit about my schoolfellow, Sir William Norris Young, of the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, being shot at the Alma while giving a cup of water to a wounded Russian. He died, dear fellow, as a Carthusian should, with his face to the foe, but the cup of water was a myth. I had also to unlearn 'Quis, ipsâ Sebastopoli captâ nuperrime atque eversâ, non exultavit?' when the report of the fall of Sebastopol turned out to be a lying rumour; and the best of masters—let me write with reverence and affection the name of Edward Elder ('my friend Dr. Senior,' of the Newcomes [2])—had to construct another sentence to describe the bloody valour of Inkermann. Well, on that day (as he was wont to do from time to time on Founder's Day) to Domus Carthusiana came Thackeray—to chapel, oration, and dinner, for love of those who were of kindred to me and to him; and as *litera scripta manet* it gave me much pleasure to receive only last year from his cousin, Miss Selina Shakespear, a scrap of a note in which he has written: 'To-morrow is young Irvine's oration at Charterhouse, to which I am engaged.' During the evening Thackeray spoke, avowing after his manner that the prospect of a speech had

[2] Chap. xlii.

hindered his digestion and spoilt his dinner; and before leaving the table he said to some about him, 'I shall put all this in my book.'

Thackeray was fond of alluding playfully to his works which were in course of gestation. I can remember at a later Founder's Day, when *Philip* was on the stocks, that he said in his speech, in tones of mock terribleness, 'I can tell my friend Dr. Stone that he will find in it the portrait of a doctor that will make him tremble!'

Though I spoke the Oration in December 1854, I did not leave Charterhouse to proceed to Oxford until May of the following year, 1855; and it was on either Tuesday, the 3rd of April, or Wednesday, the 4th of April, that Thackeray came to see me. It was in the week preceding Easter, which fell that year on April 8, and I am able to fix the precise date within twenty-four hours because the day was notable as sharing alone with that of the Duke of Wellington's funeral the distinction of being a whole holiday during my nine years' school course. The cause of this was a sad one—the sudden death (though after much suffering which could only have one event) of Oliver Walford, popularly known as 'Old Ver,' the second master of the school.

When I met Thackeray at the door leading into Gownboys' Quad, he said, 'How d'ye do? I want you to take me over the place,' of which he knew every stock and stone. Immediately afterwards he said, 'I say, do you know any of the old Codds?'—a corruption, I believe, of Codger, and (as all Carthusians know) a colloquial term for the Poor Brothers of the Charterhouse; then he added, with a dig in my ribs, '*Colonel Newcome is going to be a Codd.*'

My acquaintance with the Codds was very limited: I knew 'Codd Larky,' an evergreen of the name of Miller, who remained 'larky' to quite an advanced age, long after my schooldays and my lustrum of mastership were over.

I knew also Captain Light, an old officer of fine profile and a grand 'frosty pow,' who had served her Majesty and her Royal predecessors in an Infantry regiment, and had lost his sight (so he told us) from the glare of the rock of Gibraltar. Blindness had brought him to seek the shelter of Thomas Sutton's Hospital, where he lived with the respect of old and young, tended lovingly through all the hours of daylight by his daughter, Miss Light, who retired to some lodging hard by when bedtime came.

To the quarters of this good old gentleman I led Thackeray, and after knocking I entered and remember saying, 'How d'ye do, Miss Light? I have brought Mr. Thackeray, the author, to see you and the Captain,' and then blushing to the roots of my hair, for I was a shy and self-conscious boy, and remembered to have heard that my friend had a particular objection to being designated 'Mr. Thackeray, the author.' Thackeray then sat down and talked very pleasantly with the old Captain and his daughter—ever and anon lapsing into reverie

when 'the Colonel' and Ethel we may be sure took their places with him, and then rousing himself to talk courteously again. At last we took our leave; and I remember telling Thackeray, after we had left the room, that Captain Light had served at the *Siege* of Gibraltar, when he replied quietly, 'No, he could hardly have done that,' as of course he could not, seeing that that event belongs to the years of grace 1779–82.

When the fact became known that 'Colonel Newcome was to be a Codd,' and that Thackeray had been making 'a study' for his character, it may be that there was a shade of jealousy abroad in Codd-land. My friend Codd Larky told me that I had taken him to the wrong man, and that he should have gone to Captain Nicholson, an old Guardsman, who may of course have been a more interesting personage; but simply I did not know him. Anyway, I am glad to have been instrumental in giving my old friend Captain Light and his good daughter the pleasure of feeling that the immortal Colonel was sketched from him. The grand qualities and sweet simplicities of Thomas Newcome may have been drawn (as one has heard) after Thackeray's stepfather Major Carmichael Smyth, but at least my old friend served the great artist's purpose at one stage of the working out of his sublime creation; and the resemblance of the model to the wrought-out conception has, I apprehend, never been strongly pressed, either in literature or in art.

Having given this brief account of 'A Study for Colonel Newcome,' I trust that I may be permitted to show how exquisitely Thackeray carried out his promise of Founder's Day, 'I shall put all this in my book,' by quoting at length from chapter xxxvii., which bears the title of 'Founder's Day at Grey Friars,' simply premising that the 'I' of the narrative is Arthur Pendennis, Esq., the 'Editor' of the 'memoirs of a most respectable family;' that the *order* of the Founder's Day functions is inverted—for chapel at 4 P.M. preceded the oration; and that our author, curiously enough, has quoted the *Bible* version of Psalm xxxvii. instead of that which would, of course, be used in the chapel service.

Mention has been made once or twice in the course of this history of the Grey Friars school,—where the Colonel and Clive and I had been brought up,—an ancient foundation of the time of James I., still subsisting in the heart of London city. The death-day of the founder of the place is still kept solemnly by Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the fourscore old men of the hospital, the founder's tomb stands, a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy carved allegories. There is an old Hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time—an old Hall? many old halls; old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which we walk, as it were, in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Grey Friars is a dreary place possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it; and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood.

The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day,

the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*, and upon other subjects; and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration: after which we go to chapel and hear a sermon, after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honour. The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces, and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches, the chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some threescore old gentlemen pensioners of the Hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight,—the old reverend blackgowns. Is Codd Ajax alive? you wonder—the Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen Codds, I know not wherefore—I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive I wonder? or Codd Soldier? or kind old Codd Gentleman, or has the grave closed over them? A plenty of candles lights up this chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memories, and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beautiful and decorous the rite; how noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children and troops of bygone seniors have cried Amen! under those arches! The service for Founder's Day is a special one; one of the psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear—

23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way.

24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

25. I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.

As we came to this verse, I chanced to look up from my book towards the swarm of black-coated pensioners; and amongst them—amongst them—sate Thomas Newcome.

His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Grey Friars. His Order of the Bath was on his breast. He stood there amongst the Poor Brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered hither by Heaven's decree: to this almshouse! Here it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness, and honour, should end! I heard no more of prayers, and psalms, and sermon, after that. How dared I to be in a place of mark, and he, he yonder among the poor? Oh, pardon, you noble soul! I ask forgiveness of you for being of a world that has so treated you—you my better, you the honest, and gentle, and good! I thought the service would never end, or the organist's voluntaries, or the preacher's homily.

The organ played us out of chapel at length, and I waited in the ante-chapel until the pensioners took their turn to quit it. My dear dear old friend! I ran to him with a warmth and eagerness of recognition which no doubt showed them-

selves in my face and accents as my heart was moved at the sight of him. His own wan face flushed up when he saw me, and his hand shook in mine. 'I have found a home, Arthur,' said he. 'Don't you remember, before I went to India, when we came to see the old Grey Friars, and visited Captain Scarsdale in his room?—a Poor Brother like me—an old Peninsular man. Scarsdale is gone now, sir, and is where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;" and I thought then, when we saw him—here would be a place for an old fellow when his career is over, to hang his sword up; to humble his soul, and to wait thankfully for the end, Arthur. My good friend Lord H., who is a Cistercian like ourselves, and has just been appointed a governor, gave me his first nomination. Don't be agitated, Arthur my boy, I am very happy. I have good quarters, good food, good light and fire, and good friends; blessed be God! my dear kind young friend—my boy's friend, you have always been so, sir; and I take it uncommonly kind of you, and I thank God for you, sir. Why, sir, I am as happy as the day is long.' He uttered words to this effect as we walked through the courts of the building towards his room, which in truth I found neat and comfortable, with a brisk fire crackling on the hearth: a little tea-table laid out, a Bible and spectacles by the side of it, and over the mantelpiece a drawing of his grandson by Clive.

'You may come and see me here, sir, whenever you like, and so may your dear wife and little ones, tell Laura, with my love;—but you must not stay now. You must go back to your dinner.' In vain I pleaded that I had no stomach for it. He gave me a look, which seemed to say he desired to be alone, and I had to respect that order and leave him.

Those who would make or would refresh acquaintance with some of the most beautiful and pathetic writing in our language, should read in chapter xlii. of the good man's last days, and how, as the chapel bell ceased tolling for evening prayer, Codd Colonel 'lifted his head a little and quickly said, "Adsum"' ('the word we used at school when names were called') and 'stood in the presence of the Master.'

And now as I began this paper by mentioning some occasions upon which it was my good fortune to meet Thackeray, I hope I may be permitted to carry on these slight reminiscences to the close.

I remember meeting him at Oxford (probably in 1857) in the rooms of his cousin St. John Thackeray (afterwards my brother-in-law), and I think he came to see me in my rooms at Christ Church. I also met him at a large breakfast party in the Common Room of Lincoln College, at which Mr. Mark Pattison (afterwards Rector) was present, and F. Metcalfe (the 'Oxonian in Norway'), Fowler (now President of Corpus), Merry (now Rector of Lincoln), and St. John Thackeray; and I fancy Mr. John Morley was, like myself, among the juniors. I remember also going with him to Merton Library, a quaint old fourteenth-century building, which with its treasures gave him much pleasure.

I was never at his house in Young Street, Kensington, but somewhere in the middle of the fifties he moved his household gods to Onslow Square, and so became a near neighbour to us, who lived in Thurloe Place. The families became intimate. He liked my mother, and encouraged his daughters to ask her counsel when they desired

it, and my eldest sister became on terms of affectionate and lasting friendship, especially with Thackeray's eldest daughter, who will, I trust, pardon me for quoting a few of the kind words which she wrote to me after my sister's death two years ago:

My dear dear old friend and companion whom my father always used to praise and to care for so much. . . . It seems to me like one more bit of *home* gone from here to the great Home of all.

My youngest sister also married, in 1860, Mr. St. John Thackeray, eldest son of Thackeray's 'Uncle Frank,' who wrote a life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, a review of which may be found in *Macaulay's Essays*.

Thackeray was at this time of notable and striking presence. His hair was picturesque, wavy, and truly silvern (not simply white), and his full face was handsome in spite of the blemish caused by his fight with George Stovin Venables in Carthusian days.

The Thackeray portraits with which I am familiar prove his right to inherit good looks from his father's house, as assuredly also from his mother, a Becher, who was a stately and beautiful old lady, and looked every inch like a great man's mother. At that time he very closely resembled the *earlier* portrait by his friend, Mr. Samuel Lawrence, the print of which was published by Messrs. Smith and Elder in 1853. I remember so well the attitude which the artist has caught with the chin thrust forward and upward.

In Lawrence's later portrait, which represents him reading, the eyes, I think, have a weary look, and the picture, though a true one, represents a period of decline. It is a fancy, I believe, of some devout souls that we shall see our dear ones in the better land as they were (or might have been) at the age of thirty-three; the time of life at which our Lord took our human nature glorified to Heaven.[3]

However this may be, we certainly like to remember our friends at their best, so I have set up in my home, as my memorial of the great man, Lawrence's *earlier* portrait.

For several years from 1857 I used not infrequently when at my mother's to look in at Onslow Square on Sunday afternoon, and generally found Mr. Thackeray enjoying an after-lunch cigar. I also remember his dining with us in Brooke Hall, the Masters' Common Room at Charterhouse, after I joined the staff there in 1859, and on one of these occasions we retired after dinner and chapel to the Head Master's house, when the Head Master (Canon Elwyn, the present Master of the Hospital) produced the 'Green Book,' so that Thackeray might con over the names of his school contemporaries. When he

[3] Since writing this, I have traced the thought to the late Bishop Harvey Goodwin's *Foundations of the Creed*, 2nd edit. p. 393, where he quotes (acknowledging its beauty, but without adopting this conception) the words of Martensen (*Christian Dogmatics*) to this effect. Martensen says that this view was 'adopted in the middle ages, and put forth especially by Thomas Aquinas.'

came to his own name, what should he find recorded after 'Trin. Coll. Camb.' in the column assigned to subsequent careers? *Not* author of *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, &c., but simply 'Sub-editor of the *Globe*'! At this, Thackeray professed the greatest indignation, 'Besides, I never was sub-editor of the *Globe*,' he cried, 'I wrote for the *Globe*, but I never was sub-editor.' I need hardly say that the faulty record was erased, and a worthier was entered in its place.[4]

Upon the completion of Thackeray's new house at Palace Green I was invited to the house-warming. The cards of invitation were for 'W. Empty House' (denoting at once its unfurnished state and the initials of its owner), and the bill proclaimed the fare to be our host's play of *The Wolves and the Lamb*, to be followed by a farce entitled *A Desperate Game*, by J. Maddison Morton, the author of *Box and Cox*, who, curiously enough, ended his days as a Charterhouse Codd.[5] I see in the playbill that Mr. Thackeray is announced as 'Mr. Bonnington,' but in fact he only appeared upon the stage, with a cigar, just before the fall of the curtain to say 'Bless you, my children.'

I cannot remember being more than once or twice besides at Palace Green, but I met Thackeray more than once at the Garrick Club, to which an uncle of mine used to invite me, and several times at Evans's—that wholesome smoky supper haunt where, unlike the Cave of Harmony from which Colonel Newcome hastily withdrew young Clive in anger and disgust, there was nothing to transgress the *debita pueris reverentia*, and to which old Paddy Green sturdily refused, as he expressed it, 'to admit the crinoline.' In whatever company one met him, he was invariably kind and friendly, and I am sure his heart always opened towards the young. Once more I met him, in March 1863, at Messrs. Smith & Elder's in Pall Mall, whither I went, by the kindness of my friend the late Mr. H. S. King, to see the Princess of Wales make her entrance into London, and (*fitly*, may I say?) he kept his last Founder's Day with us at Charterhouse on the 12th of December, within a fortnight of his death, his old friend John Leech being one of the stewards of the day. Though

[4] I learn from the present Head Master, Dr. Haig Brown, that the actual record which Thackeray found was: 'Michel (*sic*) Angelo Titmarsh, Sub-Editor of the *Globe*.' The latter statement was erased by Mr. Elwyn, and there is now added 'Author of *Vanity Fair*, *The Newcomes*, *&c.*, died Christmas Eve, 1863.'

[5] I think I can recall correctly some lines which were spoken at his final benefit at the Haymarket (?) Theatre, and of which I have a copy somewhere:

'Farewell, old friend, but not goodbye,
True friendship faileth never,
Tho' you to cloistered haunts must hie,
While we work on as ever.

'And when at last you end the play,
And face the life eternal,
You'll meekly bow your head and say
Your "Adsum" with the Colonel.'

he was then looking very weary, and anticipating, I think, recourse to a small surgical operation, none could have expected the loss which made the Christmas of 1863 so sad a one to thousands in England and beyond it.

Found dead in his bed upon the morning of Christmas Eve, with his arms stretched above his head as was his way when very weary—so I am sure I heard or read at the time—it was the newspapers of Christmas morning that told the sad tale to the world.

The bed upon which he died was given by his daughters to Charterhouse. I remember receiving it—for I was then the Master in charge of the Foundation Scholars—and to the Head Gownboy and his successors was accorded the honour of lying upon that historic bed, which bore at its head the following inscription from the pen of the Master, Archdeacon Hale:

Hoc lecto recumbens
Obdormivit in Christo
GULIELMUS MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
ix Kal. Janvar: an. MDCCCLXIV.
Scholæ Carthusianæ quondam discipulus
Matura ætate hujusce loci amantissimus
uti testantur ejus scripta
per orbem terrarum divulgata.
Vixit annos LII.

Was I not justified in saying, when making memorial of our great alumni in the notes to a Founder's Day sermon [1872]: [6] 'But surely Thackeray must be held the prince of Carthusians, seeing that he has illustrated in his works every part of our house'? He loved what was worth loving, and scorned meanness and wrong. *Requiescat in pace.*

JOHN W. IRVINE.

[6] *Brethren and Companions.* A sermon preached in the chapel of the Charterhouse on Founder's Day, Dec. 12, 1872, by John W. Irvine, M.A. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

THÉOPHRASTE RENAUDOT: OLD JOURNALISM AND NEW

After two centuries of neglect, Théophraste Renaudot, Founder of the French Press, has now the honour of a statue in the capital of France. Artistically, the reward may not be of great importance; for with sadness it must be acknowledged that too many of the memorials of famous men there are allowed to fall into a condition of grimy dilapidation, hardly worthy of the city's reputation; but we can all cheerfully appreciate the motive that has prompted Paris to recognise in the best way within its power the work of a notable man, who was not only the founder of modern journalism, but has some claim to be regarded as a reformer in advance of his time. Writing in 1884, M. Gilles de la Tourette lamented the oblivion which had fallen over Renaudot's name, and ventured to assert that few even of his own countrymen knew anything about one to whom they and Europe owed so much. Since then much of this ignorance has been dispelled. The vindication has been slow, but it is now complete; and Théophraste Renaudot is the first journalist in the world who, solely as a journalist, is honoured by a great city with a place among its celebrities.

He was born at Loudun, near Poitiers, in 1586 (or, as one authority puts it, 1584; there being no authentic record in existence), and began manhood about the time the assassination of Henry the Fourth by the fanatic Ravaillac took place in the streets of Paris. This deplorable event threw political affairs into a state of commotion and disorganisation favourable to the introduction of great changes and the advent of new men of bold ideas. Even quiet and distant Loudun felt its effect. Its principal citizen at the time was Scévole de Sainte-Marthe, philosopher, poet, and historian—another name to the long list of testimonies to the evanescence of popular fame. So high stood his reputation at the beginning of the seventeenth century that when Charles the First, then Prince of Wales, and the favourite Villiers were returning to London from Madrid after a fruitless mission to secure the Infanta as the future Queen of England, they, at the request of James, made a long *détour* in order to visit the famous philosopher. Among the principal participants in the literary and

philosophical symposia held regularly in his house were three remarkable men whom the English visitors probably met. They all played notable parts in life. One was Armand-Jean Du Plessis, the youthful bishop of Luçon, afterwards Duc de Richelieu, Cardinal, and First Minister of France; another bore the name of Urban Grandier, a Jesuit priest, subsequently tortured and burned as a sorcerer; and the third was Théophraste Rènaudot. In addition to being an aspiring ecclesiastic, Du Plessis was an ambitious politician, whose intrigues had already brought him into difficulties with the dominant party at Court. For him the company of men of letters had an intense fascination. He counted himself among their number, and personally contributed several items to the unmeasurable mass of forgotten literature. Another occasional visitor to the symposia was the mysterious Leclerc du Tremblay—the Père Joseph of history and romance—whose extraordinary *rôle* in the statecraft of the time has never been, probably never will be, fully known. He, the secret monitor of Marie de Médicis, widow of the murdered King, and Queen-Regent until Louis the Thirteenth assumed power, saw in Richelieu the man the Crown required to break down the power of the old nobility, and prepared the way not only for his re-establishment at Court, but for his transformation into a powerful minister. Du Tremblay also showed a strong liking for Renaudot, who, after studying medicine at Montpellier, and making a brief journey into Italy, was settling down as a steady country doctor, with a noted predisposition to accept and apply new methods of treatment and unofficial remedies. Under the advice of Père Joseph, who promised to use influence at Court on his behalf, and also at the instigation of Richelieu, who never forgot old friendships unless they stood in his way, Renaudot resolved to leave the provinces and establish himself in Paris. First renouncing the Protestantism which never weighed heavily upon him, he became a physician in the *entourage* of the youthful Louis, and soon afterwards embarked upon the adventurous policy of a social reformer.

Renaudot was profoundly affected by the intense misery prevalent among the poor. He had full opportunity of examining both sides of the picture Paris then presented; for, although receiving a small pension from the Royal Exchequer and constantly visiting the Court, ordinary practice brought him into contact with the meanest classes. His experience led him to formulate a maxim, which, in one version or other, forms the staple of all modern socialistic speeches and theories: 'Il faut que dans un état les riches aident aux pauvres, son harmonie cessant lorsque il y a partie d'enflée outre mesure, les autres demeurant atrophiées;' and it also led him to obtain from the King a concession authorising him to open a Bureau d'Adresse—a combination of Registry Office and Exchange and Mart—where employers might find servants and artisans work; vendors meet customers and

purchasers obtain bargains; and where proprietors with houses and farms to sell or let could secure buyers or tenants. It was the first practical attempt to bring the classes and the masses together. Those who used the Bureau's facilities were charged a small fee, but to the absolutely poor its doors were opened free. From this beginning sprang the existing Bureaux de Placement, with all their advantages and drawbacks, and also the *Petites Affiches* which continue in vogue in Paris.

But the great achievement of Renaudot's life was the foundation of a weekly newspaper. It has been said that he owed the idea to the eagerness of his patients to hear the gossip he retailed to them during consultations—the latest story from the Court, and the last despatch from the battle-fields. Against this fanciful theory must be placed the indisputable evidence that during his editorship his journal could not by the wildest flight of imagination be regarded as either a light or an entertaining production. It was the very antipodes of the airy style of his countrymen to-day; sedate generally, sarcastic and bitter sometimes, full of despatches from distant countries, its home news bold but very brief and seldom amusing, Renaudot's newspaper is the last literature an invalid in search of anything except repose might be expected to purchase. True, in the matter of amusement we are much more exacting than our forefathers. What caused them unbounded hilarity seems very tame to us. Probably Renaudot simply recognised the awakening spirit of the age, and saw that its best servitor was the printing press. The idea had long been in his mind, but it was not until 1630 that he consulted his friend Richelieu on the subject. The Cardinal agreed to grant a concession, renewable every ten years, on condition that the control of the periodical, nominally in Renaudot's hands, should really rest with the Court. He saw fully the importance of an instrument of the kind for the furtherance of his schemes against the old nobility, or, indeed, against any class in his way, and Renaudot as clearly saw that unless he accepted the terms his scheme was beyond realisation. Just as Richelieu was inspired by the unseen Père Joseph, the journal was to be worked by the hidden Cardinal. Renaudot chose for title the *Gazette de France*, and the first number appeared on the 30th of May, 1631. The earliest sheet in existence can be seen in the Bibliothèque Nationale, musty and yellow with age, but venerable as the oldest specimen of any regular periodical still appearing.

Its life has continued unbroken to the present day. You may search fruitlessly for it at the majority of kiosks on the boulevards, but it remains the journal of the old and even of the new aristocracy. Although the projector had no precedents for guidance, his view of a journalist's duty has remained a standard for all successors. The words in which he embodies it mark the exact position the Press must be content to occupy. Its faults and disasters have always

begun at the point where it has attempted to leave the sphere which Renaudot saw was proper and legitimate for its influence. 'History,' he says, 'is the record of things accomplished. A *Gazette* is the reflection of feelings and rumours of the time which may or may not be true.' 'In one thing only,' he continues, 'will I yield to nobody —I mean my endeavour to get at the truth. At the same time I do not always guarantee it, being convinced that among five hundred despatches written in haste from all countries it is impossible to escape passing something from one correspondent or another which will require correction from Father Time. Those who pretend to be shocked by two or three incorrect items printed as true are welcome to send me for insertion the news which they believe to be correct, and, as such, more worthy a place in the *Gazette*.' The outline is modest but well defined, perhaps not unworthy of consideration to-day. From the first number the *Gazette de France* was a success —as successes were then estimated. Renaudot became a greatly abused and very popular man, praised and vituperated in turn, like a modern politician. Luckily for his tranquillity, he was what may be described as a mental pachyderm—the highest qualification the editor of a newspaper can possess; and the full enjoyment of Court favour enabled him to thwart the overt attacks of foes created by paragraph or pasquinade.

Much has been heard lately of something called the New Journalism. Its character is vague and nebulous, differently explained by different exponents, but its main features seem to be the glorification of the personal, the unveiling of all secrets and scandals of diplomacy and courts, and the utilisation of ingenious schemes which serve primarily as an advertisement and subordinately as a decoy to prospective material advantage. When the last-mentioned characteristic is given full play, the literature is merely thrown in. It ought to be pointed out that to call this thing New Journalism is a misuse of words. It is not new at all. There is scarcely one of its devices which is not as old as the *Gazette de France*, and few of them reach the utility of Renaudot's schemes. In one point they strongly resemble their prototypes: they occasionally bring their sponsors into embarrassment, trouble, conflict with the law, and loss. In Court secrets Renaudot achieved feats which should raise the envy of the most advanced exponent of the pseudo New Journalism. He had among his regular contributors King Louis the Thirteenth himself; Richelieu supplied him with paragraphs; and his successor, Cardinal Mazarin, sent accounts of battles and victories which never took place. It was a paragraph written by the King which caused Renaudot's first serious reverse. The press was at work when the royal manuscript arrived, but as the command for its insertion was peremptory, the printing was suspended until the news could be placed among the 'Latest Intelligence.' Louis and his Queen (Anne) did

not at that time at least enjoy unbroken conjugal felicity, and the unlucky manuscript contained a statement, which proved untrue, that his Majesty intended to ask the Pope for a divorce. After the death of Richelieu and the King, Anne became Regent during the minority of Louis the Fourteenth, and, remembering this disparaging *fait divers*, she called Renaudot before her. The editor was forced to explain the circumstances under which he became responsible for the paragraph, gave the terms of the peremptory order, and added in exculpation : 'Everybody knows that the late King not only read my *Gazettes*, but continually sent me items for insertion therein. Was it for me to examine the acts of the Government ? I was only the recipient of its orders.' Through the influence of Mazarin, who continued the protection commenced by Richelieu, Renaudot was pardoned the indiscretion committed by his Royal patron, but received due warning against a similar lapse. King Louis' contributions were often in his own handwriting, and are still preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale ; sometimes he dictated his paragraphs to Lucas, his favourite valet.

Another phase of the New Journalism owes its origin to Renaudot. Recent political divisions in this country have caused considerable embarrassment to the conductors of some journals who wish to stand well with both sides. To satisfy their consciences and reconcile conflicting interests, they issue a morning sheet which supports one party, and an evening or weekly organ which recommends the other. But this also is only an imitation of Renaudot's strategy in a similar difficulty. The *Gazette de France* was the organ of the Court and the Queen's adherents. Anne and Mazarin, however, became intensely unpopular with the people of Paris, who clamoured for a parliamentary government. The Fronde rebellion ensued, and the Court fled to St. Germains. Renaudot reluctantly followed with his printing press, perceiving clearly enough that the *Gazette* at St. Germains, pledged to the advocacy of Mazarin, would cease to be acceptable to the people of Paris. He accordingly started in the capital the *Courrier Français*, installed his two sons as editors with instructions to 'pepper' the Court party as hotly as they could, and then left to show in his own *Gazette* that the prosperity of France was indissolubly associated with the policy of Anne and the Cardinal. The strife of words between the two journals directed by the same man continued during the war, and when the rebellion was suppressed, it was found that both had, from a commercial point of view, done very well. Mazarin discovered his *gazetier's* ingenious system of making the best of both sides, and was rather amused than otherwise at the audacious device. Indeed, he gave his two youthful antagonists of the *Courrier* signal marks of favour. Whatever his faults, he was no *rancunier*.

A third feature of the New Journalism is also due to Renaudot.

Certain latter-day periodicals seek popularity by novel methods of *réclame.* Some give insurance policies, others prizes in competitions; others bargains in tea, sugar, or draperies to their subscribers. But these, again, are only developments of Renaudot's great scheme of opening, under a concession from the King, the first Mont de Piété in Paris. After the foundation of the *Gazette,* this was the chief feat of his life. The New Journalism has not yet ventured to open pawnshops in London for the benefit of its clients, though recent financial embarrassments might suggest the desirability of adopting Renaudot's idea in its original form for the special relief of disappointed competitors. There is no proof that subscribers to the *Gazette* were allowed the use of the *Mont de Piété* on favoured terms, but the 'boom' his journal received from their inauguration will bear comparison with the greatest our own times have seen. It had the advantage of real use to the community, and in that respect stands higher than many later efforts. To Renaudot's credit should also be placed the fact that, although he gathered whatever profit came from the *réclame,* his own journal was never burdened by its obstreperous promulgation. The *Mont de Piété* and the *Bureau d'Adresse* were his; but the *Gazette de France* was the representative of a cause.

Other means were also adopted by the sturdy *gazetier* of enforcing his personality upon the public. He inaugurated a discussion forum, or Parisian Cogers' Hall, where all sorts of scientific and social subjects—some useful and some ridiculously fantastic—were debated. New medical remedies advocated at these meetings brought him into conflict with the Faculty of Medicine, who commenced lawsuits against him and incited others to do the same. For a long time he stood triumphant. The King even issued a Royal decree nullifying condemnations passed upon him, and commanding the judges of the courts not to molest him further. While Mazarin's influence remained undiminished Renaudot was safe, but the time came when the Cardinal's own troubles engaged his whole attention, and the *gazetier* was left to look after himself. Attacks on every side became more vehement and fresh actions by the Faculty caused him enormous expense. He was the 'Nebulo Hebdomadarius de Patria Diabolorum;' 'Usurier comme un Juif, perfide comme un Turc, grand Fourbe, grand Usurier, grand *Gazetier de France.*' The Faculty called him a charlatan, and the ignorant a sorcerer. Strife between allopath and homœopath was never greater. Overcome at last by persecution, he retired from the turmoil of the capital, wearied with the war against determined antagonists and harassed by the competition of rival journals established in defiance of a monopoly he was unable to enforce, and once more settled in his quiet native Loudun, leaving the *Gazette* in the hands of his family. He died in 1653, 'poor as a painter,' wrote his old and malevolent adversary, Guy-Patin. This statement, like many other contemporary aspersions on the Father of the French Press, was

untrue; for, although an unfortunate marriage late in life caused embarrassment and loss, his end was neither mean nor without solace.

Théophraste Renaudot's life naturally suggests a word on the Newspaper Press of to-day in France and in England. For at least a century and a half after the death of the founder of the *Gazette de France* the Press of Paris was, speaking broadly, more reputable than its rival in London. How then comes it that in 1893 Great Britain's Journalism, with all its faults, occupies the highest place in the world, while the Press of Paris has fallen in public estimation? One has only to read recent debates in the Chamber of Deputies and at the trial of the Panama Directors to find the low opinion held of it by politicians and judges alike. Probably their views are not free from prejudice; but even outside the circle of officialdom the Press in France is not held in the respect accorded to it in England. Why is this? The former started with greater advantages, and its liberty, as distinct from books, was a popular cry in Paris long before it became a watchword here. Briefly the reason is that, while in France the modern Newspaper Press is what journalists have made it, in England it is a reflection of the public mind. The difference is important—nay, enormous.

It will, I think, be found that this decadence commenced with the fatal law abolishing anonymity, and requiring, under penalties, every journalist to sign the articles he wrote. This measure was framed expressly against the power of newspapers, but its originator could hardly have dreamed that its effect would be so striking. The Marquis de Tinguy, who proposed it in 1850 to the legislature which acknowledged Louis Napoleon as President of the Second Republic, said plainly in his speech: 'You tell me my plan will mutilate the Press, destroy its influence, take from it its individuality? But that is precisely what I want.' M. Laboulie, as seconder, was equally clear. 'We must,' he said, 'finish with journalism, as we have finished with the barricades.' The opposition to the law by journalists was so fierce that, though it contains very few clauses, seven days were occupied in its discussion. When finally it passed, a distinguished writer described it as 'an infernal machine placed under each newspaper to blow it up and shatter it.' Every article on politics, philosophy, or religion had to be signed under a penalty of 20*l.* for the first infringement and 40*l.* for a repetition; and anything with a fictitious name rendered the editor or the writer liable to a fine of 40*l.* and six months' imprisonment.

To say that it was unpopular is inadequate to describe the indignation with which the Press received it. Manifold attempts to evade it were effectually stopped by a decree from the Minister of the Interior, emphasising its provisions, and even enlarging its scope to all personal references whatsoever. For nearly twenty years after-

wards the French Press was a cipher. Even worse: for it was in the position of a man who has been stunned by a blow which leaves little external evidence, but sets up mortification within. The law is now obsolete, but the blight remains. Reputable Journalism has already found out this truth. Several of the journals in Paris are again returning to 'unsigned articles,' either without reserve or by adopting a fictitious signature which is used by various persons —anonymity under another name. Some one has said that in France 'Journalism will lead to the highest position—provided you leave it.' No small proportion of its defects are due to the fact that its writers, instead of regarding themselves as journalists, used the publicity of their great institution for the purposes of personal aggrandisement and private ambition. It is a curious instance of the irony of events that to-day you may hear some newspaper-men in France boast of a system which they say proves possession of 'the courage of their convictions,' forgetting that their predecessors denounced the measure that compulsorily inaugurated it as 'La Loi de Haine.' Long acquaintance with chains and stripes so habituated the Children of Israel to bondage that Moses had great difficulty in keeping their faces towards the land flowing with milk and honey.

It need not be denied that more than once our English system of anonymity in the daily press has been assailed—always unsuccessfully. There are writers who argue that it is a disadvantage to them to have their work hidden under the general title of a newspaper. At first the argument seems plausible, but it will not bear examination. If it were true, French journalists ought to be better remunerated than their English confrères. The contrary is the case. In all grades, from editors to country reporters, the remuneration is higher here than in France, and the amenities of their calling are certainly much greater. Nor are signatures conducive to accuracy. The most imaginative flights of English journalists are commonplace in comparison with the daring ventures of their Parisian brethren, who calmly attach their names to masterpieces of audacity. The abolition of anonymity might prove temporarily beneficial in perhaps half-a-dozen cases—not more—but the inevitable general loss of prestige would soon act injuriously on the whole profession. Individual names have really very little influence in the press. The 'star' system in the theatre nearly ruined dramatic art; the 'star' preacher bids fair to stamp out unobtrusive Christianity; the journalistic 'star' would soon ruin whatever political or social influence 'leading articles' still have. One, and only one, legislative attempt was ever made to fetter the English Press by compulsory signature, but the members of even an eighteenth-century Parliament, little as they liked Journalism, ridiculed the proposal out of an embryonic existence. If the directors of newspapers care to print extraneous matter—novels and old-time reminiscences—under signa-

tures, they do useful work in adding to the employment of printers and papermakers. But it is no more Journalism than is the *rez-de-chaussée feuilleton* in a Parisian broadsheet. The system under which the English Press has attained its unrivalled position is opposed to signatures. Scarcely a leading article as it appears is the work of one man. Consultation, revision, and correction are represented in the production, making the editorial 'we' something more than the fiction the uninitiated sometimes believe. How is a signature possible under such circumstances? The moment the unseen but omnipotent editorial responsibility ceases and each writer plays for his own hand the Press is liable to become a means of deterioration, if not of corruption, instead of an independent and useful guide to fair judgment. It is not likely that English Journalism will ever part with its most precious possession. Should such an event occur, its effect, as in France, will be disastrous, not only to the Press itself, but to our whole public life.

JAMES MACINTYRE.

THE PARSEES

THE history of the modern Parsees is in effect the history of Zoroastrianism since the seventh century; but they have an ancient history as well, partly legendary, partly authentic, stretching back to many thousand years before Christ, when in that vast empire known to chroniclers early Persian Gaiomards fought demons and giants, or, in later years, conquered territory and cultivated the arts of peace.

Herodotus says that effeminate climes produce effeminate inhabitants, and that the same soil cannot produce excellent fruits and men valiant in war. Perhaps to some such reason may be ascribed the fact that Persia could not keep what it had conquered, but it did at any rate outrage historical tradition by rising and falling three successive times. Long before the last of these eras, which we may call the Arab irruption, Zoroaster had arisen to supplement the early Persian code of morality. The exact date at which he flourished is hard to fix—writers vary from 2200 B.C. to 1300 B.C.—but all that is necessary for our purpose is to note that by the time the Arabs overran Persia there had long been established a faithful and devoted body of Zoroastrians, ready to renounce all for the religion of their prophet. Zoroaster had taught them that it was not enough 'to ride, and draw the bow, and speak the truth,' they must defend the revelation with which he had entrusted them. And so it came to pass that in the seventh century a little band of exiles from Pars (in Persia) carried their principles and their sacred fire remote from Mahommedan persecutors and the homes of their ancestors, first to Khorassan and then to the Indian province of Guzerat. At this latter place they established themselves, after negotiations with the Hindu monarch, and one is glad to feel that, notwithstanding the diluted form of Zoroastrianism with which they presented that potentate, they have preserved almost intact that for which they left home and happiness in the reign of the unfortunate Yazdezard.

To follow their fortunes from this point is to narrate an almost uninterrupted history of peace and prosperity. Once only have they taken arms, and that was in the battle of Sanjan, 1305 A.D., when they helped the Hindus against the Mahommedans.

In Akbar's reign they became *commercial*, and began the trade with China which has largely made of them the luxurious nation

they now represent; but their rise in India is almost simultaneous with the British acquisition of Bombay. The Indian Parsees number now in all 90,000 people. They are and always have been devoted subjects of Her Majesty, and we may attribute this as much to a certain sympathy with Western methods of thought over Eastern as to the fact that they would rather be ruled by entire foreigners than by those whom they might themselves have conquered had fortune favoured them.

The Parsee, in the business of life and in public connections, is enterprising, eminently successful, earnest, and diligent. He does most things with ease, is blessed with intelligence, has tact and adaptability; so that his relations with all the differing races around him are easy and happy. No caste distinctions have made for him his profession, as with the Hindus. Parsees as such are all equally well born and equally favoured of the Deity. The heaven-born Brahmin has not his parallel among them. Zoroaster came to priest and layman alike. Any census will give the range of their avocations. When not medical, legal, or educational, they are commercial. Agriculture they seem to have forsaken with Persian pastures, although there is now some prospect of a return to early habits in this respect.

In domestic relations the Parsee shows favourably. He is gentle and courteous, while, as is the case with all children of the Sun, his affections are strong. His treatment of his womenkind is not Oriental; no petty jealousy consumes him lest they should be as powerful as himself if allowed similar advantages. He is, perhaps, unnecessarily luxurious in his style of living, and this reacts on his character, making him averse to any exertion which would involve personal discomfort. Doubtless it is not his fault; he has been too much the centre of his family's affections to be anything but self-regarding by education.

With a Parsee the day begins as with many other people, except that his matutinal devotions are said for him and his family by a white-robed priest, who, seated on a high stool and with his face to the sun, chants prayers in beautiful language from a Zend liturgy. Each family has its priest, who faithfully performs his duty by each member of the household. There must be something rather helpful in the thought that while they go about their daily tasks some one is hedging them round with blessings; while, in the Fire Temple close by, another white-robed intercessor stands before the sacred fire, watching the incense of a nation's prayer ascend to the God of light and heat. Nor is their connection with the Deity purely vicarious; religion enters into the life of a Zoroastrian in more ways than one. When old enough to learn anything, all Parsee boys and girls are instructed in the religion of their race. At seven years of age the boy is invested with the sacred garments, the *sudra* and *kusti*. The conception is, unlike the Judaic, that he is born good, and

that no evil touches him till his seventh year. The ceremony during the investiture is elaborate, but noticeable points are the prayer of repentance and the declaration of faith. The *sudra* is a finely woven garment—'the garment of the good and beneficial way,' as its name denotes—spotlessly white, to suggest purity, while each seam is invested with symbolism, exhorting to virtue. The *kusti* is a fine cord of seventy-two threads, representing the seventy-two chapters of the Yazashne. This is knotted round the waist of the child by the officiating dastur, who chants meantime a monotheistic creed, declaratory of the faith left to Parsees by Zoroaster and of that prophet's divine commission. At the last knot the priest says, 'Perform good actions, and abstain from evil ones,' and henceforward the young Zoroastrian is responsible for himself. The knots in the *kusti* represent to him vows of Truth and Charity with such other virtues as he may from time to time desire, and he says his prayers upon this sacred cord many times a day. It will thus be seen that, though devoid of that asceticism which characterises Brahminism, Zoroastrianism is a beautiful ministry to truth and goodness, and nothing is too small to take part in this service. Life is represented as a contest with the powers of darkness, and man is encouraged to range himself on the side of light.

To turn now to things educational. The Parsees have always happily been blessed with intelligence. In the days when their language was Persian, and their location the land of their origin, they had a literature worth possessing. Sir John Malcolm tells how the men repairing his tents at Ispahan sang mystical odes of Hafiz. Poetic sensibility is independent of rank or education with them, as with most Orientals. But Persian poetry has long ago been expounded to the uninitiated, and we know now that the warm tropical glow, the rich imagery, the soft accents which delight the ear, only veil the deepest and most mystical of philosophical longings.

The language of the Parsees in India is Guzerathi, varied slightly from the language of that province; the building up of a Persian literature is thus, alas! more or less forsaken. The Translation Committee does some good work in Guzerathi, and Zoroastrian research has of late years been solidly aided by many Parsee scholars.

The education of a Parsee compasses the ordinary stages. He begins, perhaps, at a Guzerathi school, or with tutors at home. High schools and colleges or a University course in England next await him; but many Parsees give their children an entirely English education. They do not, like the Hindus, lose caste by crossing the waters. As to statutes and such like, the University and Her Majesty's inspectors make excellent provision. Schools, both primary and high, are under Government supervision, and though much remains to be rectified in the manner of imparting instruction, any visitor to India would, I doubt not, marvel that education should have made such

rapid strides in comparatively so short a time. India walks with large steps in this as in other things, and anomalies crowd upon us: a University open in all its branches to women, and the strict purdah system; the highest philosophical enlightenment, and the superstitions of a temple to Kali. But then, like the vegetable life around us in India, we are not all winter or all summer at the same time; we are not all young together in mental any more than in physical development—the orthodox must hold to the old ways, and who can say but that this very conservatism is not the ballast of India, acting as a wholesome restraint to rashness, and keeping us from outstripping ourselves?

As to women and girls, it is customary for people outside India to mass together the peoples who inhabit it, and to talk of 'the poor downtrodden women of India,' and much sympathy is spent, and some imagination, on the troubles which are supposed to assail them. With the Parsees, we start with a difference, however, for they do not shut up their women behind the purdah, nor does their early history warrant any such custom. The Avesta has a delightful sketch of Iranian women—how they wove, and spun, and read, and rode, and drew the bow, and ruled their households. They combined all the elements necessary for a woman's education; they were companionable to their husbands and yet domestic; and so great was their spiritual importance in the Iranian family that they were allowed to partake in the sacred rites, and their names were invoked together with those of masculine saints and deities. This will be refreshing to such as are accustomed to hear Manu declare that he who does not pay his debts will be born again as 'a slave, a servant, a quadruped, or a woman'—significant category!

The Parsees of to-day may be said to have retained most of these good traditions; their womenkind are treated with respect and deference, and if we fail to be as great a power as the Iranian lady, it is doubtless because we do not better use the aids which fall to us. Like the early Iranian, the Parsee child takes the sacred vows at about seven years of age; she goes to school or has her governesses. Too often (in orthodox families) her parents stop her education at fifteen or sixteen; she comes out; she travels with her parents to the different hill-stations, in pursuit of the season; she is marriageable. The dastur of the family puts her down in his list of marriageable girls, together with a description of her personal attractions, mental and physical, and the amount of dowry which her father is prepared to give with her. This last is purely supplemental, and arrives at its largest figure when *ugliness* and *brainlessness* predominate. Nor is character omitted in the computation—a bad temper is equated in sound coin of Her Majesty's empire. If beautiful or otherwise attractive, her father feels justified in concluding that his daughter need no bush. Choice is pain; he will not dazzle the young aspirant by

too many attractions, although when the suitor has appeared the father is not loth to dower heavily. A Zoroastrian is by no means a miser; he loves to do handsomely that to which he sets his hand. The dastur, omniscient being, possesses an equally significant list of marriageable young men, with a forecast as to their prospects in their profession or otherwise; these lists, as will be imagined, make excellent literature for the respective parents. They are Iranian enough, however, to let the persons concerned manage for themselves the real business of the wooing. The parents content themselves with making opportunities, and directing the tastes of the younger generation, and compulsion is rarely necessary, whether because the child is docile—who knows?

One cannot regret any system which retains authority in an age when liberty whether much or little is likely to prove baneful; still I must confess to being intensely amused at the marriage lists I have seen, and the arithmetical exactitude of the equations. One wonders, too, why 'accomplished' should take so much off a dower when it means what it does mean in India, for most Parsee girls, alas!—a little music, bad enough to be painful, a little painting, an acquaintance with English and French. This last is often put to no further use than the reading of lachrymose novels, for there is no one in a Parsee household who will trouble to suggest better. The domestic part of the girl's education is not neglected, certainly (though she no longer minds her spinning-wheel as in Iranian days), and Parsee ladies are always peculiarly gentle and home-loving, showing to best advantage in their families. Poems sing the praises of the warlike Gurdafrid, firm in saddle and practised in the fight, who vanquished Sorab, the son of Rustum, whom no man could withstand (Firdusi). Perhaps beside her Parsee ladies are too little active; at any rate one longs for something—poverty perhaps, or the devotion to some idea, however exaggerated, which will rouse us out of our lethargy to prove ourselves worthy of our origin—emancipators of Indian women, builders of an Indian literature, reformers of Indian abuses—what not? We are so placed as to invite action; united and small, our lives must touch each other's; the treasures of the University are at our feet; India, with its beautiful sunsets, its luxuriant hills, its wild wastes, its demon-haunted caverns, its ancient literature, its differing peoples and minds, is at hand to supply our imaginations; beauty, in God's work and in man's work, is around us; the result of various civilisations is with us to influence us; looking on lovely things with a trained and understanding eye, our minds ought to grow beautiful. We might fulfil that for which the prophet said Zoroastrians were born—to add to the sum of goodness in the world, and diminish the power of Ahreman, the Evil Spirit.

Perhaps one mistake made in the education of a Parsee girl is

that the religious and emotional side of her nature is not sufficiently developed. Women have for long left the praying to the men. Some effort has of late been made to bring back the ancient times, when men and women had equal religious duties. Compare Zoroaster's prayer to Ahura Mazda, 'that the virtuous and noble Hataosa, the wife of King Vishtaspa, may exert herself to help in propagating among her sex the moral and spiritual culture of which he was the great pioneer and founder' (Yt. ix. 25, xvii. 46). So Professor Darmesteter says: 'The moral victory of Zoroastrianism is the work of a woman, and no picture of women is nobler and higher than that drawn in the Avesta.' She helped her husband to suppress evil and propitiate the gods; she was trained in all truth, righteousness, and justice, and after this life was found worthy to be invoked among the saints.

Of Zoroastrianism itself much has been said and written; we all know that the sun and fire and light are to a Zoroastrian only the greatest exhibition of the power of a deity. Pure Zoroastrianism is simply a beautiful form of Theism. The fire temple, with its priest for ever feeding the sacred flame, the incense of the people's prayers continually ascending to God, has no touch of heathenism, or of anything but what is refined and beautiful. All that is wanted now is what Mr. Arnold calls Hebraism or Judaism; we have enough of Hellenism and to spare. The *unity* of Zoroastrianism is noticeable. The people did indeed divide into Kudmis and Shehenshais, but the difference was only as to the date of the last Persian king. It does not exist in Persia, and even among Indian Zoroastrians is of no practical importance whatever. The sects intermarry, and are on the friendliest terms, retaining the distinction merely so as not to embarrass old records.

To view religion now in its concrete aspect and in its relation to the life of a Parsee. At a child's birth the protecting angels are invoked, prayers are offered in the fire temples, the astrologer is consulted, the child's name suggested (for the goddess of Fate does not write *visibly* on the blank paper laid ready for its use beside the bed of the young infant). Then comes the time for his admission to the privileges of his race: the investiture with the *sudra* and *kusti*, already explained. The next occasion for a ceremony is a marriage—full, as all Eastern ceremonies, of symbolism. It is worth noticing that the marriage knot is a sevenfold cord—seven being a sacred number among the Parsees; the concluding ceremony is also peculiar—the walk round the sacred fire, indicative of a desire to make religion the centre of their joint lives, with all that fire symbolises of purity and holiness and light. The liturgy is interesting—Ahura Mazda is invoked for happiness. Then follows the curious and quaintly detailed marriage blessing, compassing many sides of life. A fool is

evidently not easily suffered. 'May you be brilliant'; exhortations to virtue and piety succeed this, with excellent maxims for daily life: 'Do nothing without mature consideration;' 'Avoid being angry;' 'Be courteous, sweet-tongued, and kind;' 'Do not indulge in scandal;' 'Do not quarrel with the revengeful;' and, what certainly does credit to the appreciation of knowledge, 'Do not co-operate with the ill-informed.' 'Speak in an assembly after mature consideration' may be enjoined on occasions other than a marriage. Also, 'In no way annoy your mother.' Then are invoked the thirty angels for their respective virtues, and final blessings that thoughts, words, and actions may be good dismiss the patient couple.

The funeral rites are peculiar to Persia. The Parsees will not burn or bury their dead, because they consider a dead body impure, and they will not suffer themselves to defile any of the elements. They therefore expose their corpses to vultures, a method revolting perhaps to the imagination, but one which commends itself to all those who are acquainted therewith. And, after all, one sees nothing but the quiet white-robed procession (white is mourning among the Parsees) following the bier to the Tower of Silence. At the entrance they look their last on the dead, and the corpse-bearers—a caste of such—carry it within the precincts, and lay it down, to be finally disposed of by the vultures which crowd the Tower. And why should the swoop of a flock of white birds be more revolting than what happens in a grave?

Meanwhile, and for three days after, the priests say constant prayers for the departed, for his soul is supposed not to leave the world till the fourth day after death. On the fourth day there is the Uthanna ceremony, when large sums of money are given away in memory of the departed. The liturgy in use is a series of funeral sermons by Zoroaster.

Of superstitions, the Parsees have had more than they retain. Connected with burial is the popular conception as to the efficacy of a dog's gaze after death. Dogs are sacred, and supposed to guide the souls of the dead to heaven, and to ward off evil spirits; hence it is customary to lead a dog into the chamber of death, that he may look at the corpse before it is carried to the Tower.

Oriental scholars will miss the prominence of Parsee legislation. We have no Manu and no Koran. The Codes prepared by the Prophet seem to have been lost in early ages. Custom has guided therefore, and the Panchayet had the final decision in disputes. The first Panchayet was a self-constituted council of the influential members of the community. It was the court of justice in all causes, and any refusal to abide by its decrees was punished by excommunication, and, what would have delighted Bentham, public beating

with shoes. About the eighteenth century the Panchayet received Government recognition, but it was reconstructed in 1787, in consequence of quarrels and the oppression of the members. In its new form it consisted of six priests and six laymen, and it worked well. It passed regulations about such matters as the manner of mourning; e.g. they were not to cry in assemblies, or beat their breasts, or indulge in any excessive grief. So with sumptuary regulations as to feasts and fasts. Such a body depended for its efficiency entirely on the strength of the members composing it. As soon as the older ones died out, and weaker men came to rule, the Panchayet ceased to have any effect. Persons were respected in the distribution of punishment, and many wicked flourished unmolested. As a result it ceased to exist in 1836, and has since then been no more than trustee for the charitable funds of the community. Thus bereft of a governing body, the Parsees solicited Government aid, and after much inquiry and discussion two Acts were passed—the Parsee Succession Act and the Parsee Marriage and Divorce Act, 1865. Moreover, the Parsee Matrimonial Courts have taken the place of the old Panchayet in the matters they consider, and of the constitution and procedure of this court the curious will find ample explanation in the report of Sir J. Arnold's commission.

It remains to add something by way of apology. I have been hampered by the thought that much that I can say must be common knowledge. Moreover, I have tried to avoid what could be found in books. All that was possible was to glance at the Parsees as they appear in their daily life in India. We find an anomalous little body of people, with a history and a philosophy, planted in a small corner of Western India—themselves in a way both Western and Eastern—and thus forming a bridge between the continents. *Western* in progressive thought, in education, and in social customs; *Eastern* in location, in birth, in imagination, and religion, and working in what was a foreign country in the most perfect harmony with the people and their rulers. Always loyal to Her Majesty's Empire, they may be said to be interpreters to the East of the Western spirit, while the most cordial relations exist between them and the other races in India. Their religion has found many expounders and defenders; all must acknowledge its beauty, its freedom from superstition, its high moral ideals, its charming symbolism. In education and social customs we find them almost European.

And now the tale is told. We have seen the Parsee as he stands before the priest in that early solemn moment of his life when he is named by the name of his Prophet; we have met him in public and private life; we have watched as his hands were bound with that sevenfold cord; then, when the last rites came to be performed, we listened to the chanting of the funeral dirge, and saw the white-robed procession winding to the Silent Tower; and, as they lift him

gently to where his foot has never trod, let us turn aside to the hearth and the sandal-wood, that to Ahura Mazda may ascend from us the prayer that *the three days* may not yet have elapsed, but that even now the spirit of that dead Persia, which once reached so far westward, may rise to inspire her representatives in India with desire and strength, that we may effect our true destiny handed down to us by the Prophet, through the ages—even to widen the skirts of light, and make the struggle with darkness narrower.

CORNELIA SORABJI.

NEW WAYS WITH OLD OFFENDERS

Few fields of historical research are more fertile or more fascinating than the annals of the Criminal Law. I do not refer now to such antiquarian curiosities as 'compurgation,' 'ordeal,' or 'wager of battle,' nor to the barbarities of its early procedure, which (down to the year 1836) denied to a man accused of felony the right of being defended by counsel. I refer to much later times, and especially to the recent developments of our penal system. As members of a civilised community, we all recognise the value of social order, but how many of us are familiar with the mechanism by which the powers that make for righteousness control those that make for anarchy and plunder?

Even a superficial inquiry into our penal system bristles with problems of enormous interest to the philosopher, the jurist, and the statesman. Here are some of them. What is crime as distinguished from immorality, or, to put it differently, when does the infraction of the moral law become an injury to society of which the State ought to take cognisance? What is the leading idea underlying punishment? Is it to give pain, to deter, or to reform? If it is a combination of all three, what are their relative proportions? What is the best way of checking relapse into crime and the manufacture of the habitual criminal? How far ought a previous conviction to affect the sentence pronounced for a second or subsequent offence? Can any means be devised for making sentences more uniform? All these questions confront us at the outset. Some of them may be decisively answered by reference to our criminal statutes and our prison regulations. Others are not so easily disposed of, for they belong to the region of opinion. In the course of this paper I shall touch upon them all, and as nearly as may be in the above order.

I

In the early stages of civilisation the domain of crime and the domain of immorality were not distinguishable. An examination of the decalogue shows this. The fifth, seventh, and tenth commandments are addressed to breaches of the moral law, as it is understood at the present day; the sixth, eighth, and ninth to breaches of the

criminal law. The first batch would no more find a place in a modern penal code than would the second in a modern pulpit discourse. The one set of rules has in process of time become differentiated from the other. If it is asked, Where do you draw the line? the reply is, There is no absolute line. It varies in different countries, and in different ages of the world's history. Thus of the ten crimes which the Jewish law punished with stoning, nine have long ceased to be such, and the tenth (rape) has wholly changed its character. Instead of being an offence against property, it has become an offence against the person.

But we may go further. What is a crime in one country is sometimes only a civil injury in another. In ancient Rome, for example, theft was regarded not as a crime, but as a wrong done to an individual for which compensation, on a greatly enlarged scale, was exacted in money. In England, there are at this day libels and assaults which may be made the subject either of criminal or civil proceedings at the option of the person aggrieved. And we may conjecture that this was at one time true of all misdemeanours, technically so called, from the fact that when this class of case is to be tried the accused is styled 'defendant' in the oath administered to the jury, as if he were a party to a civil action.

Again, the tablets of the moral law have been long ago written up, no addition to them having been made since the establishment of Christianity. The criminal law contracts and expands in obedience to the march of public opinion. As an instance of its contraction, take the statutes passed in 1871 and 1875 for the protection of trade unions. As an instance of its expansion, take the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1885, which, by raising the age of consent to sixteen, converted into a punishable misdemeanour what had been until then only a moral delinquency. It is true that crimes are usually immoral acts, but they are not universally so, nor are they punished as such. For example, neglect to repair a highway or a sea wall is technically a crime, and may be made the subject of indictment, but sins rather against public convenience than against the moral law. Nowadays an immoral act is punished only as a crime when it involves an outrage on person or property.

Further, the criminal law, unlike the moral law, deals exclusively with external acts; with what the hand does, not with what the heart prompts. Hence it has little to say to motive. An act of which the motive may be bad, and which is, therefore, so far immoral, may be entirely harmless socially, and altogether outside the pale of the criminal law. An act of which the motive may be good, and which is, therefore, so far moral, may be very injurious to society, and for that reason become a crime. Squandering one's patrimony at a gaming table is an instance of the first. Robbing one's employer in order to maintain one's family is an instance of the second. What

the criminal law takes account of is not motive, but intention, a very different thing both in law and in logic. If A kills B with the intention to do so, he is *primâ facie* guilty of murder, and it matters not whether his motive was to put out of the way a villain of whom society is well rid, or merely to transfer with greater ease that villain's purse to his own breeches-pocket. The presence or absence of motive is useful as throwing light on the intention, but it is for the intention (*e.g.* to kill or to steal), as manifested by the overt act, and not for the motive or final cause, that criminal punishment is awarded.

The catalogue of Crime, although not invariable, as is the catalogue of the Moralities, has been pretty constant for a good many years. Its bulk is contained in five consolidating statutes passed in 1861. Of these the Act relating to offences against the person, the Act relating to offences against property (commonly called the Larceny Act), and the Act relating to forgery, are all founded on the ancient common law. The remaining two, the Malicious Mischief Act and the Coinage Act, are of statutory origin. The principal additions made since 1861 are the Criminal Law Amendment Act already mentioned, and sundry other Acts dealing with corrupt practices at parliamentary and municipal elections, with fraudulent bankruptcies and fraudulent trade marks, and with the manufacture of explosive substances under circumstances of suspicion. By far the largest proportion of the total crime committed in Great Britain is made up of offences against property, unaccompanied by violence. Next to these in frequency are forgery and offences against the currency, and next again, but of late years in considerably reduced numbers, offences against property, accompanied by violence. The offences enumerated in the three last classes are those to which habitual criminals are most addicted.

Passing now from crimes to the persons convicted of them, how are these dealt with at the present day? Half a century ago, as everybody knows, they were disposed of in very simple fashion. The State got rid of the mass of its criminals by shipping them off to some distant land. When after the War of Independence the American colonies ceased to be open to us as a dumping-ground for our desperate or doubtful characters, the Australian colonies were resorted to. New South Wales was first tried, then Van Diemen's Land. The convicts on their arrival were either put on Government works or assigned like slaves to private employers, whose commands could be enforced through the local magistrate by flogging and other degrading punishments. The effect of this system on both colonist and convict was extremely bad. After several investigations by Committees of the House of Commons, the Government decided to divide the duration of the sentence into two distinct parts, the first part to be spent at home, the remainder beyond seas. But the experiment did not last long, for the older Australian colonies, after

a few years, refused to take our convicts on any terms. Transportation to New South Wales ceased in 1840, to Van Diemen's Land in 1852. Western Australia, having sustained a severe drain of its population by the rush to the gold-fields discovered in 1850 in other parts of that continent, continued to receive our convicts until 1867, when, yielding to the pressure brought to bear by its neighbours, it too closed its doors against us.

I make no apology for having dwelt for a moment on what may appear to some to be ancient history, for although transportation has long become a thing of the past, it has left a large legacy behind it. Many of the experiments made in its later days with a view to reform the condition of the 'transportee' are now part and parcel of the system of Penal Servitude, by which it has been superseded. The experiments I refer to are these:—(*a*) The separate confinement system. (*b*) The probationary stage system. (*c*) The system of conditional release. Separate confinement, as a preliminary stage, which every convict must pass through, was first tried in Pentonville, which was opened in 1842 as a pre-transportation prison. Millbank, opened twenty years earlier and since demolished (its work being now done by Wormwood Scrubbs), was used for the same purpose. The period of such confinement was first fixed at eighteen months, but has since been reduced one half. Under the existing system all convicts, whether male or female, spend the first nine months of their sentences in complete isolation from their fellow-prisoners. The only places where they have the chance of seeing each other are the exercise ground and the chapel. During these nine months the male convict is employed in some industrial work, such as oakum-picking, mat-making, tailoring, or shoe-making, of a more or less remunerative kind. He is then transferred to one of our convict establishments at Aylesbury, Borstal, Dartmoor, Dover, Parkhurst, Portland, or Portsmouth. There he labours in restricted association with other convicts. If his strength permits, he is employed in clearing or reclaiming land, building breakwaters, or in similar undertakings. If it does not, he follows one or other of the trades which he has practised in the prison where he was first lodged. All female convicts are sent to Woking Prison, where they are put to laundry, or other work suited to their sex and age.

In the year 1891–2 the total number of male convicts received into our convict prisons under fresh sentences was 613, and the total number of female convicts so received was 49. The proportion of males to females was, therefore, rather more than 12 to 1.

From 1864 to 1891, the minimum sentence of penal servitude was a term of five years. By an Act of 1891, this minimum was reduced to three years. All convicts may, by industry and good conduct, pass through four progressive stages by means of a system of marks, said to have been invented by Archbishop Whately, and

first tried in Ireland. By this system they may obtain a remission of a portion of their sentences. This portion is, in the case of a male convict, by an order of the Home Office of August 1890, one-fourth of the whole term; the nine months of solitary confinement, which was formerly excluded from the computation, being now reckoned in. If the industry or conduct fall short of the required standard, a remission may still be earned, but of less amount.

Female convicts may gain a remission of one-third of their sentences, and when their sentence is for five years and upwards they may, nine months before the time for their release on 'license,' be transferred to establishments known as 'refuges,' where they have greater liberty and employment of a more domestic kind, without, however, being able to leave. The 'refuges' near London which are officially recognised are the East End Refuge near Finchley, the Elizabeth Fry Refuge, and the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution.[1]

A convict whose sentence is partially remitted under the Penal Servitude Act, 1864, which, as amended by later legislation, still remains in force, becomes the holder of a 'license' revocable on certain conditions specified on the back of it. These are that he shall abstain from any violation of the law, shall not habitually associate with notoriously bad characters, and shall not lead an idle, dissipated life. He is also whilst this license lasts subject to Police Supervision, the nature of which is discussed in a note at the end of this article.

The above rules apply to all sentences of penal servitude. Life sentences are specially considered by the Home Secretary after the lapse of twenty years, and a remission is granted or withheld according to the circumstances of each case.

Our convict prisons, of which I have exclusively spoken up to this point, have always been under Government control. But not so our local prisons, where sentences of imprisonment, as distinguished from penal servitude, are carried out. These formerly belonged to local authorities, and in some instances to private persons. Thus, as late as 1877, the Marquis of Bristol claimed to be the proprietor of the prison at Bury, and as such to appoint the gaoler, or, as he is now called, the governor. Proprietary prisons were known as 'franchise prisons,' and were created such by royal grant. So great was the diversity of local prison administration that, down to quite recent times, precisely similar sentences were attended with very different degrees of punishment in different localities. The construction of the buildings varied; the dietaries varied; so did the quantity of the labour exacted; so did the rigour of the discipline. Charles

[1] The conditional release, which had its origin in this country, has gradually made its way throughout Europe, having been adopted successively by France, Germany, Denmark, Belgium, and Italy. It also obtains in Austria, Norway, Sweden, and some of the United States. In Spain and Russia it is not made use of.

Reade thus fairly describes these discrepancies in his well-known novel, *It is Never Too Late to Mend*—

In some gaols (he writes) you may see the non-separate system; in others the separate and silent system; in others, a mixture of these: *i.e.* the hardened offenders kept separate, the improved ones allowed to mix; and these varieties are at the discretion of the magistrates, who settle within the legal limits each gaol's system.

Some of the minor borough prisons were disfigured by very glaring abuses. The prisoners awaiting trial, although presumed by law to be innocent, were associated with those already convicted. Juvenile offenders were placed in close contact with adults steeped and hardened in crime. The Prison Acts, 1865 and 1877, were passed to remedy these defects, to reduce this chaos to order. By the Act of 1865 each prison was required to contain separate cells, and to be lighted, warmed, and ventilated. By the Act of 1877, the whole of the 113 local prisons were taken over by the Government. Several were closed forthwith; others have been closed since; and the total number is now only fifty-eight. Absolute uniformity reigns throughout them all, not only in respect of discipline, but also of diet and clothing. The inmates pass through progressive stages by means of a system of marks similar to that which obtains in penal servitude. These stages are four in number. In the first stage the prisoner sleeps on a plank bed, without a mattress, every night in the week; and, if sentenced to hard labour, he spends six to eight hours, according to his strength, in turning a hand-crank or in treading a wheel. This labour is called 'first-class hard labour,' and was defined thirty years ago by a committee of medical experts as 'labour that visibly quickens the breath and opens the pores.' The first stage continues until the prisoner has earned 224 marks. No more than eight marks can be earned in a day, so that this stage cannot last less than twenty-eight days. In the second stage the prisoner sleeps on a mattress five nights out of seven, and on a plank bed the other two. His labour is now of a less exacting character, resembling that undergone in the first nine months of penal servitude. It is called 'second-class labour,' and it continues, in one form or another, till the end of the sentence. In the third stage, which can only be reached by earning another 224 marks, he sleeps on a mattress six nights a week, and on a plank bed the remaining night. In the fourth stage, only to be reached by the same process as the third, he sleeps on a mattress every night, has library books as well as books of instruction in his cell, and is allowed to write and receive one letter, and to have one visit, lasting at the outside twenty minutes, from his relations or friends. For each 672 fresh marks he earns whilst in this stage he may write and receive one additional letter, and may be visited once by his friends for the space of half an hour.

During this his progress towards freedom, the dietary of the prisoner remains constant, but varies as between prisoner and prisoner according to the length of his sentence. There are four classes of diet, the worst being known as No. 1, the best as No. 4. The penal servitude convict is, on his reception into prison, placed on diet No. 4, and this is maintained throughout his term. In proportion to the marks earned by each prisoner, whether in a convict or a local prison, small gratuities are placed to his credit. These he receives on quitting the prison. In addition to these gratuities, the Prison Commissioners may, on the recommendation of the Visiting Committee, order a sum of money not exceeding 2*l.* to be paid to the prisoner himself, or to one or other of the certified Prisoners' Aid Societies (of which there are some sixty or seventy working in connection with the English prisons), on their undertaking to apply it for the prisoner's benefit. Under the guidance of one or other of these societies the liberated prisoner may, if so minded, find work, and start again on the road to gain an honest livelihood.

Now that all sentences are worked out at home, there is no essential distinction in kind between a sentence of penal servitude and a sentence of imprisonment, but there are important minor differences between the two, which it may be convenient to sum up:

1. The maximum sentence of penal servitude is, necessarily, a life one. The minimum is a term of three years, the first nine months of which are usually passed in a local, and the remainder in a convict, prison. The maximum sentence of imprisonment is two years, the whole of which is passed in a local prison. The minimum sentence is a single day. As Assizes sentences date from the day on which the assizes open, and Sessions sentences from the day on which they are pronounced, this last is equivalent to an immediate discharge.

2. In penal servitude there is a possibility of a remission of a portion of the sentence, and this remission is the prisoner's *right* if he can earn it by marks. In imprisonment there is no remission at all, unless the Crown thinks fit to grant one as a matter of grace.

3. 'First-class hard labour' is never undergone by a prisoner sentenced to penal servitude unless he be punished specially for a prison offence. In imprisonment, whenever hard labour forms part of the sentence, hard labour of the first class has to be undergone for at least a month, and may have to be undergone for longer.[2]

The next interesting change to be noticed is in the treatment of

[2] The best guide to our prison system is *The Punishment and Prevention of Crime*, by Sir Edmund Du Cane, K.C.B. (Macmillan, 1885.) Sir E. Du Cane is Chairman of Commissioners of Prisons, and also Chairman of Directors of Convict Prisons, and therefore speaks with authority. To him and to Captain Price, R.N., Governor of Wormwood Scrubbs Prison, I beg to tender my especial thanks for valuable information given and facilities afforded.

first offenders. Judges of Assize and Chairmen of Quarter Sessions have from time immemorial had the power to bind over a convicted person for a prescribed period to come up for judgment when called upon, as an alternative to sending him to prison. This power was, however, very sparingly used, as it was thought to savour of undue leniency. In 1879, a like power was conferred by statute on Courts of Summary Jurisdiction, but on these only. In 1886, Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P., formerly Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, brought in a Bill to extend the operation of the Act of 1879 to Assize Courts and Quarter Sessions. In order to get over the objection on the score of undue leniency, the Bill proposed to subject the first offenders dealt with under it to 'Police Supervision,' thus putting them on the same footing as holders of a license under the Penal Servitude Acts. The Police Supervision clause was, however, struck out in Committee, so that the Bill as passed (in 1887) was only a confirmation by statute of the powers already possessed at common law. The leading section of this Act is worth transcribing, if only as a specimen of parliamentary drafting:

In any case in which a person is convicted of larceny or false pretences, or any other offence punishable with not more than two years' imprisonment, before any Court, and no previous conviction is proved against him, if it appears to the Court before whom he is so convicted that, regard being had to the youth, character, and antecedents of the offender, to the trivial nature of the offence, and to any extenuating circumstances under which the offence was committed, it is expedient that the offender be released on probation of good conduct, the Court may, instead of sentencing him at once to any punishment, direct that he be released on his entering into a recognisance, with or without sureties, and during such period as the Court may direct, to appear and receive judgment when called upon, and in the meantime to keep the peace and be of good behaviour.[3]

By a circular issued from the Home Office in 1892, county magistrates were recommended to avail themselves of the section just quoted more freely than they had hitherto done. This advice was

[3] If this section be construed according to its terms, the whole of the circumstances enumerated in it must be present before the Act can be applied. But this would be contrary to the preamble, which recites that 'it is expedient to make provision for cases where the reformation of the person convicted of first offences may, by reason of the offender's youth *or* the trivial nature of the offence, be brought about without imprisonment.' It would also lead to an absurd result. Suppose the prisoner to be young, his offence trivial, and the circumstances extenuating, is the Court to be precluded from applying the Act because it cannot get at his antecedents? The true view appears to be that, although the conjunction '*and*' is used, the enumeration is intended to be *disjunctive*—that is to say, that each of the things mentioned may be regarded separately by the Court, and notwithstanding that the others are absent. But even this construction must not be taken too literally, for how can the 'antecedents' of a man be dissociated from his 'character,' seeing that they go to make it up?

justified by the. encouraging fact that a return made to Parliament in the previous year showed that out of 2,530 persons to whom, during the three years 1888–90, the Act had been applied in the Metropolitan and five large provincial Police districts, only 169, or 6·6 per cent., had been called upon to appear and receive judgment, or were known to have been convicted of a fresh offence. Whether the scheme of this Act can be improved upon, I shall consider in the second part of this paper.

The last improvement I shall here notice is the treatment of the second offender and the habitual criminal. The law has for centuries acted on the rule that second offences should be punished more severely than first. Benefit of clergy, that grotesque solvent of the rigour of our old Draconian legislation which visited nearly every felony with death, could only be claimed *once*, those who claimed it being branded on the brawn of the thumb, to ensure their being identified if they got again into trouble. The strange fiction that all laymen who could read were clerks in holy orders and so entitled to 'plead their clergy' was abolished in 1827; but the legislature continued to mark its sense of the greater heinousness of a second offence by raising the standard of punishment for it. Provision to the like effect is made by the Larceny and Coinage Acts of 1861. The Prevention of Crimes Act, 1871, carries the rule still further. When a man has been convicted a second time of an offence falling within one or other of the descriptions mentioned in the note,[4] the whole attitude of the State towards that man undergoes a change. He is no longer entitled to the presumption of innocence, which is made in favour of persons who have not been found guilty before. He is liable to be sentenced to a year's imprisonment with hard labour, if within seven years after the expiration of his last sentence it is shown that there are reasonable grounds for believing that he is getting his living by dishonest means, or he lays himself open to suspicion in other ways specified in the Act. The first suggestion of these precautions came from that ardent humanitarian, Mr. Matthew Davenport Hill, Recorder of Birmingham, as may be seen by referring to his charges to the Grand Jury of 1850 and 1851.

It is not possible to do more here than allude to the benefits derived from the establishment of Reformatories, as a substitute for imprisonment, in the cases of convicted children under sixteen, and of Industrial Schools for unconvicted children under fourteen. These

[4] (1) Uttering false or counterfeit coin of the realm of any kind. (2) Possessing counterfeit gold or silver coin. (3) Obtaining goods by false pretences. (4) Conspiring to defraud. (5) Being found by night armed or with housebreaking implements, or under other like circumstances, importing an intention to commit burglary or some other felony.

institutions, created and sustained entirely by voluntary effort, were formally recognised by the State in 1854, and are now as firmly settled in our midst as if they were State founded and State supported. The principle underlying them is that which Beccaria proclaimed to all Europe in the latter half of the last century. Received as entirely original then, it has since become a commonplace: 'È meglior prevenire i delitti che punirli,' 'It is better to prevent than to punish crime.' But this is only part of the whole. There is another and complementary principle: 'In order to prevent crime it is necessary to punish it.' These two principles lie at the root of all our schemes of compulsory education and all our methods of prison discipline.

II

Such being an outline of our present penal system, let us now inquire whether any improvements can be made in it. To limit the investigation, I shall confine myself to three points. 1. What is the true measure of criminal punishment? 2. What weight should be given to a previous conviction when sentencing for a second offence? 3. Can any means be devised for making sentences more uniform?

1. For upwards of two thousand years men have disputed (and they will probably continue to dispute) as to what should be the end of human punishment. Plato discourses on it in the *Protagoras* and the *Gorgias*, Aristotle in the *Ethics*; Cicero and Seneca are not silent on the subject. Paulus and Ulpian treat of it in the Digest, and the patristic theologians discuss it at length in reference both to this world and to the next. I shall not, for obvious reasons, embark on this sea of controversy, but shall restrict myself to the modest and practical question, What is the measure of criminal punishment according to English law? To begin with, it is I think demonstrable that this measure is not the measure of the moral wrong done. If it were, an attempt to murder would be considered as equivalent to actual murder. This is, in fact, the case in France by an express provision of the *Code Pénal*, Art. 2. But with us it is otherwise, no sentence of death for such an attempt having been permitted to be 'recorded,' much less pronounced in open court, since 1861. Moral wrong may be a factor in the measure of criminal punishment, but it is not the dominant factor. The measure which our law primarily regards is *the injury done to social order*, that is to say, to the community of which the offending person is a member. I am aware that, in saying this, I am differing from so considerable a philosopher and jurist as Sir James F. Stephen. In an admirable chapter on 'Crimes and Punishments' in the second volume of his *History of the*

Criminal Law he expresses himself thus: 'The sentence of the law is to the moral sentiment of the public in relation to any offence what a seal is to hot wax. It converts into a permanent final judgment what might otherwise be a transient sentiment.' A similar opinion was enunciated in the same year (1883) by Sir Edward (then Lord Justice) Fry in a contribution to this Review, and was supported by one of those closely reasoned arguments which won for him, during his fifteen years of office, the admiration of the Bench and the Bar. He there discusses the relative values of the several criteria of punishment commonly put forward, viz. (1) the magnitude of the mischief done to the individual injured; (2) the magnitude of the mischief done to the community at large; (3) the repressive effect of the example as regards others; (4) the reformation of the offender. He first shows, and shows conclusively, that each of these, taken by itself, is an insufficient guide. He next maintains that, taken all together, they are only 'secondary or collateral to the main idea.' That idea, according to him, is 'the adaptation of suffering to sin,' 'the adjustment of pain to vice.' His contention is that in the apportionment of penalties we should have regard 'primarily and directly to the moral nature of the offence,' and should assign pain and suffering in as close a proportion as is possible to its moral wickedness.

If this doctrine were universally acted on, sentences pronounced for the same crime, in the same locality, instead of being made more uniform would drift more widely apart than they do now. That each man has a different standard of morality for others, regulated more or less by what he is himself inclined to, is as old as *Hudibras*. Imagine every judge or magistrate guiding himself mainly by his own sense of what that standard should be. How can he probe the depth of motive? What does he know about the prisoner in the dock, his inborn and transmitted defects, his surroundings, his temptations, and all the other things that make the degree of his immorality greater or less? I do not, let me repeat, affirm that the moral aspect of the offence ought to be entirely excluded. What I do venture to affirm is that the high authorities just quoted have over-estimated the value of that aspect, and that Paley, Bentham, and Feuerbach were right when they maintained that criminal justice should be chiefly preventive—preventive, that is, not only as regards the individual incriminated, but also as regards others who might feel disposed to copy his bad example. Conceive, by way of illustration, a locality in which a particular class of crime is, for the time being, rife. If 'regard were had primarily and directly to the moral nature of the offence,' the prevalence of the crime must be looked on as an extenuating circumstance, for an immoral act is less blameworthy when the general moral tone is low than when it is high.

Yet it may be expedient to award a more severe punishment in the case of a locally prevailing crime than in the case of a crime graver morally, but rare and exceptional in the district where it is committed. It is by reference to this principle that we best explain the paradox that larceny and embezzlement are classed as 'felonies,' whilst perjury, false pretences, and conspiracy to defraud, offences quite as immoral but not so common, are classed as 'misdemeanours.'

Ranging the factors of a criminal sentence according to their relative weights, the order appears to me to be this. Preventive justice first, reformatory justice second, and retributive justice a bad third. Retributive justice is only admitted in aid of reformatory justice—when, for instance, the circumstances of aggravation are such as to show that a longer time than usual must elapse before the criminal is brought to a sense of his crime and before the reformatory process can set in. It should never fill the first place in the mind of the judge when he is considering the length of the sentence.

Whilst the Retributionist School is at one extremity of the line, the Philanthropist School is at the other. The philanthropists declare—I quote from a paper by Mr. Charles Hopwood, Recorder of Liverpool, in the *New Review* of last June—that 'the claims of flesh and blood are too little regarded,' that 'solitary confinement is maddening,' and 'meagre diet starvation to many.' As to police supervision, when ordered by the Court under the Act of 1871, the disciples of this same school hold it in abhorrence, and it is not clear that they do not equally condemn it when imposed as a condition of a ticket-of-leave. The philanthropist says—I again quote from Mr. Hopwood—'Cherish sympathy with the prisoner as much as consideration for the prosecutor. Give him the least punishment the case fully considered admits of. Don't be misled by the desire to make a public example of him.' The retributionist says—I quote from Sir James F. Stephen—'The criminal law proceeds upon the principle that it is morally right to hate criminals, and it confirms and justifies that sentiment by inflicting upon criminals punishments which express it.' Strange as it may seem, these two schools do not differ essentially from each other. Both err, as it seems to me, by attaching undue importance to the individual or personal element. The retributionist magnifies the personality of the judge; the philanthropist that of the prisoner. The one requires to be reminded that a Court of Justice is not the Vicegerent of the Deity; the other that it is not a charitable institution.

2. As regards the weight to be given to a previous conviction, there is an equally striking diversity of opinion. Some judges of the High Court hold that each crime should be regarded on its own merits (or rather demerits), and that, unless an Act of

Parliament happens to direct the contrary, the fact of a previous conviction should be altogether ignored. Others hold that, when a man has once been in prison and commits a crime a second time, he should receive a sentence greatly in excess of what would be awarded him if he were a first offender. Intermediate to these is the view advocated by Sir Henry Hawkins. That most experienced criminal judge has lately told us that he adopts the following method. He first determines what he conceives to be the reasonable sentence for the offence proved, irrespective of any special circumstances either of aggravation or of extenuation. This he arrives at by a process which goes on in his own mind, without, as it would seem, much regard being had to the maximum punishment fixed by the law. He then takes, or abstains from taking, a second mental step, according as the previous character of the offender is good or bad. If it is good, he reduces the sentence thus provisionally reached to some lower point in the scale. If it is bad, he makes no such reduction. A previous conviction he regards as establishing a bad character, so that when this has been proved, the sentence, as first determined on, is allowed to stand. To obviate all risk of misinterpretation, let Sir Henry speak for himself:

> A man is charged before one Court with a petty larceny, the punishment for which ought under no circumstances to be more than a three months' imprisonment, but simply because he has had the misfortune to be convicted and punished before for similar trifling thefts he is sent to penal servitude. *Another Court under precisely similar circumstances will award merely the outside punishment reasonably due to the particular theft, viz. at the outside the three months' imprisonment, taking no further heed of previous convictions than to treat them as disentitling the offender to the amount of mitigation to which previous good conduct would reasonably have entitled him.* . . . The one or the other has but imperfect knowledge of, and takes an erroneous view of, the true principles upon which punishment ought to be awarded. The one thinks that the true principle is to award only the punishment due to the particular crime with which it is dealing, mitigating that punishment if mitigating circumstances exist: the other that the particular crime is aggravated by the previous conviction, and that, therefore, penal servitude should be awarded.[5]

It cannot be doubted by any one who has taken the pains to follow the recent sentences pronounced by this distinguished judge, that he works by the rule contained in the passage which is here (for the sake of clearness) printed in italics.

Here then, again, there are three schools, each of which attaches a different weight to a first conviction when determining the sentence for the second. School No. 1 ignores the previous conviction entirely. School No. 2 treats it as a ground for seriously augmenting the sentence. School No. 3, compounding with the other two, treats it as depriving the offender of the benefit of the mitigation of sentence to

[5] *New Review*, June 1893.

which it deems him, in ordinary circumstances, to be rightfully entitled. Another most able member of the Bench, apparently a disciple of School No. 1, was lately reported as having thus addressed a female prisoner found guilty of some small theft, against whom in the marked calendar stood some twenty or thirty previous convictions :—'It is plain that you are an incorrigible woman, and that no sentence I can pronounce upon you will have the slightest effect in reforming you. I shall therefore send you to prison for two months.' Such an instance of judicial leniency must have caused the heart of the Recorder of Liverpool (and of many an habitual offender) to leap for joy. A disciple of School No. 2 would have probably given this veteran thief three years' penal servitude, or imprisonment for eighteen months at least.

The war against relapse into crime has been nowhere so scientifically carried on as in France. Numerous treatises on the subject have appeared in Paris during the last twenty years, the latest, in 1892, by M. Louis André (*Théorie d'ensemble et commentaire détaillé des lois préventives ou répressives de la récidive*). The most recent legislation is in 1891, and it is due to the labours of M. Bérenger, who introduced the first draft of his Bill into the Senate in 1892. Its history may be stated in a few words. The French penal code, as far back as 1810, assigned a minimum, as well as a maximum, punishment to each offence. This minimum was subsequently (1832) watered down by the formal statutory recognition of 'extenuating circumstances,' which allowed the judges a wide margin, but not so wide as to admit of the accused escaping prison altogether, if his offence was punishable with imprisonment. The law of 1891, usually designated, after its author, *la loi Bérenger*, has cured this defect. In the case of a person convicted for the first time of an offence punishable with imprisonment, a French tribunal may now, *after pronouncing such definitive sentence as it thinks right*, order execution of the sentence to be conditionally suspended. The condition is that if within five years the convicted prisoner is found guilty of crime his original sentence is carried out in its integrity. If, on the contrary, he abstains from crime during that period, the original sentence becomes null and void. When a man who has been so conditionally condemned is convicted a second time, his second sentence is by the *loi Bérenger* more severe than it would have been had the first sentence not been pronounced. The second sentence *must* award the maximum punishment allowed by the law; it *may* award twice the maximum should the circumstances seem to warrant it. There is power, in the case of grave offences, to add a prohibition against this class of criminal entering certain cities and towns for from five to ten years after his discharge.

Contrast these precise provisions with the halting and ambiguous

language of our own First Offenders' Act, 1887. Under that Act, the first offender is not told what definite sentence he has incurred, nor is that sentence recorded against him. He is simply (as appears from the section I have quoted) ordered to 'enter into recognisances to appear and receive judgment when called on.' If he should be so called on at some future time, the judge before whom he is brought has usually nothing to go by beyond the original indictment and conviction. The surrounding circumstances of the case have been probably forgotten, and the perusal of the notes of the former evidence (if, indeed, any such were taken) may throw very little light upon them. All these difficulties are got over by the French plan, which has this additional advantage over the English one. The French first offender, having before his eyes the precise measure of punishment to which he has rendered himself liable, speedily realises the fact that it entirely rests with him whether the law shall enforce it or not. No expedient could be more efficacious as a preventive against a relapse. The 'conditional condemnation,' like the 'conditional release' in our own ticket-of-leave system, puts the subject of it on a genuine and not a sham probation. Nor is the French plan really more austere than our own, for the personal disgrace of a public trial is derived from the conviction rather than from the sentence that follows it.

3. In 1864, Sir Walter Crofton, as Chairman of the Reformatory Section of the Social Science Association, introduced to his audience this question: 'Can a uniform system of penal discipline be established in county gaols, and, if so, how?' This question has, as I have shown, been already successfully solved. In 1893 the public is freely asking a corresponding question: 'Can a uniform system of sentencing be established, and, if so, by what process?' Let us see if any answer can be found.

As regards the effect to be given to a previous conviction in determining the length of a sentence, the general lines on which to travel are not far to seek. I start with the assumption that when Acts of Parliament have spoken they are to be respected, and not set at naught. Now the Legislature has in all cases prescribed a maximum punishment. Except in four cases, high treason, murder, piracy with violence, and setting fire to ships of war and dockyards, it has (since 1891) prescribed no minimum, but has, so far as first convictions are concerned, left an absolutely unfettered discretion to both judges and magistrates. No indication whatever is given how this discretion is to be exercised, whether on the principle of preventive justice, or that of retributive justice, or that of sympathetic philanthropy. As regards *previous* convictions, however, the indications given are plain enough. A single instance will illustrate this point. Take the case of larceny. The punishment of larceny,

fixed by statute, is (to state it broadly) penal servitude for not less than three and not more than five years; or, as an alternative, imprisonment for not more than two years, either with or without hard labour. Should the prisoner have been already 'summarily' convicted, the term of penal servitude may be increased to seven years. Should he be convicted of larceny after a previous conviction for felony, it may be increased to ten years. This is the law at present, and has been the law, with modifications, since the time of George the Fourth. The same principle has been adopted on the other side of the Atlantic. The New York Penal Code prescribes a minimum sentence for all second convictions, and thus compels the Court to deal with such cases with additional severity. The object of this increase of punishment plainly is to check the manufacture of the habitual criminal, who is both a trouble and a burden to the community. It is not to punish him for his sin, which may be no greater on the second occasion than it was on the first. Nor is it to reform him, for, if it were, his term of punishment should be prolonged until his reform has been effected. Our sentences must in that case be of indeterminate length, and our houses of correction be turned into moral hospitals.

The discharge of a prisoner as soon as he is reformed has only been as yet sanctioned in England in the case of juveniles under sixteen, who, by an Act of 1891 (54 and 55 Vict. c. 23), may, if they behave well, be apprenticed or assisted to emigrate by the Managers of the Reformatory in which they are, although their term of detention may not have expired. In a few of the United States, Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kansas, and New York, the like system is applied to adults. By an Act of the last-named State, passed in 1877, the prisoner may be detained by the prison authorities just so long, within the limit of the legal maximum, as they think fit. By this plan the judges are saved a world of trouble, since they need not nicely adjust the sentence to the offence, the responsibility for the duration of the sentence being shifted to the executive. But it is far too elaborate and expensive to be likely to meet with acceptance here. The model prison at Elmira, in the State of New York, where it is tried on a large scale, appears to supply its inmates with advantages greater than those within the reach of many a free man. The impressions we derive from a perusal of the reports issued by its managers is that it combines the material comforts of a Temperance Hotel with the intellectual luxuries of a Mechanics' Institute.

Another contrivance for mitigating the inequality in sentences was suggested not long ago by a council of English judges. It was resolved to establish a new Court for the review of all sentences of the higher tribunals, to the exclusion only of those pronounced by County Courts, stipendiary magistrates, and at county or borough petty

sessions. Nothing has as yet been done to carry out this resolution, and I venture to think that such a tribunal, if composed of the judges themselves (as was presumably in contemplation), would be attended by the following results: (*a*) It would be hopelessly divided against itself, since no two of its members would agree on the principles applicable to first sentences; still less on those applicable to second or third sentences. These differences, if the Court of Review were a public one (and it could hardly be otherwise), would be proclaimed abroad and would shake confidence in its ultimate decisions. (*b*) It would cause great uncertainty and delay, and so bring the criminal law, which should be both certain and expeditious, into disrepute. (*c*) It would weaken the responsibility of judges of Assize and Quarter Sessions, and so tend to make them less careful. This, again, would infallibly react on juries, for if it were possible that a sentence might hereafter be cut down indefinitely, there would be great risk of verdicts being less well considered than they now are.

The answer to the question whether it is practicable to make sentences more uniform is to be found, not in a Court of Criminal Review, but in the authoritative enunciation of some general rules, leaving its application in each case to judicial common sense. If one judge can, as we have seen, formulate a working rule for himself, the same rule, or a series of the same rules, might be prescribed to all judges by a duly constituted authority, instead of each judge having, as now, to make his own. Where is such an authority to be found? My suggestion is that a Royal Commission be appointed to frame such a rule or rules on the plan of Lord Grey's Commission of 1863, which organised our system of Penal Servitude, or of Lord Aberdare's Commission of 1862–4, which organised our Reformatory System. Both these systems, though largely the creations of speculative opinion, were placed on a solid basis by the labours of those two Commissions. It is not too much to expect that the proposed new Commission would be equally successful. But it must not be composed wholly of judges, and it must be thoroughly understood beforehand that, as in the case of the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the report of the majority is to be accepted as final, whether the minority be great or small. The recommendations made in the report ought not, of course, to remain buried in a Blue Book. The Home Office should circulate them throughout the country, thus doing for offences of all degrees what it did for first offences by its Circular of 1892, to which I have already referred. We can afford to wait for a codification of our law; we cannot afford to wait for the unification of the modes in which it is interpreted. The time has fully arrived when some decisive step should be taken to clear away from our Criminal Courts

a cloud of reproach not unlike that which, centuries ago, hung over the old Court of Chancery, when it was irreverently said that the equity administered there varied with the length of the Lord Chancellor's foot.

MONTAGUE CRACKANTHORPE.

NOTE ON POLICE SUPERVISION

This is one of the vexed questions of criminal administration. By Section 5 of the Prevention of Crimes Act, 1871, which amended the Penal Servitude Act, 1864, every conditionally released male convict is required to notify his residence to the Chief Officer of Police in the district. He is further required to report himself once in each month to such chief officer, either personally or by letter, as that officer may direct. By Section 8 of the same Act a like duty is imposed on every 'supervisee' the term of whose punishment has expired by lapse of time. It is often objected against Police Supervision that these restrictions are a formidable obstacle to a man who desires to obtain employment, or has already succeeded in obtaining it. Acting on this belief, several of our judges never avail themselves of the power conferred on them by the Act of 1871. They never order Police Supervision, however many may be the previous convictions proved against the prisoner. After careful investigation I have come to the conclusion that the objection is not well founded. Anyone who will take the trouble to visit the Convict Supervision Office, Scotland Yard, may see there a large list of employers of labour in the Metropolitan District and elsewhere, who have, upon invitation from the police authorities, signified their willingness to take on this class of discharged prisoner. The present head of the Criminal Investigation Department (Mr. Robert Anderson, LL.D.) is well known in London as the convicts' friend, and his efforts are ably seconded by his lieutenant, Chief Inspector Neame. In truth, it is not too much to say that in the Metropolitan District a discharged prisoner has better chances than a discharged pauper.

Of the north of England, with which I am closely and officially connected, I can speak with equal confidence. The spirit in which Police Supervision is there worked will be seen by the following extract from a Circular, issued many years ago by the Chief Constable of the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland to the officers under his control: 'The police should never in the remotest way, either by word or act, directly or indirectly, unnecessarily annoy, or be the means of preventing any liberated convicts from obtaining any work whereby they would be enabled to earn an honest livelihood. On the contrary, whenever the police have an opportunity to do a kind thing towards any of these convicts they should do it, and at the same time convince them that if they are sincere in their intentions to give up their criminal courses and become honest men, the police will always use their best offices to try and procure them some employment or other, which would be likely to give them the opportunity of living in a respectable and proper way.' Throughout the northern counties the report of the 'supervisee' is not required to be made personally. A signed letter (which is in a printed form), is taken as sufficient, and the letter need not be stamped. The allegations sometimes made, that Police Supervision prejudices the work of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, has not, I am convinced, a particle of truth in it. The St. Giles' Christian Mission, the Royal Society for the Assistance of Discharged Prisoners, and other like charitable agencies, actively co-operate with the Metropolitan police to my personal knowledge. This is also the general practice in the provinces. No doubt an indiscreet constable will occasionally make a mistake, but when Mr. Hopwood, speaking of the supervision system, tells us, as he does in the article mentioned in the text, that 'many a piteous recital is given at the bar of the courts of good resolutions thereby thwarted and made impossible,'

he is giving credence to statements by professional criminals to whom it has proved an intolerable nuisance because they meant mischief and did not mean work. A professional beggar would no doubt say as much of the Charity Organisation Society and with about equal truth.

Police Supervision should, as I conceive, only be ordered under the Act of 1871 for the habitual criminal. Its duration should not be a prolonged one, and the fact of its imposition should be taken into account in determining the length of the sentence. In an ideal state of things, instead of being ordered before the term of punishment begins, it would be ordered, or not, at its close, according to the mental and moral condition of the prisoner whose sentence was then about to expire.

M. C.

THE GOSPEL OF PETER

II

In the June number of this Review I gave some account of the newly-found fragment of the 'Gospel of Peter.' Taking the text as it came to my hand, I meant simply to report the impression which the document left upon an Englishman at home in his New Testament, interspersing only a few comments to mark the salient points and clear up obscure allusions. This intended exposition the learned editor of the *Apology of Aristides*, judging by his own high standard, has misconstrued into a critical disquisition in support of some eccentric theory, and directed against it strictures which, I hope to show, are both more and other than it deserves.[1]

Mr. Rendel Harris states his object thus: 'To draw attention to certain features in the literary structure of the "Gospel of Peter," which stamp it indelibly as an artificial and late product, belonging to a lower period than any of the canonical Gospels.'[2] To render this statement exact, we must know what is meant by the word *late*, which the mere priority of the canonical gospels still leaves very vague. I had assigned A.D. 130 as approximately the probable time of origin for the Petrine Gospel. In reference to this Mr. Harris says, 'I have no objection to the date, though I am not quite convinced of it: the argument for this *early* date may possibly be sustained from other quarters; and it is satisfactory that Dr. M. recognises the fundamental Docetism of the work, which some persons have taken unnecessary pains to deny; but whatever may be the date finally assigned to the fragment, it certainly presupposes earlier gospels,' which it will be difficult to prove 'other than our primitive authorities, the canonical four.'[3] To take the measure of our agreement and find the point of our divergence, we may sum up these positions as follows: (1) that the literary features of the fragment offer no objection to a date as early as A.D. 130; (2) that its Docetism is compatible with that date; (3) that its contents presuppose earlier gospels—presumably, our Synoptists; inferentially, the fourth. Of

[1] *Contemporary Review* (No. 332), August 1893, pp. 213–236. *The Structure of the Gospel of Peter*. By J. Rendel Harris.

[2] P. 213. [3] P. 236.

these positions the third alone demands a step which I cannot take. For reasons to be given I can find in our fragment no dependence upon the fourth gospel. Nor, indeed, should I rely upon it to prove the pre-existence of the Synoptists, which yet, on other grounds, I regard as certain. This, however, is a secondary point, practically neutral to the main question at issue, viz. whether the Petrine fragment reveals, as the adequate conditions of its genesis, a dependence (1) on the Old Testament, (2) on the Johannine Gospel; and if so, whether its use of these sources carries in it any mark of time.

From his Patristic studies Mr. Harris has constructed, with curious ingenuity and fertility of resource, a chronological scale, and discovered a rule for shifting its index to the probable place of any undated ecclesiastical writing. Starting from the fact that the Jewish religion was a dispensation of promise, of which the coming of Christ claimed to bring the fulfilment, he finds the proclamation of the Gospel to involve, from the very first, a fitting together of ancient texts and present events; even the Christ Himself, frugal of his mightier credentials, preferring the simpler plea, 'This day is the Scripture fulfilled in your ears.' And when the Annus Mirabilis was past and 'signs and wonders' were no longer at command, the appeal to Prophecy became the missionary's main resource. For him the realities of the passing day not only answered exactly to the express visions of the inspired Seers, but completed the *rationale* of the world's plan, and filled with meaning a thousand details of human experience which had perplexed the heart of faith. To the Hebrews their Scriptures had become from end to end a code of promise; and the Christians claimed that the title-deeds of actual possession had been delivered to them. So saturated were they at last with this idea that, for the new Israel as for the old, whenever the ancient Scriptures were read, a veil lay upon their hearts that they could not look steadfastly on the true and the transitory; and even to this day, one cannot but fear, the same veil remaineth in part untaken away. The Christian teachers and apologists, in their hunt for presaging words and symbolic objects and typical parallels, gradually lost all sense of the historical place and function of the Prophets, and of the literary meaning of the Psalmists, and distorted the text of both into Messianic riddles. This is not a process that can arrest itself and stand still. The clue of genuine interpretation, by intelligent sympathy with the speaker in his place and time, being once thrown away, fancy is left free to follow her own moods over the trackless waste of possible falsehoods; and, carrying no measure of her own aberrations, unconsciously confounds inspiration and nonsense. The grave and tender feeling which led the first disciples of Jesus, still fresh from the influence of his personality, to accept and proclaim the faith in suffering Messiah, naturally found it in the pathetic verses of the

second Isaiah liii.: and other of the early misapplications of Hebrew texts to him were no less true to the Evangelic spirit. But how soon the Messianic image, made up from misconstrued prophets, fell into fierce contrast with the Evangelic, gleaming on us through history, is evident to every reader of the Apocalypses of John and Peter. When the more aptly-fitting passages, in which the tones of Hebrew faith seemed most to have the ring of prophecy, were all used up, a strain was put on texts and words ever more intractable; till the ancient Scriptures, despoiled of their rational relations and real significance, were worked like books of divination.

This growth in the range and emphasis of the Church's argument from prophecy Mr. Harris calls the Evolution of the Prophetic Gnosis. He happily illustrates its later stage by the fourth-century lectures given at Jerusalem in Passion-week, and described by a lady-traveller present at them. At these lectures, for three hours on each day, the people assembled near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre were taught, in regard to the Christian record of the events they were celebrating, that '*nothing took place which had not been previously foretold, and that nothing had been foretold which had not obtained its fulfilment.*' Mr. Harris is well aware that the attempt to prove these two propositions could be made only at the cost (1) of reducing prophecy to puerility, and (2) of flinging fiction into history. For he says, 'if we take the whole body of early literature of which the canonical gospels form the centre and crown, including Apocalypses, party gospels and the like, we shall find that there never was a body of history which was so overgrown with legend; and the major part of these legends result from the irregular study of the Old Testament, probably based on the synagogue methods of the time of the early Christian teachers.' This important statement I find it hard to reconcile with the words which introduce it—'No history is, in its ultimate analysis, so trustworthy as Christian history!'[4]

The present question, however, is not whether the overgrowth of legend invalidates the history 'in its ultimate analysis'; but how far, as it spreads over the historic ground, it serves as a time-mark for the literature which it spoils. If the further you went from the spring-sowing of the good seed the larger became the crop of theologic tares that choked the grain, so that the last state of that field was worse than the first, it seems reasonable to accept the quantity and the rankness of the 'prophetic gnosis' as a measure of its distance from the original preaching of the Gospel and the first records of it. This rule accordingly Mr. Harris adopts when he says that 'the measure of encroachment by prophetic interpretation on the historical record is, in the first two centuries, one of the best indications of documentary date that we possess.'[5] Judging by this rule, he ranges our canonical gospels in the following order of time: Mark, Luke, John, Matthew;

[4] P. 215. [5] P. 216.

and, in regard to our fragment, attempts to establish the following thesis:

> The Gospel of Peter shows everywhere the traces of a highly evolved prophetic gnosis, and in particular, most of the apparently new matter which it contains is taken from the Old Testament.[6]

An important service is rendered by Mr. Harris's distinct expression of the foregoing mark of time, and insistency upon it in the cases by which he illustrates it. It must not, however, be left alone in its generalised expression. It needs considerable qualification before it can be safely applied as a test of date to the theological literature of the early Church. Whether it can enter at all as an indication of literary age in an ecclesiastical work depends on the author's purpose in writing it. Is he an historian pure and simple, intent only on telling others of events and persons in the past familiar to him but unknown to them? Then he works for those who seek information from him, and responds to their want by mere narrative and description, never quitting the scene of the story he unfolds. Is he an earnest moralist, or spiritual reformer, full of protesting pity for the guilt and wrongs he sees? His fire aims to make a breach in the barriers of the conscience and induce the surrender of sin. The Church has thus both an outward tale to tell and an inward life to wake and guide, each with a literature of its own, that invites no use or abuse of supposed prediction. The appeal to prophecy is purely argumentative and apologetic, offered for the purpose of conviction, and is in place therefore only in writings directly aiming to create or confirm belief. Its fitness even there depends upon the class of persons addressed. The Apostolic missionary who delivered his message in a synagogue, spoke to an audience already grounded in the faith of Hebrew prophecy, and looking for the fulfilment of its supposed Messianic promise. But place the same preacher before a Gentile assembly; of what avail would then be the plea of identity between the advent of Jesus and Zechariah's 'Branch'? The scantiness or copiousness of an evangelist's resort to the 'prophetic gnosis' could not fail to be largely affected by the class of readers he had in view. Mark's reserve in his resort to this favourite plea might be due to his addressing chiefly Gentile converts, and Matthew's abundant use of it to his preponderant concern for Israelites, thus disappointing the time-inference which Mr. Harris draws from the phenomena. I adduce this as an illustration only on the hypothesis of each gospel having its individual author. Under the actual probable conditions of gradual growth and successive recensions, the causes are not so simple. Within certain limits Mr. Harris's principle supplies ecclesiastical students with a useful rule. Where the writing which comes to their hand is not history and bio-

[6] P. 217.

graphy, not homily, not ethical treatise, not manual of devotion, but reasoned advocacy addressed to Pagans seeking after God, the prophetic chronometer will indicate its whereabouts in time. Is it true then that our fragment of the Petrine gospel conforms to these conditions, and betrays a late origin by its abundant misapplications of Old Testament Messianic texts? If all that is original in it is really an exegesis of the Hebrew prophets, evidence of the fact must be apparent in the language of the fragment. Yet not a single quotation from the Old Testament, or appeal to it as prophetic, occurs in the document, so that the 'highly evolved gnosis' charged upon it has all to be read between the lines. The insight by which Mr. Harris accomplishes this feat is denied to me: notwithstanding the light which he condenses on it, the ink remains invisible. A sample or two of the process will help the reader to determine whether this defective vision is exceptional.

First Case.—Our fragment contributes a new feature to the previously known reports of the Resurrection morning near the sepulchre: Three human figures are seen advancing from the tomb, two supporting the third; and, following them, a cross. Of the two, the heads reached the heaven, but that of Him whom they led overpassed the heaven. Whence did the author get this particular? From the Prayer of Habakkuk (iii. 2), which (as rendered in the Septuagint) says, 'In the midst of two living creatures Thou shalt be known.' Living creatures attending on God must be heavenly; and God coming to be known must be the Incarnate Son. But heavenly living creatures are angels; and from Isaiah vi. 3 we learn that where they go by twos and 'cry one to another,' they are *Seraphim*. Between two of these, therefore, the Divine self-revealer would come to be known as the Son of God. But Christ was 'declared to be the Son of God with power by his Resurrection from the Dead' (Rom. i. 4). At the sepulchre, therefore, must have appeared, on that morning, a pair of Seraphim, as a Divine escort to the Saviour returning whence He came.

Whether an 'evolved prophetic' gnosis of this kind, founded upon torture of texts to which the writer charged with it makes not the slightest reference, supplies a satisfactory genesis for the fabulous angels of the Petrine Gospel, I leave the reader to decide.[7]

[7] A note in Mr. Harris's paper (p. 220) says: 'Of this incident [*i.e.* of the three figures] Dr. M. strangely remarks, "Matthew, Mark, Peter, provide *one* shining figure and place him in the tomb; Luke has *two not in the tomb*; John also *two* in the tomb" Then follows the comment: "The Gospel of Peter expressly says of its angelophanies, 'Both the young men entered . . . a man descended and entered the tomb.'"' Yes, but there is here *a break* between the scene where 'the young men entered' and that where 'a man descended'; and the account which Mr. Harris quotes from me professedly refers only to the former—viz. what was *witnessed by the guards* when first the silence of the night was broken by the voice in heaven, and the Agents of the Resurrection descended to their work. Waked up by the guards to hear of this

Unfortunately, the same Prayer of Habakkuk supplies in the next verse another distinctive mark of the God who (see Septuagint) shall 'come' and 'be known.' 'He shall come from Teman,' *i.e.* the South; which may as well be Bethlehem, south of Jerusalem. In that case, the 'coming' must stand, not for the Resurrection, but for the Nativity: which, indeed, will suit admirably, for the 'two living creatures' will be the ox and the ass on either side of the manger, which are traditionally said to have recognised and adored the infant Saviour.

Second Case.—The Gospel of Peter is peculiar in stating that the stone rolled against the sepulchre was sealed with seven seals. Where did the author find this? Doubtless, it is said, among the many Old Testament passages in which particular stones acquired a Messianic meaning—the stone under Jacob's head when he had his dream at Bethel;[8] that on which Moses sat at the hill-top in the battle with the Amalekites;[9] a stone of stumbling;[10] especially, a stone anointed, like the pillar at Bethel.[11] Looking through these which were to mean something about Christ (the Anointed), he alights upon Zechariah iii. 1–8, where he picks up the remaining, or *personal*, name of this Christ; for he sees *Joshua* the high-priest standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan as his adversary; and *Joshua* is only the Hebrew form of *Jesus*. And that in this there is a *meaning* to be sought the angel himself makes clear in saying: 'Thou and thy fellows are *for a sign*.' One thing that is signified he intimates when he goes on to speak of 'the *Stone* which I have set before Joshua' (Jesus), obscurely, however, for how can the 'stone' (prophetically) both *be* Messiah, yet be '*set before* Him?' Just once, while He was lying in the tomb, the symbol, bereft of the personal meaning, returned to itself, and, as it lay before His closed eyes, stood for the witness of His sleep and the unsealing of His immortal rising. And see, on this one stone before Joshua are *seven eyes* engraved, or (what is equivalent) *plastered* and *stamped*. Brought to this point, the author of our fragment was enabled to say the sepulchre stone had *seven seals*. How he was confirmed in this discovery by the prophet's further account of the plummet of Zerubbabel, as interpreted by Symmachus, the reader will find set forth by Mr. Harris, whose insight into occult processes of mind in a second-century writer, who mentions neither prophet nor text composing the chain, is an achievement in thought-reading meriting the attention of psychical inquirers.

angelophany, the centurion and elders consulted whether to go and tell Pilate, when again they were startled by another angelophany: the new visitor to the grave being the messenger whom, at dawn of day, the women saw sitting there, and from whom they learned that the Crucified One was gone away thither whence He was sent. My reckoning did not include this sequel to the Resurrection.

8 Gen. xxviii. 11.
9 Ex. xvii. 12.
10 Is. viii. 14.
11 Gen. xxxv. 14.

Third Case.—It will be remembered that when, in the Petrine narrative, the two angels escort the risen Saviour from the tomb, they are followed by the Cross; from which comes the answer to the voice from Heaven inquiring 'Hast thou preached [obedience] to them that sleep?' In explaining this strange feature of the Cross speaking, Mr. Harris first removes the word 'obedience' (*ὑπακοήν*) as a mistaken correction by Harnack, to whom it did not occur that the *ὑπακοή* which stands in the MS. is the regular word for a *liturgical response*, and is introduced here merely as a *label* to the *reply* (*ὅτι ναί*) to the heavenly question. What then can have been the evangelist's authority for this talking piece of timber? We are referred for it to a passage in which Habakkuk warns the man who by fraudulent gains builds himself a grand house and 'sets his nest on high,' that his palace will prove a tell-tale of his secret and convict him: its 'Stone will cry out of the wall, and the Cross-beam will answer it.' [12] These words, we are told, had already been worked over in the Epistle of Barnabas, though no doubt from a corrupted text, with a positive assertion that the Cross is here intimated by the Prophet [13] (p. 224). Encouraged by these examples the author of our fragment makes the Cross answer the question put by 'the first speaker,' who is (Mr. Harris suggests) 'Christ the Stone.' As the first voice is expressly said to 'come out of the heavens,' it seems difficult to assign it to a 'stone;' and as it addresses a question to Christ, it is no less difficult to assign it to Him. The further 'inference' that it is *the Cross itself* which has gone on the mission to Hades Mr. Harris drops, as 'perhaps pressing the writer's words a little too far.' It is pleasant to encounter at last some limit to the absurdities which he deems it admissible to heap upon the unfortunate evangelist's shoulders.

Fourth Case.—Our fragment, in its account of the scene of mockery, introduces some features unknown to the canonical evangelists, *e.g.* the *pricking* of Jesus with a reed, and the *spitting in his eyes.* Whence these additions? From a transference to Christ crucified, as Redeemer or Sin-bearer, of the treatment prescribed in the law [14] for the scape-goat driven into the wilderness, a treatment varied among the Greek Jews by new usages, such as those mentioned in Barnabas vii. 'And do ye all spit upon it and goad it, and place scarlet wool about its head, and so let it be cast into the wilderness.' The author of the epistle expressly appeals to this as a type of Christ. Let the evangelist be prepossessed with the same idea: he will then

[12] ii. 9–11.

[13] There is no such quotation in Barnabas. The passage referred to by Mr. Harris is, I suppose, found in Barn. xii. *ad init.* But *that* is not from Habakkuk, it is from 4 Esra iv. 30, Lat. 'Et respondi et dixi, usque quo et quando haec? Et de ligno sanguis stillavit, et lapis dabit vocem suam.' I am not aware of any reason for treating this as a corrupted text of Habakkuk.

[14] Lev. xvi.

take for granted that the antitype would be similarly treated; so he states it as an historical fact. Moreover, by thus borrowing from the Day of Atonement features to be transposed into the Passover season the writer—especially if a Gentile—would be betrayed into confusion of the two celebrations, notwithstanding their opposite characters of joy and penitence, and their difference of time between the fourteenth of the first month and the tenth day of the seventh. To this cause is referred the penitential tinge imparted to our evangelist's narrative; the forebodings of the Jews who cry 'Woe for our sins!' the mourning and weeping of the disciples in their retirement and fasting. It is all told as if it were 'a day,' or a week, 'to afflict their souls.'

This fourth case appears to me more amenable than the preceding ones to Mr. Harris's mode of explanation; because it calls in aid no conjectured perversion of unquoted texts, but only doctrinal conceptions and ritual institutions indubitably familiar at the time and in the circle to which, in any case, the writer must be referred. But even here there is not a shred of positive evidence in favour of the process suggested; only an appeal to hypothetical causes at once more possible and less inadequate. It is surely an unwarrantable stretch of critical ingenuity, in estimating an unknown writer, to charge 'nine-tenths of his [seeming] originality'[15] on a contemporary type of fallacy (the prophetic gnosis) nowhere discoverable in his text, and even to fix his date by the high measure of absurdity to which he is assumed to have carried it. Nor is the imputation rendered either more excusable or more credible by the reason assigned for its want of evidence, viz. that the author '*veiled his sources*.' This very feature, that they are out of sight, is turned against him as a sign of a late date and protracted dependence on them. 'If he had been early, he would not have been artificial and occult.'[16]

Before taking leave of Mr. Harris's fascinating theory of a 'prophetic gnosis' susceptible of 'evolution,' I will venture to ask whether the word 'evolution,' in its scientific sense, is applicable to the process contemplated. That process works upon two sets of data: old written texts assumed to be prophetic; and posterior incalculable phenomena, testified as historical. The procedure consists in finding out and fitting together the thing said in the one set and the thing done in the other. Among the innumerable possible experiments in this kind of matrimony between word and fact, there will be various degrees of obvious congruity from the most happy to the most ill-assorted union. To the student of these adaptations, the more obviously complete will come to the front and be registered first. As they become exhausted and grow commonplace, remoter resemblance will suffice to introduce preconception and reality to each other: and by putting ever more strain upon the points of correspondence and slight upon the contrasts, the less and less exacting fancy can still

[15] P. 226. [16] P. 225.

engage itself in pairing the thoughts of one age with the deeds of another. This movement, from the more natural and defensible to the more artificial and torturing interpretation of literary texts, is not an evolution, but a degradation. By 'evolution' we always mean an emergence of something new into life, something that can grow and win a place upon the catalogue of real existences. Here, on the contrary, under the guidance of a superannuated gnosis, we are stepping ever further down among things that are not, till true thought is lost in a sea of illusions. Misapplication of prophecy, real or fancied, has in it no principle of fresh creation, no fate in reserve for it but to unlearn itself and die. The *quantity* of it, no doubt, may have its time of increase. But mere numerical crowding of homogeneous samples does not constitute evolution: and in proportion as weak and morbid organisms become more prolific, the nearer are they to extinction, and the less can they supply a 'survival of the fittest.' The modern conception of 'evolution,' like most new favourites, is liable to be carried off into strange company and to receive awkward compliments. But to be credited with the prophetic lucubrations of the Patristic writers of the first four or five centuries is surely a superfluous dishonour.

Leaving now the Old Testament, I turn to Mr. Harris's supplementary source of the new matter found in the Petrine fragment, viz. the Fourth Gospel: taking it, first, in its agreement, singly, with the new-found text; and then, in its double relation to that text and to Justin Martyr.

And here, at the outset, I have the pleasant task of thankfully accepting from Mr. Harris an emendation of the Petrine text which had not come to my knowledge when I wrote on this subject in the spring. I then worked upon the text as originally deciphered from the Egyptian parchment by M. Bouriant, and reproduced, with critical corrections, by Professor Harnack in December 1892. In the opening passage, it will be remembered, we find ourselves, apparently just after the condemnation of Jesus, in presence of Joseph, Pilate, and Herod Antipas: the first, petitioning for the body of Jesus after execution for burial; the second, commending this petition to Herod as entitled to answer it; and the third, giving a ready consent on the ground that the burial was imperative: 'For it is written in the Law that the sun go not down on him that is put to death on the day before the Unleavened Bread, which is their Feast.' To clear for the reader this allusion to the Law, I refer him to its exact terms in Deut. xxi. 23: 'If a man . . . be put to death and thou hang him on a tree, his body shall not remain all night, but thou shalt surely bury him the same day.' And in a note I point out that the legal prohibition is general as to date, and applies indifferently to *any day;* its insistency being on the boundary between day and day, '*before sundown*': while the words of Herod seem to limit its

application to 'the day before the Unleavened Bread'; and (as I add) John xix. 31 rests the obligation on *the approach of the Sabbath.*

It is now discovered that some words in the MS. of this passage were overlooked by the copyist. When supplied, they commence a new sentence, in effect a new paragraph, thus:

for it is written in the Law that the sun go not down on him that is put to death. *And Pilate delivered Him to the people* on the day before the Unleavened Bread, which is their Feast.

What alteration in my note just cited do these recovered words require? Simply the withdrawal of the Petrine restriction of the burial-law to 'the day before the Unleavened Bread,' and the reinstatement of the writer as correct in his legal reference. Under such change, the note would be left to mark only one misplaced emphasis on the purport of the law, instead of two, viz. the Johannine, on the *approach of the Sabbath.* Mr. Harris, greatly to my surprise, says: 'The correction thus made entirely upsets *the argument involved* in Dr. M.'s note.' I must 'have been speaking prose without knowing it.' The note is a mere record of textual facts as they were: and facts as they are, being clearer, are so much the more acceptable. My statement had no argumentative drift whatsoever: 'the view which was evidently in Dr. M.'s mind' is no less a fiction than the emergence of the two gigantic Angels of the Resurrection from the two ζῷα of Habakkuk's prayer.

The amended reading transfers the *time*-mark ('the day before the Unleavened Bread') from the entombment to the delivery of Jesus for execution. The chronology is not affected by the change. Both events are assigned to the same Jewish day (from evening to evening), the 13th Nisan, between the judicial proceedings (say, from 6 to 9 A.M.) and the interment before the 6 P.M. which ushered in the 14th Nisan with the Paschal supper. There is nothing, therefore, to disturb the position previously laid down, that the Johannine chronology of the Crucifixion reappears in the 'Gospel of Peter.' But on the meaning of one time-phrase, πρώτη τῶν ἀζύμων, and its equivalent, πρὸ μιᾶς τῶν ἀζύμων, I wish to correct an interpretation which I gave in a note, page 909, of my former paper. That phrase, I am now convinced, does *not* mean the 15th Nisan, so as to separate the Feast of Unleavened Bread from the Passover. The name 'Unleavened Bread' covers the whole observance from the 14th to the 21st Nisan inclusive. The Synoptic usage differs only in loosely taking in the daylight hours prior to the 14th Nisan, so far as needful for preparing the Passover. In the Fourth Gospel the phrase 'Unleavened Bread' does not occur.

The concurrence between our fragment and the Fourth Gospel in regard to the date of the Crucifixion is undoubtedly a striking fact, the significance of which may possibly become hereafter more

apparent than it is now. The dependence of the Petrine on the Johannine gospel, for which Mr. Harris contends, does not seem to me an inference favoured by a fair balance taken of the points of agreement and difference at present known. In aid of a right judgment on this question, an intermediate witness must now be called in—Justin Martyr.

The incident of the assignment by lot of the vesture of Jesus, as related by the three writers, contains some instructive points of comparison. The variations arise from the choice made between two Greek words denoting a *lot:* *κλῆρος*, the term in common use, and *λαχμός*, a word not found, so far as I know, except in the passages to be immediately quoted, though the proximate form *λάχος*, with the same sense, occurs in both prose and poetry. The three accounts of the lot-casting at the foot of the Cross stand thus:

Petrine Gospel: They laid his garments before Him and divided them, and *λαχμὸν ἔβαλον ἐπ' αὐτοῖς*—12.

Johannine Gospel: They (the soldiers) took his garments and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also his coat. Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said, therefore, one to another, Let us not rend it, but *λάχωμεν περὶ αὐτοῦ* whose it shall be—xix. 23, 24. On which follows the comment, That the scripture might be fulfilled which saith, They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture *ἔβαλον κλῆρον*—Psalm xxii. 18.

Justin Martyr, Apol. i. 35: And after the crucifixion they that crucified Him *ἔβαλον κλῆρον* on his garments and parted them among themselves. Ps. xxii. 18 had been quoted from the Septuagint a few lines before. But in another passage—viz. *Trypho*, 97—occur the words, They that crucified Him parted his garments among themselves, *λαχμὸν βάλλοντες*, each choosing what he fancied, according to the cast of his lot, *τοῦ κλήρου ἐπιβολήν*.

Hence it appears that the use of the unusual word *λαχμὸς* in conjunction with the verb *βάλλειν* is common to Justin and the author of our fragment; and that in this they 'approach' the Fourth Gospel 'in the selection of language,' though they do not, like its author, condense their compound phrase into a single verb of the same root, *λαχῶμεν*. I regret that, through neglect of this distinction, I was misled into the overstatement that the *word* *λαχμός* was found in the Fourth Gospel. That Gospel's relation of interdependence with the other two is slightly weakened by the difference. But I do not see that it is either destroyed or inverted. The common deviation of all three from the *κλῆρον βάλλειν* of the Synoptists remains to be explained. From Justin's mode of using both it is evident that, fresh from the Psalm xxii. 18, he accepts the Septuagint *ἔβαλον κλῆρον*, and falls upon *λαχμός* only when speaking from and for himself. And the author of our fragment, who

betrays no thought of a prophecy, alights exclusively on the exceptional word. The Johannine writer, who quotes and emphasises the prophecy, reserves his ἔβαλον κλῆρον for his citation, and puts the other root into his report of the soldiers' speech.

If we may assume, in our discussion of these phenomena, that the rare word for 'lot' is of later currency than the familiar one, and that a simple narrative of apparent facts without 'tendency' is earlier than a recital of the same matter as a fulfilment of prophecy, we shall be warranted in the following inferences as provisionally probable:

1. That the Synoptical tradition of the casting of lots is the earliest we have.

2. That the account in the Gospel of Peter comes next in time.

3. That the Fourth Gospel and Justin's *Trypho* are not distinguishable in date by the above tests.

And the supplementary tests needful for the solution of that further problem would carry us much beyond the bounds of our present subject. Within its limits, however, it remains to remark that Synoptists, Peter, Justin—all alike—describe the division by lot as applied to the garments as a whole, the Fourth Gospel alone making exception of the seamless tunic—an obvious instance of history coined out of metal struck with the prefigured die of prophecy. The silence of Justin upon this feature in his repeated mention of the casting of lots is hard to reconcile with his knowledge and recognition of our canonical Fourth Gospel. Yet, that he might have known it seems more than probable, and would certainly follow if we apply to it Mr. Harris's rule of the 'developed gnosis,' for the Johannine use of prophetic interpretation falls far short of the copious and elaborated perversions of the *Trypho*.

The review of these phenomena leaves upon me at least one clear conviction—that the Gospel of Peter was, either itself or in its material, in Justin's hands. This position, I think, will be confirmed by the next step in our investigation.

That step brings us to the mocking scene in the outer court of Pilate's palace of justice, as described by the same three writers. Is any light thrown on their relations to each other by the comparative features of their report. Each tells his story as follows:

John xviii. 28–40 introduces the scene by relating how Jesus after trial by the Jewish Council is taken, bound, from the High Priest's house to the Roman governor's prætorium; how, to avoid defilement on the approaching Passover, the Jews decline to go beyond the outer court, and oblige Pilate to receive their prisoner and indictment there; how he withdraws Jesus into the interior for private examination as to his alleged kingly pretensions, and returns with a proposal to release him as apparently guilty of no crime, but

is met with the cry, 'Not this man, but Barabbas.' 'And it was early' morning still when this took place.

xix. 1–16.—Pilate delivers up Jesus to be scourged; after which come the soldiers' acts of mockery, the crown of thorns, the crimson robe, the pretended obeisance with 'Hail, King of the Jews!' finishing with blows of the hand. In this plight he is sent into Pilate's private room; who brings him back and presents him once more with the compassionate appeal, 'Behold the Man!' To their cry of 'Crucify Him,' he answers by bidding them 'Take Him and judge Him by your law.' 'If we did, He would have to die for calling Himself the Son of God; and you alone can inflict capital punishment here,' is the purport of their reply. Alarmed by this more than human claim, Pilate withdraws Jesus again for private conference, coming back from it, first by himself to make a renewed vain effort to gain a willing release, and then with the prisoner to enforce by his pathetic looks the last appeal, 'Behold your King!' Under threat of impeachment as 'no friend of Cæsar's' and pressure of time (for it is now noon, on the very edge of the Passover), Pilate's will succumbs; he passes the sentence which surrenders the victim to their relentless cry.

It is at this last 'coming out' from the interior to the official platform commanding the outer court below that Pilate ἐκάθισεν ἐπὶ βήματος on the spot called 'tesselated' (λιθόστρωτον). And the question to be determined is, How are these words to be understood? Do they say (with our versions) that Pilate *took his place* on the judgment-seat to give his decision? or, that he *set Jesus* on the judgment-seat in derision of his pretension to be king? resuming, in this latter case, the mockeries of the soldiers in the court below some four or five hours before.

The Petrine fragment, 6–9, reports the matter thus: And seizing the Lord, they pushed Him as they ran, and said, Let us drag about (σύρωμεν) the Son of God, now that we have got Him. And they threw over Him a crimson robe and set Him on a seat of judgment (ἐκάθισαν αὐτὸν ἐπὶ καθέδραν κρίσεως), saying, 'Judge justly (δικαίως κρῖνε), King of Israel.' And one of them put on the Lord's head a crown of thorns; others standing near spat in his face; and others slapped Him on the cheeks. Others pricked Him with a reed; and some beat Him, saying, 'This is our homage to the Son of God.' The context shows that the persons inflicting this maltreatment are 'they that had Him in custody,' and that these are HEROD'S soldiers.

Justin Martyr, *Apol.* i. 35, treating the incident as fulfilling a prophecy, touches on it thus: The prophet Isaiah under prophetic inspiration said, 'I have spread out my hands to an unbelieving and rebellious people which walketh in a way that is not good; now[17] they ask me for judgment (αἰτοῦσί με νῦν κρίσιν) and dare to draw near unto God. And again, in other words from another prophet,

[17] lxv. 2; lviii. 2.

he says, 'They pierced my hands and feet and cast lots for my raiment.'[18] And David who said this, suffered none of these things; but Jesus Christ had his hands spread out when He was crucified by the Jews, who denied Him and professed that He was not the Christ. For, as the prophet said, they kept pushing Him in mockery till they had set Him on a judgment-seat, and said, 'Judge for us' (*διασύροντες αὐτὸν ἐκάθισαν ἐπὶ βήματος καὶ εἶπον Κρῖνον ἡμῖν*). And the 'piercing my hands and feet' means the nailing of hands and feet upon the cross. And after the crucifixion the executioners cast lots upon his raiment and divided it among themselves.

The words of Isaiah lviii. 2 in the above quotation by Justin have dropped the epithet *δικαίαν* which the Septuagint appends to *κρίσιν*. It reappears in the parallel Petrine passage under the adverbial form, *δικαίως κρῖνε*. From this point of agreement Mr. Harris infers the direct dependence of the Petrine writer (whom he calls 'a systematic *pilferer* of the Prophets') on Isaiah. This may well be true as a fact (why it should be treated as *a petty larceny*, I know not); but it is equally true of Justin, whose avowed appeal to Isaiah does not prevent his omission of the word. Two writers may surely independently avail themselves of a reputed Messianic passage, which had been popularly worked into correspondence with traditions of the life of Jesus. Convinced though I am that the Gospel of Peter was among the materials in Justin's hands, I could not pretend to find evidence in their different treatment of this word, *δικαίως*, of the priority of the evangelist.

Similarly, the use of the word *βῆμα* for judgment-seat by Justin and in the Fourth Gospel, while our fragment has *καθέδρα κρίσεως*, does not warrant either the positive inference that Justin took it from the gospel, or the negative inference that he could not have before him the Gospel of Peter with its different phrase. To find the true bearing of these words, and of one or two others, they must be looked at in connection with the material incidents which they help to describe.

The substantive historical assertion common to Justin and the Petrine author is the mounting of Jesus on to the feigned judgment-seat. Were this a fact, the hunt for its foreshadow in the prophets would easily hit upon the quoted words of Isaiah, and, in spite of remonstrance from the context, run away with them as a Messianic trophy. The theological ear remains sensitive to the thinnest verbal tinkle long after it has grown deaf to the grandest harmonies of the thought-diapason. But if the order were inverse, if Jehovah's reproaches to Israel, read on Isaiah's page, had shrunk, in the interpreter's mind, into a Messianic forecast, it could only have been after the Christ had been identified with the God of the Old Testament; and the invention of that mock throne, with the brutal malignities around it, would have been impossible. It is a plain example, not of

[18] Ps. xxii. 16, 18.

feigned incidents born out of prophecy, but of spiritual teaching first mistaken for prophecy, and then strained out of all sense and coherence to fit the shape of unrelated concrete events.

That among the varying traditions of this mocking scene Justin and the Petrine writer used the same is inferred, not only from the main feature of Christ made to play the Judge, but also from their similar mode of forcing Him into that position, and especially from their resort to the same not very usual verb (Pet. συρῶμεν: Just. διασύροντες) to describe the process. Mr. Harris has good right to complain of me for giving the same rendering to the compound verb as to the simple, and so overstating the agreement of the two authors. The preposition διά, of course, *adds* to the meaning of the root something which ought to be marked. But in his correction of my omission I do not find the complete satisfaction which I should expect. The simple verb (συρῶμεν) he translates, *Let us drag away* (the Son of God): the compound (διασύροντες αὐτὸν ἐκάθισαν), *They set him in mockery* (on the Judgment-seat). According to this the phrase '*in mockery*' gives the whole connotation of the compound verb, the meaning of the simple verb having dropped out in the act of picking up the διά. I cannot persuade myself that the idea of insult and mockery remains to be added to the simple verb. The act of *dragging away* or *pushing along*, applied to a reluctant human being, itself implies insult, turning a *person* into a *thing*; and if it did not, the preposition διὰ would not put it in. The effect of the διὰ surely is to give *continuity* to the action, *carrying it through*. 'They kept hauling him along till they got him seated on the judgment bench' seems to me the true equivalent of the original. If the *mockery proper* (in its *mimetic* feature) is to be distinguished from mere rude insult, the distinction is found in the act with which the violence terminates, viz. the *obeisance* and *sham judicial function*: the simple verb expressing the *worry* or *harassment*, whether by bodily dragging, or by opprobrious and nagging words; while the διὰ marks the *persistence* of the worry till the part is played out.

The Petrine writer presents this scene narratively as objective fact; Justin, deductively, as evolved from prefigured intention. The evolution could never have been worked out from the naked text of Isaiah floating in a vacuum of the fancy: it presupposes some given matter historically reported, which may be moulded into a seeming copy of the prophetic idea. The historical record, then, is the prior condition of the 'evolved gnosis;' and the writer who presents it as a tradition pure and simple may be presumed to have had in his hand an earlier edition of it than one who elaborates its descriptive phrases into an Apologia. Whether the two writers worked upon duplicate copies of the same tradition, or Justin found it embedded in the Gospel of Peter, it is impossible to determine from the phenomena of

this case. But the latter and simpler inference receives support from other passages of Justin's writings. His omission of the word 'justly,' which is found in the Petrine demand from the enthroned King, in no way discourages this conclusion. For if Justin could let it drop in working upon Isaiah at first hand, he could as easily part with it when coming upon it in the Gospel of Peter.

There is, however, another gospel, which is jealous of this surrender of Justin to the Gospel of Peter, and interposes to claim him as a dependent. What does Justin call the judgment-seat on to which Jesus is thrust? It is *βῆμα*. And *βῆμα* is the name which the fourth evangelist gives to Pilate's seat of justice, which, as we shall see, some interpreters identify with the site chosen for the last indignities to the Son of God. But not so our fragment; if Justin had depended on it, he would have dragged Jesus on to a *καθέδρα κρίσεως*. Does not this divergence neutralise the force of the previous agreement? On a first view it does, indeed, seem as if the Fourth Gospel might here step in and bring the means of resolving an apparent conflict of evidence.

But on closer inspection it turns out that this identity of naming between the Fourth Gospel and Justin is illusory; for the *βῆμα* of the Fourth Gospel is a different object in a different place, at a different time, from the *βῆμα* of Justin. In the Johannine phrase *ἐκάθισεν ἐπὶ βήματος* the word denotes Pilate's judicial chair of office, the seat raised upon a daïs or platform and appropriated to him alone. The place of it is expressly distinguished as an ornamental tesselated pavement (*λιθόστρωτον*). And the time is specified, viz. the sixth hour, *i.e.* noon.[19] In Justin's phrase *ἐκάθισαν ἐπὶ βήματος*, the word denotes such extemporised imitation of a raised chair of office as could be got up for the performance of a piece of acting. The place was the outer court where Jesus was detained, bound, till Pilate took Him within for private examination. And the time was early morning, which can hardly mean later than 7 A.M. The gospel, therefore, treating of a real *βῆμα*, had a good right to use the word. Justin, treating of a sham *βῆμα*, transfers to the copy the name proper only to the original. I can even believe that some semi-conscious reluctance to tamper with the dignity of the term *βῆμα* may have suggested to the Petrine writer the homelier phrase which he employs: for, an impromptu stage, with a stool mounted on a step, the untechnical word *καθέδρα*, applicable alike to a kitchen chair and a king's throne, would least call up false images, yet supply the true one by adding the qualifying term *κρίσεως*.

The Johannine *βῆμα*, then, is unavailing as an evidence of Justin's dependence on the Fourth Gospel in his account of the scene of mockery. That scene has been over for many hours, and Jesus has been thrice closeted with Pilate for private examination, and as

[19] xix. 13, 14.

often brought out within view of the throng in the outer court below, though withheld from it at Pilate's side, when the Governor at midday ἐκάθισεν ἐπὶ βήματος. And now, what does that phrase say? Our Revised Version tells us (truly, as I believe), 'He brought Jesus out and *sat down* on the judgment-seat.' Mr. Harris, however, renders thus: 'Pilate led Jesus forth and seated Him' (the words may certainly be understood in this sense) 'on a judgment-seat.'[20] In this difference we touch upon the hinge-point of a large mass of interpretation. It has always been a matter of wonder that so dramatic an incident as the thrusting of Jesus on to the judgment-seat and forcing him to play the judge should have been preserved by Justin, and yet have left no trace in our canonical gospels. And when it was suggested that, as the verb καθίζω means both *to sit* and *to set*, Pilate may be taken to have *set Him*, instead of to have *seated himself*, on the βῆμα, the escape thus opened from the silence of the evangelists was eagerly welcomed. Mr. Harris accordingly works out the hint thus: 'The nucleus of the whole account is "Christ set on the judgment-seat," a primitive statement,' 'in close agreement with that of the Fourth Gospel,' and presumably identical with it.[21] The historic fact, therefore, from which we start is that Pilate, standing beside his own judgment-seat, placed Jesus on it, 'wearing the crown of thorns and the crimson garment.' By some mistake, however, the true reading ἐκάθισε got changed into ἐκάθισαν, with the effect of transferring to the people below the act of Pilate on the tesselated pavement. Dr. James Drummond (in 1877, before the Petrine fragment was known) also derives the account in Justin from John xix. 13, but by a different process. The ἐκάθισεν, he says, is here 'undoubtedly to be understood in its intransitive sense; but Justin, in his eagerness to find a fulfilment of the prophecy,' would naturally 'take it transitively. He might then add the statement that the people said κρῖνον ἡμῖν, as an obvious inference from the fact of Christ's having been placed upon the tribunal, and to bring the event into closer verbal connection with the prophecy.'[22] According to this view, Justin finds the verb intransitive and makes it transitive; he finds it singular and makes it plural. According to Mr. Harris, he finds and leaves it transitive; he accepts, if he does not commit, the 'mistake' which turns it from singular to plural. Both interpreters, as I understand them, regard the act described in John xix. 13 as historical—Dr. Drummond taking it, like our English version, as the Governor's assumption of his seat at the tribunal;

[20] P. 227.

[21] P. 228-9.

[22] *Theol. Review*, 1877, p. 328. Mr. Harris justly appreciates but totally misrepresents Dr. Drummond's exposition of this passage, 'where Pilate brings Jesus out and seats Him' (so, according to Dr. Drummond, following Whately, in a *transitive sense*) 'on a judgment-seat.' 'Εκάθισεν here is undoubtedly to be understood in its intransitive sense. And the change to ἐκάθισαν is wilful with Justin.

Mr. Harris as his making a spectacle of Christ in that position. As he nowhere intimates that the act, by its mistaken transference from Pilate to the people, underwent any change of significance, it would appear to carry, from its first Johannine place, the meaning given to it in the throng below, where it was the climax of a scene of mockery.

The form in which Mr. Harris presents this derivation from the Fourth Gospel fails to convince me, for the following reasons:—

(1) It is not, I think, admissible to take the *ἐκάθισεν* transitively in the absence of any *object expressed.* The Petrine fragment, conforming to this rule, has *ἐκάθισαν αὐτὸν ἐπὶ καθέδραν.* In Justin's *διασύροντες αὐτὸν ἐκάθισαν*, the position of the *αὐτὸν* between the participle and the verb allows it to serve as the object of both.

(2) The act of Pilate in the supposed seating of Jesus on the *βῆμα* did not take place till several hours after the mocking scene was over. It was also in quite a different place; so that it could not be interpolated into the midst of that scene as one of its particulars.

(3) Hence, the mere change of the verb from singular to plural could not hand over the act from Pilate to the people, for there *were no people* on the spot. Jesus was in Pilate's hands, brought out for exhibition from the real Procurator's *βῆμα*, which cannot have been accessible to the soldiers in their game of mockery.

(4) Even if the mocking scene and the incident of the Pilate *ἐκάθισεν* could be identified, a partnership of Pilate with the mob in their mockeries is quite incredible in so dignified an official. And if the two scenes are left to stand separate, the Fourth Gospel could never attribute to the Roman Governor individually such a miserable piece of acting as a mimicry of the popular performance, by actually forcing the prisoner into the judge's place, while he himself stood by in the mixed character of showman and pleader. If there is any way of saving a little historical verisimilitude for the Johannine account (transitively construed), it can only be by cutting adrift the previous mocking scene, and finding, beneath Pilate's wavering and pleading reluctance, a spring of compassion, perhaps of haunting reverence, tormenting him with recoil from the decision which yet he dares not withhold. Yet to see in the act of Pilate, pointing to the pathetic figure robed and crowned on the *βῆμα*, an appeal to pity and a warning against blind passion is to disqualify it for serving as the nucleus whence the apocryphal mocking scene developed its chief feature.

In retaining the opinion that 'Peter lies behind Justin,' I am far from doubting that 'prophetical testimony lies behind Peter.' Prophetical testimony lies behind our canonical gospels, and suffuses their recitals with a colouring sometimes illusory, and is even

answerable for some of their contents. In the present case I admit that the presence of the word '*justly*' in the demand '*Judge justly*' probably indicates a popular use of the text Isaiah lviii. 2 as applicable to the Jewish temper relatively to Christ. It is, in fact, impossible to get behind this mode of thinking, however far back you go towards the nativity of the Gospel, any more than you can divest the light by which you see of its reflective and refractive laws. The critical question is, How much in the early Christian literature, and what sort of phenomena, have to be referred to this pervading and protracted cause, regarded as a distorting medium on pure historic truth?

Mr. Harris calls in question my statement that as long ago as 1851 Hilgenfeld found evidence, in the passage just discussed, of Justin's acquaintance with some historical materials other than our canonical Scriptures, probably the Gospel of Peter. At a distance from my books, I have no access to Hilgenfeld's *Evangelien Justin's* of 1850. I trust that the following passage from a recent paper of his on the new fragment will justify my reference to him—which, by the way, did *not* speak of him 'as the first person who suggested that Justin had at this point borrowed from the Gospel of Peter.' After giving account of the fragment as affecting the questions at issue, he says:

> Auf welchen Widerspruch ist meine Nachweisung gestossen, dass Justinus ein ausserkanonisches Evangelium und zwar wahrscheinlich das Petrus-Evangelium gebraucht hat! Jetzt kann jeder Unbefangener sehen dass ich vor 42 Jahren mit gutem Grunde der Behauptung widersprochen habe es sei nur eine individualisirende Fortbildung der kanonischen Geschichtsuberlieferung nach Jes. lviii. 2, wenn Justinus schreibt *Ap.* i. 35, *καὶ γάρ, ὡς εἶπεν ὁ προφήτης, διασύροντες αὐτὸν ἐκάθισαν ἐπὶ βήματος καὶ εἶπον* Κρῖνον ἡμῖν. Oder will man im Ernste behaupten das Petrus-Evangelium Justin's individualisirende Fortbildung weiter ausgeführt habe?[23]

Passing from the discussion of particular passages and the parallels presented in different books, I must add a few words in explanation and defence of my 'entirely erroneous ideas with regard to the early Christian literature.'[24] I have said that 'the early Church writings other than epistolary were all anonymous.' I have *not* said or 'inferred' that 'where they ceased to be anonymous, they were pseudonymous;' but only that the names were conjectural and unattested. I may premise that I used the word 'anonymous' to cover all the cases in which the author withheld his name, whether or not he substituted a *nom de plume* or pretended name. To the term 'pseudonymous' would thus be left only the cases in which the name of a real person was falsely attached to a book or document. Before proceeding to particular cases, I will ask why the general position laid down should be regarded as paradoxical by anyone who realises the conditions surrounding the incunabula of Christendom. It is not pretended that

[23] *Zeitschrift für wissenschaftliche Theologie*, xxxvi. 4, s. 447. [24] P. 231.

Jesus Himself wrote or dictated anything. His personal agency consisted of ἔπεα πτερόεντα and missionary incidents, thrown in passing upon the precarious retentiveness of human memories and hearts. When He was gone, they were worked up by those who had had most experience of them into a Messianic theory of his personality, the interest of which was entirely prospective; and remembered words of His were misconstrued into a promise of transcendent changes that were already on their way and would not tarry. The mother Church at Jerusalem was thus an organisation of *watchers*, looking out over the benighted world for the flash of the opening heavens and the descending Son of God: 'The end of all things was at hand.' What, then, would be the message borne to others who knew it not during this interval of suspense? It would be notice of what was coming, and not recital of what had been, except where it would make the warning sharper. The more dread indeed or dazzling the outlook in front, the deeper is the neutral tint of indifference that falls upon the flats behind. How cursorily do the apostolic speeches in the Book of Acts glance at the ministry of Christ which they attest, and hurry on to proclaim the terrors and glories of his return!

The whole strain of the Christian mind being thus onward, its methods were provisional. Its teaching was addressed to the last generation of men, and need only be oral; and, being missionary, would be flexible to varying conditions, as it passed from synagogue to synagogue, from city to city. Written records belong only to a continuing world. Who would set himself to write a book, if he knew that an earthquake would swallow up all readers and libraries within a year? The missionary life that went forth from Jerusalem gave occasion only to letters, speaking on current topics, from the teacher to disciples whom at the moment he could not personally reach. These accordingly form the beginnings of Christian literature, furnished though they are by 'the last of all the apostles,' the one 'born,' as he says, 'out of due time.' Scattered over eight years (A.D. 55–63) and not commencing till 24 years after the Crucifixion, they yet contain our first notices, all of them incidental, of the inchoate Christendom. The 'Gospel'—'my Gospel,' as the writer says—is irrespective of the life of Christ. It is a Theodicy of Redemption and the last days.

When for some thirty years the Kingdom of God promised 'within that generation' still tarried, expectation inevitably flagged with those 'who were alive and to remain till the coming of the Lord.' The intent look relaxed: the herald's message startled no more. The world and its interests were ever present: the life that now is had to be lived, and needed love and wisdom as well as faith, to be lived aright. And as the future had nearly spent its power, and, beyond its scanty group of images, remained a blank, curiosity was released from it and turned upon the past. He that was to come from heaven, what was

He upon earth? Can his steps be traced? his words recovered? the drama of his life be shown in the order of its scenes, and the terror and glory of its close? In a word, as the term of human history was prolonged, the interest in its contents revived; and to collect and piece together the scattered shreds of oral teaching that told what Jesus said and did, became a need for the miscellaneous multitude of disciples. First the sayings of the Master, then the incidents of his biography were looked up and put together from the note-tablets of private persons here and there, and used for the catechumens of particular societies. The tradition which refers to Matthew, because as tax-officer he was accustomed to accounts, the collection of λόγια κυριακά shows how little in the way of *written record* was expected from apostles less trained to the use of the pen. In any case, the need of restraining the inevitable variations of oral missionary teaching could not fail to make itself felt, and to engage the services of some competent scribe to commit to writing the best remembered sayings of Jesus within reach. Once secured in this form, they would serve as the foundation of rules for his organised Church until He came.

By such process, in a widely spread community composed mainly of the poor, would the separate pericopes be shaped which so evidently enter into the structure of our synoptical Gospels, and which in some measure reappear in all or in more than one. With the ruin of the Jewish state and city, A.D. 70, the Jerusalem centre and its control were lost to the Christians depending on them: the breach with Israel was complete; the very site of the expected Advent was a desolation, and the Deliverer had not come. A deeper shade falling on the future, the need was stronger of making the most of the lights and memories of the past. The dispersion of the central forces called for more security against local divergencies of teaching, and led to the production of the first entire Gospel, which reveals its own date. That date is to be found in our first Gospel, but by no means holds for all that it contains. Not only is it a composite structure, built up at first from heterogeneous parts; but it has passed through successive recensions, interweaving with it passages of later dates.

This whole process, first of piecemeal precipitation of tradition from oral into written form, and then of aggregation of these molecules into larger masses, implies gradual and plural agency as distinguished from individual authorship, and can result only in an anonymous product. That there were a multitude of such products, so far incomplete and variable among themselves as to need the revising interposition of an ordering hand, is evident from the prefatory verses of our third Gospel; and that among them this new critical compiler had in view the two previous synoptists cannot be doubted. When he sent forth his own work the Flavian conquest had already wiped out Jerusalem: so that between forty and fifty years after the earthly life of Christ the records of it were still anonymous and unsatisfac-

tory. But the new attempt also, though dedicated to a certain Theophilus, came from a writer who did not name himself to other readers. For though Marcion (c. A.D. 140) avowedly based his 'Gospel of the Lord' upon this Pauline version of the life of Jesus, he never designates the work as Luke's. And this namelessness of all the Evangelists is confirmed and continued by Justin Martyr's well-known practice of blending them together as a common historic source under the title of *Apostolic Memoirs* (ἀπομνημονεύματα), without ever mentioning an individual writer.[25] The ascription of the Fourth Gospel to the apostle John was an erroneous inference from Rev. i. 9 that he was the author of the Apocalypse. Justin, in quoting a millennial passage from the latter, introduces him to Trypho as a writer with whom he had not previously been in contact. Yet Trypho had professed himself acquainted with the ἀπομνημονεύματα—which therefore cannot have included the Fourth Gospel. If therefore Justin cited it, it was as a separate work, not belonging to the same category as the 'Memoirs.'

Proceeding to literature not ultimately received into the Canon, we come first to the Epistle of Barnabas and the *Shepherd of Hermas*, still in the fourth century regarded as sacred enough to have place in the Sinaitic Codex. The title written at the head of the former Mr. Harris regards as sufficient reply to questions about its authorship. 'The MSS.,' he says, 'do not afford any support to the theory' of an 'anonymous currency during the first period of its existence.' How could they, were the theory ever so true? As its contention is that the second century put an end to anonymity by finding names where they were wanted, our manuscript period came too late to attest their former absence.[26] The Barnabas letter nowhere gives itself out as the production of Apostle or Prophet, characters regarded by him, evidently from the outside, with great reverence. He plainly writes anonymously. Not till more than a hundred years after its origin does Clement of Alexandria quote it as by Paul's companion Barnabas, viz. at the end of the second century; and early in the third the example is followed by Origen. Bishop Lightfoot's judgment is:

> His language is such as to suggest that he was wholly unconnected with the Apostles. The work, therefore, is in no sense apocryphal, if by apocryphal we mean fictitious. How the name of Barnabas came to be associated with it, it is impossible to say.[27]

[25] It is curious that the only apparent departure from this silence should be in favour of our 'Gospel of *Peter*,' in the phrase ἐν τοῖς ἀπομνημονεύμασιν αὐτοῦ, Peter being the nearest person mentioned before. See, however, Otto's note, giving reasons for rejecting the reading. *Trypho*, 106.

[26] Similarly irrelevant is the remark that 'the first reference to the Apocalypse of Peter calls it the Apocalypse of Peter' (p. 232); occurring as that reference does in the Muratorian Fragment (A.D. 170–200), it falls from twenty to fifty years too late for the anonymous period.

[27] *The Apostolical Fathers*, p. 239.

But at all events the anonymous circulation of the '*Shepherd of Hermas*' is 'simply impossible,' Mr. Harris assures us; for a large section of the book is autobiography: 'the author names himself and his friends, the Church dignitaries and others with whom he was connected, has a non-apocryphal wife and children, and an equally non-apocryphal lady for his former owner.'[28] Is every book which tells its story in the first person an autobiography? Does an author never assume an ideal personality and name, as the vehicle of his conceptions? Is the *Book of Enoch* autobiographical in its recorded experiences? and *Gulliver's Travels*? and Lady Mary Fox's report of her residence and observations in an improved colonial world?[29] For an autobiographer this literary Hermas gives a strange account of himself, 'Never in my life spake I a true word, but I always lived deceitfully with all men, and dressed up my falsehood as truth before all men: and no man ever contradicted me, but confidence was placed in my word.'[30] The first attempt to answer the question who the so-called Hermas was, whether real or feigned, is given by the Muratorian Canon (A.D. 180), which finds the owner of the name in a brother of Pope Pius I. (A.D. 140–155), that is, more than a generation before. It is used in the 'Teaching of the Twelve Apostles;' not indeed, as Barnabas' is, directly and copiously, but obviously, and similarly without name. The work contains not a single scriptural quotation; it is remarkable for the absence of any trace of the Pauline view of vicarious redemption, and the presence of the doctrine of counsels of perfection and works of supererogation, for identification of the Holy Spirit and the Son of God, and for other loose statements of Church theology, which leave the impression of contact with Gentile society and modes of thought, and savour more of Alexandria than of Rome.

The foregoing examples will perhaps render intelligible the mode in which a considerable portion of the early Christian literature would naturally find its way into circulation without the stamp of its authorship, and yet afterwards, when Gnostic and Montanist productions streamed in, needed and obtained a legitimating mark in the shape of an apostolic or other guaranteeing name. I am perfectly willing to accept the existing name from the earliest date at which Mr. Harris can find it; but I cannot hold the witness of an Irenæus in the closing decades of the second century good for literary facts a century before, unless supported by the weight of internal evidence. Nor do I wish to work the anonymous theory to the exclusion of pseudonymous cases, which undoubtedly have their place, even within the New Testament itself; in the Pastoral Epistles, for instance, which assuredly take the name of Paul in vain. The Gospel of Peter comes under the same category, and even the Revelation of Peter, though, from its not taking a personal name but professing

[28] P. 233. [29] By Archbishop Whately. [30] Mandate the third.

only to come from 'one of us twelve disciples,' it might rather be called *pseudapostolic.*

On the whole, the fresh light which the researches of the last half-century have thrown upon the early life and literature of Christendom during the growth and selection of a body of sacred writings, justifies by new reasons our thankfulness for the New Testament as it is. Clear as it has become that the volume has been made up, not by supernatural dictation or even by critical discovery of authorship and testing of contents, still clearer is it that what has been let drop can claim no preference over that which has been saved; and that, in consulting and defining, from time to time, the Catholic feeling of the Christian communities, the Church authorities, in the name of the Holy Ghost, have really been prevailingly led by good sense and practical piety.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

ASPECTS OF TENNYSON

VI

AS THE POET OF EVOLUTION

IN the essay upon 'Tennyson as a Nature Poet' contributed by me to this series last May, restrictions of space made it impossible for me to touch upon the poet's relations to Nature as she now stands revealed to us by the new cosmogony of growth. This, I feel, made my study of the subject incomplete. For, in criticising Tennyson it is, of course, necessary to remember that his life, though beginning in the early years of the present century, extended into its latest decade. It was his privilege to see the time which Wordsworth prophesied and never saw—the greatest time the world has yet known, when science, in exercising a power mightier than that of all the fabled wands of all the fabled magicians of old, has in very truth lent 'a new seeing' to human eyes. 'If,' said Wordsworth in the preface to the second edition of his poems,

the labours of the men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of the respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarised to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.

That he who wrote these words so little heeded once, so golden now, was debarred from seeing the time he thus prophesied, a time when to the student of Nature, and the Nature poet, the mere act of living is a joy, was a loss not to him only: it was a loss to the human race. For, deep as was Tennyson's love of Nature, it was not a passion so absorbing as Wordsworth's. What might not he for whom there was in very truth 'a spirit in the woods,' he who could draw

Even from the meanest flower that blows
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears—

what might not he have done to make the marvels of this new cosmogony as precious to the heart of Man as it is to Man's intelligence? If a flower was a fascinating and a beloved thing to him who believed, what we now know to be literally true, that 'every flower enjoys the air it breathes,' what would that same flower have been to him if he could have spent, as the humblest student of Nature can now spend, an entire morning over a single blossom, tracing its ancestry step by step, while the surrounding floras and faunas which the flower's ancestors knew would have passed before the eyes of the poet's delighted imagination, lapping his soul in a dream of wonder and beauty such as it was not given to him to know? Standing upon the chalk cliffs that look across the Channel, Wordsworth, had he lived in our time, would still have been blest with all the proud visions that blest him as a patriotic poet; he would still have seen as Tennyson saw Drake, still have seen Blake, sweeping the green waves free of their country's foes; but also he would have been blest with sights undreamed of by poets of his time. He would have seen as Tennyson saw the wonderful pictures of the chalk formations—pictures called up by the white and gleaming bastions of the coast; he would have read as Tennyson read the story of the deposit of those minute shells, to count which by millions instead of units would require more centuries than in his time were supposed to have elapsed since the world arose out of chaos. Gazing at the patch of stars reflected in the beloved mirror of Windermere, he would have felt all the rapture he used to feel at their unspeakable loveliness, but also he would have felt the still higher rapture which Tennyson felt when gazing at the stars from Aldworth or Farringford—the rapture of knowing that the illimitable universe is all made of the same simple elements as those around us here, as proved by the spectroscope, and that consequently life is probably everywhere. Thoughts would have come to him as they came to Tennyson that, among the billions of orbs revolving around the millions of suns, there are probably other planets inhabited by reasoning beings, between us and whom there is this sublime interest in common: we have the selfsame book to read—the book of Nature. He would have felt that, if the quaint fancy about the canal-makers in Mars were really more than a quaint fancy, they, though they would have no knowledge of much of the intellectual wealth we prize most—though they would be as ignorant of *The Excursion* as of the doctrines of the latest fervid political and social reformer who looks upon his parochial reforms as the final cause of the existence of an infinite universe—they would have a greater book than even *The Excursion* to read or the blue-books of the English Parliament—they would have, in common with

the human race, the book of the starry heavens. Not but that Wordsworth was, by the power of mere instinct, if not of knowledge, more in touch with Nature than was any other man in the England of his time. The only other human soul on this planet that loved Nature better than he was that of Dorothy, his sister, that sister of whom it is impossible for any student of Nature to think or speak without emotion. None but these two knew what it is so easy now to know, that the truest Nature-poet is not necessarily he who can most faithfully render Nature as a picture, nor even he who can depict Nature as a great interpreter of man's soul, but he who can confront her as she exists apart from the human story, as she existed when man was but a far-off dream of hers. Many a lovely verse of Wordsworth's shows that he knew this, and I long to quote some of them here, but must not. Yet, with all his passion for Nature, so enslaved by authority of antiquated tradition was the poetic art of his time that Wordsworth spent his long life among the Lakes, thinking that he could hold true converse with Nature and still remain comparatively ignorant of the rudiments of natural science even under the system of Linnæus. And here I come upon that which troubles every Wordsworthian who is also an evolutionist: as regards the vitality of Nature-poetry based upon the old knowledge, how long will it last? Is the lovely poetry of *The Excursion*, *The Prelude*, &c., to become antiquated and unsatisfactory? Upon whatsoever cosmogony built, great poetry which deals with man's life is likely to be immortal; there seems to be a perennial vitality in poetry whose material is human passion and human conduct. Yes—though in a large degree conduct, and in some degree passion, are and must be based upon man's conception of Nature—his conception of what kind of universe he finds himself in—poetry, which faithfully depicts man at any given period, will surely survive: until the very structure of man's mind has undergone changes so vast that they cannot be confronted by the most vigorous cosmic imagination of our own period, such poetry, I say, will surely survive. But the first business of the Nature-poet is with the great Mother herself, to whom man, with all his passions and aspirations, was once a pleasant dream of the future; to whom man, with all his passions and aspirations, will some day be a dream, pleasant or otherwise, of the past.

Not, of course, that any poet could pass into the temper of Darwin, to whom the proper study of mankind was Nature.

There is a danger to some of the various faculties of man in a too close and exclusive study of Nature—a study which is so fascinating that it may well tend in some degree to isolate the student's soul from the heart of man. For the bond of brotherhood seems to widen till at last it takes in not only the higher animals, but all the members of the animal kingdom—takes in even the vegetable world, whose grand and mysterious function it is to turn inorganic matter

into organic life. The mind of the student of Nature is apt to form the habit of looking upon human life as a spectacle, as a tragi-comedy acted in a dream, amusing at one moment, saddening at the next, and as evanescent as the picture the moon looked down upon during the ages that produced the coal-formations. Original temperament, however, has no doubt a good deal to do with this mood: if the study of Nature had this effect upon Darwin, leading him to turn away from poetry altogether, its effect upon another great naturalist—perhaps the widest and strongest intelligence now in the world—seems to have been of an entirely different kind, judging from his recent discussion of the great subject of man in relation to the cosmic process.

Here, as in my previous essay, I leave all living poets undiscussed. Tennyson among forémost poets was not only the first, but the only one, to see that the birth of the new cosmogony was the birth of an entirely new epoch, an entirely new chapter in the human story. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in America, and the parable-writer, Dr. Gordon Hake, showed (as has been pointed out by Mr. Earl Hodgson in his preface to *The New Day* of the last-mentioned poet) a recognition of the dawn, but neither of these poets achieved distinction. Tennyson was the first to foresee that the effect upon pure literature worked by this great revolution in the history of the human mind contained within itself the seeds of a universal revolt against the dominance of all the old tyrannies along all the old lines of thought—a revolt compared with which that of the French Revolution against the *ancien régime* was as insignificant as the revolt of provincial children in a provincial school.

No doubt it was not wholly his wide-eyed intelligence that made him the most advanced of nineteenth-century poets. During a large portion of his life he lived at a time when the fire-balloon of the French Revolution had burnt itself out and left the 'advanced thinkers' and the 'advanced poets' without a luminary. Meantime Nature, who had been yearning to grow an organism capable of turning round and looking at her with eyes that could guess at her dreams, had grown at last Darwin, Spencer, Wallace, and Huxley.

In so far as the French Revolution was anything more than a revolt of the 'Third Estate' against the burden of *corvées* and feudal dues—a revolt which might never have grown into a great revolution had the harvest of 1788 been fat instead of lean—its heart-thought was that of the *Contrat Social*. It is scarcely exaggeration to say that the central sophism of Rousseau's book, the sophism which vitalised the literature of the French Revolution, and has been the foundation, in some form or another, of so much of the 'advanced' literature of the nineteenth century, is about as far removed from the

new epoch as though it had been formulated by Hesiod, or by whatsoever poet it was who gave us the *Theogony*. Indeed, the latest commentator upon that poem, Mr. W. F. Cornish, has actually been just telling us that the title Θεογονία does not properly mean 'the generation or origin of the gods,' but the 'being begotten of or by gods,' and 'a consideration of the process according to which man gets to being god-begotten.' If he is right in this fancy of his, the message to the human race of the Θεογονία is actually nearer to the new cosmogony of growth than Rousseau's resuscitation of sophisms that were hoary before ever Genesis was written. For, instead of saying with Rousseau and the French Revolutionists that 'man was born free and is everywhere in chains,' the new teaching says that man is yet scarcely born at all,

> Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning Age of ages,
> Shall not æon after æon pass and touch him into shape?
>
> All about him shadow still, but, while the races flower and fade,
> Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade,
> Till the peoples all are one, and all their voices blend in choric
> Hallelujah to the Maker, 'It is finish'd. Man is made.'

If this is, indeed, the true voice of the new epoch, may it not be safely affirmed that, compared with the writing of many of the latest of our 'advanced thinkers,' the twelfth-century Arabian novel, by Abubekr-ibn-Tofail, in which the development of man from the lower animals was taught, is already in spirit quite a modern work?

With regard to pure literature, the difference between a cosmogony of evolution and any and all the systems of the Universe that have preceded it is so fundamental that the phrase 'modern literature' must next century have an entirely different meaning from what it has hitherto borne; the ancient or mythological literature of the Western world, which began with the Homeric poems, will be considered to have closed with the decade preceding that in which literature accepted as its heart-thought the doctrine of the new epoch—that of Nature's growth.

For so soon as the popular imagination has entirely accepted the idea that the emancipation of man, so far as it has at present gone, has been an emancipation from the chains of 'ape and tiger,' rather than from the chains of maleficent gods and miscreant kings, or of that composite ogre of many-million-man-power called Society—so soon as it has entirely accepted the idea that man, everywhere *born* in chains, is only just beginning to shake them off—then, of course, the more 'advanced' is any poet whose system is in harmony with the advanced ideas of the French Revolution, the more antiquated will his work seem. Upon several occasions it was my privilege to converse with Tennyson upon this most interesting subject. One of these occasions lives in my memory with an especially

vigorous life. I had been endeavouring to support the thesis that among past English poets Shakespeare was the only one who by instinct sympathised with the temper of the new epoch now dawning. I had been saying that Shakespeare, having learnt as much as he could learn of the terrene drama, in which man plays undoubtedly the leading part, having learnt all that he could learn in an exhaustive study of man in London, went down to Stratford-on-Avon to learn as much as the imperfect science of his time would allow him to learn from the coneys and squirrels and dappled deer of the Warwickshire woods: that, although it is manifestly pardonable in any poet to take too seriously the human race, a race for whose ears his rhymes are made, it was only on occasion that Shakespeare fell into the mistake of over-estimating this or that social structure of man's in a universe where there is so much of the wonderful. I had been saying that, save at moments when the impulse of his dramatic imagination was upon him, he never fell into the mistake into which poets like Shelley and Hugo and other high-minded dreamers are apt to fall—the mistake of supposing that the universe is so entirely enclosed in man that the little economies of one nation or parish are of greatly more importance than the little economies of another nation or parish, whether the nation or parish be composed of Englishmen, of Irishmen, of Caucones, or of Zamzummin—the mistake of supposing that Nature who teaches the ant 'there's no labouring in winter'—Nature who takes as deep an interest in the work of

The singing masons building roofs of gold

as ever she took in the work of human masons, even of those mighty workers who built Westminster Abbey—is so deeply concerned with the doings of man that the stars have to be neglected. The moment the wings of his imagination were folded for rest his philosophical intellect resumed its sway, and although there was no scientific doctrine of evolution to enlighten him, he by many a gird at the 'fool of Nature' seems to have known that man, notwithstanding all the nobility of his spiritual side, is on the other side 'the paragon of animals' highly developed by circumstances over which he had only partial control; seems to have known that although in many things the social economies in which man moves are superior to those of the bees, they are not so in all ways; and that it is when we study the royalties and aristocracies of other gregarious animals which are entirely functional, rational, and philosophic, it is when we study the economies of a beehive, that the humour of man's civilisation softens its pathos and its tragedy. The way in which Tennyson then began to speak of the littleness of all human ambition confronted by the workings of infinite Nature, the way in which he told me that the only thing which threatened to paralyse his artistic function was the overwhelming revelation of

astronomy, is so vigorously impressed on my memory that as I recall it here I seem to smell the very perfume of the sun-warmed heather trod out by our feet; I seem to see the luxuriant, basking ferns, and that favourite hound of his leaping through them, making little dusty whirlwinds as he moved; I seem to hear the birds in the bushes too.

It was then that I saw clearly what I had long guessed, that he belonged to that class of poets who by temperament are progressive, as truly progressive, perhaps, as those fervid ones who followed the French Revolution, belonged to that class of poets who, having in some cases the knowledge, in other cases the instinct, to see how slow as well as how long has been man's upward movement towards his present position, and how slow and how long probably will be his upward movement in the future, do not consider change and progress to be convertible terms, and do not consider the ideals of any particular civilisation—Assyrian, Babylonian, Hellenic, Chinese, English, French, or German—to be absolute and final, but only relative to the particular civilisation itself.

I saw, in short, that he was one of those philosophical poets who, studying the present by the light of the past, and finding that all civilisation is provisional, do not look upon every change in the social structure as being necessarily mischievous, yet who see that every new scheme of society which the doctrinaire formulates fails to strike at human nature down to the roots; see that round every human fibre are woven the old sophisms which originally aiding in man's development have been keeping him back for ages—the sophisms which are the basis not only of every civilisation, but of almost every Utopian dream, from Plato to Sir Thomas More and Campanella.

At a time so revolutionary as this, when it seems to be impossible to find the proper place of any thinker without first inquiring as to the standpoint from which he confronts Nature, any poet's position as a thinker, advanced or otherwise, is perhaps difficult to find and fix. But if the greatest intelligence is that which sees clearly that many forms of civilisation by exaggerating their own importance dwarf the soul, and set the edicts of some fugitive convention above the absolute sanctions of Nature—if, I say, the greatest intelligence is that which confronts with the widest eyes, not only the human drama, but the universe, may not the ideas of this kind of thinker upon man, his place in the order of things, and his final destiny be so truly wide and therefore so truly advanced as to seem reactionary in the view of many a sociologist and many a politician who so far as concerns the special social and political structure in which he himself moves is considered to be in the van?

It is generally in youth that in discussing social questions we are inclined to treat society as an artificial mechanism rather than as an organic growth governed by inexorable laws and advancing to a com-

pleter organism slowly step by step. It is then that we are apt to think we can turn man suddenly into something rich and strange—turn him in a single generation—even as certain ingenious experimentalists turned what Nature meant for a land-salamander into a water-salamander with new ruddertail, and gills instead of lungs, and feet suppressed, by feeding him with water-food in oxygenated water, and cajoling his functions. As we get more experience we learn that man's functions are not to be so coaxed and cajoled into an unhealthy precocity. We learn as we grow older that, although man does really seem to be Nature's prime favourite among all her children (though we find it hard to guess why) even she, with all her power, finds it difficult to force him—that she is ever pointing to man and saying, 'A poor thing, but mine own: I shall do something with him some day, but I must not try to force him.' Yet it was as a comparatively young man that Tennyson read the calm method of Nature and Time in emancipating man:

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!
Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.
Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Whatever were Tennyson's passing moods, this seems to have been his permanent temper—the temper of Shakespeare apparently and of Goethe certainly. And no doubt the doctrine of Evolution accentuated this temper within him. For to a certain degree he has become the voice of the new epoch. Although the dawn of this epoch was foreshadowed as far back as the publication of Lamarck—nay, as far back as the times of Robinet and De Maillet—no English poet of the great poetic revival showed any consciousness of it.

That Wordsworth, after uttering the splendid prophecy given above, should have rested content with a knowledge of Nature such as his writings show; that Coleridge, with all his studies of and borrowings from Schelling, should never have seen that Schelling's system, like that of all the transcendentalists from Kant downwards, was one of pure evolution; that with all Coleridge's vague inquiries into the principle of life he did not see that the French biologists were moving, though along opposite paths, in the same direction as the transcendentalists, shows how difficult it is for even high genius to get beyond the accepted cosmogony of its own age.

These two great poets, beating the same foggy air in the same dark old wood, were, as regards any true knowledge of Nature—as revealed by the cosmogony of growth—behind Shelley, whom, as a thinker, they despised; for Shelley does seem to have had some inkling of evolution, judging from the following passage, where he alludes to the immense lever power of articulate speech in developing

the brain of man. No doubt it is a curious utterance, a strange mixture of the doctrine of man's degeneracy as being the result of original sin and the doctrine of evolution.

Having rejected the cosmogony which affirms that man's first disobedience brought death into the world, the cosmogony of Genesis and of *Paradise Lost*, Shelley could still find it in his heart to charge man with having originated for the lower animals all the ills which have flowed from a knowledge of good and evil. Still, it shows that his imagination, if not his reason, was answering to certain vibrations of thought moving in the air of his time.

Man and animals whom he has infected with his society, or depraved by his dominion, are alone diseased. The wild hog, the moufion, the bison, and the wolf are perfectly exempt from malady, and invariably die either from external violence or natural old age. But the domestic hog, the sheep, the cow, and the dog are subject to an incredible variety of distempers, and, like the corrupters of their natures, have physicians who thrive upon their miseries. The supereminence of man is like Satan's, the supereminence of pain; and the majority of his species, doomed to penury, disease, and crime, have reason to curse the untoward event that, by *enabling him to communicate his sensations*, raised him above the level of his fellow animals.

In Germany there was Goethe, to be sure, who, while Wordsworth was struggling in the meshes of what John Sterling called a 'High Church Pantheism,' and Coleridge was intoning marvellous sermons on the logos, was catching glimpses of the morning that has since dawned. While, superficially, the poetry of the great German often seems informed by the spirit of dead mythologies, it has only to be probed beneath the surface and the budding of the new epoch is seen, as underneath the loosened leaves of autumn may be seen the germs of the coming spring, even before the winter has set in.

Such was the state of things when Tennyson began to write. Hence, to gauge the virility of his intellect, as well as the value of his poetry, it is necessary to remember what in England was the meaning of the word 'Nature,' and what was the meaning of the word Man in relation to the Universe, when he was a youth.

Although Lamarck's *Philosophie Zoologique* was published in Paris in the year of Tennyson's birth, there were very few people in England who, during many years afterwards, took it seriously; and it may, perhaps, be affirmed that such ideas of evolution as were blindly moving about in the air of English thought were connected, not with biology at all, but with astronomy. In the nebular theory there had been always, since Laplace's time, an interest. But it was not till 1833 that any English poet, or, indeed, any worker in pure literature, saw its importance as indicating a new standpoint for human thought, or, indeed, gave it any consideration at all. In a footnote to *The Palace of Art*, published in that year, appeared the superb stanzas which, owing to the idle gibes of an 'indolent reviewer,' have disappeared from Tennyson's poems:—

Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies
Shuddered with silent stars, she clomb,
And as with optic glasses her keen eyes
Pierced thro' the mystic dome,

Regions of lucid matter taking forms,
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms
Of suns, and starry streams.

She saw the snowy poles of moonless Mars,
That marvellous round of milky light
Below Orion, and those double stars
Whereof the one more bright

Is circled by the other, &c.

No poet having the *littérateur's* knowledge, and nothing beyond, would have written these stanzas; and yet for mere poetic beauty they may be compared with those stanzas of Victor Hugo's in *Les Contemplations*, beginning—

Nuits, serez-vous pour nous toujours ce que vous êtes?

which are almost as divine as Dante's own whenever *he* talks of the stars.

It is not surprising, therefore, that from this time forward signs appear now and again in Tennyson's poetry of the deep and skilled attention he was giving to this science. This is never obtruded, but it appears in such lines as

There sinks the nebulous star we call the Sun,
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound.

Those three stars of the airy Giant's zone.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

The image of the fire-flies in the last of these lines, recalling that of the 'bee-like swarms' in the *Palace of Art*, is as wonderful for its accuracy of description as for its beauty. Indeed, Tennyson's allusions to the starry heavens have the beauty of poetry and the beauty of scientific truth.

No doubt in Dante's allusions we get the same blending of poetry with knowledge, but then the knowledge at his command was ignorance.

Years went on, and Lamarck's speculations in biology began, by the aid of the two Saint-Hilaires and the author of the *Vestiges*, to spread in this country, but against angry opposition. Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, unconsciously to its author, or rather, judging from certain passages in the book, against the author's wish, had

no doubt aided the French biologists in filling the atmosphere of England, not so much with ideas of a new cosmogony, as with a nebulous feeling that must needs crystallise into ideas.

That a poet should have read a meaning into a great geologist's treatise, the true meaning which the geologist who wrote the book failed to read, is quite as marvellous as the case of Goethe, where the poet gave the biologists lessons in their own science. The *Quarterly Review* for March 1832, in a review of the second volume of Lyell's *Principles* reproducing those strictures upon the *Philosophie Zoologique* which Lyell lived to repent, says that the great Frenchman has 'given us a history of the gradations by which Nature has ascended from the lowest step of organic life to the production of man, which it is not easy to repeat with a grave face.'

Indeed, in the history of English thought there is no more suggestive chapter than that which deals with this period.

Sometimes on a spring morning, when the sun is trying to declare himself, and the earth seems covered with a kind of golden mist, in which his baffled beams are arrested and held in suspense, the leaves of a tall tree here and there will seem to catch and condense the floating particles of luminous vapour, and glitter with the coming light of day.

So it was in England at that time in regard to the nebulous reams of the great truth of our century floating in the air—an intellectual tree here and a tree there would seem to catch and concentrate the scattered rays of the coming day, and make a kind of morning of its own.

Of these light-gathering trees in pure literature there were one or two, but in poetry there was, among poets who had made their mark, Tennyson alone. It was not till 1859 that the sun finally broke through the mist, the sun proclaimed by Darwin and by Wallace. Meantime, however, *In Memoriam* had appeared in 1850:

> There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
> O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
> There where the long street roars hath been
> The stillness of the central sea.
>
> The hills are shadows, and they flow
> From form to form, and nothing stands;
> They melt like mist, the solid lands,
> Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

Many angry things have been said about Carlyle, and not unjustly, on account of these words of his upon Darwin's *Origin of Species*:

> Wonderful to me as indicating the capricious stupidity of mankind; never could read a page of it, or waste the least thought upon it.

But among all the workers in pure literature who lived in Eng-

land at that time, Tennyson and George Eliot were the only two among writers who were prominently before the public who grasped its tremendous human import. Tennyson did not use it as a foundation for artistic work, but his consciousness of the new epoch is always apparent.

Pascal tells us that there are two extremes, 'to exclude reason and to admit only reason.' Passing into the latter extreme George Eliot's fine intellect became baffled. Tennyson's became strengthened.

The greatness of Tennyson is seen not merely in the readiness with which he confronted the teaching of science, but also in the temper with which he received it. For at first it is hard indeed for a poet to accept any theory that seems (as the doctrine of Evolution at first seemed) to be materialistic. The finer the nature the more certain is it to be rendered miserable by a materialistic theory of life, as we see in the case of George Eliot. The materialistic cosmogony she received, or thought she received, from the earlier evolutionists acting upon a nature so generous and sympathetic as hers was sure to induce pessimism, but sure to induce a pessimism finer and nobler than the optimism of most other people.

Walking side by side with Tennyson towards the new epoch, she halted hopeless while Tennyson walked on. She stood appalled before that apparent wickedness of nature which Tennyson boldly confronted.

'So careful of the type?' but no,
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, 'A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.

'Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death:
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more.' And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

Yet it was George Eliot's peculiar glory that, accepting the fact, so terrible at first to the idealist's mind, that the heart-thought of the universe is war, she was not driven thereby to noisy revolt against those sanctities of the soul which are truer than all science; she devoted herself to that 'relief of man's estate' which, according to Bacon, is the goal of all man's best endeavour, she simply felt impelled to illuminate the teaching of science by the halo of that great religion of benevolence upon which is based all which is of worth in all the creeds. She felt and she taught that, even if Nature is indeed as immoral and pitiless as she seems, our one defence against that wickedness is to band together against the common enemy, and that, in order to band together, we must be good. In a word, she passed into the temper of Buddhism, the temper which impels the thinker to say, There is no God to love and watch over you; therefore love and watch over each other.

But of the new cosmogony George Eliot knew at once too much and too little. Had she lived either in the time of Wordsworth and Coleridge, or at the present moment, when Tennyson's larger hope is taking shape in the public mind, it might have been well for her. But, like James Thomson, she was without Tennyson's indomitable faith in a spiritual force in Nature, that spiritual force which physical science herself seems now to be unconsciously revealing. For let it never be forgotten that, although Tennyson confronted evolution before ever Darwin and Wallace had spoken, nay, even before that famous note to Spencer's *Westminster Review* essay, 'The Social Organism,' which seems to have been the bud of so magical a blossom, he had sturdy views of his own upon it. He never did confront the question from the standpoint of Darwin, nor scarcely even from that of the sub-Darwinians, who are in some degree revising Darwin's system, but from a standpoint entirely his own. He spurned the materialism which at first seemed to all thinkers inseparable from the idea of evolution; he found for himself the hope which science seems within the last decade to be disclosing: the hope that the spiritual force called life—the maker of organism, and not the creature of organism, as the earlier evolutionists except Wallace supposed it to be—may, after all, be a something outside the material world, a something which uses the material world as a means of phenomenal expression.

And this was before our English biologists in their noble passion for truth declined to follow Haeckel and the Germans; before they, by refusing to burke the fact that biogenesis is the law, placed materialism further back than ever by showing by positive experiment that organism is the result of life, not life of organism.

He saw as clearly then as when he wrote 'Crossing the Bar' that what is real is the *noumenon*, that what is false and illusory is the phenomenon—that poetry and love, and beauty and noble endeavour, have never been evolved from molten granite or fire-mist

—that, notwithstanding all apparent contradictions, the universe without a preponderance of good over evil could not work at all; that in the deepest sense goodness and absolute life are indeed synonymous terms; and that if this is not fully shown now, it must be fully shown some day.

This, then, is the special glory of Tennyson as a poetical thinker. *He spiritualised Evolution and brought it into Poetry.*

He took the doctrine that the *Principium hylarchicum* of the universe is what the greatest poet now among us calls 'the rhythmic anguish of growth,' and with it confronted, or nobly tried to confront, the great enigma of being, the problem of problems, to solve which all mythologies, all cosmogonies, were constructed, the existence of evil. What Pascal said about the danger of proving to man too plainly how nearly he is on a level with the brute creation without also showing him his greatness, is what Tennyson put concretely in *In Memoriam*, when he said:

> Arise and fly
> The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
> Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die.

No doubt the following words 'by an Evolutionist' are to be taken dramatically, as are certain other such utterances:—

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said 'Am I your debtor?'
And the Lord—'Not yet: but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better.'

I

If my body come from brutes, my soul uncertain, or a fable,
Why not bask amid the senses while the sun of morning shines,
I, the finer brute rejoicing in my hounds, and in my stable,
Youth and Health, and birth and wealth, and choice of women and of wines?

II

What hast thou done for me, grim Old Age, save breaking my bones on the rack?
Would I had passed in the morning that looks so bright from afar!

OLD AGE

Done for thee? starved the wild beast that was linkt with thee eighty years back.
Less weight now for the ladder-of-heaven that hangs on a star.

If my body come from brutes, tho' somewhat finer than their own,
I am heir, and this my kingdom. Shall the royal voice be mute?
No, but if the rebel subject seek to drag me from the throne,
Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and rule thy Province of the brute.

II

I have climb'd to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher.

Still I cannot but think that already Tennyson's spiritualising of the *idée mère* of the new epoch has been fruitful of great results. To say nothing of the beautiful writings of the great co-discoverer with Darwin of Nature's true methods of work, I have just been reading a report of Professor Drummond's American lectures on Evolution, in which, after luminously popularising the latest results of embryology, showing that, although the human body is an epitome of the entire history of animal life from the earliest forms, it has now reached a stage which, to us, seems nearly perfection, he suggests that such useless survivals of lower forms of life as still remain, survivals which are often dangerous causes of disease and suffering, are analogous to the survivals of 'ape and tiger' in the soul, and even dreams that in both cases the problem of evil may eventually be solved by 'the rhythmic anguish of growth, the motion of mutable things.'

We may at least suppose, that if upon the doctrine of evolution such a cosmogony is ever to be built as can fully satisfy not only the intelligence of man but his soul, it will be upon some such a central thought as that enunciated in so many of Tennyson's lines. We may be permitted to suppose this I say. But assuredly it is we of this great time who especially ought to know that, as our dead master says—

Knowledge is the swallow on the lake
That sees and stirs the surface-shadow there
But never yet hath dipt into the abysm.

It is we who must needs accept all theories of the universe as provisional. As to what the twentieth century, loosened as it will be from so many shackles of the past, may have to say to a poet so late and so great as even Tennyson, that is a question which we can only leave 'on the knees' of *Natura Benigna.*

For, notwithstanding his remarkable instinct for keeping himself abreast of the thought of his time—nay, as a result of that instinct—the Chinese aphorism, 'A man is more like the time in which he lives than he is like his father and mother,' applies in a somewhat special degree to Tennyson, and no one can say what is going to be the *idée mère* of the thought of the twentieth century.

Whether the failure of all teleological poetry to become adequate to the cosmogony of its time has hitherto been owing to the very nature of the poetic function, is a question which can be only asked —not answered. The special glory of the poet is that to him abstractions become concretions, tangible and beautiful, while concretions themselves become to him more concrete than they are to others.

Now the very foundation of every cosmogony, upon which rests every religion, is in the deepest sense metaphysics; for all metaphysical inquiry is simply the result of the mind's refusal to take for granted ontological facts, howsoever obvious, till their existence has been proved by the light of intelligence. If we bear this in mind, that beneath every mythological elephant, upon whose back has ridden every religion of the ancient and modern world, is metaphysics, the very tortoise which the poets have been making a butt for ages, certain marvellous pictures of the animal upon the unseen reptile's back which have been limned by certain poets will not so greatly surprise us.

This seems to add interest to the question whether Tennyson will become the voice of the new epoch; for a feature of his genius is the way in which perfect concreteness of method is combined with that metaphysical power which, as we have just been seeing, is absent from most poets. This is perhaps one especial point in which he is comparable with Shakespeare.

To both poets the noumenal side of the universe and the phenomenal seem to have been present at the same moment. Outside Shakespeare there is nothing so concrete, so absolutely sensuous, as the poetry of Tennyson, unless it be that of Keats; and outside Shakespeare there is seen no such power of actualising metaphysical dreams as is seen in such a passage as this from *The Ancient Sage*:

More than once when I
Sat all alone, revolving in myself
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,
And past into the Nameless, as a cloud
Melts into Heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs
Were strange not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self
The gain of such large life as match'd with ours
Were Sun to spark—unshadowable in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.

The grand simplicity of Tennyson's character made it impossible for him ever to pose as a prophet; yet as regards the new epoch a prophet he was. If there is any truth and if there is any vitality in the great heart-thought of that epoch, the noble words of Matthew Arnold are surely more applicable to Tennyson's work than to the work of any one of his contemporaries. 'The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay.'

THEODORE WATTS.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

THE

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ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN ASIA

One of the advantages which the Triple Alliance has gained for Europe is that the fruitful cause of strife known as the Eastern Question has temporarily shrunk into its proper proportions. The air is no longer thick with rumours of Russian intrigue in the Balkan Peninsula; Bulgaria is permitted to try her constitutional experiments in peace; Servia and Roumania are walking in the straight paths of order and civilisation, and even Montenegro, the gnat of European politics, has been forbidden to buzz and sting. The calm is as grateful as it is ominous. It does not signify that old passions are extinct, or that Russia has abandoned her traditional policy in Eastern Europe, which, in other days, we have thwarted at the cost of so many millions. She is as determined to-day, as under Nicholas or Alexander the Second, to possess herself of Constantinople and become a Mediterranean power. But the time is not yet, and the Triple Alliance bars the way. Autocratic Russia and democratic France are joining hands in the endeavour to weaken and discredit a league of peace which both hate as delaying and frustrating the satisfaction of their revenge or their ambition. Meanwhile, the disreputable principalities of the Danube, whose paid and interested disputes have so often endangered the peace of Europe, have received the *mot d'ordre* to be quiet. A contest of lions is preparing, and the jackals are warned to move out of the way.

So far as England is concerned, the true Eastern Question of to-day is not in Europe but in Asia. The politics of the Balkan Peninsula affect her only in a secondary degree. They are, no doubt, important

to her, and may again become of supreme interest. But, for the moment, the critical position is Asia, and the Eastern Question is the supremacy of England in Southern Asia, with which is indissolubly bound up the freedom of the Mediterranean, our predominance in Egypt, and the maintenance of the open route to India by the Suez Canal. There are men whose opinion justly carries weight who believe that in the event of a European war in which England were involved, it would be impossible to maintain our position in the Mediterranean, and that it would be necessary to withdraw from Egypt and abandon Cyprus, Malta and even Gibraltar. This question need not be here discussed. Our ancestors, at the beginning of the century would not have cared to discuss it, and it is now, as it was then, to be determined by the possession by England of a fleet sufficient to meet any probable combination against her. If the English people, by the voice of their representatives in Parliament, will not vote a navy sufficient for the varied requirements of this great empire with its sea-borne commerce equal to that of all other countries together, there is nothing more to be said. We shall quickly lose our commanding position and sink to that of a second Holland, with a population unable to support itself by ruined agriculture and shrunken trade. But democracies, although wild and impulsive, are not yet proved to be absolutely without intelligence, and it must be possible for leaders of honesty to persuade them to act in accordance with the dictates of prudence and common sense. It would be a happy day for the Empire when a Ministry appealed to the country against a hostile vote of Parliament refusing a substantial increase of the navy. Governments are often ready to go into exile on some small question of vestry politics for which no one really cares; while they tremble and grow faint and will not put their fortune to the touch on a matter of national importance, when the whole loyalty and spirit of the country would eagerly rally to their side. If we cannot keep up a great army we must have an overwhelming navy, and this is the Alpha and Omega of English politics.

The enthusiastic friendship of France and Russia, the illegitimate alliance of liberty with despotism, which has been ostentatiously proclaimed to the world in the somewhat childish demonstrations at Toulon and Paris has a significance which all who run may read. In one sense it is a reply to the international courtesies of the Triple Alliance at Vienna, Berlin, and Rome, and as England chooses to stand aloof from embarrassing engagements in Europe, she may affect an unconcern with which it may be politic to conceal her interest in the matter. But Englishmen who have carefully followed the course of events in the East; who have watched, year after year, the shadow of the Russian eclipse sweeping across Persia and Central Asia until it has reached the frontiers of India and Afghanistan; and who now see France reviving her old ambition of an Eastern empire and fanning

in every direction the hatred and jealousy of England among her ignorant and passionate people, realise with sufficient distinctness that the alliance of Russia and France is directed as much against England and her Eastern Empire as against the Powers of the Triple Alliance. The interest of Russia and France is the same up to a certain point. They are not disposed to undervalue the power of England if she takes sides in a quarrel; and they know that if she should decide to abandon her attitude of neutrality, and join her resources to those of the Triple Alliance for the maintenance of European peace, their own schemes would have to be postponed or abandoned. This they wish, at all hazards, to prevent, and they believe that it may be most effectually done by threatening her at the point at which she seems to be most vulnerable. Both French and Russian publicists have made no secret of their wishes and aspirations, in the one case with the indiscreet extravagance which belongs to the French character; in the other, with the mixture of bluster and flattery which is natural to a Press inspired by authority whose sanctions are imprisonment and exile to Siberia. Several well-known editors have been invited to assist at the Paris demonstration as representatives of the Russian Press, and there is no doubt that these gentlemen, Komaroff, Notovitch, Souvorine, and Avseicuko, directing respectively the *Svet*, the *Novosti*, the *Novoya Vremya* and the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, are men of light and leading, or at any rate would be so in any country in which it were not a crime to be distinguished for originality and intelligence. But all Russian criticism on foreign politics is official: not indeed necessarily inspired, but passing under the censorship and suppressed unless it be in accord with the views of the Government. Lately the Russian Press has been exceedingly civil to England. It was recognised in St. Petersburg that the Siam episode tried English patience rather severely, and that it was politic to weaken the effect of French abuse of England by a little unwonted politeness. It would never do for both partners to throw themselves into hysterics of rage at the same time, and Republican extravagance has always grated on the nerves of the Czar. So the Russian editors were ordered to be civil; expeditions in armed force in the Pamirs were explained to be mere scientific excursions; at Teheran the Russian officials were ready to support English projects; and our mission to Abdur Rahman at Kabul, which would have ordinarily evoked cries of alarm and anger, was discussed as a most reasonable step from which Russia hoped advantage might accrue to England and the cause of peace. But we have not forgotten the threats and warnings of other days, when we were told that such pressure would be put upon us on the Indian border that we would be very slow to interfere with Russian schemes at Constantinople and on the Danube. When we hear similar language used by France we naturally inquire whether the strange partners of to-day have not

compared notes as to the best manner of drawing the teeth and paring the nails of the British lion.

As to the hostile temper and intentions of France towards us, there can, unfortunately, be no doubt whatever. The tone of the French Press has been menacing and abusive for some time past. Our ambassador at Paris has been grossly and habitually insulted, in writing and caricature, in a manner unprecedented in modern times in a civilised country, and everything that we do, or omit to do, in every part of the world—in Egypt, in Siam, on the Niger, in Morocco, or Madagascar—is represented as a direct attack on the interests of France or an insidious intrigue to injure her. In Siam it might have been thought that we had carried forbearance to the limits of pusillanimity. Here was a country with which England was closely connected by interest and friendly intercourse. Last year no less than eighty-seven per cent. of the shipping of the port of Bangkok was British, while out of the total imports and exports, amounting to 2,682,000*l.*, the sum of 2,414,000*l.* represented the trade of British ports. France, meantime, was represented by a single steamer running monthly between Saigon and Bangkok. Our trade was each year increasing. British subjects were settling in larger numbers in the country, while a sincere desire for material progress on the part of the Court and a friendly regard for the English on the part of the people might have made of Siam a valued customer of Birmingham and Manchester. Yet we allowed this preserve of ours, with which France had little concern, to be bullied and then robbed on the most cynically shameless pretences that have ever been advanced to palliate an infamy. Let us suppose that our Foreign Office had intimated to the Quai d'Orsay that England had interests so predominant in Siam that the bombardment of Bangkok would not be permitted; that the British Minister must be a party to any negotiations with the Siamese Government regarding Annamese or Cambodian territorial claims, and that any demand for satisfaction for raids or violence must be submitted to arbitration. Whatever the result of such intervention, no one who has carefully followed the discussion of the Siamese Question in the French Press will believe that it could have made the abuse of England less rancorous than it has been in the presence of our moderation and patience. The robbers were so afraid of the intervention of an honest man while they were stripping their victim that they threatened destruction to anyone who approached. A little plain speaking might have brought them to reason.

Although the collapse of Siam and the advanced frontier secured by France are injurious to British interests and prestige in the East, it is rather with reference to the future than the past that they deserve attention. It is difficult to assert that Lord Rosebery could have intervened more peremptorily with good result. Any action on

our part to safeguard the independence of Siam should have been taken long ago. The Siamese Government were very jealous of European interference, and the practice of all Eastern Courts of playing one rival power against another has been specially favoured at Bangkok. If Siam had been willing, some years ago, to come under English protection, it might have been arranged; but the danger of a French advance did not then seem to be pressing, and any suggestions in that direction were put aside. Nor is there any reason for surprise that a native Court should be shy of foreign assistance. Protection generally ends in annexation, and the hands of England have not always been immaculate.

It would be unreasonable to regard French expansion in the Indo-Chinese Peninsula from an English standpoint alone. The French have as much right as ourselves to extend their borders and to build up in the East a dominion which may take the place of that which they lost in India through the supineness and folly of their home Government. Nor can we be surprised that a soreness still exists on the subject of their colonial empire, torn from them by England, both in the New World and the Old. They consider that we have ousted them from their rightful heritage, and that our commercial supremacy has risen on the ruins of their fortunes. This is partly true, and, as we have been the winners in that great contest for world empire which lasted through so large a part of the last and present centuries, we have not the same reason as France for jealousy and *rancune*. But while we are disposed to make every excuse for French jealousy, and to bear with it with such philosophy as we may possess, we should be foolish indeed if we refused to recognise it as a constant danger and anxiety for England. It is useless to put our heads in the sand like the ostrich and pretend that a danger does not exist because we do not choose to see it. The hostility of France, sometimes smouldering, sometimes, as now, burning with a fierce flame, is a constant quantity in every political enterprise in which England may be engaged in Europe, Asia, or Africa. There is no love lost between France and Germany, and the sentiment and vanity of the former are both pledged to an endeavour to avenge the humiliations of 1870 and restore the lost provinces to the country. But the hatred to the Germans is faint when compared with that which the French feel, and on every occasion proclaim, to England. It is a sentiment nourished by the contest for supremacy which has continued through 800 years, and which is associated in our minds with the most glorious watchwords in our history, from Crecy and Agincourt to Trafalgar and Waterloo. No concessions, no international courtesies, no expeditions undertaken in company, like the Crimean war, have any power to uproot this sentiment, or modify or mitigate it. Whatever government may rule in France, Monarchical, Imperial, or Republican, the attitude is the same, although sometimes

it may be convenient, for dynastic or other reasons, to conceal it, and *Delenda est Carthago* is the motto which is written above the doors of the French Foreign Office. There are some members of the House of Commons, two of them men of ability and knowledge, who affect to believe that the foreign policy of England is summed up in a good understanding with France. But the ideal is impossible of attainment. It is the labour of Sisyphus. What is the use of a surrender here and a concession there, when every sea and every continent recall the conquests of England and the humiliations of France. The East Indies, the West Indies, Egypt, the Mediterranean: where are we to take refuge from the avenger of blood? We must accept the inevitable, and bear as best we may the burden of the glory we have inherited, and of which some Englishmen seem to be both afraid and ashamed. To conciliate France would be as easy as making friends with a rattlesnake; while her chivalrous method of accepting a concession is illustrated by her treatment of Siam, where, everything she so insolently demanded having been granted, she at once formulated another ultimatum.

I have no intention of discussing here the details of the policy which has been pursued by France in the Indo-Chinese Peninsula. So far as Siam is concerned, it has been the subject of much attention in the Press, and I would refer those who desire to see the whole subject treated with the knowledge and authority it deserves to a work just published, under the title of *China and her Neighbours*, by Mr. R. S. Gundry, which should not only be read but studied by Englishmen who wish to master one important branch of the Eastern Question. I am only dealing with the general aspects of the Siam incident, as the last and most frank expression of the active hostility of France to England, as it seems to be a warning to us to set our house in order and to make adequate preparations to meet dangers which will become more urgent with each day's indifference and delay. There is no doubt as to the wishes and intentions of France, from the time of the first treaty of 1787, between Louis the Sixteenth and Prince Cauh Dzue on behalf of his father the monarch of Cochin China, down to the aggressions and annexations of to-day. The occupation of Saigon, Tonquin, Annam, Cambodia, Siam, all have been admitted with cynical frankness to have been inspired by hostility to England and the desire to destroy her commercial supremacy in the East. The writings of a succession of officers who have been employed on these expeditions—Garnier, Dupuis, Dupré, Rivière, De Carné, De Lanessan—all recommend to their countrymen schemes which are not naturally congenial to Frenchmen, on the ground that England will be injured and her trade fall into French hands. During the recent Siamese dispute the journals of Paris have not been ashamed to use the same incitements, and the first in rank have been quite as frank as papers like the *Intransigeant*,

which declared, 'We are going to Siam under the pretext of avenging an insult to our flag, but really with the idea of making a new conquest.' More to the point is the declaration of a French writer under the signature 'Cambodian,' who says:—

The annexation of Upper Burmah has taught us what to do, though we have grievances against Siam, whereas there were none against Burmah, except that it was required to consolidate the British Empire. Thus, too, will the existence of a French Indo-Chinese Empire be a factor in European politics, and secure British neutrality in French questions, just as the approaches of England and Russia in Asia must secure British neutrality in Russian questions. The peace of Europe will therefore be assured in spite of any Triple Alliance.

It is no easy matter to fix the attention of the English public on any question of Eastern politics, however important. The interest seems to them remote, the points at issue are always complicated and often obscure, and they have been so accustomed to the haphazard development of their Eastern Empire that they have hardly realised that the days in which they ruled the Eastern seas without a rival have now passed, and that the ever-turning wheel of fortune has brought back the conditions under which, during the eighteenth century, we had to defend ourselves against the active hostility of France. A cartoon styled 'Masterly Inactivity' in the current number of *Punch* represents correctly the popular and superficial view of the situation. John Bull, seated in a cane chair and smoking a long pipe, fills the foreground; while a French official in full uniform with a treaty in his hand is bullying a trembling Siamese in the background. John Bull winks and says, 'Treaty or no treaty, I shall do the trade all the same.'

Punch only attempts to reflect the ordinary ideas of the average reader, and does not pretend to lead public opinion. The view he gives us is as short-sighted as it is Philistine, and it undoubtedly is not that of the London Chamber of Commerce as expressed at a special meeting on Siam which I attended a little while ago. There was complete unanimity as to the injurious effect which French action would have on the interests of English trade. As to masterly inactivity, the phrase has done much more harm than good, and is generally a mere cloak for cowardice and apathy. We have been taught by Solomon that to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. There is a time for masterly inactivity and a time for masterly action and energy, and a wise man does not choose to sleep when he knows that an enemy is threatening to set fire to his house.

There is a superficial plausibility in the idea that, under any circumstances, we shall retain the trade. Anyone can see by reference to *Whitaker* that England and her colonies own more than half the entire merchant shipping of the world, estimated by tonnage, and far more than half the sea-going steamers. We also know that from

a commercial point of view the acquisitions of France in Indo-China have failed, and that the countries which have reaped the advantage so far have been England, China, and Germany. In 1880 Mr. Colquhoun noticed that 97½ per cent. of the Tonquin imports were from the British port of Hong Kong, and only ½ per cent. from Saigon, the French capital, while 79 per cent. of the exports went to the British colony. Even at Saigon the trade is in English hands, although it is burdened with heavy duties, while French imports have preferential rates varying from 50 to 70 per cent. But it does not follow that what has happened in the past will continue in the future. It is not sufficient for us to be the carriers of the world: we are also manufacturers, and have an enormous population which cannot be fed unless we keep open every existing market and find new ones. But where France and Russia pass, there are at once set up hostile tariffs which, if they are not prohibitory, as they frequently are, yet diminish the volume of English trade and consume the greater part of its profits. Against England no country has any legitimate commercial grievance. Germany, France, the United States and Russia, all who live by protection and place every obstacle in the path of the English merchant, are as free as Englishmen to buy and sell and enjoy every advantage which the British flag can give. To such sentimental lengths do we carry the doctrine of Free Trade, that the Foreign Office refuses to allow its consuls to notify the opening of the Manchester Canal lest some rival enterprise should complain; while in many foreign ports and capitals the diplomatic agents of England seem to reserve their courtesies and help for those who are not their own countrymen. Yet the only return for our friendly help is that wherever our rivals enter, every door to wealth or commerce is shut and barred in our face.

The time seems to have arrived for a reconsideration of our position, and to determine whether the policy of masterly inactivity should not be definitely abandoned in favour of an energetic defence of the national interests. France and Russia, the two habitual disturbers of European peace, have joined hands with an ostentatious enthusiasm on the French side and a shy reserve on the part of the Russians, who do not forget that any unauthorised exuberance of sentiment may land them in Siberia. Their friendship augurs no good to the Triple Alliance in Europe nor to England's peace and power in Asia, which they frankly profess the intention of undermining. We have no reason for unworthy alarm, but it is not inopportune to discuss a Triple Alliance in Asia, composed of England, China, and Afghanistan, who, united for defensive purposes, would be sufficiently powerful to maintain peace whoever might desire to break it. At the same time it would be advisable to reorganise our diplomatic system so far as Asia is concerned, relieving the Foreign Office of duties which it cannot efficiently perform, but which are, neverthe-

less, among the most important to the Empire, and which cannot be neglected without loss and danger. Siam is the latest example of this. The storm had been foreseen by everyone who had any intimate knowledge of the Indo-Chinese Peninsula, but to the Foreign Office it came without warning, and the mischief was done before it was realised what were the French pretensions and that they were without justification.

The work of the Foreign Secretary is too heavy to be properly performed by one man, however able and industrious. Like the weary Titan, oppressed by the burden of the too great orb of his fate, he finds the whole world to be the sphere of the British Foreign Office, and he is as directly concerned in the welfare of Alaskan seals as in the bombardment of Rio or the massacre of missionaries in China. The result is, that attention is only given to those matters which are full in view, which are immediate and pressing, or to which public interest attaches, while those which are remote or imperfectly understood are neglected. It would surely be expedient to relieve both the Foreign and Colonial Offices of a portion of their work, and to form an Asiatic Department under a separate Secretary of State, who should preferentially be an ex-Viceroy of India, and who would take charge of all questions relating to the East which were not more conveniently placed under the Secretary of State for India. The countries with which we are chiefly concerned are Persia, Afghanistan, Biluchistan, India, Burmah, Siam, Japan and China, with islands either adjacent to the continent, like Ceylon and Hong Kong, or situated in the Malayan Archipelago, as Borneo and New Guinea. These, for diplomatic or administrative purposes, are at present divided between three separate departments—the Foreign, Colonial, and Indian. The Legations at Teheran and Pekin, Tokio and Bangkok, are under the Foreign Office; the Colonial Secretary administers Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, and the islands; while the affairs of India, Burmah, Afghanistan, Biluchistan, with the important fortress of Aden and its dependent districts on both sides of the Gulf, are subject to the Viceroy, controlled by the Secretary of State for India. The suggested change of administrative and diplomatic duties would relieve the Foreign Office from duties which its organisation renders extremely difficult, and which, in fact, have never been performed with any efficiency; confine the attention of the Colonial Secretary to the great and growing communities of English descent in America, Africa, and Australasia, and take from his control those outlying settlements which cannot be peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race, and which thus have nothing in common with the true English colonies; and, lastly, relieve the Viceroy of India from a portion of the administrative burden which is rapidly becoming too heavy for him to bear.

The arrangement suggested is as follows:—

Under the new Secretary of State for the Asiatic Department would be an

Under Secretary for Persia, the Persian Gulf, and Aden.

Under Secretary for China, with Corea and Hong Kong.

Under Secretary for Japan.

Under Secretary for Burmah, Indo-China, the Straits Settlements, and the islands, such as British North Borneo and British New Guinea.

Under the Secretary of State for India:—

The Viceroy of India—India, with Ceylon, Afghanistan, Biluchistan.

It is not possible here to fully explain or justify this rearrangement of departments, and a few words must suffice to convey the idea of the proposed change in each case, with the exception of China, which requires more detailed consideration, as a Power which in the immediate future may become the most valuable ally of England in Asia. It has taken a long time for England to shake herself free of prejudice and prescription and tradition, and to realise that she is anything more than a member of the European family of nations whose place in the front rank is only maintained by perpetual energy and self-assertion. This is the view which other nations are anxious for us to take; and Americans are fond of telling us that England might be easily lost in the area of the United States. We might as sensibly reply that, compared with the ten million square miles that make up the British Empire, the United States does not appear so very large. England is but the centre of a world-empire, and our interests are rather Asiatic than European. We have to a certain extent acknowledged this by endeavouring of late years to keep clear of compromising engagements in Europe; but we have not yet taken steps to assert our position as the leading Power in Asia, able and determined to maintain peace throughout the East, and to keep all markets open, without fear and favour, to freedom of trade. This can only be done effectively by so reorganising our administrative and diplomatic arrangements as to ensure that every part of the Eastern world shall receive its due share of attention from a department specially instructed and informed, and that our most vital interests shall not, as at present, be left to take their chance of consideration in the rare moments of leisure which the Foreign and Colonial Offices can snatch from the conflicting claims of Europe, Africa, and America.

The principal change proposed in the Indian jurisdiction is to remove Burmah altogether from the control of the Viceroy. This country has no intimate connection with India, the inhabitants being of different race, language, and religion, and belongs far more closely to the Indo-Chinese group. Its administration is a heavy addition to the Viceroy's responsibilities and labours; while to assume in its

stead the administration of Ceylon, which geographically belongs to India, would be a very welcome relief, as this island would give no more trouble than an ordinary Indian province, and would demand no special attention from the central authority at Calcutta. Afghanistan and Biluchistan must remain under the Viceroy's control for obvious reasons connected with the defence of the north-western frontier; while Aden, although partly garrisoned from India, as a matter of policy and convenience, has no more natural connection with it than Malta, both being fortresses essential to the maintenance of the Mediterranean and Red Sea Route.

It has often been urged that the Persian Legation should be subordinate to the Secretary of State for India; but there are many inconveniences in this course, and the Viceroy, as I have above said, requires relief rather than the imposition of new burdens. Under whatever department it may be placed, the Teheran Legation should be mainly composed of officers of the Indian political service, acquainted with the language, etiquette, and manners of the country; and it must be remembered that most of the political questions with which we have to deal in Persia are as closely connected with Indian defence as those of Afghanistan. Until lately an Indian officer of experience, General Sir Thomas Gordon, was attached to the Teheran Legation as Military Secretary, and did excellent service. It is discreditable to the Government that this most useful and indeed necessary appointment should have been abolished from motives of economy. It is hopeless to expect that the ordinary members of the Foreign Office staff, trained for diplomatic duties at European or American capitals, can become efficient members of Legations at Asiatic Courts, with the language and customs of which they are too old to become familiar, and a residence at which they probably consider as exile, to be borne with philosophy till promotion carries them to a more congenial quarter of the world. A diplomatic staff for the East should be trained in the East, kept in the East, and have no hope of distinction or promotion beyond the limits of Asia. No country requires a trained Oriental staff at the present time more urgently than Persia. She is surrounded by economical, foreign, and revolutionary dangers. Russia is ever pressing her on the North; continual tyranny and misgovernment have desolated the country and impoverished the inhabitants, while a spirit of unrest and opposition to the Government is rapidly spreading, and is openly encouraged by some of the most powerful of the religious leaders. Distant governors defy the authority of the Shah, and the disorganisation has become so complete that the lives and honour of Englishmen are no longer safe from the violence of officers for whose conduct the Shah must be held responsible, since his weakness is the result of his own rapacity and misrule. The disruption of the Persian Empire is more imminent than that of Turkey; and to avert disaster, it is necessary

that England should have at Teheran, not only a Minister of profound Eastern experience, but a staff who have some other acquaintance of diplomacy than that which they have been able to acquire in European capitals.

As an ally in Asia, Persia is useless to us, and we must rest content with the command of the Persian Gulf so long as our masters, the illiterate electors of Parliament, allow us to remain supreme at sea. For allies, India must look to powers with interests identical with or similar to her own; who have still the will to form a policy and sufficient independence to carry it out. I refer to China and Afghanistan, the latter of which must be included within the Indian Empire for all purposes of defence against a common enemy. The question of the north-western frontier cannot be dwelt on here; but it is not inopportune to express the general satisfaction in England at the cordial welcome given to the Mission from India by Amir Abdur Rahman Khan. It is only the other day that many English and Indian journals were denouncing the Amir as unfriendly, and stirring up popular prejudice against him. I then endeavoured, from personal knowledge of his character and policy, to contest this erroneous view, and suggested that it was not unreasonable that so proud a monarch as the Amir should strongly object to a mission headed by the Commander-in-Chief in India. It would have been surprising had he not attempted to evade or decline so dangerous an honour. I urged that the sentiment and policy of the Amir were friendly to England, and that a mission conducted by a diplomatist and not a general would be well received. This opinion has been amply confirmed by events, and I have little doubt that my friend Sir Mortimer Durand will be able to come to an agreement on several questions which are now open between the two Governments. I do not know whether the opportunity will be taken to propose a definite treaty of defensive alliance; but the Amir has always desired this, and in return we may without risk pledge ourselves to acknowledge whichever of his sons he may select as his successor, granting him the same assistance we have given to his father. Our subsidies and open support have enabled Abdur Rahman Khan to maintain himself against his many enemies, and his successor is not likely to be as capable and energetic as himself. In any case, a treaty with well-defined obligations on the part of both England and Afghanistan would be far more satisfactory than the present vague understanding which pledges the honour of England without binding the Amir to reciprocal action.

The most important political question in the Eastern world, which may more directly affect the fortunes of England than any other, and which is worthy of the best efforts of English statesmen, is the defensive alliance of England and China, based on an intelligent appreciation of mutual interests. By such an alliance alone can the peace

of Asia be continuously preserved. The difficulties in the way of its accomplishment are great, but they are chiefly concerned with the inherent suspicion of European ideas which inspires the Chinese Government and its obstructive and bigoted *Tsung-Li-Yamên*, or Foreign Board, and, on our side, with the apathy displayed towards the interests of England in the far East by the British Foreign Office. Yet it is the province of diplomacy to remove difficulties, and if we are to maintain our supremacy in Asia no time should be lost in attempting to bring about this all-important understanding. By no other means can the intrigues of France or Russia, directed against the British power in Asia, be so certainly and effectively counteracted. It is not pretended that these two Powers have entered into a specific league against us, and the activity of France is necessarily influenced by other considerations than jealousy of England. But we must accept the teaching of experience, especially when we have paid for it so dearly. The object-lesson of Siam is quite recent, and the defence of our north-western frontier against Russia has cost us many millions in the past, and will cost us many millions more in the future.

The interests of China and England are the same. It is Russia who disturbs the northern frontier of China, from the Pamirs to the Pacific; while France, on her southern borders, has annexed states which were once her territories, and which she still hopes to be able to recover. Tonquin was once a province of China, then a feudatory state; Annam was subject to her for 2,000 years; Siam, till within the last thirty years, sent to Pekin triennial embassies bearing presents, which implied a tributary connection. India and China, irresistible if united, and with an aggregate population which counts for half the human race, may surely—if diplomacy be not an idle word—be brought into such close and friendly relations as may allow them to defy the aggressions of the two Powers that are obnoxious to them both. The last Tonquin campaign of 1885, which broke the power and the heart of M. Ferry, taught France that China was no longer the *quantité négligeable* that M. Challemel Lacour had styled her; and if England and China, or rather India and China, could agree on a common policy, the next step forward made by France in unjust aggression would be followed by her complete and final expulsion from the Indo-Chinese Peninsula. Such a catastrophe might, indeed, benefit her in Europe, where she is weakened by distant adventures, which cost much and profit little; but it would remove a thorn from the sides of China and India, and leave them free to calmly consider and frustrate the intrigues of their northern rival, Russia, who is far more formidable to both.

A good understanding between India and China has been rendered more difficult by our recent annexation of Upper Burmah, while French writers insist that our treatment of Burmah, which had

slender and intermittent tributary relations with China, furnished them with a sufficient precedent for their recent attack on Siam. From this point of view the absorption of the kingdom of Burmah was unfortunate, and so powerfully did this consideration appeal to the Indian Government that decisive action was long delayed and war and annexation only determined upon when continued insults and injuries had left no other course possible. No one connected with the Government of India desired to add Upper Burmah to our many responsibilities, and it is to be regretted that the difficulties which arose regarding the frontiers of China, Burmah, and Siam were not at once settled instead of being allowed to drag on for years as in the case of Sikkim. This was not the fault of Lord Dufferin, the then Viceroy, on whose recommendation I was appointed by Lord Salisbury's Government as special envoy to Pekin to discuss the question of frontiers. Lord Dufferin was not only a diplomatist but a statesman, and he recognised that, however accomplished the British Legation at Pekin might be, it was fitting that the Viceroy, representing the Empress of India, should discuss the delimitation of the Indian Empire through an envoy he had himself instructed rather than through the ordinary staff of the Legation of the Queen of England. Her Most Gracious Majesty occupies different positions in Europe and Asia, and it is owing to the confusion of departments which have been constructed with reference to the requirements of the West, that this central fact of our Asiatic position —the one, indeed, which dominates the whole—has been overlooked. The special mission to Pekin was abandoned, for just as I was starting from Calcutta Lord Salisbury went out of office, and as there is little continuity in imperial foreign policy, which is the pastime of Governments whose serious work is a Parish Councils Bill or the grievances of the sisters of deceased wives, the scheme, warmly advocated by Lord Dufferin and accepted by Lord Salisbury, was dropped and the boundaries between Burmah, Siam, and China are still in doubt. Had this frontier been delimited by agreement of the States concerned in 1886, there would probably have been no Siamese Question of 1893. As with our southern burden, so has it been with the northern. If we had insisted on the delimitation of the Afghan frontiers after the war in 1882–83, the Foreign Office and the country would have been spared the humiliation of Panjdeh and many subsequent troubles. But in Asia, the Foreign Office is always too late, and its principal function is that of shutting the stable door after the steed has been stolen.

Should the proposal of the creation of a Secretaryship for Asia be never adopted, it is still possible to accept Lord Dufferin's imperial idea of the direct representation of the Empress of India and her Viceroy at the Court of Pekin, with a trained staff acquainted with the requirements of China and India, and not liable to transfer to

Paris or Washington, where their special value would be lost. The appointment of Lord Elgin to the Viceroyalty is of good omen, for, although he has his official spurs to win, the distinguished services of his father in China will encourage him to approach the important question of the Chinese alliance with interest and sympathy.

Some of the difficulties in the way of an understanding between England and China have been well summarised by Mr. Alexander Michie, a writer of the highest authority and experience, in two articles in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* for January 1892 and October 1893. The conservatism of China is intense, while the character of its central government is vague and intangible. Fear and suspicion of intervention have induced an active hostility to all foreigners, which is aggravated by the intemperate zeal of missionaries of many denominations who cannot understand that a people whom they call heathen may be reasonably attached to their ancient religion, which has high philosophical and ethical claims to respect. The pride and vanity of the official class make negotiation on equal terms difficult; while conciliation and concession are invariably mistaken for weakness. On the other side of the account is the fact that no systematic attempt has yet been made to persuade China of the obvious advantage she would gain by a strict alliance with India; the two great Empires lying across Asia, with so many interests in common, with the same rivals and enemies, and neither having any desire for aggrandisement at the expense of the other. The subject is, however, too lengthy to be adequately discussed in the present article.

I would only observe, in conclusion, that it is not sufficient for our Foreign Secretaries to be men of patriotism and genius. Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery have not their superiors in any Foreign Office in Europe; but ability is of little avail unless inspired by knowledge, and the British Foreign Office must throw aside the obsolete weapons with which it now arms its agents in Asia if we are to contend on equal terms with France and Russia. Troublous times are in store for England, and she will only hold her proud place in the world by the exercise of those qualities which enabled her to gain it. If apathy and the sordid exigencies of party are allowed to darken her counsels, the great Eastern Empire, which has risen like an enchanted palace, will as swiftly fade away, and over the doors of the Council Chamber at Westminster a ghostly hand will write in letters of fire: *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*—Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting. Thy kingdom is divided.

LEPEL GRIFFIN.

WHAT NEXT?

THE rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords was perhaps inevitable; but most friends of Ireland must regret that their Lordships' path had been made so smooth and easy for them. The concealment of the main lines of the Bill from the electors, when in truth there was no reason for concealment whatever, and the mismanagement which resulted in so many clauses of the Bill leaving the House of Commons without discussion, made inevitable and comparatively easy the rejection of the measure by the Upper House. The position thus created has taken no one by surprise. Everyone was perfectly well aware it was coming. It has been discussed in public and in private for years, and yet no one seems to have any clear idea of how that position is to be dealt with. Mr. Gladstone at Edinburgh was magnificent, but no one will claim that he was definite. In Ireland we want to know what is to happen next, and from Mr. Gladstone, at any rate, we have received no light whatever. The one thing which is apparent is that the action of the House of Lords has not aroused that wave of indignant public opinion in Great Britain which was predicted. So far indeed from this being so, public opinion in England seems to have ignored the matter altogether, and the entire Home Rule question seems to have been sent to sleep, instead of being stimulated to more vigorous and vehement life, by the defeat of the Bill. What we want to know is, what is to be the next move? Has the cry that 'Ireland blocks the way' been abandoned by the Liberal party? If so, we will have something to say upon the matter. Without any circumlocution whatever, I may say that, in my view, Ireland ought to block the way, and that unless she continues to do so, the urgency of the Irish question will speedily be discounted in Great Britain. This doctrine of Ireland blocking the way underlay the entire of Mr. Parnell's policy. What did it mean? It meant that appeals to reason and argument had failed to obtain justice for Ireland in the Imperial Parliament. It meant that, up to the time of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, no attempt had been made by that Parliament to deal seriously with any Irish question, and that the Irish people know that were it not for 'the intensity of Fenianism' the attempt would not even then have been made. Even

Mr. Chamberlain has admitted that were it not for the Land League there would have been no Land Act of 1881; and Mr. Gladstone's open conversion to Home Rule dated from the moment when it became evident that the government of the Empire on the old system of English party lines was no longer possible without conciliating the eighty-six Irish Nationalist members. I know that Mr. Gladstone has claimed that his adoption of Home Rule followed the return in 1885 for the first time by Ireland of a majority of her members pledged to the principle of an Irish Parliament. This, however, is not strictly accurate. In 1874 Mr. Butt's party consisted of sixty-four pledged Home Rulers, considerably more than half the entire representation of Ireland. But they were, in Mr. Gladstone's own words, 'nominal Home Rulers' only. Quite so: they were mild and conciliatory politicians. They trusted to reason and argument, and never dreamt of making it unpleasant or dangerous to England to put off the Irish demand, and so they were disregarded and despised. Mr. Parnell's party in 1885 was, on the contrary, formed upon the principle of 'blocking the way,' of making the refusal of justice to Ireland mean the postponement of justice to England as well, and Mr. Gladstone forthwith proceeded to make terms with them. The adoption of the policy of Home Rule by Mr. Gladstone has no doubt had this invaluable effect, that it has set the process of education upon Irish affairs at work in Great Britain. Men have begun to think and read of this interminable Irish problem, with the result that I feel quite sure there are large masses of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen earnestly and conscientiously upon the side of Ireland. But of the great bulk of the population it will be still a question chiefly of getting Ireland 'out of the way' of their own more immediate concerns. Mr. Gladstone at infinite pains impressed again and again upon the British people that British reforms must of necessity wait until the Irish question had been settled; and this was his strongest and most convincing argument to commend Home Rule to the electors. If his policy now is the very reverse of all this, if he proposes during the remainder of this Parliament to hang Home Rule up and to proceed with the Newcastle Programme, the Irishmen who acquiesce in his programme will find out when it is too late that they have surrendered the only weapon which made them formidable, and that Home Rule has slipped through their grasp. In Edinburgh, in June 1886, Mr. Gladstone told the electors that, however irksome it might be to them to hear 'nothing except one repeated cry of Ireland, Ireland, Ireland,' still that there was no help for it until the Irish question was settled. He appealed to them to help him in getting 'the hands of Parliament set free' to deal with British questions, by settling the question of Home Rule first. He declared that 'Ireland blocks the way,' and, adopting the illustration of an express train stopped upon its journey by a block upon the line, he asserted 'your first duty is to get the

rails clear. When you have got the rails clear the train will go on—and it is to clear the rails that I entreat your aid.'

Speaking at Liverpool, on the 28th of June in the same year, Mr. Gladstone was even more emphatic. He said:—

You know as well as I do that your Parliament is in a state of paralysis. It has worked hard. Many a man has sacrificed his life to his public labours; but the difficulties are such that they cannot be overcome. And what is the cause of these difficulties? The cause of them has been Ireland. What has happened to the questions which we laid before the country last autumn? What has happened to the Temperance question? What has happened to the legislation about the Land laws? We want to reform the Land laws, and one of the objects we have in view is to give the labouring man readier and easier access to a real interest in the land. Ireland blocks the way. The Irish question is in a position in which every man of sense knows that no real work can be done until that question is got out of the way. The Nationalists have considered that the interest of their country was primary, and it was for them to urge it under all circumstances, irrespective of the effect it might have in blocking the business and paralysing the action of Parliament. I am not surprised at it. I do not complain of it. Ireland is mistress of the situation. Ireland is mounted on the back of England as the old man in the *Arabian Nights* was mounted on the back of Sinbad the Sailor. Sinbad is the Parliament of England. The old man is Ireland, whom by our foolish initiative we invited and almost compelled to place herself upon our backs; and she rides you, and she will ride you until, listening to her reasonable demand, you shall consent to some arrangement that justice and policy alike recommend. I want to see Parliament go to work, and I know it cannot go to work. Let it struggle as it will, the legs are gripping the neck; it is well nigh throttled; the world grows black in its sight and virtually it falls to the ground.

It would be impossible, I think, for words to depict more forcibly the complete success which attended Mr. Parnell's policy. Ireland blocked the way and was mistress of the situation. The Parliament of England was paralysed, and the only remedy was to grant Ireland's demands. This was in 1886, but the same doctrine was preached for at least four or five years afterwards from every Liberal platform in Great Britain. What has become of that doctrine now? What has happened to change the situation? The first indications of a change of tone upon this point on the part of the Liberal leaders followed quick upon the revolt against Mr. Parnell, and the break-up of the Irish party. By the overthrow of the Irish leader and the disruption of his party the pressure was relieved. Almost immediately after the disastrous scenes in Committee Room 15, Liberal politicians began to speak of proceeding with British reforms before settling the Irish question. The tide of Liberal opinion began to run in that direction until at last we seem to have come to this point—that, so far from the Liberal party holding to the doctrine that Ireland blocks the way and must first be dealt with, their latest recognised creed seems to be that there is no chance of carrying Home Rule unless the Newcastle Programme is first disposed of. This change of front is, from a Home Rule standpoint, lamentable and disastrous. Rightly or wrongly, many people in Ireland have all along been sceptical as

to the reality of the Union of Hearts. Such a union everyone admits might, and ought eventually, to follow as the result of the concession of Ireland's demands, and the cessation of the Irish trouble; but that such a happy state of things could precede the establishment of Home Rule few honestly believed. So far as Ireland is concerned, I make bold to say the Union of Hearts has not yet been established, and we are sceptical as to the feeling of Great Britain. We believe Mr. Parnell forced Home Rule upon British politicians by the sheer force of necessity, and we are not prepared to trust even now merely to their good intentions and benevolence towards Ireland. We are alarmed at the removal of the necessity which made them Home Rulers, and we still desire Ireland to 'block the way.'

The position of the Home Rule question at this moment seems perilous in the extreme. We were led to believe that the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords would see the outbreak of a fierce agitation against the Upper House. What has happened? The surface of the political situation has not even been ruffled. No agitation, fierce or mild, has been started. No meetings to denounce the action of the Lords have been held, and even Mr. Gladstone at Edinburgh spoke in undecided and ambiguous terms. We were promised that all England would ring with the cry that the will of the people should not be thwarted. This was the result in the past of every attempt by the Lords to reject great measures of British reform. To take the latest and by no means the most significant case, what happened in 1884? The measure then at issue was the extension of the Franchise. Its practical rejection by the Lords roused an immediate storm in Great Britain. Leading Liberal statesmen loudly called for the 'ending' or the 'mending' of the House of Lords. Mr. Chamberlain passionately declared 'the people would not submit.' All Radical London marched to Hyde Park to protest, and an agitation sprang spontaneously up in every quarter of the country. The House of Commons, whose decision had been overborne, determined to reassemble forthwith for an autumn Session to once more send up the measure. What a contrast to the present case! Where is the storm of public opinion now against the House of Lords? What has become of the demands for 'ending or mending' the second branch of the legislature? Where is the agitation, and where are the meetings of Radicals? They simply do not exist. The action of the Lords has been accepted with complete equanimity by Great Britain, and the autumn Session is to be devoted to British reforms, and Home Rule is to be placed, without a word, upon the shelf. We in Ireland want to know what is the meaning of all this. Mr. Gladstone's earnestness no one disputes, but we cannot help thinking that if his party were in earnest the situation would be far different. There are, no doubt, plausible reasons to be urged for devoting the autumn Session to purely British concerns. These

reasons do not convince us. Either Ireland blocks the way or it does not. If it no longer blocks the way, the sooner Irishmen take measures to restore the state of things which existed in 1886 the better. For my part, I feel convinced that, if once it be found that the government of Ireland has become smooth and easy at the small cost of appointing a certain number of quasi-Nationalist magistrates, and that in Parliament Home Rule can be shunted to make way for English reforms, then Ireland may say farewell to Home Rule for this generation. Moreover, it is not merely a question of an autumn Session. As far as indications go, it appears most unlikely that Home Rule will be brought forward again at all in this Parliament. In 1894 Liberals, having failed to make much of their autumn Session, will desire to proceed with their own business. Of course the re-introduction of the Home Rule Bill would be a formidable matter. Mr. Courtney's recent speech, in which he said he would not object to taking the first and second reading of the Bill without more than formal discussion, shows what the Government lost by the mismanagement of their powers, which led to twenty-six clauses of the Bill leaving the House of Commons without discussion. It would have been quite possible, by a vigorous use of the Closure from the start, by less speaking from the Treasury bench, and, finally, by a new rule providing a 'compartment' of time for each clause, to have insured discussion, and adequate time for genuine discussion, upon every single clause of the Bill. Had this been done, whether the Unionists used or abused their opportunities, it would have been quite possible, as the tone of Mr. Courtney's speech conclusively proves, to re-introduce the Bill in the Session of 1894, and to have passed it through all its stages in the House of Commons in the space of a couple of weeks. As things now stand, this is no doubt impossible, and the re-introduction of the Bill would mean devoting a great part of the Session to its discussion. This, no doubt, is not a pleasant prospect for the Government or their British supporters; but, after all, if the inevitable dissolution is to be postponed, is it an unreasonable demand for us to make? The present situation was again and again foretold by Mr. Parnell. If his demand for the publication before the general election of the main features of the Home Rule Bill had been complied with, the situation would never have arisen. It is said that had these main features been disclosed Mr. Gladstone would not have obtained a majority. This is a dangerous argument for Home Rulers to use. If it be true, then, of what value on the Irish question is the present Liberal majority at all? For my part, I do not believe that it is true. I am convinced, had the electors known what was in Mr. Gladstone's mind, his majority would, if anything, have been larger. In the face of such a majority so obtained, the Lords dared not have summarily rejected the Bill. We repeatedly warned our countrymen that, if these main features

were withheld, the Lords would reject the measure, and then that the desire to deal with pressing British reforms would lead to the hanging up of Home Rule for an indefinite time. This is the prospect now before us, and I, for my part, consider it my duty to protest against it. I recently asserted in Ireland that the Government had determined not to re-introduce the Home Rule Bill in the year 1894. My statement was received with incredulity and with some indignation by Mr. Gladstone's Irish followers. The Edinburgh speech was quoted to the contrary, in which the Prime Minister darkly hinted that 'Home Rule would reappear next year.' Mr. Asquith has, in the most accommodating manner, come forward to settle this dispute, and to settle it by confirming my assertion. The Home Rule Bill is *not* to be introduced in 1894. Speaking at Glasgow on the 17th of October, the Home Secretary said :—

I notice that an observation made a few weeks ago by Mr. Gladstone in his speech at Edinburgh, which was supposed to indicate a settled policy on the part of the Government, has excited a great deal of criticism and remark. Mr. Gladstone said in substance that the measure which had foundered in the waves during the present year would emerge and reappear next year. Some people appear to suppose that that amounted to a declaration on the part of the Prime Minister that the Home Rule Bill would be in the next Session of Parliament re-introduced into the House of Commons. *That is not a just, and it is not an accurate, construction of his words.* There are many ways in which questions of this kind can be kept alive, and in which effective progress can be made in the prosecution of them, besides the way that was adopted this year, *and any rumour, any interpretation which attributes to the Government a fixed determination to re-introduce that Bill in the House of Commons during next Session, is entirely destitute of any foundation.*

Home Rule, therefore, *is* to be hung up, unless, indeed, Mr. Asquith means that the farce is to be gone through of the Bill being introduced in the House of Lords, and rejected, probably after a couple of hours' debate, on its first reading; and the serious thing for Ireland is that it is to be hung up with the consent and approval of seventy Irish Nationalist members of Parliament. If Ireland tolerates such an arrangement, then, indeed, the lessons of the Parnell movement have been taught in vain, and the chance of Home Rule has gone for many a day.

The Home Rule question is urgent: it won't brook delay. A postponement of the now inevitable appeal to the people may easily mean the final wrecking of the hopes of this generation of Irishmen. Mr. Gladstone is the soul of the movement in England. If he were gone, who would be able to rally the Liberal forces to the side of Ireland? Would it be Sir William Harcourt? We have a pretty accurate idea of his views, and we don't relish the prospect. If Mr. Gladstone is to carry this question to triumph, he cannot afford delay. Superficial critics accuse us of desiring to restore Lord Salisbury and his party to power. The accusation is an absurd one. What we

do desire is to hasten on the triumph of Home Rule. If, indeed, Home Rule were eliminated from the Liberal programme, then, for my part, it would be a matter almost of indifference to me which English party was installed in Dublin Castle. Mr. Morley, whose friendliness to Ireland I admit and honour, has discarded the use of coercion; but even he is to-day obliged to rule Ireland by the old exclusive and demoralising agencies of Dublin Castle, and, were it not for the hopes of Home Rule, which inculcate patience upon the people, he would soon be forced to revive the methods of Mr. Balfour and to resuscitate the Coercion Act. What we desire is to hasten on the dissolution. Ireland has nothing to gain and everything to lose by delay. Some people seem to think all the risks and dangers of delay ought to be faced with equanimity, if only the interval be utilised to place a certain number of Catholic Nationalists upon the magisterial bench in Ireland. If Home Rule is really at hand, these appointments are of little value. If Home Rule is to be beaten, then I take the view that the less the present system of government in Ireland is popularised the better, in view of the future struggle to be entered into on behalf of Irish self-government. It comes, then, to this. A new appeal to the constituencies is necessary. If a second rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords would help us with the electors, then let the measure be re-introduced into the House of Commons in the Session of 1894; let it be sent to the Lords, accompanied, if time permits, by certain British measures, and upon its second rejection let the dissolution take place forthwith. To such a programme no serious objection can be taken; but, so far as it is in our power to prevent it, it ought to be our duty not to permit the 'hanging up' of Home Rule during 1894 and the indefinite postponement of the dissolution, accompanied, as that postponement must be, by the most serious risks of all kinds: the risk of Mr. Gladstone dropping out of the struggle, and the still greater risk of the British people growing apathetic upon Home Rule, as the result of finding out that Ireland no longer 'blocks the way,' and that their Parliament is free to deal with British questions just as if no Irish question existed.

So far as the forthcoming autumn Session is concerned, we admit it is reasonable that it should be devoted, in the main, to British affairs. All that we have claimed is that one week of Parliamentary time should be devoted to an effort to restore the evicted tenants to their homes. A short Bill for this purpose could easily be passed through the House of Commons in a week. The argument that the time would be wasted because the Lords would reject the Bill is scarcely worth noticing. I am not quite sure what the action of the Lords would be, but if they did reject the measure the position of the Government would thereby be strengthened, and at any rate Ministers would have redeemed their public pledges, It is worth

recalling for a moment how this matter stands. In the height of the Plan of Campaign movement in Ireland, numbers of Liberal politicians came amongst the tenants and encouraged them in their struggle by promises that the advent of Mr. Gladstone to power would mean the immediate restoration of the evicted tenants to their homes. In 1889 Mr. Shaw Lefevre, an ex-Cabinet Minister, spoke to various bodies of tenants. On the 10th of December in that year, speaking in Galway, he said:—

Meet combination by combination. Time is on your side. The day cannot now be very distant when there will be a general election. These wholesale evictions, these syndicates of landlords to crush tenants, their use of the Crimes Act to imprison and punish tenants engaged in combination, will be a potent weapon in our hands in the elections. We have no doubt as to the result of the elections—come they sooner or later, the only difference will be in the less or more complete victory. *There cannot be a doubt that within a month after such a victory in the hustings every emergencyman will have fled the country, and every bogus tenant will have resolved himself into his original elements, and agreement will come to, if not voluntarily, by some legislative process.* I am not in a position to bind the Liberal party. I speak my own views only, but I express my own views when I say that a Parliament in which the Liberals have a majority will make short work of these cases of vindictive oppression, wholesale evictions, and that every tenant who has been unjustly evicted may confidently hope to be reinstated in his holding.

On the 12th of December, 1889, addressing the Massereene tenants at Drogheda, Mr. Shaw Lefevre said:—

I can only give to the Massereene tenants the same advice I gave to the Clanricarde tenants the other day at Galway. I say to the tenants of the Massereene property who are still in possession, or have been evicted, that until Lord Massereene is prepared to give to them terms as good as they originally asked for, their combinations cannot be described as criminal and immoral. I told the Clanricarde tenants, and I tell the Massereene tenants now, that they would be acting as honourable men in refusing to make terms with their landlords until all the evicted tenants are reinstated. . . .

I give the same advice to the Massereene tenants as I gave to the Clanricarde tenants—namely, that they would be wise in standing by the combination, and in refusing to come to terms separately until the evicted tenants are treated in the same way, and put back in their holdings. When I was last in this district to investigate the condition of the tenants, I felt a hesitation in giving advice, because it is a great responsibility to give advice to tenants who may be shortly afterwards evicted, and who may not find their way back again to their holdings. But I have expressed in Parliament and elsewhere my view of the morality of the position. It is manifest now, by the way the matter has been taken up by the people of Ireland, that the cause of these evicted tenants will not be lost sight of. I believe Ireland will never allow these tenants to suffer for their conduct. My advice, therefore, to the Massereene tenants is to stand by the evicted men—to stand by their combination, to refuse to come to terms unless equal terms be given to all. The day cannot be far distant when the general election will take place, and I have not the slightest doubt that after the general election the Liberal majority will prevail again. *I believe that the first act of that Liberal majority will be to bring to a conclusion those disputes on equitable grounds in such a manner that the evicted tenants will be replaced in their holdings.* Though I speak only as an humble individual

member of the Liberal party, I cannot doubt that that will be the action of the new Parliament, and, at all events, my own action will be directed to that end.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre is now a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet. He has been in office for over a year. What has he done to redeem his pledges to the men who, on the faith of those pledges, left their homes? In the Session of 1892 Mr. James O'Kelly introduced a Reinstatement Bill into the House of Commons. He proposed to compel the landlords to reinstate the evicted tenants, and to sell their holdings to them at a price to be fixed by the Land Commission, and he provided for the summary ejectment of the new tenants, or 'planters,' wherever the evicted farms had been taken. Mr. Gladstone and the entire Liberal party, then in opposition, voted in favour of the measure. It was rejected, and shortly afterwards Mr. Gladstone came into power. We at once urged upon the new Government the holding of an autumn Session to deal with this question and to redeem their pledge. We foresaw that, unless the opportunity which then offered were seized upon, the consideration of the Home Rule Bill and the new political complications certain to arise would inevitably put back the tenants' question indefinitely; and that meantime, in the disorganised condition of Ireland, no adequate provision could be made for the wants of the evicted. We also had some reason to hope that a compromise might at that time have been agreed to by the Conservatives. Mr. Gladstone, however, refused to hold an autumn Session for this purpose, and contented himself with issuing the Mathew Commission to inquire into facts which were notorious. The proceedings of that Commission served to aggravate the bitterness of feeling between the landlords and the tenants, and, as far as I can see, served no useful purpose whatever. It made certain recommendations, somewhat on the lines of Mr. O'Kelly's Bill, but from that day to this the Government have never announced their acceptance of these recommendations, and have now postponed all efforts to deal with this grave and urgent matter until 1894. In this determination we cannot agree. The Session of 1894 cannot well, without excluding British measures altogether, be devoted to both the Home Rule Bill and the Evicted Tenants Bill, and we protest against the introduction of the latter Bill being used as an excuse for postponing Home Rule and indefinitely prolonging the present Parliament. This autumn is the proper time to deal with the question of the tenants, and if the present programme of the Government be persisted in, we cannot reasonably be blamed if we decline to neglect the necessary work of organisation in Ireland in order to assist Mr. Gladstone in a course which we consider unjust to the evicted tenants and disastrous to Home Rule. Our attitude may be misrepresented as one of unfriendliness to the representatives of the British democracy. It is nothing of the kind. We most gladly recognise the many honest English and Scotch and Welsh politicians who have rallied to the cry

ot Home Rule for Ireland. Many of them we believe to be as sincere Home Rulers as we are ourselves, and many of them we know to have objected to the emasculating of the Home Rule Bill as much as we did. We are in thorough sympathy with most of the British reforms which they are seeking, and we would gladly help them; but, after all, we must think of our own country first, and we are convinced that, if this Parliament be prolonged by the 'hanging up' of Home Rule and the consideration of the Newcastle Programme, the interests of Ireland must suffer. For these reasons those of us who were returned to Parliament from Ireland as Independent members at the last election, and who, during last Session, were naturally counted as forming part of the Government majority, can no longer occupy that position, but will feel bound, on the contrary, to utilise our power in whatever way seems most likely to be effective, for the purpose of forcing the reconsideration of the Home Rule Bill or the dissolution of Parliament in the year 1894.

J. E. REDMOND.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

As the Government measure dealing with employers' liability will be the first bill to be considered when the House of Commons meets on the 2nd of November, it may be useful to begin the consideration of the question by a brief account of the growth of opinion since it first became an active political subject. Few questions of such magnitude will have run their course of inception, discussion, and final settlement so rapidly as that of employers' liability, for it is not unlikely that the bill to be dealt with in the autumn session will mark almost, if not quite, the last stage of its Parliamentary history. The importance of the bill is very great, as its provisions will affect all the workers in the country, men and women, young and old—that is, fully 15,000,000 persons.

Growth of the Question

Before 1875 the question of making employers liable for injuries to their servants was frequently heard of at political meetings and in the press. The chief grievance felt at that time was that it was impossible, or nearly so, for any workmen to recover at law compensation for injuries on account of the legal doctrine of 'common employment' being so often pleaded in defence. This doctrine may be said to have been invented in the action tried in 1837, Priestley v. Fowler. The first bill dealing with employers' liability was introduced in 1875, and the object was to prevent employers setting up the defence of common employment in actions by their workmen for compensation for injuries. In 1876 another bill was introduced, and as the question had become prominent a Select Committee of the House of Commons sat upon it in the same year and reported that the law of common employment had been carried too far; but nevertheless their opinion was against an entire change of policy, and on this point they fortified themselves by quoting the opinion of the American Judge in the case of Farwell v. The Boston and Worcester Railway Company. In 1878 and 1879 two more bills were introduced, and the question rapidly became one which could not be longer neglected. Consequently, shortly after the Liberal Government came into power in 1880, a temporary Act was passed, to

expire in seven years, making employers liable under certain circumstances for injuries incurred by their workmen. This Act has been renewed annually since 1888. Beginning with the year after it was passed, altogether fully twenty amending bills have been prepared and brought before the House since then. In view of the importance of the Act and of its expiring in 1887, another Select Committee sat in 1886 to consider and report on the results obtained by it. This Committee received a great deal of evidence as to its working, and their report is interesting and contains much special information of importance. In 1888 the Conservative Government introduced a bill, which was referred to the Standing Committee on Law, who reported it back to the House with amendments. There was no evidence taken by this Committee, but the bill as amended carried out the recommendations of the Select Committee of 1886 which had taken evidence. The opinion of the House was that the bill was insufficient to meet the desired changes and increased demands of the workmen, and it was thrown out in the report stage by a combination of Liberals and Conservatives. Other amending bills have been before the House since 1888, but none of them reached a second reading. Meantime the 1880 Act has been renewed from session to session; and, as the question thus remained unsettled, at the beginning of the session this year the Government introduced a bill, which was referred to the Standing Committee on Law and amended by them, and this is the bill which is now about to be brought up in the House. Although it has passed through Committee, there are already several pages of amendments put down for consideration on the report stage, so that a full discussion of the question is certain to take place.

Results of the Act of 1880

The objects aimed at by this Act were to increase the safety of the workers and lessen the risks particularly in all dangerous occupations, and in certain cases of injury to enable the workmen to obtain compensation from their employers. The former object has been realised to a large extent, as there is no doubt that the conditions in almost every trade are better and more favourable to the workmen than they were before the law was passed. But this is not to be entirely or even mainly ascribed to the passing of the Act, as for many years previously there had been a steady improvement in this direction. The results in reference to compensation are much less satisfactory. No doubt many workmen have recovered compensation from employers by negotiation. No records of these cases appear, and it is impossible to speak as to their number. If the opinions of some leaders of the workmen were taken, the conclusion would be arrived at that very few private settlements were come to, and if there is any foundation for

their statements then the Act has been a greater failure than anyone supposes, because if workmen have received but little by private negotiation they have received nothing, or almost nothing, through the medium of the Courts. The law was passed in 1880, and returns have been presented to the House of Commons every year down to 1891—that is to say for eleven years—showing the number of suits for compensation under the Act tried in the County Courts in England, Scotland, and Ireland; the amounts claimed, and the amounts of compensation recovered by the workmen. The total numbers for the eleven years are shown in the following table:—

	Total number of actions	Total amounts claimed	Total amounts awarded	Average sum awarded per action
		£	£	£
England .	1,914	320,200	78,871	About 40
Scotland .	1,414	282,263	14,281	„ 10
Ireland .	216	24,089	3,918	„ 18
Total . .	3,544	626,552	97,070	—

It is plain from these figures that the workmen have either sued for an unreasonable amount of compensation or the amounts they have obtained are inadequate. Workmen will probably not accept the former view. They may not admit that they have asked for more compensation than they were fairly entitled to, and if this opinion is accepted, then it is clear that suing under the Act means failure for the workmen, and that in effect all that the Courts offer is practically a denial of justice.

The figures show that 97,000*l*. has been recovered out of 626,000*l*. claimed—that is, less than one-sixth of the whole amount—but the workmen have not received all this. From the 97,000*l*. awarded the successful workmen would have to pay all the costs which they could not recover from the employers, and this must have absorbed a very large part of the 97,000*l*. Besides this the workmen have had to pay all the costs in the actions which they lost so far as they had any means, and if this is set off against the balance of the 97,000*l*. left over it is certain that, considered as one body, so far from the workmen having gained anything by going into Court they are largely out of pocket. The costs of the 3,544 actions that were tried would be an average of, say, 50*l*. or 60*l*. each, amounting altogether to about 200,000*l*. Looking at the figures for the separate countries, the result in Scotland must have been disastrous to the workmen, as the average amount awarded was only 10*l*. per action, and the total sums recovered about one-twentieth of the sums sued for. No doubt workmen in Scotland are unaware of these figures. If they had been it is difficult to understand them suing under the Employers' Liability Act; yet failure does not appear to have checked their energy, because the number of actions and the amounts claimed are proportionately

far more than the number of actions and claims in England. Unless, therefore, Scotch workmen have received considerable amounts by private arrangement, it would have been better for them if the Employers' Liability Bill had never passed, because the net result to the workmen must be represented by a large loss. It is not only the case that the number of actions tried and the sums sued for in Scotland are out of all proportion to those in England, but the average costs in Scotland must also have been very great, as many of the actions were taken to the High Court in Edinburgh, where the costs of a suit might amount to several hundred pounds.

The Committee which sat in 1886 received evidence to the effect that juries would frequently not listen to the evidence of defendants, and that their bias in favour of the plaintiffs was very noticeable; it was also said that excessive compensation was frequently given. This is what might have been expected, as the sympathy of a jury will undoubtedly be with the workman; yet, notwithstanding that the law was strained in the interests of the plaintiffs, the results have been as shown in the foregoing table.

Some valuable information on this point is to be found in a pamphlet written by Mr. James Reid, Writer to the Signet, as to the working and administration of the law in Scotland relating to employers' liability; and there is no doubt that what is true of Scotland is also largely true of the other parts of the United Kingdom. Mr. Reid says he has had much experience in dealing with the claims of workmen against their employers. He states that there is a certain class of solicitors who make a speciality of taking up claims at the instance of workmen against their employers. It is even stated that they go to the man injured or to the representatives of one killed and offer their services, backed by promises to secure large compensation. This class of professional gentlemen of course refuse to listen to any settlement, or, which is the same thing, refuse to accept anything under an absolutely prohibitory amount, until they have run up a large account against their client. The employer in many cases, knowing the claim to be a just one, is all along willing to give compensation. But it is only when the large account has been rolled up that the professional gentleman expresses his willingness to settle, and then he takes care to deduct his costs from the sum arranged for. This class of business has become quite an industry of itself, and one of these gentlemen said that if he gained one out of three cases it paid him well. Of course, he could only be well paid by making out and deducting from successful litigants a large 'extra-judicial account' to make up for his losses in unsuccessful cases. Mr. Reid adds that the employers' liability suits present a serious encouragement to solicitors who are not too scrupulous to make money for themselves at the expense of both employer and employed out of an Act which was properly passed for the protection of workmen meeting

with accidents through the fault of their employers. The question from the employers' point of view is also very serious, for as a rule they do not object so much to the damages they have to pay on *bonâ fide* claims as to the enormous expense of litigation, whether they are successful or not. In the debate on the second reading of the bill in 1888 it was stated that out of 100 cases the workmen failed in sixty-eight and gained thirty-two, and that in forty-two out of the sixty-eight they paid no costs. This shows that most of the actions were commenced on speculation, and, if so, the solicitors would be compelled to recoup themselves so far as they could out of the awards made in the thirty-two successful suits. It is impossible that workmen can get anything by means of litigation under a law that has been and really must be worked in this way if it is to be worked at all.

It is clear from the foregoing that while the Act has no doubt enabled many workmen to obtain some compensation for injuries, nevertheless they have on balance lost money in the suits against the employers. This result is disappointing, but it cannot surprise anyone who knows the great difficulties that lie in the way of the workmen suing for compensation, and these difficulties cannot be removed to any great extent while litigation is possible.

What the Workmen ask for

Having now seen how the present law works, I submit a brief statement of the conditions workmen ask for, which are:—

First: that the right to plead the legal doctrine of common employment in answer to a claim by an injured workman for compensation ought to be extinguished.

Second: that the Act should apply to all persons working for employers, including seamen.

Third: that there should be no limit to the amount that may be recovered, and that workmen should have the same rights against their employers as third parties.

Fourth: that there should be nothing in the Act to encourage employers to insure risks.

Fifth: that contracting out of the Act should be prohibited.

There are also a few supplementary reforms of minor importance chiefly relating to procedure under the Act.

All the foregoing are included in the bill of the Government, and will no doubt have their support in the House. The new Act will therefore most likely contain the above stipulations with probably some qualifying amendments, and may at least to this extent be expected to satisfy the wishes of the workmen. Assuming that this will be the case, I shall now consider how far these

provisions will protect them from the disappointing results of the present law, and also whether they are likely to be a final settlement of this important question.

How the New Law will Work

The first two proposed conditions of the new Act are now generally agreed upon, and lawyers and laymen alike are almost unanimous in the opinion that it is inequitable that the claim of an injured workman should be defeated because another workman in common employment with him may have contributed to cause the accident. The third, fourth, and fifth conditions are, however, open to criticism.

The absence of a limit of liability is a serious drawback. If a limit were given, employers and relatives of a deceased workman could settle at once in cases where the cause of the accident was not in dispute, and in the case of injured men the amount to be paid might under similar circumstances be easily agreed upon. But with no limit named there will be two questions to go before a Court: first, the cause of the accident; and, secondly, the amount to be recovered. The omission of a limit, therefore, doubles the workman's risk of having to go into Court, and the experience of the existing law shows how little he is likely to benefit by this. Workmen suppose that if a limit is named they would not be in the same position as the general public. This is hardly correct. In ordinary actions for damages for injuries by the public the award is usually based on the earning power of the injured party, and where other considerations are taken into account they are chiefly those which relate to the relatives of anyone who is killed. For example, in actions against railway companies for injuries or death the amount which the person could earn is always put before the jury. Prescribing a limit would therefore place a workman nearer the position which a third person occupies, while leaving it out would only give him another precarious, I might almost say hopeless, cause of litigation, and undoubtedly increase his risk of having to go to law. The limit of compensation should be based on the earning power of the workman, which would be fair in all cases except for apprentices. An apprentice lad is of more value to his parents during the first years of his apprenticeship than the compensation would amount to based on the wages he received, and the compensation to himself for injury during apprenticeship and for a few years thereafter would also be less than he was entitled to if nothing else were taken into consideration except his earning power at the time.

The fourth and fifth proposals of the bill may be considered together. The prohibition of employers to contract out of the Act is, as a rule, undoubtedly right. Still there should be certain exceptions.

The *employés* of a few railway companies have created mutual insurance societies so large and powerful, and to which the companies contribute so liberally, that the position of the workmen under these insurance societies is far better than it would be under the present or the proposed law. One example of such a society is sufficient to show their value. Connected with the London and North Western Railway Company there are three societies: one for the men employed at the works, one for the engine men and those employed on trains, and one for the station men and others. The last named is the largest, and has been rather more than nineteen years in existence. It is managed by a committee of fifteen, twelve of whom are appointed by the men and three by the directors of the company. The company contributes a sum equal to five-sixths of the amount which the men contribute. The company's contribution last year was 17,475*l.*, and the contribution of the men 21,109*l.* The expenses of working the society are fractional compared with that of an ordinary insurance society, and the benefits are compensation ranging as high as allowances of 21*s.* a week for fifty-two weeks during disablement, and up to 100*l.* in the case of permanent disablement or death. These are the maximum benefits. There are many smaller ones. Every accident of every kind is compensated for, whether caused or contributed to by the workmen or not. On proof of the injury the allowances are paid. The number of accidents for which employers are liable under the Act in proportion to all that occur has been estimated as low as one in fifty, and as high as one in six. Both estimates are probably wide of the facts; but with even the doctrine of common employment set aside only a small number of accidents—probably not one in five—would fall on the employers. When the Act of 1880 was passed the London and North Western Railway Company made a proposal to its workmen that it would add to the amount contributed by the men a sum equal to five-sixths of their contribution, provided that the men were satisfied with the allowances proposed, and that they would contract themselves out of the Act. There is no doubt that the men receive from their own society greater benefits than they could possibly receive otherwise. This is admitted by the Home Secretary and Mr. Burt, whose names are on the Government bill, and it is proved by the fact that the London and North Western Railway Company could assure all the accidents for which they are liable under the law by a premium payment of about one-fifth of the amount they contribute to their own workers' insurance society. In view of the proposed change in the law the members of this society had a secret ballot to ascertain their general wishes. The result of the ballot was in favour of continuing the present arrangement with the company by a majority of between six and seven to one. The members of the other two societies connected with the London and North Western Railway Company have held meetings and unani-

mously passed resolutions to maintain their present arrangements in preference to coming under the proposed Bill when it becomes law. These organisations are therefore anxious to be permitted to contract out of the new Act; and although the Government are against their being permitted to do so, it is hoped that they will not press this part of the bill. There is another society of a similar kind, connected with the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, which gives their men still greater benefits than the one described, and the *employés* of this railway company have also petitioned the Government to allow them to contract out of the law and retain their present advantages.

To prohibit contracting out of the Act is, as a rule, undoubtedly right, and such exceptions as are named above will be few, because a safe mutual insurance society could not be formed except at some place with a very large number of *employés*. What this number should be would depend on the nature of the employment, because what would be safe in the case of risks not involving more than a small percentage of the men at one time would be unsafe, say, at a coal-mine, where hundreds might lose their lives in a single accident. Exceptions to the law must therefore be few; but when it is so indisputably clear, as it is in the case of some railway insurance societies, that the interests of the men would be prejudiced by the refusal to allow them to contract out of the Act, the Government should not insist on a condition being absolute which will in some cases operate inequitably.

When the question of insurance comes to be considered, the position taken up by the workmen is inexplicable. They appear to think insurance is in some way contracting out of the Act. This is not the case. All that insurance does for the employer is that whatever compensation he has to pay is refunded to him by the company which took the risk; but he does not escape his liability because he insures it. They also appear to think that if employers are permitted to insure it will relieve them from responsibility and increase the number of accidents. This view is also without foundation; indeed the very opposite is true. That workmen should not be familiar with the results of insurance cannot be wondered at considering their want of experience. They have an impression that if any risk is insured the insured party may do as he pleases. So far from this being the case, it is a principle of insurance that the character of the risk must be maintained during the continuance of the policy, otherwise the insuring company will cease to be liable. Insurance increases safety. There are no doubt criminal exceptions—as in the case of life insurance when children and occasionally grown-up persons are killed to obtain the sums insured, and, again, where ships have been wrecked with a like object. Probably not one policy in a million is taken out with a criminal intention. But it is not crime which is

feared by workmen, but simply neglect, which will not arise, the fact being that in every branch of insurance the tendency is to increase safety. Two examples are sufficient to prove this: Buildings are now much less liable to destruction by fire than they formerly were, because insurance offices have laid down rules which must be observed, or the building and its contents cannot be insured; and no tenants could be found for a warehouse which is uninsurable, either itself or as to the merchandise stored in it. The same is true of ships, which are much better built now than they ever were before. The ship of to-day is much safer than the ship of former times, because the underwriters, represented by Lloyd's, have laid down rules in conformity with which a vessel must be built or it will not be classed, and if not classed it cannot be insured. Even if a vessel belonged to one of the large companies which do not insure their ships in public offices, but create their own insurance fund, they would be compelled to build it at least up to Lloyd's rules, otherwise they could obtain no cargo or passengers for it. In order that a building or vessel may be used it must be insurable, and insurance compels a certain standard of safety, which is much higher than what was formerly demanded.

The objection of workmen to the amount of their compensation being insured is more remarkable from the fact that it is certain many employers, both large and small, could not meet the loss they would incur by an accident unless they covered the risk. There are thousands of small manufacturers throughout the country who would be unable to pay compensation even to the extent of a few hundred pounds. If, therefore, they had an accident involving a loss of this amount the injured *employés* could not possibly recover, although they might make their employer bankrupt in the process of trying to do so. Since 1860 there have been thirty mining accidents which caused the loss of more than fifty lives each and 3,828 lives altogether. In one case nearly 400 men were killed. In most of these accidents the inquiry failed to cast blame upon anyone, and there could therefore be no claim against the mine-owners; but if there had been claims made, the owners in many cases could not have paid them; and if the public had not come forward with subscriptions for the benefit of the widows and orphans, the local miners' relief associations would have been totally unable to deal with the distress. Adequate insurance would in such cases prevent the necessity of any appeal to the public for charitable relief, and preserve the self-dependence of those injured and of the relatives of those killed.

Another objection which workmen raise to insurance is that the cost of it would come out of their wages. No one has shown how this opinion has been arrived at, and we cannot in this paper discuss the questions which govern wages. On this point I may ask if it has ever occurred to workmen to consider where the cost of insurance comes from now? Take the case of ships. The first half-dozen

ships we come to in the London Docks will vary enormously in the amount of insurance on them and their cargoes; but the wages of the men will be the same. The ship that takes out coals may bring back wheat, the insurance of the latter being many times that of the former; but the seamen's wages are not altered on that account. In any case, all the amount that would be insured to cover the risk of accidents to the seamen would in most cases be a mere trifle compared with the amount of insurance already effected to meet accidents to the ship and cargo; but if this small additional risk were to be insured the workmen, by their representatives, say the cost of doing so would come out of the seamen's wages. Take the case of mining. In this, as in ships, there is nothing to distinguish an increased outlay for insurance from any other increased outlay payable by the employer. The Mines Regulation Act became law in 1888, and the cost of coal-mining was materially increased thereby. What has been the course of wages since? They commenced to advance in that year, and rose steadily until the middle of 1891, when they began to go down in Wales and the North of England; and they have in other places maintained the high level touched in 1891 until the present strike commenced. Clearly, the extra working outlay paid by mine-owners under the Act of 1888 has not affected wages, nor would they have been affected if they had in the same year commenced insuring all their risks under the Employers' Liability Act. In the same districts some mine-owners insured their risks under the Act, but others did not do so. If the workmen's contention were correct, the wages should have been different. Yet this was not the case; and if there were any foundation for their contention that a premium paid to cover this risk would come out of their wages, where does the compensation come from which in one case would be paid by a company, and in the other case by the mine-owners? I cannot enter into any general examination of the wage question, which has formed the subject of innumerable treatises. It is enough to show that the payment of a premium by the employer to cover the compensation he might require to pay his workmen if injured or killed would not directly affect the wages paid to them. An insurance premium paid to cover a risk under the Employers' Liability Act would add to the whole cost of producing the article manufactured, whether it were coal, calico, or anything else, in the same way as the insurance premiums against fire add to this cost, or the outlay for rent, taxes, repairs, &c., and wages would no more be affected by the payment of the first-named premium than by any other payments. The last consideration I would urge is, that even if any trifling share of the premium could be shown to come out of the men's wages, why should they object when the whole compensation would go into their pockets?

The hostility to insurance on the part of workmen became

noticeable a few years ago. In 1886 a Labour member tried to alter the Employers' Liability Bill of that year so as to make insurance of a risk impossible. Another recently put down an amendment to make insuring this risk penal on the part of an employer; and a third, who was a member of the Committee which sat in June last on the present bill, moved an amendment to this effect, which was, however, negatived without being voted upon. Some of them have been candid in their explanations in reference to their opposition to insurance, and argue that if an employer insures the risks to his workmen, it will to that extent remove the dependence of the latter on the trades unions. This will weaken the trades unions, and they therefore oppose any proposal which can have that tendency. This statement has been made repeatedly, in face of the fact that even the proposed new law, which will largely increase the number of accidents for which the employer will be liable, will nevertheless leave him free except as to a mere percentage of the total number of accidents. There is also the fact that it would not affect the trades unions except in reference to this one particular matter. It would leave all the other questions of hours, wages, and general trade regulations to be dealt with by the unions; but, as it would remove to this extent the complete dependence of a workman on his union, the insurance of the risk is opposed by the representatives of the workmen.

The expressed opinions of representatives of workmen are seldom of practical value. A recent one was to the effect that the Act could not be satisfactory unless it made a separate provision for the widow and also for each of the children of any workman that might be killed. It did not occur to this representative that any Act making the extent of the liability dependent on the number of a workman's children would be creating a premium on the employment of bachelors or of married men without children. In the *Times* a Labour representative is thus reported:—

> He hoped that the sum which a man was entitled to receive would be raised from 200*l.* to at least 500*l.* They did not want an Employers' Liability Act to give sums of money to relatives of men who were killed or to men who were seriously injured. They required an Employers' Liability Act which would be so full of penalties, so full of restrictions and punishments, as to make it impossible for employers to have their machinery in such a condition that the workmen would be hurt, injured, or killed at all.

This is an example of the inconsequent way in which the subject is sometimes treated. Firstly, a workman is to receive an amount far beyond what he could accumulate from his wages; secondly, an impossible Act is demanded. There occur innumerable accidents which would not be affected by penalties and restrictions placed on employers in a Liability Act. Thousands of lives have been lost by explosions in fiery seams, accounted for by men having used matches

which were found in pockets on bodies brought to the surface. Notwithstanding this, cases continually occur in which miners are prosecuted for taking matches into fiery mines, as they break the law in doing so; and the terms of any Employers' Liability Act, no matter how strict, would be totally ineffective with respect to such men. A complete reply to the view that it is possible to prevents all accidents is given in the following question put by Mr. Burt to a miner who was giving evidence before the Labour Commission: 'Would you not say, as a practical miner yourself, that, apart from any legal obligation, mining is necessarily a very dangerous occupation, and that with every care, every skill on the part of the managers and owners of collieries, every readiness to spend money in the protection of life, and every care also on the part of the workmen, fatal accidents will happen in connection with mines?' The reply was: 'Yes, I think so.' And this is not only true of mines, but of every other department of industry. Railway accidents chiefly occur from defects in machinery which it is impossible to ascertain in advance, or from want of care on the part of the workmen. Every year inquiries are held as to the disappearance of ships without, except in a rare case, any evidence being produced to show that they were not thoroughly well equipped and seaworthy. Seamen perish in hundreds every year from storms, fogs, and other unavoidable occurrences without blame being attachable to anyone. In house-building many accidents are caused by the momentary oversight of a workman; nevertheless, insurance, which would meet all such cases, is decried by the workmen's representatives, for no ascertainable reason except that it would affect the influence of the trades unions.

Much has been made of the inclusion of seamen in the new law, but it is certain the result will be completely disappointing. Their addition will undoubtedly cause owners much loss, as they will be systematically blackmailed, but sailors will get almost nothing. Let anyone familiar with shipping matters consider what will take place. There are two classes of vessels. The regular lines of steamers, the seamen of which would in most cases live at the port of arrival or departure. These form one class. The other class is made up of 'tramp' steamers and sailing-vessels which have no regular ports of arrival or departure, and the crews of which live all over the country. The Act will bring into existence a class of lawyers who will prey on owners and seamen alike. On arrival of a tramp steamer or sailing-vessel what will take place is something like the following: The crew will be waited upon by one of these men, or very likely by his 'runner.' If any accident has taken place, the seamen will be promised large compensation, and they will fall into the trap. Affidavits and documents innumerable will be collected from the crew before they separate, and all the necessary preliminaries will be got up with the object of a trial, a preposterous claim being meantime made upon

the owners. It may be that the seamen will be induced to give a trifle on account; but the absence of this will not stop the manufacture of a lawsuit, at least in its preliminary stages, because it will be a speculative action for the purpose of squeezing the owners, who may or may not have been to blame; and whether they have been to blame or not will make no difference to the class of legal men to whom the Act will give the coveted opportunity. A tramp steamer or a sailing-vessel may arrive, say, at Greenock, but may have to go to some other port for an outward cargo—as in these days of rapid despatch no vessel can afford to lie very long—and as the case would not be tried immediately, security would be demanded from the shipowner, failing which the vessel would, if possible, be detained. The chances are the owners would not reside in the same place. They would therefore have to employ lawyers as well as agents to represent them; and anyone will see that the Act furnishes a complete means whereby owners can be threatened and harassed until they are glad to compromise the matter in order to be able to go on with their business. Out of the money obtained in such a way it is doubtful if the sailor will ever receive one farthing. It has already been shown how helpless workmen on shore are when they go to law. The position of seamen will be worse under the new proposals than at present, and, so far as they are concerned, the proposed law will merely bring into existence a very questionable class of legal practitioners, who will subsist on the shipowners. The case of the injured sailor in a foreign port would be still more unfortunate, if that were possible. He could not afford to stay abroad incurring costs to prosecute an action, and would therefore either have to abandon it or be supported by the speculative lawyer, who would no doubt in foreign ports be brought into existence to take care that the interests of British seamen were carefully protected, at least so far as this was profitable to himself. Under no circumstance, either at home or abroad, will the sailor injured or the relatives of the sailor killed be able to recover anything under the proposed Act. The seamen of the other class of vessels—that is to say, the regular lines of steamers—who live at the port from which the vessel arrives and departs, will be in a better position; but even then a similar state of things will to a large extent be carried out, with the result that the shipowner will be compelled to pay large sums by compromise or otherwise, nothing of which will find its way into the pockets of the men for whose benefit the law intended it.

What is here said about solicitors is not to be understood as applying to any large number, as those who have turned the Employers' Liability Act to their own benefit to a somewhat illegitimate extent are few indeed. The Act is in this respect an exceptional piece of legislation, and places professional men under great temptations. From the position of the plaintiffs the actions are mostly speculative, and where a lawyer has to run the risk of loss he may when successful

consider himself entitled to obtain as large a profit as possible. The fault, therefore, lies with the law itself, which in its direct encouragement of legal proceedings was a legislative error. The speculative solicitor represents the two extremes of the profession, the best as well as the worst. There have been innumerable cases in which but for a solicitor supporting the claim of some injured and penniless workman he would have been unable to obtain compensation. Such cases, although frequent, rarely come into Court, and therefore are seldom heard of; the compensation is not only obtained, but the charges are usually small—as a rule, much less than the customary scale for professional services.

Altogether, a review of what is likely to result from the proposed law is very disappointing. While in one respect the bill will increase the number of accidents for which the employer will be liable, on the other hand it will increase the facilities for going to law, and this will be bad for the workman. The experience of the past will be repeated in the future; and after a few years' working under the law workmen will discover that there is no certainty whatever of their being compensated for injury, and a fresh law will be demanded. There is, therefore, no finality in the new proposals. The bill, if passed, will run the course of some years of intense dissatisfaction, and the legislative work, which has already occupied considerable time, and will occupy still more in the autumn session, will have to be repeated. Clearly there is no ultimate settlement of this question possible until the workman is compensated for every accident, no matter how it occurs, and until this compensation is secured to him. I shall briefly show how this may be done.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY AS IT SHOULD BE

It is felt that in most cases some immediate, even if not permanent, assistance provided for an injured man or his family would be an enormous benefit. It is this that the liability of an employer should be arranged to meet. It is frequently the case that the widow and children of a man killed are compelled to enter the workhouse from want of means to enable them to temporarily tide over their difficulties, until they can put themselves in the position of being able to obtain a livelihood in some other way. The wife and children of a man injured have also frequently to break up their home in the meantime. To provide, with adequate security, compensation to meet such cases as this would therefore be a substantial benefit to workmen. The proposal now made is to meet such cases and provide for a certain amount of compensation in the event of the injury or death of a workman while engaged in the duties of his employment. To carry out this an adequate Act should provide as follows:

1. Every injury to be compensated for, however caused. On proof that the person is injured or killed he or his relatives to be paid the amount of the compensation.

2. The amount of compensation to be stated, and to be based on the wages of the injured person; except for apprentices, for whom a different scale must be made.

3. The employer, at his own cost, to cover by insurance the whole liability to the workmen.

4. All persons working for wages in the employment of another to be included in the Act.

5. The employer to be prohibited from contracting out of the Act.

6. Actions on the part of the employer or workman for compensation to be barred. Any point requiring adjustment to be settled by the Sheriff in Scotland or a County Court Judge in England or Ireland without appeal, no professional man being permitted to appear in the case.

There are two ways in which compensation may be provided—namely, by a fixed amount to every workman, or by an amount according to his earnings. The latter is the more equitable, because his earnings will bear a certain relation to his expenditure, and the relief would therefore be relative to this. For convenience, however, fixed benefits to each workman are taken here, as these will enable us to arrive at a calculation of something like what compulsory insurance would cost. In actual practice, however, compensation relative to earnings should be adopted.

The following statements give fixed amounts and definitions of when and under what circumstances they will be payable:

On death or permanent total disablement a payment of 100*l.*

Permanent disablement to mean the loss of both eyes or both legs or both hands, or one leg and one hand, injury to the head producing insanity, or other injury believed to permanently unfit the claimant to follow any calling.

On permanent partial disablement a payment of 50*l.*

This would mean the loss of one eye or one leg or one hand, or rupture or other injury which does not altogether prevent the claimant being able to follow a calling of some kind.

During temporary disablement for a period not exceeding twenty-six weeks a payment at the rate of 15*s.* per week.

This allowance not to be payable for any accident involving less than two weeks' absence from employment, except in such cases as end in partial or permanent disablement.

The foregoing cover the principal conditions of an equitable and adequate insurance under which a fixed sum would be paid during disablement to the workman or to his friends at death. The employer's liability must remain, because he will be a free agent as to insurance, and if freed from liability might, tempted by a low

premium, insure in an unsafe office. The workman would therefore have this double security for being paid his compensation. The amount of the liability and the manner of payment of it would be settled in advance, and nothing would be necessary beyond ordinary proof of the accident and the medical certificate relating to the injury.

To stipulate for no payment being made for less than two weeks' absence is necessary as a check on malingering. Associations of workmen may pay wages from the day the accident takes place, as they can look after their own men, and this would lead to no serious abuse. To the employers the extra cost in premium of making payments for the first two weeks would be very high, as all the expenses connected with medical examination and otherwise would be the same for the most trifling as for the most serious accident. Two weeks' loss of wages would no doubt be a great inconvenience to most workmen; but it would not produce anything like destitution or actual distress, and it is the prevention of this which is aimed at. Workmen should form societies themselves to compensate small injuries, which they could do economically, and at the same time meet claims for the ordinary illnesses to which all are liable.

Cost of Insuring against all Accidents

In estimating this I shall first consider what has been done already to meet liability for accidents of all kinds.

The miners' permanent societies compensate for all injuries to miners. They collect from $2\frac{1}{2}$*d.* to $4\frac{1}{2}$*d.* per week from their men. The mine-owners also contribute to their funds. Their income last year was 204,569*l.* from the men and 30,342*l.* from the mine-owners, and they have in the last fourteen years accumulated a fund of 488,613*l.* Their plan of compensation is complicated. They do not pay the whole amount at death, but pay widows about 5*s.* a week and children from 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* until they are thirteen years of age. Disabled men receive from 6*s.* to 10*s.* per week. It will therefore be seen that their methods involve too much detail to be followed in any ordinary plan of compulsory insurance.

The experience of the largest insurance society connected with the London and North Western Railway is valuable, and furnishes useful data. This society admits members to three classes, and the following brief statement of the charges and benefits of the first class will show how the society works. Members contribute 13*s.* per annum, to which the company adds 10*s.* 10*d.*, making altogether 23*s.* 10*d.*, which produces benefits of 100*l.* on death or on permanent disablement and an allowance of 21*s.* per week up to fifty-two weeks for partial disablement. The society also covers death from natural causes to the extent of a payment of 10*l.* During last year it paid for death and

permanent disablement 7,194*l*., and 3,613*l*. for deaths from natural causes. If it did not pay on deaths from natural causes there would be an increased advantage to those who died from accident or were permanently disabled, which would raise their allowance to about 153*l*. The working of this society therefore shows that 23*s*. 10*d*. per annum secures a payment of, say, 153*l*. on death or on permanent disablement, and an allowance of 21*s*. per week up to fifty-two weeks during partial disablement. The society accumulates very little money, and as its own expenses for management are only about 4 per cent. of its income the foregoing may be considered as the largest scale of benefits derivable from insurance, whether mutual or otherwise. As all the members are on the same footing, no difference is made in the compensation in regard to widows or children. This plan consequently is similar to what may be done by a compulsory system of insurance.

The ordinary accident policies of insurance companies likewise afford some data to go upon: 100*l*. at death or on permanent disablement and 50*l*. on partial disablement, with a weekly allowance of 12*s*. up to twenty-six weeks, can be covered in trades including the most hazardous for about 20*s*. per annum. The policies apply during the whole twenty-four hours of the day, whereas an employer's liability is limited to the hours a workman is on duty, which would be about one-third of the whole time. The accident companies incur heavy business charges. Last year the working expenses of an office doing a large employers' accident insurance were nearly 9*s*. out of every 20*s*. it received as premium. None of the offices expend less than one-third of their premiums in charges, and in most cases much more. If, however, a compulsory insurance law were in force these conditions would be entirely altered. The business would then be so much increased and the method of doing it so changed that the cost of working a company under the new system would probably not exceed one-tenth of the premium income. The ordinary accident policy includes allowances from the date of the accident, whereas the proposed policy would not pay anything during the first two weeks after an accident, except when the accident was so severe as to be ultimately settled for by the payment of 50*l*. on partial or 100*l*. on permanent disablement. There would therefore be differences in the premium charged on an ordinary accident policy and the one herein proposed. First, the latter would save on the time during which the policy is in force, the ordinary one being given for the whole time and the employer's liability being for about one-third of that. The first two weeks' allowance after an accident being payable only under certain conditions would likewise be a saving, and as the scheme proposed would be under compulsory conditions there would be a large saving in the working expenses of the offices. On the other hand there would be a certain additional cost in the increased allowance to 15*s*. per week instead of 12*s*. On balance, the

policy I propose would be the cheaper of the two. Judging, therefore, by what is already done by first-class offices and by the mutual insurance societies of the London and North Western Railway Company, the benefits herein proposed to be paid in the event of any accident could be covered by less than 20*s.* per workman. There are other two ways in which the effect of this payment may be reckoned—namely, on the wages and on the cost of the article manufactured. The most equitable way to carry out the scheme would be to base the amount of compensation on the wages of the workmen, and on this it would come to considerably less than 2 per cent., even in hazardous employments. Allowing a considerable margin, and estimating it at 2 per cent. upon the workmen's wages, a calculation may now be made as to what it would in some cases add to our manufacturing charges.

In coal-mining there is one man killed for every 200,000 tons of coal mined, and according to the statistics of the miners' permanent relief societies there are about sixty men injured for each one killed; but this includes trifling accidents. Omitting such of them as would not obtain any allowance under the two-weeks' clause, there would probably not be more than thirty accidents to be covered, and assuming that each one would cost 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, this would, with 100*l.* for the fatal injury, make a charge of 300*l.* against each 200,000 tons of coal mined, or, say, one-third of a penny per ton of coal. Another calculation may be made from the figures furnished by the miners' permanent relief societies. Their revenue averages 16*s.* per member, and there are about 550,000 men employed in coal-mining; 440,000*l.* would therefore cover compensation to all coal-miners according to their scale and methods, and on 180,000,000 tons produced in the year the amount would be fractionally over one halfpenny per ton, which is an increase to the cost that would not affect any manufacturing business.

We now come to house-building. The labour paid for in erecting a building is from 40 to 50 per cent. of the total cost. Assume the larger percentage. The cost of the land on which it stands averages in large and small places, taken together, one-third of the cost of the building. Therefore, a building which, with the land upon which it stands, costs 30,000*l.* will include 10,000*l.* in labour, and 2 per cent. on this amount is 200*l.*, which would represent the total increased cost of the property for covering all risks to the workmen—an addition so small that it would not check building operations.

Take the case of a ship. The average labour payable by the shipbuilder is about 35 to 40 per cent. of the total cost of the vessel. Take the higher figure, and the ship which at present costs 10,000*l.* would with the workmen's risk of injuries covered by 2 per cent. on 4,000*l.* cost only 80*l.* more.

Take the case of railway servants. The society of the London and North Western Railway finds that 23*s.* 10*d.* per annum will meet a

liability at death or permanent disablement of 153*l.* and an allowance of 21*s.* a week for fifty-two weeks during temporary disablement. Of this 23*s.* 10*d.* six-elevenths is contributed by the workmen. Assuming all the railway companies of the country undertook at their sole expense to provide the benefits in this scheme, it could be done by them for about 16*s.* for each of the 500,000 men in their employ, or, say, 400,000*l.* Taking the average wages of the men at 60*l.* per annum, we have 30,000,000*l.*, on which the 400,000*l.* represents $1\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. But while this might be done by the railway companies forming a society amongst themselves—assuming they would all be worked as carefully as the London and North Western Company—it is unlikely that the insurance companies would take the risk at this rate, as it would leave no balance for interest or for a reserve fund. But it is mentioned to show what a small addition to the working expenses of railways would be made by the insurance of every injury.

Compulsory insurance applying to all *employés* would include domestic, commercial, agricultural, fishing, and industrial workers, and these above ten years of age in Great Britain number between 13,000,000 and 14,000,000. The three former classes include about 2,000,000 women and girls in domestic service, and about 1,600,000 clerks,. warehousemen, shopkeepers, and others engaged in light employments, who, with the agricultural population, could be insured against all injuries for a nominal premium. The two last-named classes, engaged in fishing and industrial employments, number about 8,500,000, the great majority of whom do not follow hazardous employment; and the extra-hazardous occupations, including railway *employés*, miners, and others, do not probably number 1,500,000. Evidence was given before the Labour Commission that the income of the wage-earning classes amounted to about 600,000,000*l.* per annum, and the whole of these wage-earners could be insured compensation against all injuries, fatal and otherwise, for an average premium of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on their earnings. This would only be possible if insurance were compulsory. The increased business, the definite character of the risks, and the altered methods of carrying on the business, would so lessen the amount of the premiums consumed in working expenses that it is not unlikely that all the accidents to which the whole of our working population are subjected in the course of their employment could be met by an annual premium, based on earning capacity, of 3,000,000*l.* This amount would be added to the cost of manufacturing and distribution and would be no serious addition thereto. If it were done by any national insurance scheme in which the Post Office was utilised the cost would be less, and if the insurance companies did not promptly make arrangements to suit the increased business, there is no doubt that the Government would be compelled to take the work into its own hands. This does not, however, enter into present calcu-

lations, as it would be years before the House of Commons would pass such a law, and thus the question is confined to what can be effected with the facilities offered by existing insurance companies.

Advantages of Compulsory Insurance and Compensation for all Injuries

In stating the objections to the existing law, the benefit of the proposed change to liability for all injuries is of necessity exhibited. At first sight some may suppose that workmen would become reckless of injuries if sure of compensation. This view can have but little foundation, as even though compensation be certain it would be limited, and in no case could it be worth to a workman anything like so much as, for example, the loss of a limb. This question must be looked at all round; and even if it could be shown that in an occasional instance there was even wilful recklessness, it would not affect the value of the plan, on account of the enormous advantages which it would give to workmen and employers. Others may suppose that insuring against all injuries would be so costly as to seriously affect the price at which our manufactures could be turned out. This has been shown to be unfounded. It would really cost less to compensate workmen for every injury than, directly and indirectly, it now costs. At present these losses fall upon employers, on workmen and their friends and relatives, and, in extreme cases, on the State itself; and this liquidation includes an enormous amount of money expended in ways which are sheer waste when we consider the object in view.

Labour representatives ask that workmen when injured should be placed in the same position as the public, which means that in a large number of cases they would have to go into Court to obtain compensation. It is difficult to understand this light-hearted desire for litigation. What is the usual position of an injured workman? He will probably be in the hospital, and his wife most likely without money, except what is required for subsistence. The witnesses will be fellow-workmen, who may be afraid to give evidence, as it may risk the safety of their position, and in any case they would have to give their time as witnesses, perhaps for two or three days, for which they would get no payment; the place where the accident happened would in most cases be in the employer's control, and he could not be expected to assist the plaintiff in establishing a claim against himself: so that the circumstances would altogether be much against the workman being able to gain his action; and this, as a matter of fact, is what has been found to be the case already. If the proposed law increases the number of accidents for which the employer will be liable, it also increases the number of opportunities for the workmen to go to law. Even the change made by extending the time for beginning an action will, although beneficial in some cases, merely

give additional opportunities for speculative suits, which have been already brought in such numbers. The plea of 'contributory negligence' will furnish a defence to a large number of the suits, probably to a majority of them; and there still remain all the other legal snares and pitfalls, which it is impossible to enumerate, but which are certain in many cases to defeat the claims of the workmen.

In the *Lancet* for December 1888 and April 1889 there are two articles dealing with the prevalence of accidents amongst dock labourers. They show that in the course of five years at least one-half of the dockers suffer some injury, and they also set forth what is the usual fate of a docker who is injured. Sensationalism or appeals to the feelings are not to be expected in a scientific journal like the *Lancet*, but at the same time no more pathetic or touching account has ever been written of the position in which dockers find themselves when injured than is to be found in these two articles in the above-named journal. The position of an injured docker is both hopeless and helpless, whereas adequate employers' liability and insurance of all the risks to which he is liable would give him certain compensation. Take also the case of women who are injured in ropeworks and other places. If any person is more helpless than the injured docker it is the injured woman, and there is no possible way of improving her position except by making the employer pay. In skilled trades, operated by highly intelligent and trained men, compulsory insurance of compensation would make work safer; but in the case of the docker it would alter the character of his employment altogether. There is no doubt that a large number of dock accidents are preventible. The ground is often slippery from frost or mud, and should be sanded or cleaned; but without these precautions the docker may fall and be crushed by his own load. The planks are frequently too narrow and too flexible, and a weight on such leads to accident. The foremen urge the men forward, and, fearing discharge—as there are many claimants for their employment—they become nervous, and a momentary oversight leads to an accident. All these conditions would be changed with the certain payment to be made for every injury which resulted; but no improvement can be expected until this is done. The law which makes employers liable for only a few of all the accidents which can take place has not sufficient deterrent influence, but care will be taken by them when the liability for compensation is as certain as the wage-bill or the taxes. It is here that the power of insurance to beget safety is illustrated. The accidents in every dock would by the insurance companies be compared with every other one, and a complete record obtained. The dock that was careful would escape with a small premium, and the dock in which there were many accidents would have to pay a high one. In proportion as accidents happened so would they have to pay to have their risks covered. The insurance companies would

judge by results and charge accordingly. Owners of docks in which extra-risky conditions were not avoided would have to pay so much more than those of the docks in which they were, and preventible accidents would soon be almost unknown. The uncertain and occasional nature of dockers' employment presents no difficulty to the risk of injuries being insured. Based on earnings, whether a man is employed for an hour or for a year will make no difference. The policy which covers the risks to one man to-day will cover them to another man to-morrow, should a change have been made meantime; and this will also be the case with occasional employment in shipyards and in house-building by skilled or unskilled labour, whether in or out of doors.

Under the proposed law it will be almost impossible for a seaman to recover compensation in Court. His means of proof will be more slender than those of an ordinary workman, but nevertheless the shipowner will be severely mulcted. While he has to pay much, the seaman will receive little. It is therefore obvious that provisions in the law by which shipowners would for a definite payment of premium insure to injured seamen immediate compensation without any appeal to the law would be an enormous advantage to both parties. The extension of employers' liability to seamen will undoubtedly increase the tendency to employ foreign seamen, and the dread of the uncertain liability under the law as proposed will operate more strongly in this direction than would fixed responsibility for every accident, which the shipowner could at once measure by the sum it would cost to insure it. Domestic servants are to be included in the law; but, from the nature of their employment, there can only be a rare case in which a domestic servant injures herself without having contributed to the cause of the injury. An almost nominal premium would insure compensation to all domestic servants, and thus relieve their employers and themselves from the risk of going to law to settle not only the amount but the liability for a claim which in their case, as in that of sailors, it would be almost impossible to prove.

Conclusion

It is not intended that this scheme should meet every possible demand on the part of a workman or his family. The object aimed at is to prevent, or at least alleviate, the distress which in many cases comes upon a family through the sudden extinction of their income by the death or injury of the breadwinner. Other forms of relief should be provided by the workman's own thrift through friendly associations; and it may here be mentioned that care would have to be taken that a workman could not by means of compulsory compensation and by being a member of other societies obtain when injured more than he could while working at his usual occupation. Many

will no doubt consider that the best way of dealing with compensation would be to distribute it weekly to widows, children, and dependent relatives, so long as they were in this position; but the machinery to carry out such a proposal could not be created in connection with insurance companies, except at a cost which would be too great. On the other hand an adherence to this method would be in many cases less advantageous to an injured workman or dependent relative than a sum paid at once. The combination of both would be the ideal method; for there are many persons so deficient in self-control that a large payment down would damage instead of benefiting them, and these could only have their necessities relieved by weekly payments. This, however, would be difficult to carry out, except by a Government scheme worked through the Post Office.

Insurance offices doing the business would have to re-arrange their powers so as to come within the terms of a law providing for their capital being adequate, their shareholders sufficient in number, their funds invested in certain securities, and annual or semi-annual statements and audits being forwarded to the Government disclosing the details of their position. This would be necessary to prevent the creation of mushroom companies which would give inadequate security. The case is so clear that it has not been thought requisite to enforce the necessity of compulsory compensation by arguments drawn from what has been done in Germany, France, and Austria. These countries have already adopted national systems of compensation for all accidents, as they found this was the only method of permanently settling the question. Insurance and compensation for all accidents have, however, been too recently adopted to have furnished the materials for complete actuarial calculations showing what the results will be. It is therefore unlikely that our Government would adopt continental methods until we had obtained further experience. This article is therefore no more than a contribution to a consideration of the question. It is an attempt to remove from the minds of the workmen what are believed to be mistaken views in reference to insurance of employers' liability. The drawbacks resulting from the present law are pointed out, and it is also shown that the intended new law will in some respects even increase these, and that no plan can give a final settlement of the question that does not secure compensation to workmen for every injury, however caused, that happens to them while engaged in their usual occupations, without their requiring to have recourse to the law-courts.

A. D. PROVAND.

DARWINISM AND SWIMMING: A THEORY

IT is an indirect proof of the antiquity of those semi-automatic manifestations of nerve function which we know as instinctive habits, that man has no inherent knowledge of how to swim; in spite of the immense period during which such an accomplishment has been almost essential to him.

This may not be obvious at first sight to those who have not studied the comparative physiology of the nervous system in man and animals, and who therefore can hardly appreciate the significance of the numerous vestiges of ancestral instincts which still form a part of our mental equipment, and which have been as distinctly inherited from the pre-human brute as any part of our physical framework. I hope, however, in the following pages, without introducing much technical matter into the argument, to show, not only that such is the case, but also that this particular line of inquiry is one of considerable promise and interest to all who are curious about the story of the development of the human race.

It seems hardly consistent with the view that experience can be inherited (which would, of course, imply the doctrine that the manufacture of inherent faculties is rapidly going on in the world) that man should exhibit no signs of the swimming instinct which is apparently so common among other animals. For, although our knowledge of the life habits of early man is very imperfect, upon one point we can speak with absolute certainty, and that is the invariable proximity of his habitat to water. It is among the fluvial drift that we find the archaic stone implements; and relics of human handiwork found associated with remains of extinct animals are almost without exception discovered in riverside caverns. The shell-mounds round the coasts of northern Europe, and the recently described rock-shelters overlooking the Mediterranean, tell the story of later savage tribes living close to the sea and gathering sustenance from it; while the margins of the Swiss lakes abound with the traces of many generations of Neolithic barbarians and their descendants, who, for purposes of defence, lived in cabins built on frail platforms over the water. It is obvious that all such people must have been swimmers (just as all

savages are at the present day), or they would have been placed at a serious disadvantage when engaged in hunting or warfare.

The difficulty of judging of the lapse of time in these prehistoric ages has made archæologists cautious in committing themselves to figures, and therefore no definite idea of the enormous antiquity of the earliest evidences of man's existence has become generally current. But, taking into account the various data we have for forming some sort of estimate, we may be fairly confident in putting the date of the Palæolithic cave-dwellers who hunted the mammoth and the reindeer in Britain and central France at something over one hundred thousand years B.C., and that of the much more primitive men who inhabited Professor Prestwich's Wealden plateau, or took refuge in Kent's Hole before the lower (or crystalline) stalagmite was deposited, at a period removed from us by at least three thousand centuries. It is plain also that, allowing sufficient time for the antecedent distribution of races, and for the development of those faculties of mind required for the invention and manufacture of the rudest stone implements, our estimate must be very greatly extended if it is to cover the whole period of human existence.

Now during all this vast epoch man has been a dweller by river banks or upon the margins of lakes and oceans; has been gathering his food from the sea, and pursuing his quarry across mountain torrents or among the swamps and creeks of half-submerged deltas; has in many cases become semi-amphibious in his habits; and yet, in spite of the many thousand generations of experience of the dangers of immersion, he drowns at once in deep water, unless he has learned a method of keeping himself afloat as entirely artificial as the act of skating or riding a bicycle.

In this he differs from almost all other animals, including, curiously enough, those which have not had anything like the same aquatic experience or need of such power of self-preservation. The cat and the donkey have a strong instinctive dislike to entering the water, yet both can swim with ease on a first attempt. In fact, every quadruped is able to swim in a measure without antecedent practice, even although its natural dwelling-place may be in the desert as in the case of the ass, or among mountain ranges as in that of the sheep or goat. How then are we to account for the lack of this most valuable and widely distributed natural faculty in ourselves?

It would appear, since these animals exhibit a natural faculty which man has not, in spite of his evident need of it throughout the whole of his existence as an earth-walking biped, that either a special instinctive capacity for swimming has been conferred upon or acquired by them, from the benefits of which man has been excluded, or else the power must depend upon some other pristine instinct or faculty which has chanced to be adaptable for this purpose (just as the biting power of a rodent, developed through its way of getting a living, is

available for self-defence), which is present, and transferable for purposes of natation, in quadrupeds, and absent, or not so transferable, in the case of man. I hope to show that the second supposition, and especially the last part of it, is correct, and that it seems to throw a curious light upon our racial history, and, moreover, interprets certain facts which, although grievously familiar to all of us, have, I believe, never been fully explained.

If we examine the usual quadrupedal method of swimming, we find that the limbs are used in almost precisely the same manner and in the same general order as in terrestrial progression; and that these movements alone are sufficient to support the animal in the water and to propel it in the direction in which it desires to go. Such co-ordinate movements of the limbs are in the majority of cases instinctive, and are not the result of teaching or experience; for a young fawn or colt, immediately after birth, is able to move about freely, after the manner of its kind; and even in the case of animals which are unable to walk when very young, such as kittens or puppies, the feeble and sprawling limbs act together in the same rhythmic order as when the animals are able to run about.

If such a young animal, or any one of the less intelligent quadrupeds, such as a rabbit or guinea-pig, be suddenly caught up in the hand, its struggles, when frightened, consist of the same movements as those employed on the ground when it is endeavouring to escape by speed. A small bird also, when seized, flutters its wings in its efforts to get free in exactly the same manner as if it were flying. In fact, we may lay it down as a general law that, when certain movements are commonly associated with the endeavour to escape from danger in creatures chiefly dependent upon instinct, these movements will tend to appear, independently of the will of the animal, whenever fear is the dominant emotion. And in the case of the more intelligent animals, should the presence of mind be lost through some shock or rush of emotion, so that they fall into a state of unreasoning panic, the same rule holds good; and the more adaptive and rational method of using the limbs gives place to the instinctive mechanical method.

How independent of the higher nerve centres these instinctive movements which accompany an effort to escape may be is shown in the case of a fowl which has been suddenly decapitated; for the wings continue to flap, and the legs to kick, in almost exactly the same way as in an endeavour to avoid capture.

An interesting illustration of the above law, in the case of an animal of very low intelligence, is given by Darwin in his account of his visit to the Galapagos Islands. He there discovered a lizard (Amblyrhynchus cristatus) which is in the habit of living on shore, but which gathers its food, consisting chiefly of sea-weed, from the bottom of the sea. On land it is an awkward, shuffling creature, with

no power either to defend itself or to escape, but in the water it swims almost as well as a fish. Darwin found, to his surprise, that when these lizards were thoroughly frightened they could not be induced to enter the water; and although he threw one in repeatedly, it invariably swam back in the utmost haste to the place where its persecutor stood, and allowed itself once more to be seized. In commenting on this curious behaviour, he says, 'Perhaps this singular piece of apparent stupidity may be accounted for by the circumstance that this reptile has no enemy whatever on shore, whereas at sea it must often fall a prey to numerous sharks. Hence, probably, urged by a fixed and hereditary instinct that the shore is its place of safety, whatever the emergency may be, it there takes refuge.'

This is a typical example of the way in which a rigid adherence to old habits, in themselves good, may, under new conditions, result in a complete failure to attain the end for which those habits were first developed. It would be very easy to bring forward numerous other examples of failures of a similar kind among the lower animals when brought face to face with a new experience. In those of greater intelligence, and especially in the case of man, such ludicrous inability to conform to a change of environment is naturally rarer, since the first advantage of a large brain is that it increases the resourcefulness of its possessor in meeting new emergencies. Still, it is a familiar fact that, when the reasoning power is hampered by emotion, men constantly fall back on deeply-seated routine habits which are akin to the nature of instincts. It is when the man who has been brought up in a country district, but who has acquired a new accent at the university or at some other social centre, is startled or angry that he expresses himself in the dialect of his youth. When an individual, usually rational and circumspect in his conduct, is 'carried away by anger,' he will often, on impulse, resort to violent measures such as might have been quite appropriate on a like occasion in an age of barbarism, but which, under modern conditions of life, would generally result in seriously complicating, rather than removing, the trouble in hand. Let his passion become overwhelming, and his voluntary inhibitory centres be paralysed by alcohol or disease, and he becomes a mere furious and unreasoning animal. Even the familiar artificial means for giving effect to his anger will often under such circumstances be ignored, and he will resort to natural weapons such as were doubtless made use of in all contests by his pre-human forefathers. I have seen lunatics and inebriated women, when frenzied with rage, assume the posture of defiance common among apes, and stand crouching, as if ready to spring, with crooked and twitching fingers, and with lips drawn back to expose the gnashing teeth. In such a case even the use of the fists is forgotten; the 'noble art' is as completely submerged in the returning wave of animalism as is the Law of the Land or the Sermon on the Mount.

If I may be allowed a brief digression from the main argument, I would here observe that the shaking of the clenched hand as a demonstration of hostility has apparently no relation in its origin with the custom of using the fists after the manner of the pugilist. The gesture is in use all the world over, but the custom of fighting with the naked fists is strictly local, and does not appear to have any very great antiquity. A Frenchman or an Italian will shake his fist much more readily than an Englishman, yet neither of these peoples has attained to that pitch of civilisation marked by the custom of arriving at an agreement by the disputants pounding one another's features.

In every case, except where the demonstrator has some familiarity with the art of boxing, and has not lost all self-control, the fist is not displayed in a manner which suggests its use as a punching organ, but is held as high as the head with the line of the knuckles vertical; in exactly the position, in fact, as though the fingers grasped a weapon. To shake a spear or a club at a foe is a common way of conveying a threat among all primitive savages; and if no weapon is within reach, an expressive pantomime of the action is performed with the hand only. It is noteworthy that women and girls (who are less specialised than men as regards such matters, and whose instinctive actions are therefore much more valuable to the naturalist) not only shake the fist in this way, but generally persist in holding the hand in some unscientific position when they endeavour to emulate the pugnacious sex.

If the gesture of shaking the fist should prove to be instinctive—and this point must at present be held to be somewhat doubtful—it will be of peculiar interest to anthropologists, since it appears to be derived from the habit of using some sort of weapon in striking at an enemy; and the great majority of instinctive acts undoubtedly date back to a stage of existence when no such artificial aids were invented.

To return to the subject of swimming. It would appear from the foregoing considerations that the purely terrestrial quadruped, when it is immersed beyond its depth, walks in the water, and, by good luck, finds the action sufficient to bring it to land. The act can hardly be said to depend on volition, for one cannot imagine that a month-old kitten, taken from its warm bed and thrown into a pond, would go through the mental process of thinking, 'Now I must swim for it, and therefore I will kick my legs in such and such a manner.' Plainly the blind instinct which makes a wild rabbit, when seized, continue the scampering movements of its legs, and the freshly caught bird the fluttering action of its wings, comes to the aid of the terrified kitten when it finds itself in the water.

An animal then, when in danger of drowning, merely performs those routine instinctive movements which in its normal environment

would suffice to preserve it from the chief dangers to which it is exposed. But since in most cases the environmental pressure has been fairly constant in direction for a vast number of generations, the habit, as now made use of, has been inherited, and is attributable to the needs of the remote past far more than to the needs of the present. In quadrupeds which are often pursued, such instinctive movements are those appropriate for the act of running; and hence, when such animals are alarmed by being plunged into deep water, these constitute their struggles in the endeavour to reach the shore.

Birds which depend on their wings to escape from their enemies, when immersed, exemplify the same rule. I remember when a child that the farm lads used to take the young sparrows from the nests round the homestead, and, after showing them to the foreman in order to secure the reward of a penny a dozen—which was the price set on the heads of these inchoate marauders—they occasionally disposed of them by throwing them into a shallow pond. On one occasion I was present to witness the execution. The young birds sank at once to the bottom, but almost immediately their feeble and almost naked wings began to wag up and down as if in flight, and this served to bring them to the surface, but they sank again as soon as the movement ceased. This action they repeated again and again, and it was, in appearance, so purposive an endeavour to get breath, that the natural hardness of heart of the young human animal was overcome by what looked like a brave and intelligent struggle for life, and the victims were temporarily rescued. Subsequent scientific inquiries into the nature of the movements of very young animals have taken away my faith in the resourcefulness of the unfledged sparrow, and have led me to interpret its actions when in the water by the law of instinctive acts with which we are now dealing.

It is noteworthy that the fear of suffocation (and this is vehemently called forth by the entrance of a little water into the air passages) strikes to the very centre of our being. Man and beast have a 'dread and inward horror' of any violent arrest of the power of breathing. A rush of panic fear invades and paralyses the reflective faculties at such a time, and the deeply lodged and ancient instincts of self-preservation leap to the front; so that the animal, or man, becomes degraded to a condition akin to that of some of the lower organisms, the movements of which result from reflex stimuli following the direction of the most beaten ancestral nerve tracks.

It will now be seen how it is that we may consider the ability to swim among earth-walking quadrupeds to be merely a kind of evolutionary by-product, which, luckily for the majority of beasts, can be turned to good account. But let us suppose an animal, subject to the same laws of instinct as the rest, but which has undergone considerable modification from the general ancestral type. Is it not conceivable that such a creature, when impelled in times of panic to

fall back on instincts derived from its progenitors, might find that, instead of chance favouring it, the reverse was the case, and that the inherited mode of action was the worst possible under the new conditions? The behaviour of the ostrich in certain emergencies which has won for it the epithet of 'foolish' among popular writers on natural history is probably attributable to a conservative blunder of this kind. The habit of hiding is almost universal among running birds, and doubtless many of the ostrich's ancestors lived under conditions in which such a stratagem would be most valuable in escaping from enemies. Life in the open desert has compelled the modern ostrich to rely upon swiftness and strength, since in its normal habitat there is no cover which suffices for concealment. Yet we are told that, when the bird is at its wit's end, it endeavours to creep into a bush or a tuft of grass after the custom of some of the smaller *Ratitæ* (such as the Kiwi), without reflecting that what might suffice to hide the weaklings of its race, exposes the large body of an ostrich to the eyes and weapons of its pursuers.

Again—and this is more to the point in the question at issue—suppose one class of mammals and their ancestors for an infinite number of generations had not been in the habit of using their limbs, when inspired by terror, in the manner which quadrupeds find so serviceable in the water, but in a totally different way—might there not be considerable danger that *their* special and traditional instinctive movements, if evoked by the shock of sudden immersion, would turn out to be worse than useless for purposes of natation, and so contribute to their death?

I shall now attempt to show that man occupies such an unfortunate position; and that in this fact we have an explanation both of his inability to swim without being taught, and of the character of his struggles when he is in danger of drowning.

Man's ancestors, in all probability, have never, since the close of the Secondary epoch, been quadrupeds which were in the habit of escaping from enemies by fleeing on all fours upon the ground. All parts of the human frame bear testimony to an arboreal environment which decreed the structure of the limbs and extremities and the position of the internal organs. Hence it is exceedingly improbable that relics of those rhythmic impulses which result in muscular acts appropriate to quadrupedal progression will be found in the substructure of ancestral instincts which is hidden beneath our veneer of rationality. Moreover, both anatomy and geology indicate to us that the arboreal period of our racial existence must have been many times longer than the bipedal period. Our humbler simian progenitors, having comparatively small brains, were much more dependent on instinct than we are, and therefore, since the bodily and mental attributes which have most contributed to survival in the struggle for life in the past are those which tend to occur as atavistic

vestiges in after generations, we are justified in expecting to find traces of instincts derived from the needs of tree-climbing ancestors still persisting in the human subject. And more especially so because —as I have repeatedly pointed out—inherent nervous phenomena, such as instincts and reflexes, are exceedingly slow in disappearing when a change of circumstances has rendered them obsolete. An instructive instance of the survival of an instinct of self-preservation, indispensable to young apes, but useless in the human infant, was discussed in an article published in this Review in November, 1891.

We may assume, then, that any habitual act which has been of especial utility in preserving a race from extinction throughout a prolonged period is likely to occupy no unimportant place among the inherited instincts of derived species.

Now there can be no doubt that the foremost impulse of tree-climbing animals, such as squirrels and apes, when they are seized with alarm, is to scramble upwards to a place of safety. How immediate and instinctive such an action is can be seen by anyone who will exhibit a snake to the monkeys at the Zoological Gardens. On the ground the monkey is out of his element, and is exposed to untold dangers. The sudden appearance of a foe sends him up to the tree-tops like a skyrocket; and almost as mechanically as far as any intellectual process is concerned.

Among arboreal quadrumanous creatures and their descendants we should therefore expect to find scansorial movements resorted to without premeditation in moments of extreme panic, just as, among bewildered and terror-stricken quadrupeds, running movements are mechanically resorted to. This, I take it, is a probable reason why the drowning man struggles in the manner which is at once so characteristic, so senseless, and so disastrous. *He acts exactly as if he were endeavouring to climb.* His hands are alternately thrust upwards, with open clutching fingers, as if to grasp something above his head, and his legs move in unison with his arms in the same way as do those of an ape which is mounting a tree. That is to say, the limbs on the same side are lifted coincidently, as they are when a sailor is going aloft. There is a remarkable uniformity in the behaviour of persons who cannot swim who find themselves suddenly immersed in deep water, which also strongly suggests that some instinctive tendency, inherent in, and possessed by, all human beings, is the prompter on such occasions. The unfortunate part of the matter is, that the act which nature thus suggests to the drowning man is about the worst that can be imagined under the circumstances. A better understanding of natural processes has checked the conventional flow of laudation of a beneficent nature, guiding her children through critical experiences by 'unerring instinct.' Mr. W. H. Hudson, in his delightful book, *Idle Days in Patagonia*, speaks with something like enthusiasm of 'the old man' within us

coming to our help with all his ancient store of innate resources when some instant danger threatens, which the intellectual nineteenth-century part of us is unable to meet. It is a fascinating idea, this notion of the staunch and sturdy barbarian ever at hand to undertake for us, when the puny modern reasoner is face to face with some peril all unfamiliar and overpowering to him, but which is a mere trifling episode to the primeval veteran. It is certainly true, as Mr. Hudson says, that many of those feats of strength and courage which all mankind unites in praising are entered upon on impulse, in which the conscious rational faculty takes no part, and are carried through in the same spontaneous and unreflecting manner. But it is also true, as has already been shown, that 'the old man' may slip from the leash which civilisation has placed around his brawny neck at moments when his interference is by no means so opportune. I confess that the 'Old Man of the Tree,' who is for ever at our backs, and who (it is here suggested) whispers 'Climb! climb!' in the ears of the perishing wretch, appears to my imagination much more akin to the fiends of the 'valley of the shadow' than to Mr. Hudson's primordial Greatheart.

It is remarkable that, although most people hold, as a matter of rational knowledge, that such behaviour is worse than useless, and that the best thing to do, if one cannot swim, is to keep the hands down, and to endeavour to float calmly until help comes; yet in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this belief is ignored or discarded in moments of peril, and the fatal prompting of instinct is obeyed.

The proverbial impulse to clutch at straws or other objects which, to an individual with the least glimmer of discrimination remaining, are obviously useless as supports for the body, and the equally invariable tendency to thrust the hands above water in a blind endeavour to grasp something at a higher level (which more than anything else increases the danger of suffocation, since the raising of the extremities submerges the head), and, lastly, the co-ordinated climbing movements of the limbs, all support the theory that the drowning man is unwittingly employing those instinctive routine movements which, throughout the vast evolutionary epoch when the tree-tops were the chief place of safety, contributed to survival in sudden emergencies more than any other form of activity. For, although a floating straw is useless to man and ape alike, a twig of the same size has doubtless been the salvation of many an ancestor of both; and while the eyes of the fugitive were engaged in watching the leopard or snake below, the hands were successively extended upwards to the higher branches with automatic precision, and the prehensile feet followed, *pari passu*, without any special cerebral mandate.

The instant a man's body is immersed in water, all the chief factors which form the basis of those sub-conscious calculations

whereby we regulate our habitual muscular efforts, such as the firmness of the earth, the pull of gravity, the aërial non-resisting medium, and a hundred other subtle influences, are profoundly altered in value. No wonder that, in the state of functional chaos which results, the mind becomes confused and panic-stricken at its sudden helplessness. Like a bewildered official who finds himself floundering beyond his depth, it tumbles back on a ready-made precedent, and sticks to it with stupid and slavish persistence. The precedent, unhappily, is venerable to rottenness, and was created for far other conditions; but these are considerations which the judgment of the drowning man is not in a state to take account of. It presents itself to him, he knows not how, and he submits himself to its ruling, even to the death.

In such an inquiry as this, it is always worth while to examine the habits of animals related to those under discussion. I have had no opportunity of testing the swimming powers of the Anthropoids, and have not been able so far to get any direct evidence on the point; but there is a strong presumption that the more bulky ones, such as the orang and gorilla, which adopt a semi-erect attitude in walking, are as helpless in the water as man is. Some of the *Cynocephali* are expert swimmers, and Mr. C. Bartlett informs me that a chacma baboon at the Zoological Gardens would dive into the seal pond and pick up objects from the bottom. These baboons, however, dwell far away from the forests, and have lived a non-arboreal life long enough to have acquired a typically quadrupedal mode of progression. A chacma, when climbing, advances both hands together and follows them up with both feet, so that the animal practically gallops upwards. A man's gait when mounting a ladder is much more that of a true arboreal animal than a baboon's. Some of the slim South American monkeys, such as the *Cebidæ*, swim to islands in the rivers, and Mr. Bartlett has seen them in the act of crossing. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, however, informs me that they seldom or never cross the larger streams, as is proved by the fact that these often form the boundary between the territories of allied species. Most of the New World apes are great adepts at running on all fours, and their long limbs and light bodies would aid them in floating, from the extent of surface being great in proportion to the bulk. I have also been informed of numerous cases in which monkeys of the *Macaque* order have proved themselves able to swim, but apparently few instances are recorded of their entering the water voluntarily. It is noteworthy that, as far as my informants have observed, all these apes, with the exception of the baboons, lifted the arms alternately above water, and kept their bodies in a semi-vertical position when they swam, and, in fact, acted as if they were endeavouring to climb upwards.

These facts about the lower *Primates* suggest that our distant

forefathers may have had some inherent power of swimming when they were truly arboreal, and had bodies slim and buoyant like those of modern apes. If this be so, man has lost his ability to swim (just as he has lost his aptitude for tree-climbing) through evolutionary changes in his body consequent on his later mode of life; and, consequently, his case may be parallel to that of the ostrich; which, in spite of its bulk, attempts a method of self-preservation which was effective enough under ancestral conditions, and which is still found useful by its smaller kinsfolk.

That the swimming power of apes is a chance product, like that of most quadrupeds, appears almost certain, owing to the very remarkable fact that not one of the whole family has adopted an amphibious life. Nearly every other division of the animal kingdom has representatives which live wholly or in part in the water; but among the *Primates* the members of our own species are undoubtedly the most aquatic. Among agile and intelligent monkeys, accidents which would render a power to swim imperative would be so rare as to be practically ineffective as an evolutionary force.

It is difficult to draw a rigid line between faculties which are purely inherent and those which are the result of experience or education, because there are many cases where an innate instinct undoubtedly exists, but requires to be supplemented by a certain amount of teaching and practice before it can be of use to the possessor. A familiar example may be observed among birds which have been brought up apart from their parents, and which, although they plainly have some sort of inkling of their natural notes, do not burst out into full song until they hear the singing of one of their kindred. Acquired accomplishments of all kinds are most readily learned when they are based upon some similar instinctive aptitude; and this rule renders the method of swimming in use among certain savage tribes of interest in the present inquiry. According to the statements of early travellers in North America, the aborigines, when first discovered, all swam with an alternate movement of the arms, and Mr. Wallace informs me that both the Amazonian Indians and the Malays of the Eastern Archipelago, at the time when he was exploring these regions, also swam in this way. Professor A. C. Haddon, however, who has made a special study of the Melanesian races, tells me that the inhabitants of New Guinea and the adjacent islands now swim in the manner customary among Europeans. It would be interesting to learn whether the Melanesians have adopted new habits in this respect since they came in contact with white men, or whether there has been a long-standing difference between them and their Malay neighbours. It seems possible that the Indian and Malay method of swimming may be that of the earliest men, since it resembles that adopted by certain of the *Simiæ*, and appears to be based on the scansorial instinctive movements to which allusion has already

been made. There can be little doubt that the frog-like action of civilised people is purely artificial, since it involves a series of movements which are quite foreign to the act of normal locomotion both among men and apes.

A further indication of the slow evolution of inherent instincts is afforded by the fact that young seals and sea-lions are at first unable to swim in the lithe fish-like manner of their parents, and only attain the art after a good deal of teaching and practice. Whether newly-born seals, if thrown into the water, attempt the ancient quadrupedal movements of their terrestrial ancestors, I have not been able to learn; but the apparently inflexible character of the law of vestigial instincts in the cases discussed in this article makes it very probable that even these pelagian creatures would form no exception to the general rule.

LOUIS ROBINSON.

VICTOR HUGO: 'TOUTE LA LYRE'

(*LAST SERIES*)

If the accusation of monotony or the charge of repetition brought against the greatest of lyric poets by the lazy malignity of envious dullness is as false and fatuous as it is common and easy, the same charge or accusation when brought against the most careful and conscientious of their commentators and exponents is inevitably more difficult to meet and to refute. At every fresh display of the same great qualities the same emotion must be evoked in any but the most torpid and thankless of imaginable readers; and the danger is but too obvious that it may not succeed in avoiding the same expression. Reiteration of plaudit and panegyric is more tedious, it may be feared, more wearisome and unwelcome to the average reader or hearer, than reiteration of invective and reviling. And yet, if a great gift is to be acknowledged at all, it can hardly be acknowledged without the common tribute of hackneyed gratitude and threadbare tautologies of praise. When the gift is alike in kind and in quality one with those before bestowed upon us as upon our fathers before us by the same inexhaustible prodigality of genius, we can but accept the legacy and affirm the fact.

The poems chosen by their editors to compose the last series and the third volume of the collection or selection entitled *Toute la Lyre* bear evidence in themselves of dates and moods as various as those comprised in any of the many which have preceded it. But the sign-manual, so to speak, of the same sovereign hand is recognisable —as how should it not be recognisable?—on every page. The majestic 'Vision of the Mountains' might have found a place in the last series of the *Légende des Siècles*; the second and the sixth poem following, among the lighter but not less bitter effusions of personal and social satire which relieve the habitually passionate indignation of the author's polemical verse. And the landscapes in the second section must be hung in the chambers of our memory beside those which were first exhibited in the youth and early manhood of the artist.

The glories and the mysteries, the actions and the passions, of nature and of man have attracted and inspired all great poets, from Homer to Hugo and from Virgil to Tennyson, each one according to

his birthright, by common sympathy and impulse to various expression of particular experience in feeling and in thought: the mysteries of calculation, 'geometry, algebra, arithmetic,' were hitherto, I imagine, a field unploughed, a sea uncloven, by the share or by the prow of an adventurer in verse. This feat was reserved for the sovereign poet of the nineteenth century. Poets and mathematicians might both have been expected to object to the suggestion of such an attempt: but the former class at all events can only rejoice and wonder over the marvellous and magnificent result.

Et la science entière apparaît comme un ciel
Lugubre, sans matière et cependant réel,
N'acceptant point l'azur et rejetant la terre,
Ayant pour clef le fait, le nombre pour mystère;
L'algèbre y luit ainsi qu'une sombre Vénus;
Et de ces absolus et de ces inconnus,
De ces obscurités terribles, de ces vides,
Les logarithmes sont les pléiades livides;
Et Franklin pâle y jette une clarté d'éclair,
Et la comète y passe, et se nomme Képler.

Il est deux nuits, deux puits d'aveuglement, deux tables
D'obscurité, sans fin, sans forme, épouvantables,
L'algèbre, nuit de l'homme, et le ciel, nuit de Dieu;
Les siècles s'useraient à compter, hors du lieu,
De l'espace, du temps, invisibles pilastres,
Les chiffres dans une ombre et dans l'autre les astres!

A yet more characteristic passage may be cited from the next poem: for the sublimity of emotion is even more characteristic of Hugo's genius than the sublimity of contemplation. And in these verses he has undertaken to describe or to define the true lover of true wisdom.

Tandis qu'on ne sait quoi d'étrange et de farouche
Surgit dans les berceaux, dans les tombeaux se couche,
Tandis que l'ouragan souffle, et que par moment
La vie universelle est un rugissement,
Et qu'à d'autres moments tout n'est plus qu'une face
De silence où le cri de l'abîme s'efface,
Tandis que le flot roule à l'engloutissement,
Que la livide mort court sous le firmament
Distribuant le monde aux fléaux ses ministres,
Que les astres hagards ont des levers sinistres,
Et que tout semble craindre un lugubre abandon,
Lui, tranquille, il dit: Paix, harmonie et pardon!

Among so many poems in which the various moods, tender and severe, meditative and passionate, of indignation and aspiration and charity and pity find always their fit and perfect expression, it is difficult to choose any for special comment or typical excerpt where all are so full of plastic life, shapeliness, and colour; but at least we

may be sure that even Victor Hugo never put more pathetic truthfulness into fewer words than these.

Il pleut, c'est la nuit, l'enfant dort.

—Enfant, debout! Va-t'-en à ton travail! C'est l'heure.—
Triste, il part; nul ne le défend,
Et le ciel effrayant qui sanglote et qui pleure
Glace de ses larmes l'enfant.

There is no better or finer example in Æschylus or in Shakespeare than this of 'the pathetic fallacy'—if a fallacy it be. But it would be a task as tedious and as hopeless as ever was imposed by Venus or any other sorceress upon Psyche or any other victim, to count all the new examples of old power, all the fresh instances of perennial beauty, supplied in these pages for the enjoyment and the bewilderment, the delight and wonder and perplexity of the dazzled judgment which at length is fain to abdicate the right or abjure the privilege of selection. At every turning of the leaf the student comes upon something that should be noticed and that must be treasured; the satire on transatlantic civilisation which proves the writer's affinity rather with such republicans as Landor than such democrats as Whitman; the bitter good-humour of the lines on the danger of saying even to yourself what you think of this man or that; the wise and lovely verses on the wisdom of lovers and little children; the nobly pathetic and characteristic letter of the first year of the poet's exile; studies of sea and sunset, utterances or effusions of anguish under bereavement and of heroism in hope; and again, studies from fancy or from memory of cynical or sentimental moods or meditations or impressions; the fierce humour of 'Love's Blasphemy,' the sharp-edged and serious dramatic fun—a gift bequeathed to the poet's adopted son Auguste Vacquerie—of the delicious little dialogue which determines the choice of a loyal man between his mistress and his friend; and, lastly, the incomparable invitation into the showiest and noisiest booth of the modern fair—literary or dramatic, Norwegian or Parisian.

Mais vous vous rebiffez. C'est vieux jeu, l'idéal!
On n'en veut plus. Il sied d'offrir pour tout régal
Le sale et le cruel à la foule effrayée.

In the first series published of this magnificent poetic miscellany it could not but be observed and admitted that the polemical section was hardly up to the mark—at least, by no means up to the mark set by the illustrious writer himself in his earlier works on the same line. It is with even more pleasure than surprise that we must now congratulate the editors on having kept the best wine for the last course or dessert. The noblest poems among those headed *Les Années Funestes* (1852-1870) are worthy of a distinguished place in the deathless volume of 1853. Here is the great and terrible 'Death

of Saint-Arnaud,'[1] with its matchless and wonderful picture of a fleet under sail for battle.

Le moment vint; l'escadre appareilla; les roues
Tournèrent; par ce tas de voiles et de proues,
Dont l'âpre artillerie en vingt salves gronda,
L'infini se laissa violer. L'armada,
Formidable, penchant, prête à cracher le soufre,
Les gueules des canons sur les gueules du gouffre,
Nageant, polype humain, sur l'abîme béant,
Et, comme un noir poisson dans un filet géant,
Prenant l'ouragan sombre en ses mille cordages,
S'ébranla: dans ses flancs, les haches d'abordages,
Les sabres, les fusils, le lourd tromblon marin,
La fauve caronade aux ailerons d'airain,
Se heurtaient; et, jetant de l'écume aux étoiles,
Et roulant dans ses plis des tempêtes de toiles,
Frégate, aviso, brick, brûlot, trois-ponts, steamer,
Le troupeau monstrueux couvrit la vaste mer.

It might have tasked and baffled Tintoretto or Veronese to compete with such painting as this on his most triumphant and gigantic canvas.

A fitting companion to this tragic poem is that on the massacre of Mentana. When, some little time after that villainous victory of pope and emperor over the nation which has always had yet more cause to curse the perfidy of France as a friend than even the atrocity of France as an enemy, the present writer had the honour to receive from Victor Hugo a copy of the tiny pamphlet which first gave to the world, in homely small print upon homely thin paper, this immortal gift of impassioned and thunder-bearing song, its cry of prophetic protest, its passion of godlike anger, its music of hope as inexhaustible in sorrow as indomitable as the sea, bore the message they must have borne to thousands of comfort and confirmation in the faith proclaimed and maintained against all reproof of chance or disproof of evidence by 'the voice of Guernsey' in the darkest days of contemporary Europe.

The monotony with which, in a happier hour for us than for themselves, the pressmen of the French empire took courage to reproach its assailant, its denouncer, and its judge, is as various, as vivid, as full of changing life and colour and music, as the many-voiced monotony of the sea. From the days of Homer downward there has been no sweeter, no sublimer or more living picture of dawn than this one taken by a witness whom all the rapture and glory of the hour could not avail to distract from contemplation of the sufferings and the disgraces of the age.

L'écume à tous les vents s'effare et se déchire
Et vole, et l'on dirait que de ces flocons blancs
Quelques-uns prennent vie et sont les goëlands;

[1] Not a posthumous or unpublished poem, by the way, as implied if not asserted on the title-page of the volume.

Le tumulte infini dans l'ombre au loin bégaie ;
Et la légèreté des nuages égaie
Toute cette farouche et fauve profondeur;
L'aube chantante joue avec le flot grondeur ;
L'océan frais et pur se fronce aux rocs arides ;
La jeunesse éternelle offre toutes ses rides ;
L'innocent liseron, nourri de sel amer,
Fleurit sous les blocs noirs du vieux mur de la mer;
Et la création semble une apothéose ;
Comme un papillon donne un coup d'aile à la rose,
Là-bas l'aigle de mer tourne autour du récif.

The fusion rather than contrast of sublimity with sweetness and immensity with grace which gives to the verse of Victor Hugo its special seal and distinctive sign of peculiar inspiration is hardly even here more notable than in a thousand other passages: but where outside his work shall we find the like of it—or the shadow ?

Neither may we look elsewhere for anything like the finished and bitter simplicity of tragic humour which replies to the charge of perpetual repetition through the mouth of the criminal who is weary of hearing brought against him, with such tasteless and intolerant monotony of vehemence, the perpetual, undenied, and undeniable charge of parricide: or like the exquisite and terrible poem on Compiègne, which paints for us in such melodious brilliance not love but crime among the roses: the soft Virgilian eclogue in which tyranny plays on its flute the tune of amnesty ; the fiery impeachment of French law, the fearful indictment of French civilisation, humanity, and justice, in the poems on the cases of Rosalie Doise and Lesurque, on the miners of Aubin and the famine in Algeria.

The great closing poem is of a kind above and beyond commentary ; it must be read, re-read, and absorbed before a fit and full sense of its greatness can be adequately realised. The passionate splendour of contemplative indignation which makes of every stanza such a living and vibrating flame of persistent and insistent music as we sometimes are privileged to see and hear in the full charge shoreward of a strong and steady sea can only fail to appeal to the spirit and the sense of such casual trespassers and transgressors as come down to the seaside with a view to indulgence in cockney or in puritan indecencies : and such trespass or transgression is happily less to be feared on the beach of a spiritual than on the beach of a material sea. But the marvellous, the matchless power of execution can hardly perhaps be appreciated except by practical artists or workers in verse. Execution, as Blake said and says, is the chariot of genius : and here is the very highest genius guiding the horses and swept forward in the chariot of its choice—at once Automedon and Achilles. Here are five hundred and sixty-four deathless lines of five syllables —a metrical form as far removed as any well could be from ordinary association with anything serious or sublime—cast into one hundred

and forty-one stanzas of four verses apiece. No more rigid form of metrical oppression could be devised to subdue the soaring genius and provoke the indignant revolt of a Cowley, a Tupper, an Emerson, or a Whitman. There is no sort of effort after such 'new music' as may be attempted and has often been attained in the music-halls of a 'new poetry' by the smashing of keys or the snapping of harp-strings. But there is something which these liberators have somehow failed to attain: there is the sublime liberty of expression, the supreme perfection of utterance, which never has been and never will be attained except by workmen in words (as by workmen in any other more or less plastic material) who can understand, accept, embrace, and rejoice in the rules and the conditions of their art: content in the recognition and happy in the acceptance of that immortal and immutable instinct whose impulse is for law, whose passion is for harmony, and whose service is perfect freedom.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

RELIGION AT THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD

EDUCATION is a topic which commands a general recognition of its advantages and of its necessity, coupled with a strong disinclination to consider its details.

A young friend of mine has disrespectfully lopped off a letter from the title of the educational local authority and calls it the School Bore.

But, though the consideration of educational questions be tedious, there is a general willingness to believe that the School Board is extravagant, aggressive, and unpractical.

Wherever there is smoke there is fire: so I suppose that the London School Board, like other human institutions, is not infallible.

But I think that, whereas usually people give fair credit to their local representatives for trying to do their work, the tendency to hostile criticism is predominant in dealing with the School Board. One reason for this is that the most powerful organisation in the country—I mean the clergy of the Established Church—are collectively in a permanent attitude of hostility to the Board. This is an inevitable consequence of the dual system of education which was set up in 1870. Every new school built by the Board is considered a possible competitor for scholars, and likely to diminish the roll of neighbouring Church schools; every improvement in education, every increase of staff, increases the difficulties of voluntary managers in keeping abreast of the times and complying with the increased requirements of the Education Department. Thus the clergy are put in a false position: many of them are ashamed of the attitude they assume. Very strong passages could be quoted from the *Guardian* recognising the unworthiness of obstructing the advance of education and the discredit which results to the Church authorities. Still, the necessities of the denominational schools force the mass of the clergy into an unholy alliance with the narrowest type of 'associated ratepayers.'

If boards of guardians were face to face with private associations which had a concurrent right to relieve distress, which were aided by

the State, and coupled this relief with denominational propaganda, we should find the administration of the Poor Law as contentious as the work of the School Board. But this contentiousness in the atmosphere outside is seconded by the contentious character of the representatives who sit on the Board.

The cumulative vote is the most effective way of stamping a sectarian and controversial character on the elected members. The organisations which promote the election of candidates are mainly clerical and denominational. We are also familiar with working-class organisations which promote candidatures avowedly for the purpose of using the machinery of the School Board in order to apply in practice schemes which are to benefit workmen in their struggle with capitalists. Thus not only is the Board asked to interfere between employer and employed by laying down rates of wages and hours of work, they are also asked to prevent all sub-letting, to settle what class of men shall do a particular class of work. For instance, bricklayers deny to tilers the right to put on tiles, and claim that this is bricklayers' work. The bricklayers are the more powerful organisation, and the Board is expected to secure that its builders shall side with the bricklayers against the tilers in this dispute. Again, the Board is asked to do its own work without the intervention of contractors. I need hardly say that the educational work of the Board is quite sufficient to take up all its time without this new and alien department of activity being thrust upon it.

Some years ago Mr. Miall declared that the Liberal party could not thrive unless it took up some 'blazing principle' which would serve as a beacon to rally Liberal forces.

Love for education is not a 'blazing principle.' Those who would make the best members of a School Board cannot muster any adequate forces at an election able to compete with the clear-sighted hostility of the London clergy, with their widespread parochial organisation, and the consequence is that for many years the School Board policy in London has been controlled by the advocates of the denominational system. Thus within the Board there has been a readiness to disparage the Board which has seconded the hostile criticisms from without.

It may be asked, How is it, then, that the work has progressed and, on the whole, has improved?

More than one answer may be given to this question. The first is the magnitude of the operations of the board, and the impulse it has received from the past, which make it very difficult for new members not familiar with the working to throw the machine completely out of gear.

The obstructive members are very much like the decrepid cab-horse described in Pickwick, who is harnessed up very tightly with a pair of big wheels behind him, and when started he must go.

Again, the work of the Board has a wonderful educating influence on those who take it in hand.

Any member who works, when once he gets an insight into the details, sees how false were the impressions he brought with him from outside criticisms and attacks. Moreover, if there is any good in a man he gets fascinated by seeing the wonderful work of elevation which the Board is doing for the London poor. If a member of the Board will only frequently visit the schools, I give him, as a rule, six months to get friendly to the work of the Board. Not once, but many times have I seen the denominational members come in like lions and go out like lambs. The misfortune is that a conscientious man when he gets interested in the work, and sees what an enormous labour it entails, is apt to retire at the end of three years—converted, but exhausted. The securing of good candidates, able and willing to give the needful time, is one of the great difficulties of School Board administration in London. Another misfortune is that though the member is converted the section of the constituency is not; and we see too often a generous Churchman, true to his own ideal of religious education but too honest to promote it at the expense of the efficiency of School Board education, turned out by his party at the end of his term, and replaced by some moral pachyderm saved by 'invincible ignorance' from any responsibility for his blindness to the light. When I mention the names of the Rev. C. E. Brooke, of Camberwell; the Rev. G. Gent, of St. Mark's Training College, Chelsea; Rev. J. H. Rose, of Clerkenwell; the Rev. H. Curtis, of Balham, I indicate only a few of the losses which the party of denominational education has suffered through the action of those who control the School Board policy of that party.

I have said that, in spite of all difficulties, the work of the School Board has progressed. Still we must admit that

> Though the bark cannot be lost,
> Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

If it were only for the atmosphere of conflict in which we have to do our work, much valuable time is lost, much energy is expended in fighting or in persuading, which is needed for grappling with the immense mass of administration devolving on the Board.

In face of the gale of reaction blowing in our teeth, the ship of education has, as it were, to lie-to, and we are thankful if we hold our own or only drift a little. But all the time we ought to be making progress if we are to keep abreast of the growing needs of the country.

I can affirm emphatically that there are now many points in which the work of the School Board is grievously behindhand and, in spite of the greater cost, compares unfavourably with that of the best provincial boards.

1. In school provision there has for the last eight years been

great neglect, followed occasionally by spasmodic activity when the pressure owing to want of accommodation became unbearable. At this moment the Department is urging the Board, and during the last three or four months the Board has given way to some extent and made proposals for further schools; but there are still several cases where they are resisting the supply of needful accommodation.

2. In the matter of school staff many schools have an insufficient number of teachers, and classes of seventy, eighty, and even ninety may be found, often for a part of the year, sometimes for the greater part of the year. The Government inspectors are continually calling attention to this fault of organisation, but the Board is most reluctant to give the additional staff needed and called for by the inspector.

3. The work of the evening schools is not growing as it should, and as it has grown in such towns as Manchester and Birmingham. The Board has made a profit by the fee grant of about 60,000*l.* a year, and has refused to free the evening schools, though the fee income from them is only about 4,000*l.* a year. But, even without freeing the schools, much might have been done to attract students by advertising; the Board, however, in spite of the urgent representations of all connected with the work, refused any adequate means of advertising until the classes had opened, by which time the chief usefulness of advertisement was lost.

There is, moreover, a systematic policy of delay in furnishing requisitions for the material needed for the classes which has led to many scholars leaving in disgust after waiting for weeks, or even months, without being supplied with the books or apparatus needed for the classes that had been formed.

At this moment the Board has advertised and promised evening classes on type-writing; but these classes have not been started, in spite of numerous applications for admission, because the Board cannot get the type-writing machines without paying for them.

4. In the matter of upper standard or higher grade schools the Board, after talking about the matter for years, has done next to nothing. Towns like Nottingham and Hull have at least three or four such schools each, admirably equipped and built for the purpose, with every appliance. London, with twenty times the population of either of these towns, has three or four such schools on a small scale; and in several cases where these departments were initiated and parents were induced by the Board to transfer their children on the promise that separate teachers would be furnished for scholars beyond the standards, the promise has been broken and the teacher withdrawn. And all these paltry economies do not materially reduce the cost of the work; they only spoil it by rendering much of the expenditure useless for want of completing the scheme.

Meantime, while the Board has been neglecting and hindering its proper work, how has it spent its time?

For months it has been engaged in that most unprofitable of all tasks—a theological wrangle.

The Chairman of the Scripture Sub-committee one day visited an infant school during the hour of Scripture teaching. I fancy that was one of very few visits he has ever paid during that portion of the teaching; and he was shocked to hear an infant say, in answer to the teacher, that Joseph was the father of Jesus. He was still more shocked that the head teacher did not take up and correct the answer.

Thereupon he never consulted his committee, but rushed into print and wrote to the newspapers.

At once the business-paper of the Board bristled with notices of motion. The clerical press took up the running, and the alarms of various denominations were aroused—rival deputations poured in upon the Board. These were subjected to protracted cross-examination by the clergy, and still more by the clerically-minded lay element on the Board, and we are not yet half-way through our troubles.

In English affairs one of the best characteristics of the nation has been a certain moderation and reasonableness which prevent parties, if in a majority, from forcing their views to their extreme logical conclusion; this tact and forbearance are pre-eminently needed when we deal with the difficult and contentious topic of religious instruction. Those who read carefully the debates in the House of Commons during the passing of the Education Act in 1870 will see to how large an extent Parliament trusted to this common sense and fairness for the reasonable handling of this question.

Under the celebrated Cowper-Temple Clause it is legally possible for Boards to give the most definite dogmatic instruction so long as they do not use a catechism or formula for the purpose of teaching; and many members of the House sought to put in the bill itself the prohibition of dogmatic and sectarian teaching. But Parliament shrank from making these matters the subject of legal rights and of possible litigation. They said: 'We all know in practice what we mean by undenominational teaching, and that is all that ought properly to be given in the public schools, which belong to the community as a whole. But having indicated what we desire by the general prohibition of catechisms and formularies, which, of course, include creeds, we leave the practical carrying out of the idea to the local elected representatives.

The first School Board for London, after much consideration, determined by an almost unanimous vote that the Bible should be read and that lessons therefrom in the principles of morality and religion suited to the capacities of the children should be given, provided that, in such explanations and instruction, the provisions of the Act be strictly observed, both in letter and in spirit, and that no attempt be made to attach children to any particular denomination.

This determination united in its support the late Mr. W. H. Smith (the original framer of the resolution), Mr. T. H. Huxley, Dr. Angus (of the Baptist College, Regent's Park), and many other men of note of all ways of thinking. The Board has not interfered with the teachers, but has trusted their honour and good sense. There have been one or two instances where teachers have made known their inability to teach the Bible from the stand-point of the resolution referred to, and they have either been excused from the duty of religious teaching or been directed not to give it.

But, as a rule, the Board has left the teachers free, and the experience of more than twenty years shows that there have been complete acquiescence and absence of complaint from parents, managers, Board inspectors, and Board members. But once let the mania for definition and direction get possession of the mind of the Board, and this peaceful state of things will cease.

Most people are willing, and a very large number are desirous, that the Bible-teaching of the Board should go on undisturbed as heretofore.

But the dogs of war are sleeping, they are not dead. Already the proposal to order the teachers to insist on the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation, to which some now propose to add the doctrine of the Atonement, has roused an amount of feeling which will not easily be put to rest.

That Radical clubs, that working-men's associations, that Unitarian congregations should protest is not surprising; and yet it would have been wise not to have stirred the active hostility of those who might be expected to advocate the purely secular day-school programme. But, in addition to these, we now have practical unanimity among the great Nonconformist bodies and among their most active leaders against the proposals of the Board. The Sunday School Union has come before the Board by a deputation to object to this proposal to require dogmatic teaching in the schools.

Even the Primitive Methodists, whose orthodoxy on the points raised is unimpeachable, have protested, and the spokesman of their deputation went so far as to say that he thought that a teacher who believed in the divinity of Jesus Christ ought not to be allowed to teach it in the school, but should be content to teach the Bible and let that speak for itself. The Chairman of the Board has not been the promoter of this new theological discussion. A new member of the Board—Mr. Athelstan Riley—is among those young councillors who since the days of Rehoboam have, by their thoroughgoing policy, led to strife and to disruption.

But, as a French statesman once said when taunted with taking up a cry contrary to his principles: 'I am their leader; I must follow them,' so Mr. Diggle has, in his recent address, apparently made up his mind on which side of the fence he shall climb down. His utter-

ance *ex cathedra* on the 28th of September of this year is guarded in form, but those who have followed the discussions of the Board recognise that he has capitulated to Mr. Riley. Henceforward, it seems that the present majority of the Board will propose to define the Christian religion as necessarily including the doctrine of the Trinity and the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, and that these dogmas are to be taught throughout the schools, even to infants. Existing teachers will probably get the benefit of the Conscience Clause if they apply to be relieved from this duty; but in future the Board, according to Mr. Diggle, will secure the essential right of 'Christian parents that their children shall be trained in Christian teaching by teachers not out of sympathy with their religious convictions.'

Thus the enacting of dogmatic teaching is to lead to its natural consequence—a theological investigation into the belief of teachers, or, at any rate, a test or profession of belief.

Can anyone suppose that such a state of things, even if enacted, can possibly last? The Bible-teaching of the Board for many elections has not been a real issue before the electors. The denominational party has, of course, clutched at the secular manifestoes of a few candidates at successive elections and tried to say that the issue was the preservation or abolition of Bible-teaching; but this has never been the real issue. Of those who have been elected with a secular programme it would be true to say that other considerations largely determined their elections: thus in the case of Mrs. Besant her advocacy of the match-girls and her general democratic and socialist views secured her large majority. But if the School Board for London henceforward insists on the mysteries of the Trinity and the Incarnation being taught throughout the schools by teachers who believe them, the great body of Nonconformists, of Radical working men, and of ordinary Liberals will be united to do away with a system so contrary to reason, to justice, and to the practical possibilities of a Board employing more than 8,000 teachers.

It is a common complaint in the country that Nonconformists are shut out from the teaching career because Church managers will not admit them as pupil-teachers. Are we in London to exclude Unitarians or those who hesitate before they can affirm these doctrines, which pass the comprehension of the old and wise, and which, nevertheless, are to be presented to infants?

Undoubtedly in the great mass of the classes in the London Board Schools the Bible-lessons assume the popular theology—the divine mission and miraculous character of the life of Jesus Christ—and unless the Board should interfere on the side of prohibition, as it is now asked to interfere on the side of dictation, the teaching will be coloured by the religious convictions of the teacher. I believe that, in fact, in very many schools the Bible-teaching somewhat exceeds in definiteness what was intended by the regulation of the Board. But

it is better to put up with and to ignore a little excess than to hamper the teacher by making him feel that when he speaks he does not speak from his own heart, but by order of his superiors.

If any have a right to complain at present it is those who, knowing the results of modern criticism, feel that in the public schools an obsolete and inadequate exposition of the Bible is given.

But in this respect it is better that the teacher should speak freely, though imperfectly, rather than that we should destroy the spontaneity of his teaching.

I am satisfied that the believers in the more traditional and conservative interpretation of the Scriptures have no reasons to fear that the Bible-lesson is made a vehicle for rationalising and destructive interpretation. Teachers feel—and they ought to feel—that theirs is a delicate duty, and that they owe respect even to the mistaken convictions of the home.

I am sure of this—that parents would be more shocked if a teacher, taking up the newest line of High Church teaching, were to say to a class 'Jesus is perfect God and perfect man, conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary; but as man His knowledge was limited, and therefore you are at liberty to set aside what He said about the Old Testament and to believe, with the modern critics, that many of the books were not written at the date nor by the authors to whom they are ascribed by Him,' than if, when a child says 'Jesus was the son of Joseph,' the teacher should correct him and explain—if he can in suitable language—what he understands to be the truth as to the nature of the birth of Jesus Christ.

Of course, if the Board asks for dogmatic theology from the teachers the Board will get it; what its value will be is another thing.

Can we very much blame young teachers if they lightly assume that they are able to teach the doctrines which the Board asks for? Those who have not thought for themselves naturally accept the prevailing theology in which they were brought up. The moral danger arises when, along with serious thought, divergence of conviction sets in. But what assistant will have the courage and honesty to come forward and say: 'Since you appointed me I find some difficulty in holding and even in understanding the mysterious doctrines you require me to teach; I ask to be relieved of that obligation?' Does anyone think that such a teacher will stand the same chance of promotion to a headship? Even if the Board were perfectly fair in the matter, do we think that local managers are so free from bias as to consider the application on its merits apart from what many of them will regard as a religious disqualification? Once let in this scheme of religious tests and enforced theological conformity, and you let in reserve, insincerity, and even hypocrisy; you lower the character and self-respect of the teacher; you throw a doubt

on the genuineness of the belief of all: for you associate material advantages with the profession of certain opinions. It seems strange that it should be necessary to plead against the introduction of obligatory dogmas and tests for teachers in the case of elementary schools, where the age of the scholars makes them unfit recipients for specific dogmatic teaching, when we have emancipated our Universities from all such restrictions.

But, unfortunately, the mode of popular election applicable to School Boards seems more calculated to give us strong partisans than prudent administrators.

The School Board for London, under the lead of its chairman, has undertaken to defy the Education Department at the same time that it proposes to enforce the definite teaching of transcendent mysteries. Mr. Diggle protests against what he describes as the despotism of the Education Department, and, under the influence of the 'Zeitgeist,' clamours for Home Rule for the London School Board.

If we had universal School Boards of suitable area, and if the whole of popular education were in their hands, there would be something to be said in favour of a larger measure of autonomy. Though even then we require, in the interest of education, a higher central power to see that reluctant local authorities do their duty.

Highway boards have considerable local freedom, but if they suffer their highways to be out of repair they are subject to indictment. Mr. Diggle complains of demands to improve the structural condition of our schools and to supply needed accommodation. But the requisition of the Department is the equivalent of appearing as a defendant at the Clerkenwell Sessions.

Great as are the London School Board and its chairman, the law should be greater; and the Education Department is by law the guardian and enforcer of the law.

The public do not care for the details of controversies, nor can they follow minute facts. They can, however, understand that when Mr. Diggle complains of the Department he is really complaining of the law which the Department is bound to administer. Thus in the matter of free schools the law is clear—that any parent has a right to demand free schooling, and the School Board is bound to supply that demand. Mr. Diggle is against free schools. He is angry because organised action has been taken to make parents aware of their rights and to enable them effectively to put forward their demands. He mentions with satisfaction cases where parents have been induced to withdraw those demands. Till the alleged withdrawals have been examined their genuineness remains a matter of doubt. I may say, however, that in one case that has been examined the alleged withdrawals turn out in many cases to be untrue in fact or obtained by shameless importunity and misrepresentation on the part of the agents of the parochial clergy. Cases have been communicated to

me where the clergy, their family, and agents have made four or five visits to a person to secure the withdrawal of a signature to a petition. When we remember the local influence and patronage of the clergy, we cannot wonder if among the poor this urgent solicitation sometimes secures its result.

Meantime the Department, so far from acting as a dictator, is unduly extending its indulgence before sending a requisition to the School Board. The School Board has done nothing voluntarily to satisfy the demand of the petitioners, and its attitude is one of hostility to their prayer. The Department in such a case is bound by law to send a requisition. That no requisition has been sent is evidence that, so far from acting as a dictator, the Department is most long-suffering.

In the case of a projected school near Kennington, sanctioned years ago by the Department and by Parliament, this Board has struggled from the outset to prevent the school being built; and though the Department has refused to permit the school to be abandoned, it has not yet sent a requisition requiring the Board to proceed.

It is singular that the friends of denominationalism should applaud Mr. Diggle's declaration of insurrection against the law. For the moment the School Board for London is in their power; but ultimately the great safeguard for denominational schools is the restraining power possessed over School Boards by the Department, and that power has been largely used in the interest of denominational schools. Emancipate School Boards, and in the long run the Voluntary schools would suffer. So, too, Mr. Diggle complains of the action of the Department to the Board in reference to badly lighted and badly planned schools, and generally to what Mr. Diggle calls 'the now notorious circular, No. 321.' The wisest champions of Church schools—such men as the Bishop of Winchester and the Bishop of London—have recognised the justice, and even the necessity, of such a circular. But, while some unwise partisans have treated that circular as a blow aimed at the Voluntary schools, Mr. Diggle now, like Balaam, unwillingly vindicates the Department, and shows that their action is applied equally to the powerful School Board for London.

The fact is, however, that the vestries—those powerful supporters of Mr. Diggle and of his 'economical' party—are far more active than the Department in calling on the Board for structural improvements; and far larger sums are now being spent on repairs in obedience to their demands than in obedience to the requirements of the Education Department.

It may be that sometimes these requirements overstep the absolute necessities of the case. Sanitary experts, like all other experts, are prone to ride their hobby to death, and the vestries, under the

guidance of their health officers, are making demands on the School Board which if applied to private houses would result in the redraining of nearly all London.

Moreover, there is a somewhat unscientific tendency where there is zymotic disease to treat the day school as the propagator, and the Board is called upon, sometimes most unreasonably, to close a large school. Investigation of the houses in the neighbouring streets would reveal plenty of adequate causes of disease. When the children are out of the day school they will be playing together on the staircase and lobbies of the houses and in the streets, and they will reassemble in the Sunday schools, over which the health authorities have no power.

But this dislocation of our work and this great expenditure with which we are familiar are the result almost entirely of the local action of the vestries, not of the Education Department. How long-suffering the Department has been, especially to Voluntary schools, we discover as soon as any Voluntary school is transferred to us by the necessity of immediate and very heavy expenditure to remedy the most glaring defects.

Let me, before I conclude this article, turn from topics of controversy and from complaints of shortcomings to notice one or two of the admirable sides of the work which the School Board for London is striving to accomplish, in spite of much friction and much misunderstanding.

Every one agrees that the first essential for educational progress is improvement in the qualifications and skill of the teachers. England stands practically alone in the world in using children to teach children. Our pupil-teacher system, which forty years ago was an improvement on the old monitorial system, is now itself become antiquated and inadequate.

At the Conference on Secondary Education held at Oxford the other day a titter of scornful incredulity ran through the assembly when Mr. Macnamara, of the National Union of Teachers, informed his audience that the Government recognised as a possible teacher for Standards VI. and VII. a young scholar of thirteen, who has just completed his year's work in Standard V. And yet a reference to the Code (Arts. 33, 73) shows that such a person is recognised, and counts on the staff for twenty scholars in average attendance. For years there has been a unanimous testimony from the heads of training colleges and from the inspectors who conduct the examinations of pupil teachers that this raw material of our future responsible teachers is, as a whole, absolutely raw, and that it is material uninformed by knowledge, intelligence, or the power of independent study.

And yet we cannot absolutely break away from the pupil-teacher system as a means for supplying adult teachers. It is so widely established that we must try to improve it.

The Education Department has shrunk from taking adequate steps to this result. They have not even dared to demand that the seven and a half hours of weekly instruction to which pupil-teachers were entitled before Mr. Lowe's Code shall be restored to them, instead of the five hours weekly which has been their pittance ever since.

They have not secured for these children of thirteen and fourteen a reasonable allowance of time for private study. On the contrary, the Department allows them to be employed in teaching for twenty-five hours a week; and even this limit was resisted by Voluntary managers when it was put in the Code. The Department, under Sir W. Hart Dyke, issued an excellent circular on the training and instruction of pupil-teachers in February 1891, which will be found at p. 471 of this year's Blue-book. But, unfortunately, this circular is a mere piece of good advice, and no sanctions are attached to it. We have not heard yet of the Department refusing to recognise pupil-teachers in schools where the duty of instructing them has been neglected (Code, Art. 34). And yet, as 2,805 candidates out of 10,825 failed to pass the scholarship examination in the summer of 1892, it is evident that there must be very many schools where pupil-teachers should not be employed. But what the Department shrinks from doing—namely, securing adequate time for study, adequate means of instruction—the School Board for London has done fully and with increasing efficiency for about eight years.

Since January 1885 all junior pupil-teachers under the Board have attended the day school half-time, and have not been counted at all on the staff. They attend centres, of which there are twelve in all London for about 2,000 pupil-teachers. The senior pupil-teachers attend at the centres seven times a fortnight, and are excused five attendances at the day school. Thus the juniors get eighteen hours a week of collective instruction, the seniors upward of ten hours a week. They have their evenings for study and preparation. The staff of the centres is highly efficient in quality and, as a rule, sufficient in quantity. The great amount of correction of home-work makes it necessary to limit the hours of class-teaching, and the staff during the thirty hours a week they attend at the centre give about twenty hours to teaching and ten to revision of exercises and home-work.

The result has been shown in the most striking way at the yearly scholarship examination for entrance into the training colleges. The results for this year are very similar to those of last year, but are not yet completely before us; but last year the Board's male pupil-teachers passed more than 70 per cent. in the first class, as against less than 20 per cent. for all the rest of England. In the case of the female pupil-teachers the Board passed 72 per cent. in the first class, against about 21 per cent. for the rest of England. Of those who did not

pass high enough to be qualified to go to college—that is, the third class—there were in the case of men less than 3 per cent. under the London School Board, as against more than 21 per cent. in the rest of the country; and in the case of women less than 4 per cent. under the Board, as against 35 per cent. in the rest of the country.

Less than 1 per cent. of the Board's pupil-teachers failed entirely, whereas 26 per cent. failed throughout the country. Other large Boards have organised similar central classes, though they have rarely relieved the pupil-teachers to the same extent from school-work, which is essential if their training is to be educational and not a system of cram. Voluntary managers are also establishing central classes in towns; but they, too, have not relieved the pupil-teachers from school-work, nor have they given them the same amount of instruction. It is to be hoped that the Department will soon make it obligatory that pupil-teachers shall receive more and better instruction and that especially in their earlier years of apprenticeship they shall be substantially relieved from school-work.

Another bright feature in the work of the Board to which I would call attention is the classes that are being formed for the special and appropriate instruction of defective children. Many a child who cannot properly take his place in an ordinary class is not an idiot or incapable of instruction, but such a child should be separated, both for the sake of the ordinary class and for his own sake.

These children are now being gathered together and taught in comparatively small classes of about twenty, by specially qualified teachers and by methods specially suited to them. The work is still in its infancy. There were at the end of September 330 of these children on the roll of special classes, with an average attendance of 224. But those who are watching the work must recognise that such classes are absolutely needed, and that their thoughtful and kindly methods may save many a weak-minded child from total moral and mental shipwreck, and convert them from being mere burdens on society into becoming humble but fairly useful and happy citizens.

When we consider these aspects of the Board's work, when we bear in mind how much good work of a similar description there is awaiting us, we can only turn away sadly from the wrangles of the Board meetings, which outsiders are apt to confound with the daily work of the Board.

The Act for the Education of the Deaf and Blind passed last Session has thrown upon us new and extensive duties. We ought to be preparing actively to set to work in January when the Act comes in force.

We have determined at length to imitate the leading provincial Boards and establish at least one day industrial school—an enterprise

which the Home Office has been recommending for some time. Wherever we turn plenty of work awaits us, which requires earnest thought and united co-operation.

Meantime, we are like the people of Constantinople, of whom it was said in the time of Athanasius,

> Sailors, millers, and travellers sang the disputed doctrines at their occupations or on their journeys; every corner, every alley of the city was full of these discussions—the streets, the marketplaces, the drapers', the money-changers', the victuallers'. Ask a man how many oboli? he answers by dogmatising on generated and ungenerated being. Inquire the price of bread, and you are told 'The Son is subordinate to the Father;' ask if the bath is ready, and you are told 'The Son arose out of nothing.' (Gregory of Nyssa, quoted in Stanley's *Eastern Church*, pp. 98, 99.)

Let me, in conclusion, appeal to my Anglican friends to learn a lesson from that great doctor of the Western Church, St. Augustine. When passing through the Vatican library I noticed a picture of the Vision of St. Augustine - a subject often treated by painters, but which derives, I think, a certain ecclesiastical sanction from being represented in the library of the Pope. St. Augustine, as we know, wrote a full treatise on the Trinity; but when he was composing it he saw on the sea-shore a child who had dug a hole in the sand and was bringing water from the sea to fill it. The Saint inquired the purpose, and the child answered that he was going to empty the sea into the hole. 'Impossible,' said the Saint. 'Not more impossible than your attempt to make this mystery comprehensible to finite intelligence.' The Divine Child and the vision passed away, but the lesson may remain and be profitable, even to the members of the School Board for London.

E. LYULPH STANLEY.

CHATS WITH JANE CLERMONT

It is years ago now, and almost seems like some deep, sweet dream of bygone ages, so coloured is the reminiscence by the shades of two poets, since, when a boy in my early twenties, filled with enthusiasm for Byron and Shelley, I journeyed from the extreme south-west of France to Florence to see Jane Clermont—the once brilliant and *espiègle* Jane Clermont, who had witched the two greatest poets of our country with her loveliness and her charm. No doubt youthful ambition as well as natural curiosity impelled me, for I knew well how difficult of access the lady was. I knew that though Trelawney, the Guiccioli, and others, who had taken part in the life-drama of the mighty poets (that short and stormy life-drama, interspersed at intervals with oases of pure delight and pleasant companionship) had proved ready enough of access, this lady alone had resolutely declined to see anyone. None of the numberless Shelleyan and Byronian biographers and critics had succeeded in obtaining a hearing from the once arch enchantress and now religious recluse from that world of which she had once been one of the gayest worldlings. And the more I thought of this, the more did I, Shelley and Byron mad, determine that, *coûte qui coûte*, I would see her.

And so it befell that one spring day in the early eighties I found myself, after much manœuvring and correspondence and intervention of priests, strolling on my way to the abode of Jane Clermont. It was one of those divine spring mornings when all nature seems to burst forth into a revel of awakening life, so characteristic of the Italian spring and so different to ours with its softer, subtler beauties, equally lovely though they may be. The city of Lorenzo and Savonarola glowed in the golden light, and Shelley's description of Italy's awakening spring, in his letter to Leigh Hunt, was irresistibly brought back to my mind. I arrived at last at the old dark Italian house, and, on inquiring for the lady who was the object of my visit, was shown into an old-fashioned sixteenth-century room, which served as sitting-room, and informed that the signora would be with me presently. Meantime I passed my time in looking round the room: it was a quaint, dark, old Italian room furnished in ultra Italian style, but not in the style of the Italy of to-day, rather that of the thirties or forties; and on the walls were two Madonnas and

several crucifixes, beside one of which, by a strange irony, hung a portrait of Shelley—Shelley, the arch poetical iconoclast! What would he have said to 'Claire' amid such surroundings? At last a lady entered, and a strange thrill passed over me as the vision of so many of my boyish dreams stood before me in flesh and blood, and Byron and Shelley became as men I had known myself.

'Good morning,' she said, with a sprightly smile, all out of keeping with those eighty odd years of life. 'So you seem determined to see me?'

'Madame, I have travelled here from the other side of France to do so,' I replied. 'It would indeed have been hard had you persisted in your denial.'

'Ah, curiosity, curiosity!' the lady replied. 'I think our mother Eve bequeathed that quality in quite as bountiful measure to her sons as to her daughters. Well, my young friend, I condole with you, coming here no doubt with dreams of Shelley and Mary and their poor Claire (who was, I may say without vanity now, a beautiful woman once) and finding a wretched, worn-out old creature on the threshold of the unknown.

Oh life, oh time!
On whose last steps I climb,

as our dear Percy said.'

I protested indignantly.

'Madame! you are beautiful now as ever, and there is no age for those who have known Shelley, and whom he loved. I am young now, but never, if I live to a century, shall I have a greater privilege than this, to see the Constantia of Shelley, whose voice was as sweet as the poet's song.'

She smiled sweetly at my white heat of boyish fervour, and told me to be seated.

What I had said as to beauty was true enough. She was a lovely old lady: the eyes were still bright and sparkled at times with irony and fun; the complexion clear as at eighteen, and the lovely white hair as beautiful in its way as the glossy black tresses of youth must have been; the slender, willowy figure had remained unaltered, as though time itself had held that sacred and passed by—a true woman of the poets. Well now could I imagine the glorious beauty of fifty and sixty years back, and well could I appreciate the jealous rancour and malice of La Guiccioli.

'And so you persuaded the good father to intercede with me,' she said. 'Oh, what a Machiavel! It seems you actually had the audacity to tell him you were trembling on the verge of the faith, and thought an interview with me would turn the scale.'

And she laughed with a very silvery laugh.

I was a little surprised, for I had been given to understand that Jane Clermont was a very fervid *religieuse*, and replied with a smile,

looking round the room, 'I thought the counsel of such an exemplary *dévote* would solve all my doubts and lull all my troubles with the "eternal croon" of Rome.'

The lady was down upon me with that sharpness which amused the Shelleys, but which the spoiled Byron detested, and, no doubt, led to the eventual separation.

'When you make quotations, my young friend,' she said, 'you should always take care to mention the original source; however, "eternal croon" exactly represents the influence of Rome on storm-beaten, chequered lives like mine. There comes a time when one is glad not to have the trouble of reasoning, indeed to have it forbidden, and to resign oneself to blind faith as to sleep.'

I smiled, and replied, 'I can believe this, madame, of some people, but surely not of the critical, witty Jane Clermont, who seems much the same now as in the days of Shelley.'

'Oh, no! My poor old mind has undergone many a shock since those days,' said she. 'I feel that I must have something to lean upon. Roman Catholicism is such a comforting religion, and I receive so much comfort from that dear father.'

It seemed to me that the lady's religion was not very deeply ingrained, and it struck me as particularly strange; one of her greatest complaints against Byron in the past having been that he brought her daughter up in the very religion of which she was now, in exterior at least, such an enthusiastic practitioner. Of course, however, I could not allude to this extremely delicate subject, and I contented myself with remarking:

'What would Shelley say could he revisit the glimpses of the moon, and see his beloved Claire an abhorred Christian?'

'I don't know,' she replied. 'I think Shelley would have forgiven me anything; and I am not sure that the thought of him did not lead to the thought of Christ. How strange it all seems now, when at last he is appreciated as perhaps the greatest poet of all time, to think how I used to box his ears and tease his life out!'

A glint of sunshine passed, and the sweet Italian breeze blew in at the open window.

'What a heavenly day!' she exclaimed. 'How these perfect Italian days remind me of him and of Mary! It seems almost impossible that such an abyss of years can have passed since that awful day when I first heard the news from Spezzia. And this is the same Italy, the same Italy,' she continued, dreamily; 'and yet how different from the Italy that he knew! but the same Italy; and I live here still because it is sanctified to me by his memory.'

'As you are to me,' I replied. 'I feel, I think, the same sweet strangeness in looking upon you that you must in looking upon Florence, and then back upon the years. Do you remember those lines of Browning———'

But she interrupted with:

> Did you see Shelley face to face,
> And did he stop and speak to you?
> How strange it seems, and new!

Is that what you mean?' she said.

'Yes, madame,' I replied. 'I feel in talking with you as though I were speaking with someone who had been loved by the gods. I cannot explain to you the strange, weird feeling that I experience.'

'How he would have loved a morning like this!' she exclaimed, turning from the open window, with a bright smile and a soft sigh. 'I can see him now running in like a boy "drenched with the joy of spring-time," to use his own expression. He loved spring best of all the seasons.' And then, looking at me with a smile, she said,

> Ah! primavera gioventu del anno;
> Ah! gioventu primavera del vita.

That man was not like any other. There did not seem to be any separation in him from nature; he was as a part of it.'

And then we fell-to talking about Shelley; and so fascinating was the subject that, though I had paid my visit by appointment at eleven, it was nearly one by the time I had an opportunity of departing on my way; and then the lady insisted that I should remain to her *déjeûner*, which she took at one. A charming little lunch we had by an open window embosomed in flowers.

Although Madame Clermont had, as I knew, lost most of the money which Shelley had left her in the Lumley's Italian Opera House disaster, yet she had evidently still sufficient to keep her in perfect comfort, and even luxury. The *déjeûner* was served in a fashion which showed plainly that my hostess was accustomed to the good things of life, and the Chianti was a dream.

At last, I rose to wish my kind hostess adieu. I had not heard half what I had wanted to hear, but my position was a very delicate one. With a man it would have been different: there are so many things that one can ask of one's own sex that it would be impossible to ask or even mention to a lady. I had never alluded to the name of Byron, and our talk of Shelley had been merely in the general way above described. I was intensely grateful and flattered by the charming courtesy with which I had been received; but disappointed, for I had hoped to have heard more.

However, I had seen and conversed with the beloved of the gods, and that was something that no one else had done.

'Good-bye, madame,' I said. 'I cannot thank you sufficiently for your kindness and the honour you have paid me. Believe me, I shall never forget either.'

But, to my surprise and delight, she said '*Au revoir*, but not

adieu. You have come all the way from England to see me, and do you think I am going to let you run away like this?'

'I would not be the first, madame,' I meekly replied.

'Perhaps not,' she said; 'but I feel I can depend upon you. I have been keeping great watch on you all the time'—and again that merry, silvery laugh on which old age seemed to have no power—'and I know that there are dozens of questions I could see you were dying to ask, but tact prevailed. No, I would never see anyone, for' (and a blush coloured the still beautiful tracery of the skin) 'I do not wish to be made, *nolens volens*, the subject of a Byron-Shelley controversy. If, however, you will treat me as a friend, and promise me that you will, if you feel inclined to write, publish nothing of me until ten years after my death, and certain things that I will tell you not till thirty years afterwards, I will make a clean breast of everything to you. Will that suit you, signor?' she asked, with another bewitching smile.

'I can only say, madame,' I replied, 'that you will confer on me the greatest pleasure that I have ever received, or ever will receive. I give my promise, and you may depend upon the promise being absolutely kept.'

'I know that,' the lady replied, 'or I would not have made the offer I did. Then I shall expect you here every day while you are in Florence. I go out very little, but usually either between eleven and one in these lovely spring mornings; or about five, to have the benefit of the Italian evenings, which are equally sweet.'

It was agreed that I should call for her the next afternoon at five, and that we should go for a drive in the Lung Arno.

On returning to my hotel I made a note of the various matters about which I wished to converse with her. First: I wished to know the circumstances relating to her original meeting with Byron, and the growth of the intimacy. Second: As to whether there had been any acquaintance between Byron and Shelley prior to their meeting at Geneva, and whether that meeting had been in any way pre-arranged, both of which have always been moot points. Third: I wished to ascertain her feelings as to Byron and Shelley respectively, and particularly the latter, as to which there had always been so much gossip, beginning with Byron and Hoppner, and colour to which had undoubtedly been lent by Shelley's legacy of 12,000*l*. Fourth: I wished to ascertain the general character and personal manner of the two men from the lips of one who had possessed, perhaps better than anyone, opportunities of judging them—opportunities which her quick satirical power of observation had undoubtedly not allowed her to throw away. I looked forward to these further opportunities of conversation with the liveliest pleasure, for, apart from the absolutely novel information as to these fascinating personalities and their *entourage*, I saw clearly that I should obtain, and

the weird delight of conversation with this survival from the past, that strange, enchanting past of Leman and of Italy—a past of over sixty years back, but more real than was to-day, so clothed and transfigured was it by the dazzling light of poetry—besides all this, there was in the lady herself a charm which old age could not kill—a charm that must once have been all-powerful. I looked forward to next day's drive almost as much for that reason as for what I should hear.

There were no signs of old age about this woman of the poets, except the white hair; the voice was as clear as a bell, the hearing and intellect as acute as ever, and the eyes as bright. It was a rare privilege.

The next day, at five, I called in the carriage for Madame Clermont, and we drove together along the Lung Arno.

'It must seem strange and dream-like to you,' I said, 'driving along this road, which you must have known so well with Shelley and Mary, with a wretched latter nineteenth-century man.'

'No doubt the downcome is great,' she replied, with that wicked smile which youth had passed on to age undiminished in malice and in mirth; 'but yes, as you say, it seems all like a dream: perhaps after all, as Shelley said, life is only a dream. I seriously rather tend to believe that. The past seems so much more real than the present. Do you know those words of Goethe's—

Was neu geschah das seh' ich wie im weiten,
Und was verschwand wird mir zur Wirklichkeiten.

They are the only words I know which exactly express what I mean; but you will feel just the same when you are my age.'

'Ah, madame! I trust that will not be,' I said. 'Over you the years pass by, as by one sacred to the gods, as though time himself had enjoined them to pass only in play; and when death comes at last, he will come, oh, so softly! But the years do not deal thus with others, and I should have no glorious memories—memories annihilating time—to look back upon.'

'Ah, but I long for death!' she said. 'Death represents to me all that is beautiful and to be desired. The mere objective view of it is pleasing to me—blissful, changeless rest. Ah! my child, may you never grow to want rest, rest, rest, as I do. But I do believe what we call death has vastly deeper meanings than mere "repose,' she continued. 'I believe, with Shelley, that it is but the gateway to worlds and worlds of infinite possibilities; and not for one single moment do I ever doubt that I shall meet my beloved one again. To speak of annihilation in connection with Shelley seems mere rank absurdity. I do not believe anyone who once knew that man could do so.'

'Then, holding these ideas, what need for the "eternal croon"?' I said.

The lady replied Socratic-like by another question:

'Why take opium or haschish?'

'Tell me now of Shelley and Byron,' I requested.

At the last name, the first time I had mentioned it, a momentary frown contracted her brow.

'Of course,' she said, 'you know how unpleasant any mention of that man is to me, and I appreciate your delicacy in making no allusion to him until I had promised to tell you everything.'

'But surely he was a great man, and a noble character, despite his faults,' I said; 'and you are too large-minded to bear hate beyond the grave.'

'I bear no hate,' was her reply, 'only absolute indifference, and a great deal of contempt in some respects; and the subject is naturally unpleasant. I see you quite misunderstand matters, as probably most people do. Hate follows often very close on the heels of love; but I never loved Byron.'

And before I could reply she stopped my mouth with those 'snowy fingers' of Constantia, which were youthful yet, saying:

'Listen! and I will tell you the whole story. It is perhaps as well that it should be told at last, and then you can, if you please, make the right facts known after the time I have told you to wait has elapsed. The real facts never have been known yet, and none of the biographers have been right.'

This is the story she told me.

'In 1815, when I was a very young girl, Byron was the rage. When I say the rage, I mean what you people nowadays can perhaps hardly conceive. I suppose no man who ever lived has had the extraordinary celebrity of Lord Byron in such an intense, haunting, almost maddening degree. And this celebrity extended all over the Continent to as great an extent as in England; and, remember, in those days there were no railways or telegraphs.'

I interpolated here: 'Even now, when there are railways and telegraph-wires everywhere, none of our writers are much known abroad. It is very curious sometimes when mentioning some well-known English writer's name to a foreigner to find he has never heard it, although one had thought the renown European. I suppose Tennyson is the only present English writer whose fame is European.'

'Yes,' replied she; 'but Tennyson has never had the same kind of fame as Byron. His has been a steady, equable light; Byron's was a short, fierce, blinding glare: and, as I say, all Europe was so enthralled with the magic of the man's very name, that the sensation he made even discounted, to some extent, the sensation of Waterloo. It was a troubling morbid obsession, the influence he had over all, and especially over the youth of England of both sexes. The young poetasters used to imitate his dress and appearance as far as they

could, and the girls made simple idiots of themselves about him. Numberless letters used to come to him daily, often of the most absurd description, from the languishing fair. He usually converted them into cigar-lights: at that time he had rather a fancy for cigar-smoking, which he gave up later on.

'Well, at the time when he was at the very height of his fame and I was a young girl, filled with all kinds of fancies, encouraged instead of being checked by the circle in which I lived—Godwin and my sister (as I always was taught to call her), Mary Shelley, and Shelley himself, who floated in and out of the house with his wild notions and sweet ways, like some unearthly spirit; in the days when Byron was manager of Drury Lane Theatre, I bethought myself that I would go on to the stage. Our means were very narrow, and it was necessary for me to do something, and this seemed to suit me better than anything else; in any case, it was the only form of occupation congenial to my girlish love of glitter and excitement. I think it was Shelley who first of all suggested my applying to Byron, and it is very probable that the suggestion came in that way, for Shelley was Byron-mad at that time, and Byron's verses were always on his lips; indeed, Shelley up to the last was a most enthusiastic admirer of Byron, although I believe it is the fashion among certain critics nowadays to say the reverse. His admiration of *the man* wore off, no doubt, and for the same reasons that mine did, and the fact of knowing *the man* as well as he did no doubt coloured his admiration of *the poet*, which was once idolatry; but his admiration "on this side idolatry," as Ben Jonson said of Shakespeare, remained unchanged. I called, then, on Byron in his capacity of manager, and he promised to do what he could to help me as regards the stage. The result you know. I am too old now to play with any mock repentance. I was young, and vain, and poor. He was famous beyond all precedent, so famous that people, and especially young people, hardly considered him as a man at all, but rather as a god. His beauty was as haunting as his fame, and he was all-powerful in the direction in which my ambition turned. It seems to me almost needless to say that the attentions of a man like this, with all London at his feet, very quickly completely turned the head of a girl in my position; and when you recollect that I was brought up to consider marriage not only as a useless but as an absolutely sinful custom, that only bigotry made necessary, you will scarcely wonder at the result, which you know. Whatever may have been my faults, I have never been given to cant, and I do not intend to begin now at eighty-three. A few months after my first meeting with Byron the final crash came, and he left England. The time during which I knew him in England was the time of the avalanche of his misfortunes, when he had disappeared from the world, when London was raging against him, and he saw almost no one but me.

'Shortly before Byron left England, in April 1816, I went with Shelley and Mary to Geneva. No doubt you have read about our previous peculiar expedition, the year before, the Waterloo year,' she added, with a laugh. 'How we traversed France in a donkey-chaise. Oh dear, dear! What a happy, funny time it was, and what queer places we stopped at sometimes!'

'Yes, you must have had great fun,' I replied. 'I have often thought how glorious it would have been to have been one of the party. Tell me now, please, a thing which no one seems to have settled. There is a house in Marlow which has the inscription on the outside in these words as far as I can recollect, above a quotation from Shelley's *Adonais*: "Shelley the poet lived in this house, where he composed I forget which work, and was visited here by Lord Byron." Is this the case? Did Shelley know Byron before they met in Geneva, and did Byron ever visit him there? All the biographers seem to insist that they never saw one another before the meeting in Geneva, and that Shelley only took the house after returning from Geneva, whereas Byron never returned to England again.'

'Quite right,' she replied. 'But we spent a great deal of the summer and autumn of 1815 and of the spring of 1816 in Marlow, although it was not their headquarters; in fact it was on account of the fancy that Shelley took to Marlow and to the house, in the Waterloo year, that we settled there the year following.

'Dear old place, how well I remember it, and the sweet garden, too! Tell me, is that there still?'

'Yes, yes,' I replied. 'Many a time I have made pilgrimages out to Marlow for the purpose of lying on the mound at the end of the garden through a summer afternoon, because they told me that Shelley wrote and read there. Is that true?'

'Quite true,' she replied. 'He would spend hours on that mound. How well I can picture his graceful, boyish figure reclining there with his favourite Plato, or Sophocles, or Spenser, with the beautiful English sunlight playing on him! Oh, what lovely days we had on that dear river! Mary and Shelley, of course, lived by it and I used to run down every now and then and lived with them on returning from Geneva. Ah, how well I can remember that coach and that sweet, breezy English country between London and Marlow! I have seen much beautiful scenery since, but never anything to surpass Marlow and Medmenham, and The Bisham and Quarry woods. We lived entirely in the open air, picnicking in our boats and in the woods. Shelley wrote *Alastor*, I remember, at that time, and a great part of *The Revolt of Islam*, and almost entirely in the open air. Do people go much along the river now?'

'Oh, yes, madame, they do indeed!' I said; 'but it is a very different matter now. Marlow is only an hour from London by rail,

and the river from Kingston to Oxford swarms with cheap trippers, while stucco villas are springing up everywhere; but it is very lovely still, and some parts are quite unspoiled, Marlow being one of them, I am happy to say.'

'Is the old inn there still—The Crown?'

'Most certainly,' I replied. 'When, in fits of Shelley-mania, I make my pilgrimages to Marlow I always stop there. Is it not a sweet, quaint, old place? I do not know how it appeared in the days when you were at Marlow, but to me, a being of this bustling, feverish railroad age, it seems the quintessence of rest and peace. Many is the drowsy day—those river days which, as Tennyson says, "are always afternoon"—that I have dreamed away there.'

'And have you reserved all your enthusiasm for Shelley, for the old house and the mound, and reserved none for the inn?'

'Well, I must say,' I answered, 'I never thought much of Shelley in connection with it. To begin with, I knew he was a water-drinker, and he seems far too ethereal a creature to connect with the good English ale which has always been the pride of The Crown. There are other great geniuses whom one readily connects with old English inns, but Shelley is hardly one of them.'

Jane Clermont laughed merrily.

'But we girls "had no objection" to an occasional "pot of ale," as your dear friend Byron put it (for I can see you are an idolater at that shrine); we often had our meals in the inn, and were constantly in and out. I remember there was a big dog always about in the garden we made a great pet of. I can see Shelley now coming from the river into that little inn-parlour, and his comical face of disgust when he found us taking anything of an alcoholic nature and meat food, and the landlord's good-humoured banter of the poet, who would live on lettuces and lemonade. Why, it was really at that inn that the first meeting between Byron and Shelley took place in April, 1816, just before we all left England!'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed, with astonishment; 'that will certainly endow it with a new interest for everyone. Tell me how was that?'

'In this way,' she continued. 'Byron had made up his mind to go abroad; London was, as I believe you put it now, "too hot to hold him." He was making his final arrangements for leaving England, when I told him of the project the Shelleys and I had formed of the journey to Geneva. He at once suggested that we should all meet at Geneva, and delightedly fell in with my proposal to accompany me one day when I had arranged to visit the Shelleys at Marlow, where they were then stopping, and arrange matters. We started early one morning—a most unusual thing for Byron to do, for he went to bed about the time when Shelley left his, but this time he made an exception—and we arrived at Marlow about the midday dinner-hour. They told us at the house that Shelley and Mary were on the

river, but had left word that they would be in the inn at two o'clock, when they expected to meet me. Byron refreshed himself meantime with a huge mug of beer—I remember well thinking how horrified the worshippers of the ethereal poet would have been—and hobbled after me through Marlow, which he had not seen before. We very soon returned to the inn, as his lame leg made walking almost an impossibility. A few minutes afterwards in came Shelley and Mary. It was such a merry party that we made at lunch in the inn parlour: Byron, despite his misfortunes, was in the spirits of a boy at leaving England, and Shelley was overjoyed at meeting his idolised poet, who had actually come all the way from London to see him. The conversation varied from maddest fun and frolic to grave subjects of "fate, freewill, and destiny," and Shelley was great on the contrast between the beauty of the scenery about us and what he considered the degraded condition of the English peasantry. "Imagine scenes like these," I remember his saying, "peopled by beings fit to inhabit them, as by the uprooting of a few tyrannous customs and debasing superstitions another generation might make them." "Pooh!" replied Byron, "your poetry, my dear Mr. Shelley, is lovely; but your ideas are, if you will pardon me, Utopian. You may do with mankind what you please, but you will never make it anything else than the unsavoury congeries of dupes and thieves that it is and always will be. You might as well talk of implanting philanthropic sentiments in the mind of a monkey, or tender sentiments in that of a tiger, as of developing man into an angel, which is practically what you suggest. Indeed, man is a great deal worse than either. He is the only brute which kills from aimless brutishness." I have never forgotten those words,' she added; 'they give the keynotes to the two men's characters.'

The lady then repeated to me fragments from many conversations between Byron and Shelley, without any of the pretensions made by some contemporaries of both to absolute accuracy, but with probably far more claim to it than most, for she had a marvellous memory. I am afraid I was constantly teasing her for conversations at different times between the two great poets, and she always replied, with a smile:

'You must remember I did not note down all they said at the time, as you say you do with my immortal words, but this is what was said, as far as I can remember, and I think I am not far wrong.'

Perhaps at some future time I may be inclined to give some of these dialogues to the world; for if she did not note them down at the time, I certainly did do so as they came from her lips on returning each evening to my own abode, with the words fresh in my memory, and showed her the following day what I had written.

Byron, she said, on the occasion of his visit to Marlow remained the night at the inn, and left next day for London by the coach.

All had, meantime, been arranged for the meeting at Geneva. At last, therefore, this matter is set at rest, as it could have been by me any time since Jane Clermont's death, had I not given the before-mentioned promise to her.

'Did Shelley and Mary altogether approve, then, of this intimacy?' I asked.

'Most certainly,' she replied, briefly. 'I have already told you—what you know, of course, already—what the Shelleys' opinions on these matters were, or what Shelley's were, because Mary docilely followed his lead in these things; and in a lasting union, as he hoped it would be, between his sister-in-law, as he always called me, and a man whom he at that time considered almost as a god, he saw nothing but what should ardently be desired. He thought that I would be to Byron what Mary was to him. Alas, alas! little did any one of us understand what Byron really was then.'

'But Shelley married Mary as soon as he could?'

'Yes,' she replied, 'to gratify Godwin's wish. Of course, as you know, Godwin, as described in *The Revolt of Islam*, was his idol; but he none the less, and always, distinctly disapproved of marriage as an institution.'

And now our drive was over. We passed through the city of flowers, dome and cupola gilded by the soft light of the setting sun; and further conversation was postponed until next day.

Next day it was arranged that I was to call again for Madame Clermont for a drive, explore Florence by myself in the afternoon, and dine with her in the evening at seven. So at eleven o'clock I called, and we had a lovely drive, sauntering later through the Medici galleries, and I parted with her at her door, at which I again presented myself at seven. I found this time that I was not the only guest, for a charming and beautiful young lady, a great favourite of Madame Clermont's, was also present—an English girl of Scottish parentage. The Byron-Shelley subject was dropped for the nonce, and we talked of Italy and the Italians.

'I have lived so long in Italy,' said Jane Clermont, 'ever since I lost my money in that idiotic Opera House affair in London, before either of you were born, that I almost feel an Italian myself.'

'You certainly look one,' I replied; 'that struck me at the very first. You must surely have some Italian blood in your veins.'

'Not that I am aware of,' she said; 'but one never knows. Unless one belongs to some historic family it is difficult to say what blood one has or what one has not.'

Notwithstanding her recluse life, Madame Clermont evidently kept herself well *au courant* with what was going on, and we spent a most enjoyable evening, talking about all sorts and conditions of things. Mr. Gladstone was evidently her great latter-day hero as a man of action, and again and again she recurred to the subject of Tennyson

as a poet. She was also well acquainted with Mr. Swinburne's works, and on my remarking that he was the most musical of all our poets, surpassing in absolute musical cadence, as distinct from rhythm pure and simple, Shelley or Tennyson themselves, she asked me to recite the verse of his I considered most musical. I remember I repeated this:

If you were I and I were you—
How should I love you—say?
How should the rose-leaf love the rue?
The day love nightfall and her dew?
Though night may love the day.

'That, I think, madame,' I said, 'is for absolute melody—melody ringing clear as a bell—unequalled in the language, unless it be by one or two of Keats's sonnets.'

'Then you do not consider even Shelley equal to Swinburne as a melodist?' she asked me.

'No, I do not,' I replied. 'As an absolute melodist—I mean a master of word-music as distinct from other qualities—I consider Swinburne unequalled. As a poet I hold Shelley infinitely superior to anyone living. I personally consider him, as a *poet*, the king of all. No poet of any time or land is worthy to sit upon that throne. A pity he wasted so much of his short life over matters that did not relate to his art at all.'

'Ah, but you are wrong there!' she replied. 'Had it not been for his intense love of mankind, that fervid zeal of his which could not content itself with poetry alone, he would never have been the great poet you admire.'

'Perhaps not,' I replied; 'but surely there is a good deal in his works, especially in *The Revolt of Islam*, more suited to the lecture-room than to the poem. How different when he steps into that dazzling realm of pure poetry! How different is *Epipsychidion*, or *The Ode to the West Wind* or to *The Skylark!*'

And she broke in with a voice that was as silvery as Mr. Gladstone's is now, and he is precisely the same age that she was then:

With thy clear calm joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

'Ah, madame!' I said, 'but the most beautiful of any is to Constantia singing. If I could only have heard Constantia singing, I should have asked for nothing else from life.'

'Ah!' she said, with a little half-regretful, half-amused laugh, 'poor Constantia can sing no more now, and she is following her voice to the mysterious beyond. But here is someone who will supply the place of Constantia.'

And then a strange thing happened.

The young lady took her place at the piano, and began to sing a touching Scottish song—I forget the name, but I remember the last verses so well by what took place:

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas!
  In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so tender, so loving, Douglas,
  Douglas, Douglas! tender and true.

Never a scornful word should pain you,
  I'd smile as sweet as angels do,
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
  Douglas, Douglas! tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas!
  Rain forgiveness from Heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart on thy dead heart, Douglas,
  Douglas, Douglas! tender and true.

When these verses were sung with that clear sweet voice, we both noticed that our dear hostess had completely broken down. She was crying bitterly, as if her heart would break, but oh so gracefully!—not like an old lady might cry, but like some young girl with her first love sorrow.

'Don't mind me, dears,' she said. 'I'm in one of my silly moods to-night. I'm only a miserable old woman who feels very lonely at times. I think you know what memories that song brought back,' she added, looking at me; and then turning to her young friend, 'Sing something else, darling. Her voice is so sweet, is it not, Mr. Graham?'

'I almost feel that I am listening to Constantia singing,' I replied.

And then this young lady, who would have nought to do with aught but pathetic ballads, began on that divine song of Villon's, *Où sont les neiges d'antan?* set to a soft, sweet melody, and the voice rose and fell with a dreamy cadence.

'Ah! where are they indeed,' said our hostess, 'the great men I have known, and the burning words I have heard, and the stormy times? *Où sont les neiges d'antan?*' she repeated musingly. 'What a dream life is to be sure!'

During my stay in Florence we met constantly, for I was given *mes entrées* without restriction, and where I had expected to meet an old and morose *religieuse*, I found a lady so witty and so *piquante* that one absolutely forgot her age. But I did not wonder at her earning the reputation she had, for she was absolutely world-weary, and, with the exception of a pet priest or two (whom she laughed at, moreover), she would see no one; and, as I have already said, her powers of satire, and even mimicry, remained unimpaired. I could well understand the shortness of her connection with the sensitive, spoiled Byron, who had been accustomed to pose as a god to the

womankind of London. Her powers of mimicry amused me immensely. 'I had not, and have not, the most graceful gait in the world; indeed, my so-called walk partakes more of the nature of a shuffle, arising from a peculiar, not precisely malformation, but weakness in the knees, and this she hit off in the most amusing manner. I should, perhaps, apologise for introducing this piece of personality, but that it suddenly flashed across me at the time that perchance I had hit upon the whole secret of Byron's intense aversion to her, following on a romantic passion. Byron's sensitiveness as to his lameness is, of course, notorious, and it is well known how the devoted Fletcher said to Trelawney, at the end of all at Missolonghi, pointing to the corpse's limbs: 'All my lord's misfortunes are due to that.'

I asked her, plainly, 'Did you ever mimic Byron's lameness, madame?' and she replied, 'No, I don't think so,' but added, 'I may have done so, though, sometimes to others. We were all often hurried about our expeditions, and he generally hobbled up late.'

That remark, I thought, might mean a good deal.

Sitting one day by the Arno, I asked her the reason of her prejudice against Byron and her strong affection for Shelley.

'As I have already said,' she replied, 'I have no prejudice against Byron. He behaved atrociously to me; but that was my own fault —I ought to have known better—or perhaps misfortune would be the better word, for I was too young to have any knowledge of character. All those reports about rancour were set about by La Guiccioli. Naturally a woman does not appreciate her child being taken from her, and to be left almost without means. I suppose you are as crass as most men, and think that I loved Byron?'

I made no reply.

'My young friend, no doubt you will know a woman's heart better some day. I was dazzled; but that does not mean love. It might, perhaps, have grown into love; but it never did.'

'Have you never loved, madame?' I asked.

A delicate blush suffused the cheeks, and this time she made no reply, gazing on the ground.

'Shelley?' I murmured.

'With all my heart and soul,' she replied, without moving her eyes from the ground.

'Perhaps,' I said, later, 'Byron's bad conduct had something to do with this; he seems to have been very acute.'

'I have said that he told lies about Shelley,' she replied, 'things without a word of truth,' she added, with feminine tautology.

'Why do you smile?'

'At my thoughts, madame,' I said.

'And what may they be?'

'Ah! you cannot force me to tell them, imperious as you are. Surely one's thoughts are free?'

'I do command you!' she insisted.

'Well then, madame, if you command, I must of course obey. I was thinking of a line of Shakespeare's.'

'And the line?'

'"Methinks the lady doth protest too much."'

'You impertinent boy! If you do not believe what I tell you, why traverse Europe to see me?'

'There are things, madame,' I said, 'which it is the duty of every man to believe when told him by a lady, and I have conquered my scepticism. I remember you told me Shelley was a devoted student of Plato.'

Two smart boxes on the ear were the only reply I received to this. A sorry return, indeed, for obedience and faith.

It was impossible to obtain a good word for Byron from this lady, though, to do her justice, she showed no rancour, and I must admit I gradually began to feel my hero's stature dwarfing; but I was young then and impressionable, and since I have restored him to his old position in my affections.

'He was utterly selfish,' she said; but she could not deny that he gave about a third of his money away to the poor.

'Well, he did not show much generosity to that unfortunate Leigh Hunt,' she insisted; and on my replying that, after all, Leigh Hunt must have been rather a vulgar cockney bore, she riposted with, 'It is, after all, natural that you should take up the cudgels for Byron, for he was a thorough Scot; his brilliancy and good looks he inherited, to a great extent, from the "gay Gordons," his mother's family, and his love of the bawbees and his love of dogmatic religion were both intensely Scottish. He had "scotched, not killed the Scotsman in his birth," as he himself said in *Don Juan*, with a vengeance. He even wanted to secure both this world and the next in some canny Scotch fashion. He would talk religion and predestination and other exploded doctrines with any old Presbyterian parson by the hour, without the remotest idea of practising any religion whatsoever; though, to do him justice, he was not in the least afraid of death. In fact, he was absolutely reckless of life.'

'Well, you must admit that the final scene, the fight for Greece, was splendid?'

'I don't know that there was anything particularly splendid about it,' she replied. 'He was tired to death of La Guiccioli, whom he treated in a way very few women would have stood, notwithstanding the rapturous memoirs she wrote of him some years ago; and he simply invested a great deal of money in the Greek cause with the idea of being made a king, which, as Trelawney says, he undoubtedly would have been if he had lived, notwithstanding his stern republicanism.

'Byron was a great poetic genius and an extremely able man, and in his way a thorough man of the world, but he was utterly selfish, utterly false, and utterly spoiled and vain, while, as the French say, he was always playing to the gallery. That is my opinion anyhow, and you may take it for what it is worth.'

I took it for what it was worth. Byron had treated her badly, as Shelley had treated Fanny Westbrook. Under the circumstances, I think she was more just than the majority of women would have been.

In reply to questions from me as to the exterior manner and appearance of the two men, she said that Byron was a great deal of a dandy, though latterly more of a foreign than an English dandy, his stay abroad having much more denationalised him than Shelley's had him. Byron had become very Italian in his habits. The manners of both were perfect, the easy, unassuming manner of well-born and brought-up English gentlemen, though Shelley's was simpler.

I asked her how they would compare with the same class nowadays. 'Well,' she replied, 'you see I know so few of my countrymen now, but I should say just the same.' There was, however, she said, a great difference between the manner of the two men, for though neither put on what is nowadays vulgarly but expressively called 'side,' Shelley was perfectly simple and natural, while Byron's manner, though it could be charming to a degree, was tinged with a vein of Don Juanesque recklessness. In fact, she said, 'the stanzas of that poem convey a very good idea of Byron's manner.'

Byron's great charm, she said, was his voice, which was as melodious in its subtle variety of cadence as music itself.

My interest in this lady on account of her relations with the two great poets grew into a very warm attachment for herself, and the parting was very painful to me. It is painful even now to look back upon that fair spring morning, when life was spring-time too, and the kind words as I almost broke down: 'Oh! what a silly boy. You can come and see me again next spring; and anyhow life is only a dream. You will meet me in the after-world with Shelley—and I hope not with Byron,' she added, with her humorous smile. 'Come, kiss me, and say good-bye like a man. No, not good-bye, *au revoir*. *Au revoir*, dear, in this world or the next. I am sure it is only *au revoir*. Meantime you must forget all about me.'

'I shall never forget, madame,' I replied, with a choking in the throat as I kissed those lips which had been kissed by Byron and by Shelley. And I never shall. But that spring-time never came, and I am waiting for the after-world; for soon after that dear lady passed

To where beyond these voices there is peace.

WILLIAM GRAHAM.

OUR DISASTROUS CATHEDRAL SYSTEM

It is more than fifty years since Charles James Blomfield, Bishop of London, one of the most faithful and zealous of the many noble-minded men who have adorned that distinguished See, grieved in his inmost soul by the spiritual destitution in his own vast diocese and throughout the length and breadth of England and Wales, set himself resolutely to the task of devising means for its relief. The population of the country had increased at a prodigious rate since the conclusion of the great war in the second decade of the century; the tendency to the concentration of vast masses in the large manufacturing towns and in the metropolis, which is so strongly characteristic of our own times, had already declared itself; increased facilities of communication had given a stimulus to active development in every branch of commercial enterprise, and 'Progress' had become the watchword of the national life. The national Church was not insensible to the quickened pulses of the national life. The painful apathy and coldness of the eighteenth century had been already shaken off; the quiet discharge of easy and tranquil duties had in numberless cases given place to arduous work and zealous effort. More frequent services; house-to-house visitation; parochial organisations for the relief of distress; above all, perhaps, the education of the families of the poor: these good agencies had been brought to bear, in many a parish, upon thousands, nominally children of the Church, but hitherto strangers to her ministrations. But in every direction these efforts were thwarted and hindered by the inadequacy of the old endowments of the Church to meet the changed conditions of modern life.

The Bishop himself was a type and exemplar of the activity which he enjoined upon others. Great intellectual power was united, in his case, with vast administrative ability, and with a courage not easily daunted by opposition. In early life he had given proof of the possession of this latter valuable quality, and he needed it in no ordinary degree when, in looking anxiously around him for the means, so sorely needed, of founding new parochial districts and of planting new missions among the heathen of the manufacturing towns, he cast his eyes upon the cathedral and collegiate churches.

It is, happily, no part of our present duty or purpose to describe

the condition in which he found those ancient and venerable foundations. We say happily, for the retrospect would not be cheering. Our concern with English cathedrals is entirely with the present, not with the past. It is as Bishop Blomfield left them, not as he found them, that we are now concerned. If we have any readers who desire to investigate the case as presented against the capitular bodies, they may be referred to the parliamentary debates and formal returns of the period, which are easily accessible; and they will be amply repaid if they turn from these to the case for the Chapters, set forth with charming wit and inimitable literary ability by Sydney Smith, Canon of St. Paul's, in three letters to Archdeacon Singleton, published in his collected works, 3 vols. 8vo. 1839. Enough if we state here that a vicious system of leases for lives, with fines on renewal, inherited from the past, had given birth to deplorable evils in connection with the capitular estates. Around the magnificent buildings, raised in ages of faith, and in the quiet precincts, once the abode of a monastic, or, at least, celibate clergy, there had sprung up indolence, luxury, selfishness, greed. These are hard words! We would gladly soften them. We turn from the picture with a sense of relief.

It is probable, however, that the Bishop would have left the capitular bodies unmolested if he had not seen a mine of wealth, or quarry of valuable materials, opened up before him by large subtractions from their revenues. He calculated that a sum of 300,000*l.* per annum might be ultimately obtained from this source for the augmentation of small livings and the formation of new parochial districts. But it was clear that this result could only be attained by extensive reductions in the *personnel* of each cathedral; and in the end—for we must not allow ourselves to dwell on details—a scheme was sanctioned by legislative enactment which applied a standard of uniformity to all these ancient churches, and placed them upon a common level as to the number of statutable members and the revenue or stipend of each. But room was left for modifications of this general scheme, and the cathedrals, as we now see them, still present several or many interesting differences or contrasts, while preserving the strong family likeness which the Act of Parliament impressed upon them.

We shall refer to this Act in the following pages as Blomfield's Act. He was not, indeed, solely responsible for it. By the force of his character, by the singleness of his aims, he had carried with him into the lists the titular head of the Church, his own ecclesiastical superior, Archbishop Howley, whose mild and gentle disposition recoiled from contests of every kind. But the Bishop was the author of the Act; and if some benefits have accrued to the Church at large through its agency, it is but justice to his memory that his name should be associated with it.

The cathedrals of ancient foundation affected by the Act were twenty-five in number, and it is of these that we now write, omitting all reference to those of new Sees founded or restored in our own day, or of collegiate churches of ancient foundation unconnected with episcopal Sees. Of these twenty-five cathedrals, thirteen, including those of the four Welsh Sees, were of the foundation styled the 'Old;' they had never been connected with monastic bodies, and had always been served by secular priests. Of this main feature several or all of them retained interesting traces. The other twelve were of the 'New Foundation;' this term might be misunderstood to mean that they were of modern origin; but Durham, Ely, Rochester, Winchester —all of them, in truth—had histories extending back over many centuries. They were 'new,' only because their constitution had been altered on the suppression of the monasteries to which they had been attached. They, also, like the cathedrals of the Old Foundation, retained many interesting traces of the period when the abbot, the prior, and the brethren, with their retinue of servants and dependents, inhabited the conventual buildings clustered around the grand churches, and which serve now as residences for canons and their families.

Bishop Blomfield's Act did not—could not—obliterate these distinctions between Old and New; but it aimed at introducing a level uniformity of constitution and management before unknown. The form of government known as that of a 'Dean and Chapter' was, indeed, by no means a modern creation; but the Act abolished distinctions in the administration of that form of government which had long existed among the twenty-five cathedrals, and this, apparently, for the sake of mere conformity to an arbitrary rule or pattern. A dean, practically resident all the year; four canons, each of them resident during three consecutive months; this was the governing body which, under the old designation of 'Dean and Chapter,' the Bishop proposed to instal in each cathedral. The desire for uniformity was carried so far that a fourth canonry was created at St. Paul's and at Lincoln, which had hitherto possessed only three, namely, those held by the three dignitaries precentor, chancellor, and treasurer. On the other hand, Worcester, which had had ten canons, lost six of them; Ely, which had had eight, together with Durham and Oxford, was allowed to retain six, these three cathedrals being connected with universities; Canterbury and Exeter were left with six; Winchester with five. In each and every instance temporary residence only—that is, residence officially as canon for three months, or less, as the case might be—was required from the occupants of the stalls. In some of the cathedrals, notably at York, Chester, and Ripon, only one house of residence was provided for the canon. During nine months of each year, therefore, it was assumed that three of the four canons in rotation would be absent from the precincts of those churches.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that to each cathedral a staff of non-capitular clergy, styled minor canons, or priest vicars, was assigned. By the theory of the cathedral system, the minor canons are versed in the practice of church music, and are charged with the duty of sustaining the priest's part in the daily services throughout the year according to the ancient ecclesiastical modes. In the cathedrals of the New Foundation one of these is precentor, and has considerable powers entrusted to him by the statutes. Below the minor canons, again, were ranked lay-singers—in the provincial cities generally tradesmen—with ten or twelve little boys, completing the vocal choir under the musical presidency of an organist.

More than fifty years, as we have said, have elapsed since the passing of Blomfield's Act. Not a single member, we suppose, of those capitular bodies, whose interests were so largely affected by its provisions, now survives. Even the youngest chorister, who heard the great changes discussed by his betters, is now a grey-headed man. The time has come, then, when we are fairly entitled to enquire into the results of the working of the Act. Have those results been happy, we may ask, (1) as regards the cathedrals themselves; (2) as it affects the Sees to which they are attached; (3) with reference to the inhabitants of the cities in which they are situated, and of which the glorious buildings form the chief ornament? Or, to reverse the enquiry, we may ask, Is a new measure of reform demanded by the exigencies of our own times? Do we need a readjustment of the constitution which has had a trial of half a century? Is the Church perceptibly and unquestionably strengthened and fortified, or is she dangerously exposed to attack, under the conditions in which she finds herself placed by Blomfield's Act?

We doubt if these questions can be profitably discussed except by those who have had practical experience of the working of the Act. Having ourselves spent the best years of a lifetime in the service of one of the noblest of the English cathedrals, we shall not be charged, we trust, with presumption, if we approach the subject with confidence. The essential feature of the Act is that it establishes, or confirms, or leaves unaltered, a particular form of government—namely, the form known as that of a Dean and Chapter. Under the new provisions made, or the ancient usages sanctioned by the Act, this form of government, ancient in its origin, has had fifty more years of trial under modified conditions. Relying upon an experience extending over two-thirds of that period, we must express the strong conviction that the results of this form of government have been disappointing, if not disastrous. That they have not been welcome and happy would seem evident from the fact that two Royal Commissions have been issued since the passing of the Act, one in 1852, the other in 1879; both of them directed to its amendment, or, let us say more accurately, to the devising of remedies for evils which the Act left unre-

dressed. The Commissioners, in both instances, presented able Reports, accompanied by a vast mass of correspondence; the bulky folio volumes which contain these documents may be found in any good library. The unfavourable view which we are constrained to take of the present constitution of English cathedrals is supported by an overwhelming concurrence of testimony brought together in these collections. Among many hundreds of letters, it is difficult to find even one couched in terms implying contentment with the existing state of things. A series of pamphlets followed, some of them bearing names justly honoured upon their title-pages; to the best of our knowledge and belief, not one of these writers undertook the defence of the cathedral system as established by the Act; all of them, so far as they fell under our notice, propounded schemes for constitutions differing from, and inconsistent with, the provisions made by Bishop Blomfield. Disappointing, if not disastrous, we say, the results of the Act have proved to be.

1. As regards the cathedral bodies themselves, we are very sensible of the difficulty and delicacy of the task which we have imposed upon ourselves in undertaking to advance arguments in support of our contention that the cathedrals do not prosper under their present form of government. Perhaps a familiar comparison may smooth the way to a clear understanding of the view which we take of the matter. For our present purpose there is no glaring absurdity in comparing the dean in any cathedral to the Premier in a Cabinet; the canon-in-residence to a Secretary of State. Or, we may see in the dean a great merchant or banker; in the canon a partner in the firm. Or, once again, our dean is colonel of a regiment on duty, or captain in command of a ship of war in commission; the canon is major or first lieutenant. In any of these cases, what reception would be given to a proposal that the second in command, the Home Secretary, the working partner, the major, the lieutenant, should hold office for three months in each year, and should be succeeded at the end of his quarter's term of authority by another Secretary of State, another managing partner, another major, another first lieutenant? And what if each of these gentlemen, by the hypothesis, were under no pledge to carry out to the letter the policy of his predecessor, or even that of his titular head?

Will it be said that we are endeavouring to arrive at a *reductio ad absurdum* by comparisons savouring of grotesque impossibility? Well, then, let us suppose that the dean is rector or vicar of a parish—of any parish, we care not what its size or character. What would be the state of things in that parish if the rector had at his elbow, all the year round, one of four reverend gentlemen, succeeding each other in quarterly rotation, claiming, and entitled to claim, a voice in the management of all parochial concerns, yet often notoriously opposed to the rector in matters theological or administrative?

And how would it be in that parish if no change in its machinery could be made without the consent of these gentlemen, who must be summoned from their homes, often distant, to deliberate upon the appointment of a schoolmaster, or a sexton, or upon the purchase of new hymn books, or the binding of old ones, and among whom the rector is only *primus inter pares*? Yet there is no approach to caricature in this slight pen-and-ink sketch of the governing body of an English cathedral. The dean may be an active and able man in the prime of life, an eloquent preacher, eminently successful as a parish priest; such a dean is simply hampered and trammeled by the cumbrous machinery of the Chapter. He longs for the independence which he enjoyed in his parish church, before he had greatness thrust upon him; very possibly he had under him a staff of three or four curates, and a choral service was kept up with energy and success. What more is required—these are some of his thoughts—in the cathedral? Why the very costly encumbrance of a Chapter? The dean as rector, the minor canons as his curates, the organist and choir ready to hand without effort or anxiety—what further provision is needed? It is well when such an active and capable dean is not tempted to expend his energies upon services and ministrations other than those of the cathedral type, and even out of harmony with it. The case is still worse when the dean's stall is not thus filled. For then the permanent working staff must take their orders from each of four or more masters, not one of whom has any special qualification for dealing with questions which must inevitably come before him in the government of the collegiate body.

We suppose it will be universally admitted that the maintenance of musical services of a high order of artistic excellence is in the very fore-front of the duties imposed upon the Chapters. The general public may be forgiven if they see in this the very *raison d'être* of the cathedrals, and if they fail to perceive any other. They do not stop to consider the real character of those services. Amongst our readers, however, we cannot doubt that there are some, or many, who do not need to be reminded that the cathedral is the one single church in each diocese in which pure worship may be placed above edification. We mean by this that it is the one church in a whole diocese in which the humble and devout consecration of art may be ranked above the satisfying of spiritual needs; it is the one church in which the edifying or gratifying of a congregation, or of a few persons within it, may be, and must be, regarded as quite secondary to that higher, nobler, purer, less selfish thing, Praise or Adoration. Congregational singing, for instance, most properly encouraged and promoted in parish churches, has no place whatever in the statutable services of a cathedral. It might reasonably be assumed that this most important matter would be left in the hands of competent musicians, clerical and lay, who should be secured from capricious

interference by persons unskilled in music. But is it so? On the contrary, every minor canon, every organist, every lay-clerk, is aware that in his cathedral the high view of the musical services just enunciated is not held by all the members of the governing body. 'Very many church dignitaries,' writes Dr. S. S. Wesley to the commissioners of 1852, 'disparage a musical worship, have no taste for art or sympathy with artists, and never take their own official part in that worship without injury to the general effect.' Absence of musical skill or training is not held to be any disqualification for interference in the management of the choir, in the choice of music, in the election of singers, even in the admission of boys as probationers. A strange paradox, indeed, is sometimes put forward which founds a special claim for acumen in musical criticism upon absolute ignorance of the science. With this it is difficult to deal gravely.

Some of the canons are in favour of shortening and simplifying the choral music; because metrical hymns have an acknowledged value and often real charm, they would substitute them as frequently as possible for anthems; because they themselves listen without interest, and even with weariness, to elaborate settings of the Canticles, they would have chants in their place. During these residences impatience is shown of the musical settings of the Communion Service, often the highest efforts of gifted composers: plain recitation is preferred as more edifying. The attempt of a Dean of Bristol to suppress the intonation of the prayers will be remembered by a few elderly readers. It was defeated by the energy and courage of a minor canon, backed by a strong expression of public opinion in the city.

In order to gratify personal taste, or to meet a supposed popular demand, under the rule of another canon, the grave ecclesiastical music which befits the place is often thrust aside in favour of selections from the oratorios, adaptations from semi-secular works, sacred songs written for great soprano singers, never meant for the pretty childish voices of boys, and performances of music, instrumental and vocal, scarcely to be distinguished from concerts, have been introduced in some of the cathedrals, apparently without a thought of worship, unless it be that of a beautiful art and of its gifted sons. We could easily add to these very slight and hasty sketches; their general truthfulness will not be denied by any unprejudiced reader conversant with the inner life of an English cathedral; and we cannot doubt at all that if the non-capitular members of all the cathedrals could be assembled in a Temple of Truth, they would give but one reply to the question with which we began: they would say with one voice, 'The form of government under which we live is a failure.'

2. The grand old church derives its very name from the Bishop's cathedra, or chair. The stately towers and daring vaults themselves were raised by successive bishops during the centuries which inter-

vened between the Norman Conquest and the Reformation. But if we could assemble my lords the bishops of the present day; if—again in the Temple of Truth—the cool judgment of each could be pronounced and recorded, who can doubt that it would be, and must be, unfavourable to the present constitution of their cathedrals? It is true that in most of them the appointment of the canons rests with the bishop himself. But this privilege, though it enables him to reward an examining chaplain or to gratify a personal friend, confers on him no power whatever of interference in the proceedings of the Dean and Chapter. In many cases he is not entitled even to preach as of right. To readers unfamiliar with the subject this may seem almost incredible. Again, it is true that he is visitor of the collegiate body, and in that dignified capacity may rebuke and correct any glaring infringement of statutes, or may revise, and possibly reverse, any judgment which may be made the subject of formal complaint by non-capitular members. But it is not this rarely-exercised jurisdiction which can supply a corrective to the abnormal and unhealthy independence—nay, we even say, defiance—of episcopal authority within the cathedral church which is characteristic of every Chapter in England. Such a state of things is unknown elsewhere. Throughout the Continent of Europe, and in every diocese of America, the bishop or archbishop is supreme in his cathedral church. 'The Relation of the Cathedral to the Diocese' was proposed as a subject for grave discussion at a diocesan conference, and was referred to a committee of eminent persons, in the summer of 1879, by the late Bishop Woodford, of Ely, whose dissatisfaction with existing conditions had long been well known. A flight of pamphlets was the only result of this step. Another distinguished bishop, who had himself been a dean, and who was one of the commissioners of 1879, the late Bishop Harvey Goodwin, broke boldly through the authorised system by requiring permanent residence from those whom he appointed canons of Carlisle. He could have given no stronger proof of the dislike which he entertained for the arrangement as to the residence of canons made or sanctioned by Blomfield's Act, and of which he had had ample experience.

It is sometimes urged that the Chapter is, or may be, or ought to be, 'the Council of the Bishop.' We are not aware that in any English diocese the Chapter has been thus utilised.

3. Let us summon into our witness-box two or three representative laymen from each of the twenty-five cathedral cities with which alone we are concerned. 'How say you, gentlemen, is your noble cathedral a blessing to your town for which you are all thankful?'

Compelled to answer truly by the magic spell which we assume to be cast over them, they sorrowfully utter the shortest of negatives.

'Well, how is this?' Let us try to report and compress the evidence of our citizen witnesses.

'Our town,' say they, 'contains half a dozen parishes, having

each its vicar, and, generally, its curate. Not one of these parishes yields an income of two hundred pounds a year to its incumbent, and there are no wealthy lay inhabitants to whom he can look for considerable pecuniary help in maintaining the parochial organisations. Everything is kept down and cramped for lack of money. Yet, side by side with this lamentable poverty—there is no other name for it—the townsfolk have the spectacle before their eyes of four or more clergymen each in receipt of an income ranging in amount from twice to five times that of the hard-working vicar, and this as remuneration for three months' discharge of easy and pleasant duties.'

'But these gentlemen subscribe towards your local charities and good works?'

'Yes, they subscribe.'

'The Chapter, in its corporate capacity, does it not respond liberally to appeals made to it by the town clergy?'

'Well, it generally responds. Quite as often it refers us to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Not seldom we are met by complaints of diminished capitular revenues. And, whatever the answer, still the fact rankles in the minds of the citizens that the greater part, or a large part, of four or more considerable incomes, derived from Church property, is withdrawn from the city and is spent elsewhere.'

Is this all? Nay, we have scarcely begun, and we must not cross-examine our lay witnesses further. Resuming our own responsibility, we have to declare that the modern English cathedral, so far from promoting the highest interests of the citizens, is too often a positive hindrance to them. Let it be noted that it has no parochial district attached to it; outside its own narrow precincts it is entrusted with no cure of souls. Hence it follows that not one of its clergy, when he ascends the pulpit, sees before him a congregation of the faithful committed to his charge. He sees before him a congregation—often numerous—drawn thither by the indescribable charm of the grand building, by the beauty of the choral music, perchance by his own reputation as a preacher. The link of tender personal sympathy which unites the parish vicar to his hearers is entirely wanting; and those who listen to the canon's sermon are part of the flock of that parish vicar; their rightful places are in their parish church. It is within our own knowledge that this grave consideration presses heavily on the minds of many cathedral preachers. It is true, no doubt, that every cathedral has a congregation of its own, composed of persons who have formed the habit of attending its orderly services, and who go nowhere else. But these churchmen and churchwomen are conscious of no pastoral relation with the preacher who will address them during three months or less, and who will then be succeeded by another. And the very serious consequence of this is, that a considerable number, perhaps some hundreds of

men, women, and children in each cathedral city, are, as it were, unattached and removed from those gentle and tender influences which can only be maintained between the parish priest and his flock. Many, perhaps most, of the cathedrals have added of late years an evening service on Sundays to the two or three which were previously maintained in obedience to their statutes. This evening service is generally described as a 'great success.' That is to say, the nave of the vast church is nearly filled by a crowd drawn from the parishes of the city. The metrical hymns are hearty and charming, led on by a voluntary choir. This voluntary choir, however, attracts and absorbs the greater part of the young men, young women, and boys who would otherwise do their duty by singing the hymns and chants in their parish churches.

Who can wonder if a strong feeling of antagonism springs up in the minds of the parochial clergy and of their lay supporters and assistants when they see their parish church half-filled, or nearly empty, at their evening service, once popular and hearty? A well-known hon. canon of York has given expression to this very pardonable state of mind in a temperate letter to the Cathedral Commissioners of 1879. He resigned his benefice in the city of York, and withdrew to a country cure under a sense of defeat and disappointment arising from no other source than this.

But it is time that we hasten on to the conclusion of our remarks. If our readers have honoured us with their attention thus far, they will not have failed to notice that our indictment and condemnation of the cathedral system as left by Blomfield's Act turns chiefly upon three points—namely, (1) the rotatory residence of canons; (2) the anomalous position of the bishop; (3) the absence of pastoral relations. To these three defects or failings, operating for the last fifty years, we mainly attribute the painful but unquestionable fact that the cathedrals do not command the affection and respect of churchmen at large, many of whom, after hoping for better things, and watching anxiously the proceedings of two commissions, have come to the conclusion that these ancient foundations have ceased to do useful work for the Church, and that they are, in truth, the weakest and most vulnerable point in her system, inviting attack by her enemies and indefensible by her sons. The numerous writers of pamphlets on this wide and many-sided subject have offered for consideration various schemes for the reconstruction of the collegiate bodies, most of them involving the necessity of new legislation, with the inevitable consequence of discussion in a House of Commons containing many enemies of the Church. For our own part, we propose, with humility and diffidence, to sketch the outline of a plan which might be found practicable with a minimum of legislative interference; which might be brought into operation gradually, and without immediate derangement of existing machinery; a plan which

would leave undisturbed all that is venerable on the score of antiquity, while it would bring ancient dignities and usages into closer consonance with modern needs.

The plan is directed to the correction of the three defects or failings to which allusion has just been made. We present it for dispassionate consideration.

To every cathedral we would attach a parochial cure, of which the dean should be rector. It is not of the essence of our plan that this cure or parish should lie immediately around the great church; in populous cities it would naturally be chosen with a view to the relief of one or more of the poorest and most crowded districts of the place; in a very few cases it would perhaps embrace the greater part of the small town dignified by the title of city. The dean-rector would be assisted in the various duties of this cure by all the other clergy, and it will appear, as we proceed, that we desire to provide a field of busy work for a numerous staff, including young deacons, newly ordained. He will be assisted, we say, by all the clergy. It follows from this that residence by rotation will be entirely abolished under our scheme. But the phrase 'all the clergy' must be understood as not including certain professors at Durham, Ely, and Oxford, and certain archdeacons and heads of colleges elsewhere, whose official incomes are guaranteed to them by the existing Act. With the special arrangements excluding them from the operation of our new system, we need not now concern ourselves. All the clergy, these alone excepted, will assist the dean-rector, and act under his orders. Another consequence at once, therefore, becomes manifest to every reader. We alter entirely the *status* of the canon. Hitherto he has himself been a rector; under our scheme he might be more properly described as a curate. We mean by this that the dignified personage now known as a canon, holding one of the 'prizes of the Church,' and holding it, moreover, as a general rule, in plurality with some other appointment of value and dignity, would have no place in our cathedral of the future. We would give the name of canon to each of four or more priests, who would share with the dean, under his direction, as in a well-ordered parish church, the whole of the duties, collegiate and parochial, attached to his office. Every one of them must be able to chant the Divine Offices, with the inflections and cadences of the ancient use of the Church. One of them, at least, must be well versed in the literature and practice of Church music: he should retain the old title of precentor. The stipends of these new canons, while affording a fair 'living' or maintenance, should not be such as to constitute a 'prize;' and retirement at a certain age upon a modest pension should be compulsory. With these canons we would associate at least an equal number of young men, some of them deacons, whose position would not differ from that of stipendiary curates. But all must chant the choral offices

with correctness and propriety; all must give a high place to the Church music among the studies and occupations of their daily life; the collegiate services, adorned with music of the highest order; the parochial services of a simpler or congregational character; all these, whether held in the cathedral or in humbler churches, must be under their care and dependent on their constant presence and cheerful co-operation.

Our cathedral would be no abode of luxurious ease or dignified leisure; that unlovely thing, the well-endowed sinecure, would disappear from its precincts; the reproach of secularity, often justly levelled against the collegiate clergy, would have no foundation; it would be a hive of busy and active workers; a training school for future parish priests, who would carry with them into country cures the experience gained under the eye of their bishop in the cathedral parish, and who would cherish a life-long recollection of happy hours spent in hearty work, and of cheering services of praise within the walls of the grand old minster. And if—as we should greatly desire—if the lay department of the choral body were made to undergo a transformation similar, or analogous, to that of the clerical staff; if four or six principal singers were supported by a chorus of twelve or more young men, students of theology and candidates for holy orders, some of them, perhaps, assistant-masters in the schools maintained by the cathedral, all of them heartily loving the choral service for its own sake, and finding their highest pleasure in rendering it with grandeur and beauty, we should soon cease to hear, as we now too often do, of the listlessness and insufficiency of some cathedral choirs. The cathedral, in its re-juvenescence, would become a model to all the churches of the diocese.

We have but a few words to add. In one English cathedral only, that of the newly constituted see of Truro, the two great offices of bishop and dean are united. We must express our conviction that a similar union in many or most of the other cathedrals would have the best results. If some obvious existing objections to this are held to be insuperable, we should be glad to leave the appointment or nomination of the dean in the hands of the bishop, as in the four ancient cathedrals of Wales. If even this is beyond attainment, we must express our hope that, under the new state of things which we have endeavoured to explain, the supreme authority of the bishop within the cathedral church, and over the collegiate services and all persons engaged in them, would be recognised and acknowledged by general consent, and would be affirmed by some form of declaration, binding upon every member of the collegiate body. The cathedral, in our judgment, should be the church of the bishop; and any changes which tend to give it this character, even if they fall far short of our scheme, would have our heartiest advocacy.

W. E. DICKSON.

ARCHANGEL LESLIE OF SCOTLAND: A SEQUEL

THE truly *Admirable and Astonishing Life* of Archangel Leslie which Mr. Cunninghame Graham has so well sketched in a recent number of this Review deserves even more than the attention he has given to it. It does not merely appear as the biography of a Scottish nobleman of great wealth and brilliant gifts, who for conscience sake abandoned the religion of his parents and all worldly prospects to embrace the hard life of a Capuchin missionary, but it is a narrative full of the most romantic adventures, cruel persecutions, heroic virtues, and hair-breadth escapes. It purports, moreover, to come to us on the authority of an Italian prelate of high reputation, John Baptist Rinuccini, Archbishop of Fermo, known in this country as the Apostolic Nuncio sent into Ireland in the troublous times of 1645–50.

The pious archbishop wrote, it seems, with the express purpose of exhibiting before an unbelieving world a model of Catholic heroism; and he made the good prophecy that his little book would take wings and fly into all corners of the world. Mr. Cunninghame Graham refers to a 'wealth of editions' of this book, and specifies five. But in fact nine times that number are known. Eighteen editions have been issued in Italy alone—at Macerata, Cremona, Bologna, Milan, Venice, Brescia, Florence, Modena, and Rome. French versions have appeared at Paris, Rouen, Mons, and Lille; Spanish versions at Madrid, Portuguese at Lisbon, Dutch or Flemish at Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp, and German at Costanz and Bregenz—not to speak of a number of abridgments and summaries in Biographical Dictionaries and *Bibliothecæ Scriptorum*. The last flight of this 'true history' . . . 'replete with holy examples and sweet lessons of piety' was across the Atlantic in 1864, when it appeared at Philadelphia under the title of *Count Leslie, or the Triumph of Filial Piety*.

Mr. Graham, in his rapid sketch of Father Archangel's singular career, lets drop here and there some suspicions as to 'the absolute truthfulness of the compiler.' Yet, on the whole, certain indications scattered throughout the book convince him that the Capuchin was a simple-minded, honest fellow, doing what he thought his duty at

all hazards.' Mr. Graham adds, 'Though Padre Ajofrin never quotes a single word Archangel says, I fancy I can see him just as plainly as if in modern fashion he had spoken pages and never done a thing worth doing;' and he ends his article echoing the words of the Spanish biographer, *Pretiosa in conspectu Domini mors sanctorum Ejus.* I also fancy I can see Archangel plainly—but rather speaking pages of blarney and imposture, quite in modern fashion, and doing little; and I have made bold elsewhere[1] to conclude a paper on the same subject with the comment, *Magnum est mendacium et prævalet.*

In order then to present Archangel from this other point of view, with as little repetition as possible, I purpose to tell the story of Rinuccini's book. *Habent sua fata libelli.* Mr. Graham has, as a biographer, related the stirring adventures of his hero. My more humble and prosaic task will be rather that of the bibliographer—to discover the sources and to trace the growth and fortunes of a fiction in print. It is, I think, a curious piece of literary history, and not without instruction.

First, however, a few words must be said of the man, George Leslie, as he is made known to us by authentic documents. He was the son of James Leslie of Peterstone and Jane Wood (*Selvia* in the foreign narratives), and was born in or near Aberdeen. On the death of James his widow married another Leslie, laird of Belcairn. In 1608 George entered the Scots College at Rome, and afterwards, becoming a Capuchin friar, was sent as Father Archangel upon the Scottish mission in 1623. He seems to have had remarkable fluency of speech, a lively imagination, inordinate vanity, and plausible manners. His parents, both Protestants, appear to have been in comparatively poor circumstances. Archangel wrote a few tracts which are no longer extant, and made several converts among noble families, which gave him a reputation for zeal and controversial skill. Charges were, however, brought against him of levity of conduct unbecoming a religious, and he was summoned by Propaganda to give an account of himself. On his way to Rome through Paris (June 1630) he wrote a letter to his patron, Colonel Sempill, who represented the interests of Scottish Catholics in Spain. From this letter, querulous, boastful, and by no means savouring of sanctity, it appears that Archangel was in receipt of a pension from the Colonel, and he now begs from him further assistance to pay the cost of some books he intended to print. At Rome he was triumphantly acquitted of the charges brought against him and was made guardian of a convent of his order at Monte Georgio, where he first made the acquaintance of his fervent admirer the Archbishop of Fermo. This was in 1631. From Monte Georgio he was transferred to Ripa-Transone, and shortly afterwards sent into Scotland again. Of this

[1] *Scottish Review*, vol. xviii. p. 77.

second mission there is no authentic record. He died in 1637 and was buried, not on the borders of England under the mysterious circumstances recorded in the legend, but, as we learn from the letter of a Jesuit who knew him, 'he died in his mother's poor house just over the river Dee and was buried in an old ruinous church on the way betwixt that and Kanakyle or Hunthall.'

How then did this man come to be known throughout Europe as the Count Leslie, half-brother of the Baron de Torry, residing in Monymusk House, the mansion of his mother the Countess, and having the use of her great wealth? How did he come to be proclaimed by holy bishops, provincials, and learned biographers as 'the most illustrious personage that Scotland has produced,' 'a veritable pole-star arisen in this our age of the soul's night,' 'a spectacle to all Europe,' and truly 'a saint if anyone could be canonised by the popular voice?'

It has not been hitherto observed by bibliographers or critics that the Life in the fuller shape in which it has been narrated by various compilers for the last two centuries (or, say, since 1680) is derived from three—or, if we are to include its most recent development, from four—different sources: and these need to be carefully discriminated.

The *earliest* editions, in Italian, French, Spanish, and Portuguese (1644–1660)—all of them now somewhat rare—contain simply the original narrative of Rinuccini, and this is based exclusively upon information given by word of mouth to the Archbishop by Leslie himself. Rinuccini may have been rhetorical, sentimental, and credulous, but there is no reason to doubt his honesty or the fidelity of his report.

We have a pretty picture of the scene in the garden of the Capuchin convent at Ripa Transone, where the legend had its birth. The Archbishop, seated on a rustic bench, with his friend Vagnozzo Pica, superior of the Oratory, listened with rapturous attention to the unfolding of the tale. Rinuccini held the hand of Father Pica on the one side and the Capuchin's on the other.

The servant of God (he writes), after a little prelude full of religious modesty, began to narrate his life. He spoke of his father's testament, the inheritance that had been bequeathed to him, of his journey to Paris, the beginnings of his conversion and the consequent displeasure of his tutor and mother, the threats and cruelties to which they subjected him, and how, finally, he was deprived of his property and abandoned by his parents. He continued his discourse by a narrative of his journey to Rome and his vocation to the religious life; and then paused awhile to speak of the happiness he enjoyed when he obtained, through the kindness of the Pope, permission to enter among the Capuchins. Father Pica expressed only admiration at these triumphs, but was beginning to foretell some great disgrace to the mother, when Archangel with a smile said, 'Allow me to continue my narrative.' He told of all the anger and distress of the mother after she had sent her other son into Italy, and described at length the conversion of his brother. I was

the first to shed tears, and Father Pica, putting aside all the bitterness he had conceived against the mother, could not refrain from weeping. But the Father Archangel, resuming his natural gaiety, &c.

The narrative was thus frequently interrupted by the sobs and sighs of the listeners. 'Seeing we were both touched with tenderness, he gave us time,' says the Archbishop; and as Archangel had said little of his mother's life after her conversion, he was eagerly asked, 'Did she persevere? Have you news of her?' The temptation to the Scotsman here seems irresistible. He again gained a little time, and related the incidents which finally determined the Archbishop to commit the history to writing. He told how his mother's estates were confiscated, and how she was reduced to earn a miserable livelihood by needlework in a poor cottage; how he, in Paris, using his influence with the French Court, had obtained letters to the King of England, who restored her to her house and lands; how, meanwhile, moved by filial compassion, he had returned to Scotland, in the disguise of a gardener, to find her hiding-place; and how, with difficulty evading the guards who stopped him at the gates of Monymusk, he walked through the town three times, crying, 'Greens! buy my greens!' in vain. At this point Father Pica's emotions became beyond control. 'I can bear this no longer—I shall die,' he cried, 'if I do not hear quickly how all this ended. These herbs, will they not be irrigated by heavenly dew? O truth, which puts to shame the fables of antiquity!' The Archbishop seized his friend's hand and implored him to keep silence to the end of the story. When the end came, Rinuccini drew Father Pica aside and engaged him to assist in putting what they had heard on paper, and to use every opportunity of eliciting from Archangel further information. 'Who knows,' he added, 'but that in these days of fabulous romances this true story may not have a good sale?'

Now it may be well here to point out that the relations of the hero to Monymusk House belong to the very essence of this autobiography. If we are to believe Archangel, the house was the home of his boyhood, the property of his mother, the scene of his visit to her in the guise of a gay cavalier, the centre of his missionary triumphs, and his own prospective inheritance. Remove Monymusk from the story and the whole falls as a house of cards, and with it goes Archangel's reputation as 'a simple-minded Capuchin' or an honest man. But it is absolutely false that Monymusk at any time belonged to a Leslie. The house was built by Duncan Forbes in 1554, and remained in the possession of the Forbes family—strict Protestants—till 1710. At the time of Archangel's exploits it was inhabited by William Forbes 'of Monymusk,' who was created a baronet by Charles the First in 1626.

After this it is scarcely worth while to ask if it be true that Archangel, attired as a courtier, acted for twelve months as inter-

preter to the Spanish Ambassador after his arrival in London, and received the thanks of the King (James the First) for the excellent manner in which he had discharged his duties.[2] At least no statement which rests on the unsupported word of Archangel can be trusted.

Very soon after the scene in the convent garden, Archangel, as has been said, went once more into Scotland. He bade adieu to the Archbishop, started for Leghorn, and thence wrote to him a letter which Rinuccini prints. Two years later, the Archbishop tells us, he received news of the missionary's death (1637). More than this he could not learn. He was most anxious to get information regarding the events of this second mission, or at least particulars of his friend's last moments. 'For that end,' he writes, 'what diligence did I not use? I made enquiries of all the Scotsmen who were then in Italy. I read, with unusual attention, the registers at Rome and letters from England,' but all was in vain. He must be content to let his book remain imperfect.

Rinuccini's *Il Cappuccino Scozzese* was accordingly published at Macerata and Bologna in 1644, seven years after Archangel's death. It was reprinted at Rome in January 1645, two months before the author started upon his Irish *Nunciatura*. Several other Italian issues followed. Meanwhile, François Barrault, Procurator-General of the Fathers of Christian Doctrine, then residing in Rome, made a literal translation into French from Rinuccini's manuscript, and had it published at Paris in 1650, with a dedicatory epistle to Isabelle Angélique de Montmorency, Duchesse de Chastillon, and with portraits of the Duchess and the Capuchin; and of this edition there were also several reprints. Antonio Vasquez, of the Clerks Regular, who had translated, from the Italian of Bacci, the Life of St. Philip Neri. as if he were in search of the strongest contrast to the character of that saint, translated Rinuccini's book into Spanish (Madrid, 1647). The first Portuguese version, by Diego Carneiro, a Brazilian from Rio Janeiro, was published at Lisbon in 1657.

The marvellous tale could not fail to soon reach the ears of Archangel's fellow-missionaries and others who knew him in Scotland; and the reader may wonder what was thought of it there. Fortunately, our curiosity can to some extent be satisfied. If some yielded to the temptation to propagate the fiction, good men were disgusted and ashamed. There happens to be preserved a letter of Father Christie, S.J., a missionary in Scotland from 1625 to 1642 and afterwards Superior of the Scots College at Douai, which touches on the very point. He writes, November 29, 1653, to the Rector of the Scots College at Rome, expressing alarm at a report which had reached him of some purpose to make additions to Rinuccini's book. Rinuccini

[2] The Marquis Inojosa is perhaps intended. He arrived in England as Extraordinary Ambassador June 11, 1623, and left again in June 1624.

himself died in the December of that year. Father Christie spoke of the project as 'odious,' and added:

> The rumour is that all in our country, Catholics and heretics, who did know him [Archangel] were scandalised at that first Book, which I wish had not been printed and divulged; nor that ane other be put out, seeing it will more aggravate and augment the rumours of untruths; so my opinion is there be no more made or amended touching it. Father Thomson [a Franciscan living in Rome] can sufficiently inform about the man. He was zealous, *but for the rest I will not write.* In his necessity before his death I got the Marchioness of Huntly to send him ten Jacobuses. He died in his mother's poor house just over the river Dee.

Strange to say, the remonstrances of the prudent Jesuit were of no avail. The threatened additions appeared at Rouen in 1660, under the title: *Le Capucin Escossois. Histoire merveilleuse et tres veritable arrivée de nostre temps. Traduite de l'Italien de Monseigneur l'Archevesque et Prince de Ferme, Nonce de sa Saincteté en Irlande. Reveu et corrigé en cet derniere edition.* The edition is also provided with an entirely new portrait. The work is ingeniously done. Rinuccini's concluding paragraphs, recounting his failure to get further information, are simply struck out, and the narrative continues without a break, misleading the reader, who must suppose that the whole is from the same author. There is no editorial reference to the supplementary matter or to its sources. But besides the additional chapter there are a number of suspicious alterations and interpolations throughout the text. The Capuchin is exalted to the rank of 'Count,' and his half-brother becomes the 'Baron de Torry.' The story of the second mission is given in the fullest detail. Archangel's shipwreck at 'St. Calpin' in the Isle of Wight; his providential meeting with his brother; the arrest of both under suspicion as spies for examining the fortifications of Newport; their subsequent release on Archangel making himself known to King Charles, who recognised him with joy and insisted on his taking up his abode in the Palace at Newport, where the king was then keeping his court; the despatch of the missionary by sea to Aberdeen, with special privileges accorded by the grateful monarch to the Leslies of Monymusk, who on account of their illustrious services to the crown were alone in Scotland permitted the free exercise of their religion and the services of a Catholic chaplain. Finally, it is here that we read of Archangel's too great success in preaching, his angry recall by the king, his death by the Borders on his journey southwards, and his burial on the haunted mountain-side.

The new romancer had well caught the spirit of the original. But it is not easy to guess his name or even his nationality. The dedicatory epistle is addressed by Francis Clifton, a royalist exile, to George Digby, second Earl of Bristol, who had recently been received into the Catholic Church at Ghent. But there is nothing in this preface to indicate Clifton's responsibility for the story. Nor does the

new matter appear to have been the invention of a foreigner, though the English mistakes are ridiculous enough. For instance, Charles I. never kept court or resided in the Isle of Wight at the time referred to (1633–37). The additions in question were not known in Italy for some years after the publication of this Rouen edition. On the whole they look like the *jeu d'esprit* of some graceless Scot abroad. The titles 'Count Leslie' and 'Baron de Torry' seem at least to suggest a Scottish author. Archangel in his tale to Rinuccini never gave himself the title of count, and he can hardly have thought of it. The first Count Leslie was Walter, son of John Leslie, tenth baron of Balquhairn, who was created a count of the Holy Roman Empire by Ferdinand III. in 1637, the year of Archangel's death. The barony of Torry belonged to no Leslie, but it is curious to observe that it did belong to a Forbes, the real owner of Monymusk, and remained the property of that family until 1705, when Sir William Forbes sold it to the City of Aberdeen.

The legend in its new and enlarged form proved a great success. It spread rapidly in France and gradually made its way into other Continental countries. The Paris edition of 1682 came out with a new title: *L'Histoire et la Vie merveilleuse du Comte de Lesley, gentilhomme Escossois, Capucin*, and with again a new portrait.

Meanwhile, in ignorance of the French amplified version, an enterprising son of St. Francis in Rome, Eleuterio d'Alatri, composed a drama, *Il Cappuccino Scozzese in Scena*, which was published by his brother, Signor Francesco Rozzi d'Alatri, in 1673. The first scene is laid in *Monumusco Villa*, and the second in *Edemberg Citta in Scotia*. The impious chaplain appears as Lurcanio, the devils sing a hymn to Pluto, and Calvin himself speaks through the mouth of Beelzebub. The Roman friar goes to work seriously. He is distressed with the difficulty of preserving the unities, he gives detailed stage instructions and hints as to costume. But the portion of his work which concerns us here is the short preface which contains first a brief summary of Rinuccini's book, and secondly some supplementary information said to have been derived from a relative of Archangel, William Leslie, then one of the household of Cardinal Barberini, regarding the second mission. Nothing seems known of the Isle of Wight episode or of the voyage to Aberdeen, but Archangel is said to have passed from Italy to Edinburgh, where there occurred the incident of the martyrdom of the sick 'Baron Daltay' and his son by the enraged Presbyterians, while Archangel, who had just administered to the Baron the last sacraments, made his escape through the window. The story told thus, more than forty years after the event, may be much exaggerated or even without foundation, but it has the singular merit of being the only romantic incident, in the published Lives, which comes as a genuine tradition from Scotland, and is not a deliberate invention. Mr. Cunninghame Graham confesses himself puzzled by 'Daltay,' but

this name, though constantly repeated by the later biographers, is a mere misprint in the preface to the drama. In the text of the play, and in the mouth of some devil, it appears more correctly as 'Dalgaty,' and under this form Mr. Graham will have no difficulty in recognising a laird of Dalgety, or a member of the Hay family.

During the eighteenth century the Life in its most ample shape, combining Rinuccini's original, the Rouen additions, and the story told by D'Alatri, took deep root in foreign Catholic literature. It passed into Belgium, Holland, and Germany. Bernardus de Bononia, who in his *Bibliotheca Scriptorum Capuccinorum* (Venice, 1747) gives more than ordinary space to this shining light of his order, could well appeal to the 'crowd of grave authors' who testified to the facts. Yet here and there were heard some whispers of doubt. Even this same Father Bernard appears to have felt that all was not right about the Isle of Wight, for he shipwrecks Archangel on a nameless island, and drops all reference to King Charles and his Court. Father Timothy of Brescia, also, in the interesting preface to his second and enlarged edition of 1740, *Istoria compiuta e non più veduta in Italia*, notices some sceptical rumours, but only to brush them aside with the assurances, which we may not be disposed to question, that Rinuccini's veracity is unimpeachable, and that the marvels of the story do not surpass those recorded of Joseph, the Viceroy of Egypt.

All this time England and Scotland alone had looked askance at the legend. But in the present generation it seems to have been universally accepted in the highest quarters as if consecrated by a venerable tradition. Bishop Raess, of Strasburg, in the eleventh volume of his great biographical work, *Die Convertiten seit der Reformation* (Freiburg, 1873), has done it full honour. Rocco da Cesinale, who, as an eminent theologian, attended the Vatican Council, made special historical investigations on the subject in preparation for his *Storia delle Missioni dei Cappuccini* (3 vols., Rome, 1872). He had also, when in London, made personal enquiries, and was satisfied that there are still traces of Archangel's chapel in Monymusk House. He has no patience with the sceptics, who might as well throw doubt on the Book of Job or the Story of Tobit. With such learned support, the legend, in its richest colours and adorned with all the graces of pious rhetoric, was able for the first time to get a foothold in the Catholic literature of this country through the pages of the *Annals of the Franciscans*.[3] It has at last been welcomed by the learned Benedictines of Fort Augustus. In Father Hunter Blair's translation of Bellesheim's *History of the Catholic Church of Scotland*,[4] several pages are devoted to the distinguished missionary, eulogising his 'fruitful labours,' 'ardent nature,' and 'almost unlimited influence,' the translator being content to add the odd and insufficient note that

[3] Vols. iii.-v. London, 1879-81. [4] Vol. iv. 1890.

'many details in Rinuccini's biography [viz., the *details* of 'Monymusk' and the 'Count'] are evidently more romantic than correct.'

The vitality of the story seems to be now proof against all profane censures. The light shafts of ridicule cast upon it by such writers as Lord Hailes, Robert Chambers in his *Biographical Dictionary*, or Colonel Leslie in his *Records*, appear only to inspire the biographers with new and bolder developments. Père Richard, whose inventive faculties seem hardly inferior to those of Archangel himself, has put forth, only ten years ago, *Le Comte Georges Leslie, ou une Mission dans la Grande Bretagne* in a veritable *édition de luxe*, printed for the Society of St. Augustine in a manner worthy of the *Facultés Catholiques de Lille.* Like Father Rocco, Père Richard professes to have made independent researches, and he presents us with what he calls an Epilogue. We here learn that on the death of Archangel the king sent to the brothers Leslie a special messenger to give expression to his regret at the loss of so distinguished a subject. The Barons de Torry, who inherited their half-brother's property, now agreed to consecrate the Manor of Monymusk as a centre of the Catholic mission. As long as Charles lived the barons were unmolested, but the impious Cromwell put the mansion to the flames; the three brothers—for they have become three—were driven to the mountains, and when they died without issue the House of Torry became extinct.

In this fashion can the Life of a 'Servant of God' be manufactured and a monstrous fiction be propagated in our so-called critical age. *Prævalet*, and probably, in spite of Father Christie, Colonel Leslie or this Review, *prævalebit.*

T. G. LAW.

THE COAL CRISIS AND THE PARALYSIS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

NOTHING in the recent history of the industries and manufactures of the United Kingdom has produced more inconvenience and anxiety than the strike of coal-miners still pending in the great Midland coal-fields. If that event had stood entirely alone it would have been sufficiently grave, but when it is regarded as only one episode in a great movement which appeared to culminate last year in the serious strike of the Durham miners, and in the almost equally troublesome strike in the region of the Pas-de-Calais, not to speak of the concurrent strikes during September and October of this year in the districts of the Nord in France, and in the principal Belgian coal-fields, the whole history and bearings of the movement appear to indicate a spirit of unrest and turbulence that augurs most unfavourably for the future relations of Capital and Labour, and bodes but ill for the future prosperity of the country.

The great and frequent strikes which have of late years, and during the present autumn in particular, taken place among the coal-miners of Great Britain have struck such a severe blow at the foundations of British industry that we may well feel alarmed for the stability of the superstructure. Capital, if increasingly exposed to such risks, will feel so insecure that it will be repelled from industries that are attended by constant but unmeasurable losses at home or abroad, where greater safety is assured, even if the chances of high profits are less apparent.

It is natural, in these circumstances, that we should ask ourselves whether there is anything inherent in the character of mining operations, and those engaged in them, to render the risks and losses of that industry more inevitable than those of any other. If this should be so, we have to face the further question whether something cannot be done by arrangement between the parties, or by State control, to minimise the evils that are now working havoc with our trade and commerce.

One of the principal causes of the apparently greater turbulence and restlessness of miners is their shifting and migratory character It is well enough known in the great coal-fields of the country that men are drafted into the mines from almost every occupation under

the sun. The men are not rooted to the soil in the same sense as the agricultural labourers, from which their ranks are very largely recruited. They have no interests fixed in the locality, and it matters but little to them, as a rule, whether they remain in the same service or not. No doubt some employers are better than others, and some localities are more congenial than others; but this is almost all that attracts the average miner to any particular spot. Nearly one-half of the total number of the men employed in and about the coal-mines of Great Britain have been set on since the year 1871, when there was a great increase of demand, that reached its culminating point in the coal famine of 1872–73. In 1871 the total number of men employed in the coal industry was some 371,000; in 1874, as a result of the famine, and of the lowered productiveness of labour, which formed so potent a factor in its origin, the number of hands similarly employed had increased to 539,000. Here, then, there was a total increase of 168,000 hands within three years.

Four years afterwards the employés in and about the coal-mines of the country had fallen to 475,000, not in consequence of any serious decline in the means of employment, but because the attraction of high wages had been removed.

It has been the same movement that has been proceeding ever since, although differing in intensity and volume.

The fluctuations in the rate of wages about that time were very remarkable. In the year 1870 Scotch miners were receiving an average wage of 3*s.* 9*d.* per day.[1] In 1873 this had advanced to 9*s.* 11*d.*, or, in other words, it had almost trebled in amount. Five years later, however, the average had fallen to only 3*s.* 2*d.* per day, which was less than one-third of the average of 1873. In other words, wages had between 1870 and 1874 increased by so much that the miner could earn the rate of the former year with little more than one-third the amount of work. It was, perhaps, only natural that he should make use of his opportunity. His work, at the best, is hard and irksome. When he got to 9*s.* 11*d.* per ton he slackened his pace, and the average quantity of coal produced per man fell from 314 tons in 1870 to 232 tons in 1874. The miners, by this policy, assisted for a time to keep prices at a higher level than they would otherwise have kept, but only for a time. Two inevitable laws came into play—the first, that the high rate of wages paid attracted to the mines many thousands of outsiders who were willing to submit to the discipline of learning a new occupation, and to the *désagréments* and risks of mining employment, for the sake of the higher pay; and the second, that, while the higher rate of wages lasted, the labour market yielded a sufficient influx of hands to compensate for the diminished industry of the men then getting coal, until, as we have seen, there was a glut of labour and of coal alike within four years after the coal famine had reached its most acute

[1] *Report of the Industrial Remuneration Conference of* 1885, p. 143.

stage. It was not, however, until 1881 that the rate of average productiveness that preceded the coal famine was recovered—a circumstance that was, no doubt, partly due to the temporary industrial demoralisation of one section, and to the want of experience and technical skill of another.

The average miner is not much of a political economist. He sets aside, in his practice, the sophisms of Bastiat and the principles of Adam Smith. He looks back with wistful eyes to those 'rosy times' of 1873–4, and yearns to have them repeated. His impression appears to be that, as the fundamental cause of the coal famine of that period was the existence, first, of a larger demand, and, secondly, of an organisation or understanding among the miners to restrict production, he can reproduce those conditions, and their attendant higher wages, by a more or less prolonged discontinuance of work. He has tried it again and again on a more or less limited scale—now in Northumberland, then in Durham, and again in some other locality—and he has invariably found that he was playing a losing game. Last year he tried the experiment of a general stoppage of work for a whole week, which his leaders euphemistically termed 'a play week,' and the alarm and anxiety thereby created, and the rush made to procure supplies of coal at almost any price, apparently proved to his satisfaction that the public might be manipulated, and that the experiment might be repeated successfully, if attempted on a larger scale and with a more thorough organisation. He has now made this experiment, but on a partial scale only, and thereby hangs one of the principal causes of his failure. The men of Durham and Northumberland, after their recent experience of the futility of strikes, and of the enormous hardships and sacrifices which they involve, were not inclined to renew that experience. The men of Scotland, whose experience over the last two years has been equally chequered and bitter, wisely decided not to plunge their families again into all the miseries of starvation for the sake of a Yorkshire shibboleth. The men of Wales have been only half-hearted all through, and were not indisposed to arrange matters when they had an excuse for doing so. Hence the Federated Miners of the Midlands have had to fight the battle in the face of the tremendous odds arrayed against them by their compeers in other localities not only continuing at work, but producing all the more—for it generally happens at such a time that many men in the affected locality, who have no fancy for martyrdom, will find their way into other districts where employment is not denied them as it is in the strike districts. The supply of coal available was, of course, seriously reduced in the aggregate, and especially locally, but the case would have been much worse had not the men of the districts named kept at work.

Although the differences between employers and employed in the coal industry have of recent years appeared to have become much more serious and formidable than they formerly were, owing to the

greater magnitude of the interests involved, it is proper to bear in mind that, so far from being new, they are almost as old as the century, which is about equivalent to saying that they have been a nearly constant feature of the coal trade since it was an industry of any importance. Previous to 1850 four important strikes took place in the great northern coal-field: the first in 1826, the second in 1831, the third in 1832, and the fourth in 1849. The most severe and prolonged of these disputes was that of 1849, when over 22,000 men and boys in the two counties of Durham and Northumberland were laid off for four months, involving a loss estimated at half a million sterling. It is interesting to know that this, the greatest of the strikes that had taken place in the mining industry up to that time, was organised by the Colliers' Union, a body which at that day corresponded to the organisation that directs and controls the strike of the last two months, and which was said to number upwards of 60,000 members. The tactics of that day were also much on the lines of the more modern struggle, for we are told that 'the publications of the Union were written in a spirit of great hostility to the "master-class," and the avowed object of the Union was to stop all the manufactories of the kingdom until they secured the rate of wages which they demanded.'[2] In the struggle of to-day we see the same end and the same means 'writ large,' and with the same premonitions of failure.

The most remarkable and striking feature of these industrial struggles is, indeed, their usually hopeless character. The end is seldom proportioned to the costliness of the means employed. The result that is sought—the object of all the struggling, and suffering, and violence, and patient continuance in the exercise of many of the highest qualities of the martyr, is seldom attained. The four most serious and ruinous struggles of the kind within recent years have been those of the miners of Scotland, Northumberland, Durham, and the Midlands, the one almost directly following upon the heels of the others, and all of them involving the most disastrous losses; but not one out of the lot has fully secured the purpose for which it was undertaken. Other objects, not aimed at, have, however, been attained. The effect of the Northumberland strike was to greatly stimulate the coal trade of South Wales—its most formidable competitor—and to make it increasingly difficult for the collieries of the more northern county to hold their own. The effect of the Scotch strike was to paralyse the iron and engineering industries of the West, and to make the conquest of important markets much more easy to the foreigner than it would otherwise have been. The effect of the Durham strike of last year, as all the world knows, was to restrict the export trade, and thereby to prejudice our great shipping interests; to paralyse the iron industry of Cleveland, and thereby to give German ironmasters

[2] *Our Coal and our Coal Pits*, p. 201.

a footing in markets from which they would otherwise have been excluded; and, finally, to cause grave suffering to thousands of workmen who were quite innocent of any participation in the struggle, and irreparable loss to the business of the district. None of them had any issues that can be regarded as advantageous to the men themselves; certainly none had any consequences that justified or compensated for the immense sacrifice involved. It is the same with the present struggle, so far as present appearances can be said to point to an issue. With trade in its present depressed condition, a suspension of labour, which would be hazardous and uncertain in its results at any time, can only be regarded as the supremest folly.

The enormous direct loss involved in strikes and lock-outs can only be approximately arrived at so far as the men and interests immediately implicated are concerned. We cannot estimate the far-reaching and insidious consequences that are felt in all departments of industry for a longer or shorter period, and which are likely to sap British industry by removing the security and permanent guarantees without which capital is likely to be withheld or withdrawn—

> What's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what's resisted.

The Durham miners' strike of last year was estimated to have cost the coal and the immediately related industries, such as iron, steel, engineering and shipping, upwards of two millions sterling. The Midland strike of this year must have been a much more disastrous experiment. The wages of the men and boys involved can hardly be put at less than 25*s*. per week, all round.[3] Taking the total number of hands affected in and about and connected with the collieries at 350,000, this would mean a total weekly loss in wages of 437,500*l*., and if we multiply this by seven weeks we have a total loss of 3,072,500*l*. in wages for that period. It will be fair to assume that the loss to the employers, in consequence of keeping up the efficiency of their collieries, meeting standing charges and other necessary outlay, will have been almost as much again, and it is, of course, impossible to estimate the collateral losses inflicted on iron, engineering, and other industries, owing either to the failure of coal supplies, or to the serious increase of cost entailed by having to bring coal from other districts.

But even these figures, portentous though they appear, do not adequately represent the full extent of the disaster. From a national point of view, the most calamitous part of the business is the loss of our trade, which must always follow either a stoppage of industrial operations, or a great rise in the cost of production. The loss of business may be either temporary or permanent. It is difficult at

[3] The average wages paid to able-bodied miners is nearly 10*s*. per week more than this, but it will be on the safe side to put the average at not more than 25*s*.

the moment to say which of the two conditions will be most likely to attend the present struggle. But it need not excite any surprise if it should turn out that both Germany and Belgium have gained largely by our recent troubles. They are always ready to take immediate advantage of any disturbance of the swing of the English industrial pendulum, and the strike has given them an opportunity which they will know well how to utilise. So it was with the Durham miners' strike of last year, in consequence of which not only was the iron industry of Cleveland completely paralysed for months, and a whole group of towns on Tees-side plunged in misery, but Germans and Belgians got a firmer footing in a number of important British markets.

It is one of the worst features of industrial war that it inflicts much unmerited but unavoidable suffering upon interests and persons that are not parties to the dispute. This feature, more or less common to all struggles of the kind, is especially applicable to the coal industry, upon which so many other interests are directly dependent. A strike of cotton, or woollen, or engineering operatives need not necessarily affect, to any very serious extent, thóse who are not participants. A strike of blast-furnacemen, who are, like miners, liable to very shifting circumstances of work and wages, is likely to interfere with the many industries that depend upon pig-iron as their foundation. A strike among steel-workers may lay idle the shipbuilding yards of the country, and other establishments that depend upon supplies of that material; and a suspension of work at an engineering establishment is likely to cause inconvenience to those who are prosecuting industrial enterprise in various directions. But a strike of coal-miners is likely to be much more hurtful than any of these; provided it be made sufficiently comprehensive and far-reaching, it may, and probably will, equally affect the whole of those industries, and compel the suspension of every other industry in which coal is employed. Industries of all kinds depend upon fuel for their motive power, and without motive power they cannot proceed. Hence the strike of coal-miners in the county of Durham during last year did probably as much mischief, and inflicted as much loss and suffering outside of that industry, as it did within its borders; and hence, also, the grave results that are being experienced, and to be apprehended, from the present struggle. Other industries stand more or less independent and self-contained; but when we come to regard the coal trade—that, as Rudyard Kipling puts it, is 'another matter.'

What, then, is to be the practical outcome of all this unwisdom, suffering, and ruin, and how is it possible to so apply the experience of the present and the past as to avert the same dire consequences in the time to come?

To begin with, it is pretty evident that nothing can be done from

within that will not stand the test of being examined and judged from the point of view of self-interest. Anything to which both employers and employed are to be consenting parties must justify itself, as being a remedy or alternative that will more or less equally promote the advantage of both. Some years ago it was believed that the system of sliding-scales would answer this purpose. It appeared to provide an 'easy, artless, unencumbered plan' whereby both sides could participate in the ups and downs of the market in agreed proportions. But the sliding-scale system had several obvious defects: It could hardly provide for an equal division of profits, when good times allowed profits to be made, because it could not be so devised as to make the employed participate in the losses that were often entailed in bad times. The lower end of the scale was generally either too low for the men or too high for the employers. The upper end of it was usually so devised as to lead the men to suppose that it did not respond sufficiently rapidly to the fluctuations of price. Rightly or wrongly, the miners, over a large area, did not favour this system, although it is to be remembered, to its credit, that it has worked with much advantage for many years in the coal-field of South Wales, where it gave the men, during the recent period of prosperity, a total advance of about 50 per cent., as compared with a total gain of only 40 per cent., got without any sliding-scale, in some other districts.

Sir George Elliot's proposal to construct a vast organisation intended to comprise all the coal-production of the country that is thrown in any way upon the market—or some 140,000,000 tons in all, out of a total of over 182,000,000—is put forward as a means of harmonising and synchronising the various interests concerned. The essential features of the scheme are, however, by no means new, and where the basis differs from that of other previous proposals of a similar character, it is hardly likely to be particularly acceptable or successful. Sir George may describe his project as a combination, as a co-operative movement, as an industrial syndicate, as a trust, or as anything else he likes; but it is, to all intents and purposes, a ring pure and simple, and as such it is likely to share the distrust and disapproval that have been so freely bestowed upon all kindred schemes. More than a century and a half ago a nearly similar project was adopted on a considerable scale in the coal trade of the river Wear: that is to say, the coal-owners of that day pooled their output, had a common price, and adopted a common management and a common purse. Such, also, in its most essential features, was the subsequent combination in the North of England coal trade, known as 'the limitation of the vend'—a combination which, with occasional interruptions, lasted for many years, but which finally broke up, as such combinations generally do, because of the difficulties of reconciling and co-ordinating the various interests affected. Such, again, was the ring that was established some twelve or fifteen years ago, and

has since been several times resuscitated, in the anthracite coal trade of Pennsylvania, where a great part of the product was pooled, and where the selling price was determined by a committee appointed to manage the business and allocate the contributions.

But it needs not that we should go to former times and other conditions for examples of this character. The fact is, that a combination of the character suggested does, at this very moment, exist in Germany, in the coal trade of the Westphalian district, although it has led a very chequered career, and has been exposed to constant danger of disruption. The experience of the German coal industry has been much akin to that of our own—that is to say, under a system of unbridled competition, the trade has expanded enormously, and prices have steadily fallen until they got below the cost of production over a large area. In these circumstances, a combination to 'regulate' production, and, as a result, to keep up prices, was started in that district upwards of ten years ago. At first the organisation secured the adhesion of only some 70 per cent. of the trade, but by-and-by it gathered more force and favour, until it was able to control about 90 per cent. of the total output. After many trials and vicissitudes, the organisation was launched on its present lines in March last, and up to the present time it appears to have held pretty well together, although threatened by disintegrating influences that would have wrecked many another enterprise. But neither the coal trade of Westphalia, nor the anthracite coal trade of Pennsylvania, supply examples that are fairly comparable to the project launched by Sir George Elliott. Both of them are in the hands of comparatively few firms, and have more or less homogeneous interests, while the coal business of the United Kingdom would mean the co-operation of many different districts that possess between them upwards of three thousand separate collieries, all differing more or less from each other in reference to the cost of production, the markets which they supply, the quality of their products, and many other essential conditions. Nor does experience guide us as to how such a combination could necessarily improve the circumstances of the miners, or make them more satisfied therewith. Neither in Durham, nor in Pennsylvania, nor in Westphalia, has the establishment of such a combination been attended with any material improvement in the wages of the miners, and as the limitation of output which must form an essential part of any scheme of the kind tends to displace labour, the men have no special cause to regard such a movement with approval. It may be seriously intended to give the workmen a fixed proportion of the profits accruing from such a pooling of business, supposing it were possible; but who shall say what that proportion should be, and who shall guarantee that the miners will regard any such proportion as a fair or final settlement? In any event, the proportion that would be fair, and even liberal, in one district would

be insufficient, if not ridiculous, in another; and, in all probability, the innumerable questions of *meum* and *tuum*, of levelling up and levelling down, of concessions here and allowances there, adapted to special circumstances of an endless number of different cases, would make the scheme only a little less Utopian than the Socialists' ideal paradise of perfect social and economic equality.

Nor is there sufficient reason to suppose that more brilliant results could be achieved by the far-fetched proposal that the State should take over and work, as national property, the whole coal industry of the country. On what terms could such a gigantic purchase be carried out? Should it be on the basis of repaying to the colliery-owners the whole of their vast expenditure? If so, millions would have to be paid for properties that may not be worth as many thousands, inasmuch as most coal-owners have lost large sums in 'prospecting' enterprises that came to naught? Should it be on the basis of a specific capital assessment relatively to output? If so, some would get more, and others would get less, than their due. Not only so, but the coal-owner, like the London water companies and the railway companies of the United Kingdom, would naturally look for something in the form of prospective profits. The coal trade is subject to such remarkable fluctuations that although, as a matter of fact, it yields very poor and insufficient profits on the whole, every coal-owner is looking for a time when he shall do much better; his property is like Thrale's brewery—the outward and visible representation of 'the potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.' The only definite and generally acceptable proposal that was ever made to purchase the railway property of the country for the purposes of State control provided for the payment of such a sum in respect of prospective profits, that the amount to be handed over would have been almost twice as much as the actual capital investment, although that was admittedly wasteful. The purchase of the telegraph systems is another notable example of the difficulty of making a fair bargain where the State is called in. And even if the purchase of the coal-mines of the country were arranged by or for the State, what security would be given that matters would improve? Strikes are not unknown in State departments. The Government has not got the credit of being a very bountiful paymaster. And there is no guarantee —even if the success of the State had been much more pronounced, as an employer of labour, than it actually is—that it would administer the coal industry in any way better than is now done. The so-called nationalisation of our coal industries is therefore almost equally visionary. Doubts are suggested and difficulties are presented at every point. To place the source of our light, and heat, and power—the mainspring of our great manufacturing industry—the means of maintaining our place in the family of nations as a shipping and manufacturing people, among whom competition in its fullest and freest forms has been the

dominating influence for at least a generation—at the disposal and under the control of a State department would be to relinquish that freedom of action and of contract, that private initiative and forceful individualism, that has given us to-day, despite our many mistakes and shortcomings, our commanding place among the nations of the earth.

But while all this is true, it is still equally the fact that our position and our prospects have been seriously damaged by the recent operation of the system of free contract. It is not only that we are the losers of present trade, and the sufferers of temporary misery and privation. That of itself would be bad enough, no doubt; but the evils that we deplore are much more than merely local and temporary. We are giving to our foreign competitors chances and facilities that they might never succeed in obtaining for themselves.

It is a not uncommon error to suppose that England has the command of the cheapest coal in the world, and that we must necessarily retain our ancient supremacy from this point of view. Even if this supposition were perfectly true, there would still remain the serious damage done to our manufacturers by the temporary failure of our coal supplies over a large area. But the truth is that England does not now appear to have the command of such cheap coal as either Germany or the United States. This notable fact—the most fundamental and serious that can be imagined in reference to our industrial future—may easily be placed beyond doubt or controversy by an appeal to official figures that are presumably unaffected by sectional or selfish interests.

For several years preceding the year 1888 the average value of the coal produce of Germany at the mines was returned at a little over *5s. 6d.* per ton, and for the three years ending 1888 the average official value of the coal output of the United Kingdom was returned at a little under *5s.* per ton. But since 1888 the average value of the coal output of the United Kingdom has been given as almost *8s.* per ton, whereas that of Germany has been only about *6s. 9d.* per ton. The rise in coal, however, has not been so remarkable as the recent rise in wages, which in the United Kingdom has been from forty to seventy per cent. above the datum line of 1887-8, and in Germany has only been about one-half of that figure. Mr. A. M. Chambers, the President of the Coalowners' Federation, recently showed that the average wages paid to colliers and men employed in the underground working of Yorkshire pits was about *1l. 19s. 2d.* per week.[4] On the other hand, a recent official German publication[5] shows that in the principal coal-fields of that country the average wages paid to full-grown underground workers in the second quarter of the present year was only 3·71*s.* per day, or rather over 22*s.* per week. Under equal conditions, Great Britain can produce quite,

[4] See recent letter to the *Times*.

[5] *Zeitschrift für das Berg-Hütten und Salinen-Wesen*, xliii. part 3, p. 71.

as cheap, if not considerably cheaper coal, than any part of Germany; but for some time past the conditions have not been equal, and they have resulted in producing in our own country the dangerous and disquieting result of what appears to be a permanently higher range of prices for fuel, which result, if continued, would carry with it a permanently higher cost of manufacturing operations—*cæteris paribus*, of course—and a consequent permanently disabled and disadvantageous position in the foreign trade of the world.

So far as the United States are concerned, we have to face the prospect of being permanently dislodged from our former supremacy of rank as a coal-producing country. In the virgin coal-fields of that richly endowed country, a miner produces almost twice as much coal in a day as is produced in England; so that, in spite of the payment of a higher average rate of wages, the United States have for some years past been producing their coal at a cost not much exceeding one-half of that of many coal-fields that are being worked at home. In other words, while the average value at the pit's mouth of the British coal output has been returned at 8*s.* per ton, or thereabouts, for some years past, that of the United States, taken as a whole, for the census year 1890, was returned at about a dollar per ton, and it is probably less even than that at the present time.

It is, no doubt, a far cry to the coal-fields of the United States, and distance may lend enchantment to the view of their being unable to compete with our own. But this should not be too hastily assumed as impossible, or even unlikely. Some cargoes of American coal have already been landed in England. The principal cargoes shipped from the United States to British ports are largely cotton, and other commodities that can easily take large quantities of coal as ballast; so that if these commodities should by-and-by be produced alongside of each other—as they almost are to-day in the Southern States—we may easily see such supplies of American coal thrown upon the English market as will give us pause in our present ruinous and ghastly attempts at self-destruction. The margin is already a very narrow one. Many tons of heavy materials, such as pig-iron and steel, have been shipped from this country to the United States at 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* per ton. If the same rate of freight could be got for American coal destined for British ports, our coal markets may soon be flooded with supplies from the coal-fields of Virginia, Alabama, and Pennsylvania. The business would probably not be a 'fat one,' and the Americans are flying at higher game as a nation than merely supplying other countries with the raw materials of industry. But it will be an evil case for England should the day ever arrive when coal can be mined upwards of 3,000 miles from our shores, and landed at our very doors in successful competition with our own.

I. Stephen Jeans.

'RUSSUD'—AN INDIAN GRIEVANCE

Let the Rich deride and proud disdain,
These little things are great to little men.

FULLY believing in the justice of the above remarks of the poet, I venture to say a few words in connection with the 'Russud' question. I do not, however, belong to the class of men who take a pride in picking holes, ignoring all the blessings conferred by the present *régime*. As one coming from the rural population of the country, my sympathies are naturally with the teeming millions who are always grateful to Government for the peace they enjoy, bear hardships in silence, and have not yet learnt the Western art of agitation. British Government in India is like the clearest crystal, in which even the least flaw is visible. This being the case, it is by no means discreditable to the Government when its shortcomings are brought to light. With this apology I crave indulgence to enumerate the principal supplies usually requisitioned for an official's camp, as well as the modes adopted in obtaining them.

The supplies consist of carts, *charpais*,[1] fuel, straw, grass, earthen pots, *bhoosa*,[2] milk, fowls, eggs, and sundry stores from *bannias*[3] and *halwais'*[4] shops; and last, though not least, the services of a number of unfortunate wretches, whose sufferings begin with the arrival of the *lain-dori*.[5] Bathing-stools (chowki) and wooden lamp-stands (dewats) are not infrequently demanded and supplied gratuitously. Admitting that the landlords do not charge for fuel, straw, grass, earthen pots, and *bhoosa*, I ask—where do they come from? The answer is—from their tenants; whose misfortune it is to suffer for the liberality of their landlords, who should not be paid, since their pockets are not touched. Thus, the poor ryot is not only compelled to part, without payment, with what he can ill afford to spare, but he is also subjected to kicks and cuffs into the bargain, when supplying the requisitions. At such a time the vindictive underlings of a landlord do not often lose the opportunity of wreaking their spite on those among the tenants to whom they owe a grudge.

Be it clearly understood that the supplies of straw, grass, &c.,

[1] Beds. [2] Straw. [3] Shopkeepers.
[4] Confectioners. [5] Forerunners with the tents.

are always taken in extravagant quantities from individuals, irrespective of their inability to meet the exaction. When the *Tehsil myrmidons*[6] herald the approach of an official, an indiscriminate onslaught is made on the stores of all sorts of persons, be they landlords, *bannias*, sweepers, or cultivators; no matter who, so long as they possess the thing in demand. Even where regular Bazars are in existence the landlords and other private individuals are required to supply the Russud, in distinct contravention of the spirit of the Bengal Regulation XI, Section 8.

Exacting as these Tehsil *chaprasis*[7] are, they become doubly unscrupulous when backed by the camp *munshis*[8] and *kanungos*,[9] who love to feed their own vanity by showing off their brief authority, which, if it does not make the very angels weep, certainly makes the ryot. Acting upon the maxims of past misrule and anarchy, the *amlas*[10] openly say that their *Hukum*[11] is worth nothing if they have to pay even for their kitchen requirements. They cannot bear the idea of being thought inferior to the followers of ex-*Nazims*.[12]

To some, earthen pots, wood, and straw may appear very trifling items from a pecuniary point of view; but only he who has lived amongst the peasantry can justly estimate the value which villagers set on such things. It is the invariable practice of these petty tyrants to take of these articles twenty times more than the quantity actually required. It is this quantity which kills; for what can be a greater hardship to a man than the wresting from him, in one single day, that which has taken him a whole season to store up? What can be more repugnant to the feelings of a Hindu vegetarian or an ascetic who, himself undergoing the discipline of self-denial, is compelled to be the unwilling means of supplying animals for slaughter? Even the commonest camp follower, who in his own cottage can ill afford to possess more than one *gharra*[13] which, in case of breakage, he finds it difficult to replace, is not satisfied unless he monopolises four vessels: one for his drinking water, another for his rice, a third for his *dal*,[14] and a fourth for his ablutions. All of these, out of pure mischief, he takes care to smash when leaving for the next stage. Had these pots been preserved, they could have been reburnt and rendered fit for sale! After the breaking of the pots, it follows that all the straw supplied for their bedding is made into bonfires; and the *charpais* are presented to the village sycophants who have been attending on these camp underlings.

On the pretext of supplying the wants of an official's table, *maunds*[15] of milk, scores of fowls, and hundreds of eggs are daily brought in from far and wide; while actually one or two seers of milk, two or

[6] Subordinate revenue officers. [7] Messengers.
[8] Clerks. [9] Checkers of the village records.
[10] Lower ministerial officers. [11] Order. [12] Governors.
[13] Earthen vessel. [14] Lentils, pulse. [15] A maund = 82 lbs.

three fowls, and a dozen eggs would have been ample for the kitchen. But all the camp followers must fatten themselves during these tours. The Hindu must have extra feeds on *kheer*,[16] and the Muhammadan indulge in chicken *palaus*[17] and egg-curry; and, as a matter of course, they feast at the cost of the ryot.

The services of the *bannia* and *halwai* are impressed, and the men themselves are dragged about from village to village. Even admitting that these men are sometimes fairly paid for their supplies (which is open to grave doubt), I ask who is to reimburse them for the transit charges?

There are many other grievances, like the compulsory taking of carts and charpais, &c., which I need not detail. It will suffice to say that if one cart is required, twenty are seized, and only released after blackmail has been levied. The *charpais* are seldom, if ever, returned to the rightful owner. Now that fixity of tenure for the ryots has been secured, under different enactments, all over India, it is a matter of great regret that for about six months in the year they are placed at the mercy of the hungry vultures let loose under the fostering care of the *Tahsildars*[18] and landlords.

Oh, what a miserable thing it is to be injured by those of whom we cannot complain!

To put a stop to the evil practices of camp followers, I beg now to suggest certain remedial measures. But before doing so I cannot resist the temptation of giving an extract from a letter which appeared in the *Pioneer* some years ago. It is, no doubt, from the able pen of Mr. H. C. Irwin, the author of the *Garden of India*, and deserves the best attention.

'Apropos of the correspondence on "District Tours" which has lately been going on in your columns, will you allow me to venture on one or two suggestions for mitigating some of the abuses complained of? I have found that the *gharra* difficulty can be met by laying in a supply of iron or copper pots or *dols*.[19] A dozen of these would probably suffice for an average camp, and should put an end to all requisitions for earthen *gharras*. They are only required for bath-room and culinary purposes. The horses have their buckets, which the *bhisti*[20] fills from his *mussuck*,[21] and the servants have their *lotahs*[22] and *thalis*,[23] and have no need of earthen dishes. The little difficulty, again, may be minimised by laying in before starting a stock of *chatai*, or reed-matting, in pieces of four or five feet square, to be spread under the *durries*[24] instead of straw. Two rupees will purchase enough of this for a large single-poled tent, and it will last through a camping season. It is very light, and not very bulky, and can easily be packed on the top of a cart. Litter for horses and camp followers

[16] Rice milk. [17] Spiced rice with meat. [18] Revenue officials.
[19] Buckets. [20] Water-carrier. [21] Water-skin.
[22] Metal vessels. [23] Plates and dishes. [24] Carpets or floorcloths.

must, of course, be obtained at each camp, but the total amount required may be considerably diminished by the use of chatai for the tents. As for firewood, the *zemindar* [25] usually, in Oudh at least, supplies the wood, and would, as a rule, resent the offer of payment for it. All that can be done is to pay the *barhai* [26] who splits it up. *Baniahs* should not be compelled to remain at a camp longer than is necessary for all camp followers to purchase their supplies—say, five or six hours altogether—and care should of course be taken to see that they are paid in full before leaving. *Chaukidars* [27] who watch the camp should always be paid at the rate of at least an *anna* [28] a night for their services. This rule will generally suffice to put a reasonable limit to the number of those employed. The police, if left to their own discretion, will often collect twenty or thirty men where four or five would suffice. When nights are cold, Chaukidars should always be supplied with wood enough to keep up a small fire through the night.'

If a proper number of *Khalasis* [29] be not attached to a camp, then all the servants, *chaprasis*, &c., who came up with the *lain-dori* ought to be made to assist in pitching the tents, instead of the poor shivering villagers who are kicked up to do the work in the small and freezing hours of the morning. These menials, whose status is not a whit above that of the villagers, ought not to think such duty beneath them when British soldiers do not. When societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals are fast multiplying in the land, it is a shame that human beings should be subjected to such ill-treatment. Some scale ought to be laid down as to the quantities of wood and straw, and the number of earthen pots, which each camp should be supplied with; and the camp menials should be strictly prohibited from demanding *charpais*. Carts should be engaged at headquarters only.

The officers, as a rule, do not themselves travel with a large retinue; and it is only right, therefore, that the servants and *amlas* should be restrained from bringing out with them their uncles and cousins; for it is a practice with such men to send invitations to their relatives to join them on what may justly be styled their foraging expeditions. As regards the supply of grass for cattle, there ought to be no demand made for it. The grass-cutters attached to the camp should be made to go out and cut their own grass. When these men experience no difficulty in procuring grass at headquarters, why can they not find it always at hand in the open country when on tour? Grass-cutters are generally started off with the *lain-dori*; and they should always have a sufficient quantity of grass cut by the time the horses come up. The present rule, however, is that landlords have to supply the grass as long as a camp is pitched on their grounds. In place of making a zemindar supply wood and employing

[25] Landowner, landlord. [26] Carpenter. [27] Watchmen.
[28] The present value of the anna is less than one penny. [29] Tent-pitchers.

his own labour to split it, a better plan would be to employ hired coolies to cut it up. It is not the supplying of wood which causes so much worry as does the cutting of it up. I would also suggest that where Government forests exist, the fuel should be taken therefrom instead of compelling landlords to fell green trees, and thereby doing injury to arboriculture.

I do not at all go with those who blame all officers for this state of mismanagement on the part of their subordinates, for it is not their wish, but the faulty system now in vogue, which gives rise to this state of affairs. The Tahsildar or the *Peshkar*[30] always supports the *Khansama*,[31] for fear of giving him offence, or compromising his own men, who, as a matter of course, are always in league with the personal servants of the touring officers. And who would venture to impeach the Tahsildar and succeed in establishing the charge? The multifarious and heavy duties the touring officers have to perform make it impossible for them to attend to these minor, yet important, matters, and to go personally into details of petty payments. It would give a rude shock to their minds were they to learn that in their train they carry oppression, when, on the contrary, the object of the tour is the good of the very people whom the *amlas* and their underlings so grievously oppress.

I think it would be most satisfactory to all the parties concerned were a responsible *bannia* attached to each camp from headquarters. It would be his duty to supply milk, fowls, eggs, and the several items which go to make up the *russud*. If he should run short, he could always obtain supplies from the local markets on proper payment. To avoid oppression on the part of this *bannia*, a proclamation should be issued throughout the districts that if he practised oppression he would be dealt with according to law. The monopoly of supplying these camps would be greedily sought after by these *bannias*. The men in charge of the camps take particular care to establish terror in the simple minds of the villagers by blazoning it forth that they are acting under the *Sirkar's*[32] orders, and that no complaints will be listened to.

Now that Government is conceding local self-government to the masses, I ask, With what amount of self-respect can a man represent a body of electors who, for nearly half the year, are subjected to all sorts of indignities by Tehsil harpies?

There is but a limited number of people in this world whose aims in life are higher than those of the teeming millions whose requirements are so few and simple, and whose lot it is to suffer hardship in the ways I have now pointed out. But when men cannot enjoy even the frugalities of life, then Discontentment begins to sow her seeds.

ODAY PERTAP SING.

Bhinga: June 15, 1893.

[30] Assistant to Tahsildar. [31] Steward. [32] Government.

THE SELECTION OF ARMY OFFICERS

EXCEPT by the unselect few whose patriotism has been extinguished by advancing civilisation, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's announcement in the House of Commons of the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry into the system of selecting our military officers by public competition will be cordially greeted. It is understood the first sittings of this Committee will be held at the War Office in a week or two, and that it is to be no hole-and-corner business. All sorts and conditions of men are to be summoned, and a real effort will be made to have done with the professional tinkering of a grave national question. It is felt that of late years we have been going from bad to worse; that changes, purely tentative, and based in no small measure on selfish interests, have been carelessly permitted; and that some sweeping reorganisation is demanded by public opinion.

Happily this Departmental Committee will have for chairman so vigilant, energetic and open-minded a man as Lord Sandhurst, who may be trusted to preserve an even balance between the practical and the academic issues that must necessarily intrude themselves into this controversy. We may take it for granted that, as both political parties in the State concur in the opinion that there is nothing to put in the place of open competition in the selection of Army officers, some form of competition must continue; and, the purport of the coming inquiry being to determine future ways and means, an expression of opinion, which the present writer has been officially invited to subscribe, may serve the purpose of provoking valuable criticism.

Of all our public competitions the periodical examinations for choosing officers of the line are the most unpopular, and for two reasons: in the first place, the element of broad common sense in the process of selection is conspicuous by its absence; and, in the second place, no ordeal, even were it conducted sensibly, could be popular at which over 900 households must needs find disappointment year by year. The proportion of failure to success has increased, is increasing, and will not be diminished until further means of livelihood for the steadily augmenting ranks of 'unemployed' gentility be discovered. This

trouble being, therefore, practically irremediable, the need of circumspection in the methods of selection becomes all the greater. The task imposed on Lord Sandhurst's Committee is a difficult and responsible one. Justice has to be done to the public service as well as to the individual candidate; and, however deftly the mass of conflicting evidence that will be forthcoming may be sifted and interpreted, it will be impossible to contrive a perfectly ideal scheme. Discernment on the part of the Committee will detect error, and impartiality will expose it, but for all this 'open competition' will ever cry 'nay' to perfection.

Now what has hitherto been the *modus operandi?* The proceedings have opened with a preliminary examination for the purpose of eliminating all candidates who were wanting in extreme accuracy in *elementary* geography, spelling, arithmetic, and other School Board tests that until lately were grievously neglected during early education. The next step was that the qualified candidates should go through a medical inspection, at which only the blind and the maim, or those suffering from organic disease, were rejected; finally, the residuum competed for marks in purely educational subjects. The marks-value of the various subjects has been changed from time to time; fresh groupings of obligatory and optional subjects have been devised; the age-limit has been altered; in fact, every form of scholastic *réchauffé* has been adopted to suit the convenience of teachers; but there has been no discrimination exercised on behalf of the service. Public opinion has all along clamoured for the cream of the public schools, whereas the methods employed have only vouchsafed such small proportion of the cream as the doctrine of averages will allow, while there has been a steady bi-annual sacrifice of a large amount of the very best material merely to gratify the fads of a few doctrinaires.

In no examination for the Army do *marks* accrue to a candidate until it is a question of Latin or Greek or some other branch of knowledge. A young Achilles who has stroked an eight at Henley or captained his team at football, and who has given his time and muscle for the honour of his school, leaves the medical inspection with no better prospect of success, and often with a much worse one, than the stripling who has just managed to pass the doctor's muster.

Could any process of selection for recruiting her Majesty's Army be feebler than this? The needful material is at hand and in abundance; we profess the desire to secure it, yet this is the way we set to work. That the examinations for civil employment at home should be of a purely intellectual character is reasonable enough, probably expedient; but to adopt the same method, though on a lower plane, for selecting British officers is unjust to the military service at large as well as to the taxpayer.

In the proposal that is presently to come, and which is put forward in rough outline only as a mere suggestion, there is no covert

idea of substituting physique for brains or checking the flow of meritorious mental effort. Brains of a high quality we must have, in order to keep on even terms with continental standards. Nothing further is sought than to give physique a fair chance—in other words, to make it a subject of examination carrying its full meed of marks—and to attempt to secure the happy combination of physical robustness with intellectual fitness. To compass this end effectually Government must not only consent to a reorganisation of subjects of study, but to a further reform very drastic in character. We have just been told that the old 'preliminary' has been abolished. It has cost the service many a fine fellow and is well out of the way. In its place might be substituted a new form of 'preliminary'—not one of figures or spelling, but one at which the physically competent should be carefully marked, and the physically incompetent promptly plucked.

Hitherto, when anything of the kind has been mooted in public speeches, or in newspaper articles and correspondence, no practical comments in aid of the solution of the problem have accompanied them. The helping hand seems to have been always stayed by the more fascinating impulse to abuse the system and, notably, the 'crammers.' Few other subjects have been the occasion of more silly utterances or have provided such prolific opportunities for newspaper paragraphists in search of 'copy;' and yet the net result is that many public schools have been indirectly compelled to turn crammers themselves by instituting Army classes modelled on specialising methods, just as the Universities are now willing to specialise for the India Civil Service Competition. The tables are completely turned. In the petty warfare that has been waged all this long time between the different scholastic institutions the true interests of the service have been lost sight of, and we are unable to trace in the changes effected in recent years any other than a policy of protection. It is natural the heads of influential schools should wish all radical changes to be introduced leisurely and with as little friction to their curriculum of studies as possible. For this reason the tendency at present is to model Army examinations on the intellectual tests that govern the education of youngsters *en route* to the Universities, and not according to the prospective requirements of officers who are to be dodged about the face of the globe under trying circumstances of climate, and often enough of self-reliance and self-denial. The contention of the present writer is that the War Office should impose its own conditions irrespective of biassed counsellors, academic or otherwise; and that, considering the enormous excess of supply over demand, the military authorities can command their own terms and readily obtain them without contravening public opinion in regard to the most desirable sources whence the best material can be derived.

The chief feature of the present proposal is that the War Office should become exclusively responsible for the conduct and management of the preliminary physical examination, awarding to each qualified candidate a certificate of his marks. This certificate would be handed in to the Civil Service Commissioners, who would afterwards conduct the literary examination, and who would include in their aggregate of individual marks those quoted on each certificate respectively. This is the one and only chance of asserting itself as worthy to be reckoned as well as brains that I would give to physique. But something much more than a casual hurried medical inspection will be necessary to meet the requirements of this new preliminary test. *L'œil du maître* must scrutinise each candidate in more ways than one: this must be a complete and not a haphazard diagnostic.

At present a fee of 1*l.* carries an Army candidate through the whole examination, medical and literary. Foreign Office candidates and nominees for House of Commons clerkships pay 6*l.* For the Home Civil Service, the India Civil Service, the Colonial services, the Government fee is 5*l.*; for the Student Interpreters' examination it is 4*l.*; for the Engineering College at Cooper's Hill it is 2*l.*

By imposing an additional 1*l.* on Army candidates about 2,500*l.* annually would be collected, to which the sum previously expended in the now exploded literary preliminary could be added. This annual income would not only suffice for the payment of interest on a Government loan for the erection, on some suitable spot, of a riding-school, together with such accessories as a gymnasium, fencing-room, properly fitted medical quarters, and other appliances for testing physical robustness, but it would also suffice for the salaries of a staff of examiners, either permanent or elected for periods, as at the London University. On these premises, and under the eye of the War Office, the physical examinations would be held. Each candidate would be known only by a number, and there could be no more suspicion of favouritism than there is to-day in regard to any of the *vivâ voce* examinations in modern languages. By summoning given numbers at certain hours of the day, and subdividing them into groups among the different departments of this building, the whole business should not occupy more time or involve much more intricate management than is presently necessary for the oral examinations in French and German; and it would be infinitely more diverting. In any case, we should be putting the horse into the shafts, and not behind the cart; for our present method is to get what raw material we can through merely brain tests, and to improve it as best we may at the Sandhurst Gymnasium. With the large number of competent soldiers on the retired list it would be easy to find a staff to conduct these preliminaries in a thoroughly satisfactory and economical manner.

Consideration might also be given to the expediency of erecting

on the upper floors of this building some spacious rooms suitable for the literary examination that would follow; failing this, the compulsory visit to London of each aspirant might be limited to the single day of the physical test, and the literary ordeal could be held at various recognised centres. Whatever may be the decision on this latter point there would always remain the important fact that our War Office will have decided, after a crucial inspection, who shall and who shall not go on with the competition, and will know that justice has been done all round by giving the more physically desirable competitors a certain margin in marks to start upon. Obviously the institution of so vital a change will not necessarily make the tallest and strongest candidate secure of his commission. Nature will have endowed him with marks to a limited extent only; and his schoolmates will be rejoiced that his reputation in the playing field will follow him into the examination-room. If he is a sufficiently fair scholar for the needs of the service his physique will help him towards the goal; if he is simply an athletic duffer it will not go nearly far enough and his absence will not be a national loss.

This is not the moment to discuss the details of an innovation of such magnitude. These will fall into abler hands if the principle itself be esteemed salutary and workable, and if the general idea be accepted as a partial clearing of the present imbroglio. But, above all things, the public mind must freely grasp the point that the new test, as proposed, can only serve as a physical auxiliary in an intellectual ordeal, just as a certain aptitude in compassing examination questions is a potent literary auxiliary that emergency now requires should be handicapped. Or, to put it in the form of a simple question to the public—Given the British parent with four adult sons, all of them decently educated and of unimpeachable morals, and who is put upon his honour to select the two he considers fittest to accept commissions in a marching regiment, would his first thought be for the more delicate, for the school-prize winners, or would it be for the healthiest, the most robust, the most prominent in school sports?

But the principle here advocated admits of no selection, no favouritism; it simply introduces one more subject of examination which, in the interests of the public weal, shall carry marks. Let it not be imagined, however, that by this means our Army would be officered by admirable Crichtons. Short of rigid personal selection—an impossibility in these days—we could not come even near to excellence; nor are we likely to exclude a *vast* number of undesirable recruits by the method proposed; but at least we should be certain of scoring many fewer grave failures and of securing a much heavier percentage of 'the right sort' than heretofore, and we should be endeavouring to meet the scornful criticism of modern days in regard to our imbecile attempts to separate the wheat from the chaff.

By way of anticipating the objection to this scheme that will probably occur to many readers as to the undesirability of building costly premises that would be utilised only at the two annual competitions for Woolwich, the two for Sandhurst, besides those for the Militia, it may be urged that there is really no limit to the useful possibilities of such an institution provided a central site can be found for it. The gymnasium and fencing-rooms might be thrown open to members of the civil, naval, and military services at a moderate subscription, except during close time; selected candidates for the India Civil Service, the Indian Police, the India Forest Service would be attracted to the riding-school; the tactical war-games, so instructive and recreative to Militia and Volunteer officers, might be played out there; the Civil Service Commissioners could hold many of their examinations on the premises, instead of having to hire rooms and halls in different parts of the metropolis, and not unfrequently very noisy ones, within earshot of the deafening whistles and rumblings of underground trains; indeed, under wise management, Government might introduce something worthy of this much-abused competition era without any assistance from the public purse.

Should this proposal for a grand metropolitan building not be generally approved, an alternative scheme would be to hold both the physical and the literary tests at certain military depots or centres where there are cavalry barracks. The great drawback, however, of this multiplication of areas would be the difficulty of preserving uniformity in the standard of marking and the need of employing a very large examining staff.[1] The Committee might also consider how far it would be rational and equitable to have a certain quota of marks allotted to juvenile 'crack shots' in Volunteer corps.

The next step, assuming something akin to my proposal can be carried out, will concern the literary examination, and here there is room for reorganisation—less radical, forsooth, but, in its bearing on the whole subject, of scarcely lower importance. By taking count of the progressive educational movements of our near neighbours, it will be manifest to all but prejudiced folk that we may wear the badge of slavish tradition a shade too long. The old argument that everything beyond certain standard dishes 'can easily be acquired later on' may hold good for learned young men destined for learned professions, but it is not applicable to a less learned type, hungering for military life, or taking to the Army *faute de mieux*, and whose chances of competing are cut off at the early age of nineteen years, after long exposure to the temptations of the playing-field. Sandhurst candidates used to have breathing-time up to the age of twenty to repair the ravages of excusable idleness, but even this has been docked; and the blow must fall on the very men who can least well bear it—on the athlete who has lingered too long.

[1] The existing establishment at Aldershot might be utilised to a considerable extent.

This is another of the many bad features in a bad scheme, and it is to be hoped the Committee of Inquiry will ascertain why this injustice has been perpetrated.

Now, if it were possible to extract from every great educational centre returns, extending over recent years, of the position and qualifications of intending Army candidates, or, better still, if the periodical school reports of such candidates could be perused, we should discover that the great bulk of the examinees belong to a group of lads who were summed up in this Review (February 1889) in an article by the present writer on examinations generally, as follows:—

> In this large mass are comprehended the different types found on the outskirts of the sixth and all through the fifth forms of great schools. Many distinct subdivisions are to be noted. There is the cleverish casual boy who works by fits and starts; the plodding boy of mediocre classical or mathematical abilities, whose work is generally creditable, but who rarely rises beyond the level of respectability; then we have a great number who abominate Greek and Latin, and who might develop distinct tastes under a less rigid system than they are exposed to; afterwards come the boys who can do but won't do, and who cannot be induced to make any effort until their personal interests are at stake; and, lastly, the dreamy, artistic, dilettante lad who loafs and reads fiction.

The residue would come under another group, which was in the same article indelicately characterised as 'the unworshipful company of duffers.' On the other hand, some few come forward who are exceedingly good scholars. They can always take care of themselves; but it is on the interests of the large group that public attention is riveted.

The subjoined tables of statistics will give a general idea of the number of competitors, of the subjects, and the averages of marking in the Sandhurst examination during the two years ending December 1892. With very few exceptions, and allowing for the many contingencies and risks inseparable from all large competitions, as well as for the changeable moods of examiners, they yield just such a series of averages as the initiated would have expected.

Table I gives an analysis of the numbers competing in the two years, and certain averages of marks made by the first 300 competitors. It will be seen that the real struggle is among the last thirty or forty who win and the next thirty or forty who fail. So narrow an affair is it sometimes that on a gross total of 12,500 possible marks, some 300 marks only will make the difference of *fifty places* on the list. A reference to column No. 11 will verify this; and by glancing at columns 11 and 12, for June 1892, we shall see that 566 marks on a similar total made the difference of just 100 *places*. Indeed, it really comes to this—that unless a candidate is fortunate enough to obtain high marks in four branches, in addition to what he can score for his essay and drawing, his fate is sealed. Now, as the

margin on the purely brain test is so inconsiderable in so many cases, and may depend on one of many little accidents, it follows that the preliminary physical test would frequently turn the scale in the right direction. That a great number of strong young fellows do hold their own from first to last goes without saying; but when it comes to a pinch we should gain by securing a man with $3\frac{7}{8}$ strong subjects and a fine physique in preference to one with four strong subjects and a weaker physique; and such a school as is proposed would be the means of deciding every such case for us.

TABLE I

Date of examination	2	3	4				8	9	10	11	12	13	14
				Maximum, 12,500			Difference in marks obtained by						
				...ks, 1st pla...	Marks, last entry pla...				...40th	100th	150th	200th	250th
June 1891 . .	147	318	465	8,632	5,761	419			605	405	269	472	471
December 1891 .	121	479	600	10,371	6,314	853			616	301	319	292	425
June 1892 . .	129	572	701	8,859	6,651		2,185	1,650	411	282	284	232	271
December 1892 . .	104	570	671	9,121	6,838		2,586	2,318	350	357	282	355	267
Average per year .	250	969	1 220	—									

Before looking at Table II readers who are not quite conversant with all the details of this examination should peruse the following prescribed regulations for the literary competition during the period under consideration:—

SUBJECTS OF EXAMINATION

Class 1

(Obligatory)

	Marks
1. Mathematics	2,500
2. Latin	2,000
3. French or German (only 200 marks for colloquial) . .	2,000

Class 2

(Any two subjects may be chosen)

1. Higher Mathematics	2,000
2. German or French (as alternating with subject 3 in Class 1)	2,000
3. Greek	2,000
4. English History	2,000
5. Chemistry, elementary	2,000
6. Physics, elementary	2,000
Physical geography, and geology, chiefly economic; including recognition of more familiar minerals and rocks, and their properties and uses	2,000

The existin

Class 3

(All three subjects may be taken)

	Marks
1. English composition	500
2. Freehand drawing	500
3. Geometrical drawing	1,000

The next point of interest is the kind of choice that adults, chiefly drawn from the great schools, will make. All *must* take the whole of Class 1, and 99 per cent. exercise their right of taking the whole of Class 3. As regards Class 2, it might reasonably be supposed that Greek and Higher Mathematics (but which are not high) would take the lead. Let us see.

TABLE II

	Subjects chosen by successful candidates					Subjects chosen by first 100 of the unsuccessful candidates				
	Higher Mathematics	Greek	English History	Science	French or German	Higher Mathematics	Greek	English History	Science	French or German
June 1891 . .	37	32	86	42	95	17	17	55	27	82
December 1891 .	30	26	60	43	83	13	16	62	36	70
June 1892 . .	18	31	66	47	96	11	18	62	37	72
December 1892 .	19	27	69	26	67	15	17	61	38	67

TABLE III

SHOWING HOW MANY CANDIDATES GAINED MORE THAN HALF MARKS

	Latin			English History			Mathematics, obligatory			French or German, obligatory			French or German, Class 2		
	Successful candidates	Next 100	Next 100	Successful candidates	Next 100	Next 100	Successful candidates	Next 100	Next 100	Successful candidates	Next 100	Next 100	Successful candidates	Next 100	Next 100
June 1891 . .	93	36	23	28	3	2	81	25	8	89	48	27	67	32	10
December 1891 .	85	38	26	12	6	0	107	66	52	94	69	61	48	22	15
June 1892 . .	100	51	41	10	4	0	114	77	63	93	59	36	69	43	27
December 1892 .	85	66	57	49	30	15	87	62	44	81	55	41	47	28	16

Here, then, are certain facts staring one in the face with ugly stubbornness. We find a very large average so conscious of complete failure in Greek, after years of dabbling, that they turn for comfort and help to History, only to find a very 'lenten entertainment.' The averages in this branch are conspicuously meagre, while those in French and German are, on the whole, satisfactory, and would be still more so if candidates who happen to have been abroad were not restricted to *one-tenth* marks for colloquial facility. Until November 1891 *one-fifth* marks were wisely allotted to the colloquial test. Who,

then, can have prevailed on the authorities to discourage Englishmen from learning to speak French or German, and what was their motive?

Table II tells this interesting tale—that against 160 who selected 'Higher' Mathematics and 184 who selected Greek, 521 plumped for History, and 632 for an *extra* modern language. The inference, then, is that Greek should be dropped, and History studied at an earlier stage, and that the subject should be approached more seriously and cease to be the *pis-aller* that it is. The figures in Tables II and III point unmistakably to the opinions entertained by candidates themselves, as well as by their advisers, when the dread moment for choosing has arrived; but the grievance is that the estimate of individual capacity is postponed to the eleventh hour, and that very many lads are thus sacrificed annually on the altar of customary law.

Not a voice has been raised against the great schools for leaving the old beaten track and condescending to the path of specialism which for a quarter of a century and more was left for others alone to tread; but now, having taken the plunge, they surely possess the wherewithal to give completeness to the venture. The nature of the moral obligation incurred by this new departure is fully revealed by the figures in Table III, where the comparative dearth of marks for History (apparently a popular subject) is accurately scheduled. We have no quarrel with the examiners; their questions are sufficiently general and reasonably searching. It would obviously be unfair to those who have for many years given their energies to Classics and Mathematics, if the candidates who had selected History were rewarded with profuse liberality after some eighteen months' training in an Army class; on the other hand, it is manifestly the business of those who supervise the interests of intending candidates to make needful provision in due season for those whose school reports betray the inevitable necessity of substituting History, or some other subject, for Greek and Mathematics. Time, zeal, and patient teaching are needed to make a lad proficient in Latin composition; these are equally necessary to those who have to face a paper of questions covering the period from the early Saxons to Queen Victoria, in addition to a special paper on a prescribed period of sixty to eighty years, the whole involving questions of political, ecclesiastical, and domestic policy, of commerce, colonisation, rebellion, war, treaties, Indian administration, Scotch and Irish affairs, the composition and equipment of armies at different epochs, besides the thousand and one details of statesmanship, lawgiving, biography, and what not, covering eight centuries of our national life. We used to be told that all this could be 'crammed' in a few months; but indeed it cannot, and the details in Table III show that it cannot. Therefore, my contention is that for those who, from temperament or other causes, utterly fail about the age of six-

teen, to develop any aspiration or capacity for dead languages, History may be found the next best substitute. In very shame we have been obliged to suppress our insular prejudices against modern languages; and, having done so, have turned what was the hollowest of farces into something admirably real. It was merely a question of goodwill, vigour, and sympathetic scientific teaching. No other subjects are more skilfully taught at the present hour in England; and my tables demonstrate that even Latin exhibits no higher level of proficiency, while in popularity the 'extra' modern language is considerably ahead of all the other optional subjects. What, therefore, can be achieved for modern languages can also be achieved for History; but in shaping the future course of study under this head for Army candidates we may do worse than borrow a leaf from the Frenchman's or the German's syllabus. The young French competitor for admission to the Military College of St. Cyr is duly warned that history is a subject of chief importance. He is not asked to prepare for anything that may come in the examiner's mind to propound on the history of his own country from Chilpéric to Carnot (this is our absurd way of doing things), but a helpful and suggestive outline of leading features in *European* history, from the Edict of Nantes to the Franco-German War of 1870–71, is mapped out for him. The regulations issued from Le Ministère de la Guerre state that the programme set forth has been framed to meet, as nearly as possible, the teaching candidates *will have been receiving* at the different lycées of the country, and with a view to obviate the necessity of any special preparation that might interfere with their general education. For the benefit of our own 'Army classes' an extract of what M. de Freycinet was advised to promulgate as his outline for 1893 is given; but it is only fair to state that the age-limit for entrance to St. Cyr is seventeen to twenty-one years.

Programme des Connaissances exigées

Henri IV.—Lutte contre l'Espagne. Fin des guerres de religion, édit de Nantes.—Sully; reconstitution du royaume.

La France, de l'avènement de Louis XIII. à la mort de Mazarin.—Les Etats généraux de 1614.—Richelieu: lutte contre les protestants et contre les grands; accroissement de l'autorité monarchique.—Marine et Colonies.—Minorité de Louis XIV; Mazarin; la Fronde.

La politique Européenne.—La maison d'Autriche, les catholiques et les protestants en Allemagne.—La guerre de Trente Ans: intérêts des puissances qui y sont engagées; les armées et les bandes. Grands généraux: Gustave-Adolphe, Wallenstein, Turenne, Condé.—La paix de Westphalie et la paix des Pyrénées.

L'Angleterre sous les Stuarts.—La révolution de 1648; Cromwell; la Restauration.

Le Mouvement intellectuelle.—Science et philosophie: Bacon, Galilée, Descartes.

Lettres: l'influence espagnole: l'Académie Française: Corneille, Pascal. Les Arts: Poussin, Lesueur.

La Société Française.—L'hôtel de Rambouillet; la misère au temps de la Fronde; Saint Vincent de Paul.

Louis XIV, la monarchie absolue.—Théorie du roi sur le pouvoir royal; la cour, les Conseils, les secrétaires d'Etat.—Colbert.

L'armée avant Louvois: recrutement, armement, commandement, administration; les réformes de Louvois.—Le génie militaire; Vauban.—Les affaires religieuses: la déclaration de 1682; la révocation de l'édit de Nantes.

La Politique de Louis XIV.—Lyonne: guerre de Hollande.—Condé, Turenne, Duquesne.

Formation de la ligue d'Augsbourg; Guillaume d'Orange, Luxembourg, Catinat.

La révolution d'Angleterre.—Les Stuarts et le Parlement; avènement de Guillaume III.

Les coalitions contre Louis XIV.—La succession d'Espagne; Marlborough, le Prince Eugène, Vendôme, Villars.

Dernières années de Louis XIV.—La Cour: détresse financière; mort du roi.

Le mouvement intellectuel.—Les Lettres; les grands classiques; les arts: Lebrun, Mansart; le Louvre, Versailles. Les sciences. Commencement d'opposition: Fénelon et le Duc de Bourgogne. Vauban.

L'Europe vers 1715.—L'Europe occidentale après les traités d'Utrecht et de Rastadt.—Charles XII et Pierre le Grand.

La France de 1715 *jusqu'au milieu du XVIII^e^ siècle.*—La régence, Law. Fleury, d'Argenson.

Les affaires Européennes.—Succession de Pologne. Stanislas Leczinski en Lorraine.

L'Autriche et la Prusse pendant la première moitié du XVIII^e^ siècle.—L'Etat prussien: Frédéric II et Marie-Thérèse.—Guerre de la succession d'Autriche; le Maréchal de Saxe. Guerre de Sept Ans. Frédéric II comme général.

Les affaires maritimes et Coloniales.—Rivalité de la France et de l'Angleterre en Amérique et aux Indes.—L'empire Anglais.

L'Europe Orientale.—La Russie, Catherine II; Conquêtes sur la Turquie.—Partage de la Pologne.

La fin du règne de Louis XV.—Le Parlement. Choiseul. Maupeou.

Le mouvement intellectuel et politique.—Les lettres et les arts; les sciences, les philosophes et les économistes en France.

La France à l'avènement de Louis XVI.—La cour, l'administration: plaintes contre l'arbitraire et la confusion; classes privilégiées; essais de réforme. Turgot, Necker. Les Etats généraux.

La guerre d'indépendance en Amérique.—Les colonies anglaises d'Amérique; leur soulèvement; intervention de la France. Constitution Américaine de 1787.

and so forth up to the Treaty of Frankfort in 1871.

Thus, whilst safeguarding themselves by demonstrating certain salient features in European history, and directing special attention to details of literature, society, art, philosophy, war, and government in France, the authorities are also acting humanely towards the masses of young candidates who present themselves by giving them a lead, instead of endeavouring to ascertain (as we seem to do) how much they don't know.

But yet another and a greater grievance is still waiting to be redressed. This is in the matter of Geography. The old preliminary examination in this subject unmasked a state of ignorance

that was appalling. Its inconvenience as part of any established curriculum of study appears to be such that it has now been considered expedient to relegate it to the *optional* subjects, with marks sufficiently immaterial to discourage candidates from bothering their heads much about it. In the interests of our officers of the future this is scandalous.

To no other subject is greater attention paid in examinations for officers of the French or German army. In France it is placed on exactly the same marks-level as history, and only a trifle below mathematics; while in regard to a modern language it stands as fourteen to ten. And, as with history, the same care is taken in their regulations to define the necessary course of study. Different countries and different subdivisions of the globe have to be considered under the several heads of, Physical Geography, Orography, Hydrography, Political Geography, and Railroads; and in the case of the rivers that are specified, the strategic importance of the regions they traverse has to be studied.

To enter into minute details of the German system would be taxing the forbearance of readers unduly. In the matter of history and geography Germany 'goes one better' than France, and all who may wish to go to the root of their system are recommended to study the *Anleitung für die Vorbereitung zum Fähnrichs-Examen*. They will read that History is subdivided into four sections :—

(*a*) Ancient History to the Fall of the Roman Empire.

(*b*) From the Goths to the Reformation, including modern civilisation in England and France.

(*c*) Modern History (Germany, France, England, and Russia) up to 1789.

(*d*) Prussian History, from A.D. 1134 to 1871.

The syllabus gives twelve pages of examples of searching questions asked within the last ten years. But by far the most important and interesting feature of the syllabus (covering fifty pages) is the outline of political, physical, mathematical, and astronomical geography. The sketch is copiously illustrated, and everything is done to expound the quality of proficiency that is expected and to facilitate the work of teachers and pupils. The oral examination would appear to be of a provokingly practical character. In fact, the education of a soldier, and not the convenience of a system, is solely considered. When it is remembered that twenty-three years ago English correspondents at the Franco-German War reported that every German commissioned and non-commissioned officer carried a map of France in his wallet and was quite at home in the topography of the invaded districts, it is high time to call to account those who have encouraged this blameworthy supineness of ours.

Assuredly, then, Lord Sandhurst's Committee will have to include Geography among the compulsory subjects, and assign to it the same

prominence as History. Thus far it seems to have been kept outside the pale of 'education,' and has been treated as a subject *pour rire*. At school it has never occupied a position even approximating to that which at the Universities certain personages call 'stinks'; and yet it would be difficult to mention any subject more likely to be of general utility to a soldier, provided the present humdrum, childish smattering could be made to blossom, as it must do, into a minute and interesting appreciation of all its political, physical, and scientific aspects.

While advocating much that must seem very commonplace to the devotees of culture, it may be well to point out that the bulk of Army candidates do not affect culture. This is a privileged inheritance granted at all times only to the few, and one to which natural instinct has spared these candidates from laying a foolish claim. They belong, for the most part, to that mass who, if there were no British Army, would creep tortoise-like from school-form to school-form, or stagnate in the great backwaters of their public school. It is the prospect of success and the dread of failure that impels them; but culture—'perish the thought!'

Needless it is to say that there is no necessary antagonism between culture and military service. Many officers have been, and are, men of exceeding culture. But the fact that we must endeavour to face, and having faced it then also insist on, is that culture for a military officer is desirable on the ground of our common humanity, and is not a demand of his position; that the demand for high culture in an officer rests on the call there is to every human being to make the best he can of his own little bit of human nature; that it is not a call of the service, and that with it the service can at best have but an indirect interest. For youngsters who succeed in these competitions the aftermath is—tactics, fortification, drill, manœuvring, military law, the training and management of men, with interludes of polo, Gymkhana meetings, and other out-door sports. Their home of culture, their university, is the Staff College. Thus it becomes our bounden duty to meet fact with fact, and not with theory; to sweep away once for all that which is contradictory to the spirit of our real wants; to promulgate some scheme for the future having broad common sense for its basis, and to discard everything that does not subserve the aims all well-wishers of the British Army have in view.

Just one more plea for an act of grace that would be a gracious act. Sufficient evidence is here adduced to make it clear that the line of demarcation between many of those who win and many who fail is an exceedingly faint one. For this reason it might be resolved that in the case of all those whose certificates award two-thirds marks in the physical text, and who are within five hundred marks of the winning-post at the final literary examination, a further trial shall be allowed nothwithstanding they may have exceeded the prescribed

limit of age. This would be a legitimate concession to those who had made a real effort to combine the dual obligation of physical and mental proficiency. And it will not come as a surprise if certain military critics who are alive to the steady development of the Central Asia Question should ask that the extension of the age-limit which is granted to University candidates may also apply to those who have the means, and are willing, to attain a satisfactory proficiency in the Russian language. Although this paper has professedly taken as a basis for criticism the larger field of admission to the cavalry and infantry, it will equally apply, except in regard to the mathematical and science tests, to our Woolwich 'gunners.'

In conclusion, my apology for giving expression to these views of reform is that we have been waiting in vain for military experts to do so, and that a grievous national wrong has to be redressed. The public is fertile in reproach, but is slow to act; it has ever been so with us. The conviction, however, is slowly gaining ground that competition, with all its drawbacks, is not developing as it should do, but rather is slinking into by-ways that threaten its elasticity and purport. There will be time in the future to consider this in all its aspects; but the Army Question is one that brooks of no delay and no half-hearted, halting, pandering scheme. This paper is advocating a measure wholly in favour of the public schools; for are they not the happy hunting-ground of the young athlete? But in giving to them the advantage of the physical test, the War Office will need to exact the other 'pound of flesh.' Let, then, the Committee invoke such military and professional aid as shall give both excellence and finality to their work.

Compared with possible rivals, our all-too-scanty material is parcelled out among many climes in dangerously parsimonious doles. The very thinness of the 'thin red line' has hitherto been our boast and pride, and has never disappointed us. It is because of this, and because year by year we are confronted with increasing activity and fitness, and that notes of solemn warning are being constantly sounded, that the responsibility of those who control the ordering of regulations for selecting British officers has now become a matter of acute national concern.

W. Baptiste Scoones.

CHRISTIANITY AND ROMAN PAGANISM

THE purpose of this article is by no means that of endeavouring to define wherein the essence of Christianity consists, but merely to note certain characteristics which history shows us, by contrast, to have pertained to the essence of that religion. What these characteristics are may, I think, be learnt by considering some of the relations which arose between the early Church and the religions which, at its coming, it found established in the Roman Empire.

Such an inquiry has been greatly facilitated by the labours of M. Gaston Boissier (of the French Academy), whose works [1] the present writer strongly recommends to all those who may be interested in the question here considered. M. Boissier shows us, with great wealth of illustration and abundant evidence, how the religious restoration inaugurated by Augustus went on augmenting during the first two centuries of our era, and how the results of that movement in part promoted, as they in part hindered, the progress of Christianity.

A review, then, of such characteristics of pagan religions as were directly hurtful or helpful to the Christian Church, as well as of those which, by defect, served indirectly to help it, may lead us to the apprehension of characters which pertained and pertain to the essence of that system.

Modern society is the direct descendant and outcome of the pagan Roman Empire. It is, therefore, the merits and defects of the ancient Roman religion, modified as it grew to be by successive Eastern influences, which for our present purpose have to be considered.

The early Romans were a serious, practical, and prosaic people, who, in spite of their bravery, were more given to fear than hope, and dreaded, as well as respected, the gods they scrupulously worshipped. Amongst these were some extremely matter of fact deities, such as *Vaticanus*, who caused the new-born infant to emit its first cry, and *Fabulinus* to pronounce its first word. *Educa* taught it to eat and *Potina* to drink; *Cuba* watched over its repose, while four goddesses presided over its first footsteps.

Of such divinities there could hardly be separate histories or

[1] *La Religion Romaine* and *La Fin du Paganisme*. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

legends, and indeed, as we all know, Romans had not that tendency to humanise their gods which prevailed in Greece. Statues do not appear to have existed in their temples till they began to imitate, first the Etrurians and then more distant peoples. But when any event took place which was so remarkable as to seem to them 'divine,' a name was given and a worship initiated. Thus the Roman gods mainly arose as consequences of observation and analysis, and not through poetic enthusiasm.

It might seem that the government of a people so timid and scrupulous as regards the supernatural must have developed into a theocracy; and yet the very contrary took place. Powerful and respected as the Roman religion was, it was subject to, or rather incorporated with, the state. There was no incompatibility between civil and sacerdotal functions, and there was never any conflict between the government and the pagan Church, because the members of the various priesthoods were thoroughly imbued with lay sentiments.

Religion consisted in external acts of worship, which had to be carried out with a nice precision, with proper attitudes, due offerings, and correct formulæ. Therefore the worshipper of the gods was often careful to have two priests beside him when he prayed—one to dictate the words, while the other followed them with his eyes on a book, so that no syllable should be accidentally omitted.[2] Thus the priests were rather 'masters of the ceremonies' than men endowed with a supernatural power of acting efficiently as intercessors.

There were no dogmas. Men's thoughts and beliefs were free, and only external acts were demanded of them. Even as to the priests themselves, though a certain gravity of demeanour was expected of an augur or a pontiff, neither his morals nor his beliefs were taken into account.

The object of most ancient religions was not to make men moral, but to obtain from powerful supernatural beings, by performing acts (good or bad) which pleased them, safety and succour for citizens and their city. Morality was not the business of religion, but of philosophy, and it was the special subject of the dominant philosophy of Rome. Religion was not moral, save that there was necessarily a certain goodness in practices performed, not for any pleasure in them, but to obtain advantages from fellow-citizens. The Roman system was, in early days, a strict school of discipline, and co-existed with great simplicity of life.

The Greeks were greatly edified by the way in which religion was honoured and practised at Rome, by the order and dignity of private life there, and by the intensity of Roman patriotism. The titles of

[2] On the other hand the petitioner was very anxious not, by a verbal slip, to engage himself unwittingly to anything exceeding his intention—as, for example, when offering wine, not, by the omission of limiting words, to bind himself to sacrifice all the wine in his cellar.

Jupiter were 'greatest and best,' and Vesta was—as everyone knows—a goddess of purity.

For the popularity and continuance of the Roman religion it was hardly less useful to be free of such ridiculous and immoral legends as those of the Greek mythology than to be devoid of dogma. Since Romans might think of the gods as they pleased, they were more easily able to reconcile with older notions and ancient practices, such new ideas as the advance of intellectual culture and foreign influences from time to time gave rise to. The fact that the gods were rather divine manifestations and deified abstractions than anything else, made it easy to regard them as symbols of different attributes of one all-embracing divinity; and thus it was that men of very different views could unite in the traditional acts of worship of the Roman state.

As the republic approached its end, the religion of Rome lost very much of its influence. Incredulity or indifference became the prevailing characteristics of the higher classes, who were saturated with Epicurean views. Even at the commencement of the empire Cæsar, before the senate, boldly denied the immortality of the soul. What wonder that temples began to fall into ruin, that the domains of the gods were plundered by neighbouring proprietors, that various ancient feasts ceased to be celebrated, and that an utter destruction of religion, through neglect, came to be anticipated.

Small chance of success would have attended Christianity had it appeared at Rome when Cicero wrote the following remarkable words: *Nolite enim id putare accidere posse, quod in fabulis sæpe videtis fieri, ut deus aliquis, lapsus de cœlo, cœtus hominum adeat, versetur in terris, cum hominibus colloquatur.*[3] This sentence may serve both to show the low-water mark to which belief in the supernatural had fallen, and the inopportuneness at that time of preaching the doctrine that God incarnate had not only recently conversed with men, but had been crucified for their salvation. How hateful such a notion would have been is shown by the fact that Cicero desired that even the name of the cross should be absent, not only from the ears and eyes of Roman citizens, but that it should be banished from their very thoughts.

The Christian era marks the commencement of that upward religious movement before spoken of as initiated by Augustus. The latter was a politic proceeding, whereby he sought to procure a support for his power, not to be obtained either from a decimated nobility or a populace which was already so largely composed of freedmen and strangers. It was also a popular movement, because it harmonised with a change produced in men's minds by the terrible trials society had undergone, and, with nations as with individuals, calamity very often tends to

[3] Do not think it possible that any god should come down from heaven (as is told in fables) to the earth, to mix and converse with men.

promote piety—a result temporarily brought about in France during, and after, the Franco-German war. But the movement was also due to the emperor's personal inclination, since he was so superstitious that the fact of his having accidentally put his right foot into his left slipper would disquiet him for a whole day. When he became *Pontifex Maximus* he followed most scrupulously all ritual exigencies, never wearing a garment that had not been woven for him either by his wife or his daughter.

He built new temples, rebuilt and redecorated old ones, augmented sacerdotal privileges and restored neglected festivals. As censor he also strove to reform public morals, promoting marriage and severely punishing adultery and outrages on public decency. He found Roman religion grateful for his favours during his life, and when he died his apotheosis was decreed.

The movement he set on foot, as a reaction against the materialism and incredulity of the republic, may be compared with the 'romanticism' which set in as a reaction against the horrors which marked the close of the eighteenth century. The writers of both epochs strove for an impossible ideal, and were alike full of contradictions, the spirit of their own day mingling with and modifying their laudations of times gone by.

Of the writers whom Augustus commissioned to revive a taste for antiquity, and for that rusticity whence Roman paganism took its rise, Virgil was by far the most remarkable. He is especially remarkable because (as our readers will recollect) his poetry sometimes assumes a Christian character. He is full of tenderness for human suffering (*sunt lacrymæ rerum*). He is humble before the gods, whose morality he proclaims: *Sperate Deos memores fandi atque nefandi*; and when their decrees perplex him he exclaims, *Dis aliter visum!* Most remarkable of all is that well-known passage in his fourth eclogue beginning, *Jam nova progenies*, &c., which shows how he participated in the then widely diffused feeling that a time of crisis had arrived, which should renovate a worn-out world. This expectation was alike proclaimed by disciples of Pythagoras and of Plato, and thus poets and philosophers were most unsuspectingly preparing the way for Christianity by evolving from the old pagan world ideas and sentiments which facilitated its reception. Thanks to them it was becoming, as it were, desired before it was known, with the result that so many of the poor, the despised, the ill-treated, and the unhappy, who, with undefined hopes, were awaiting the realisation of vague dreams, became, for the new faith, an easy conquest.

Virgil may be taken as a type of those religiously inclined persons who sincerely welcomed the religious revival. Their numbers gradually augmented after the death of Augustus, for the days of Tiberius and Caligula can have little disposed men to gaiety and frivolity.

Philosophy, as a whole, supported and developed the upward development Augustus had initiated, and it promoted the tendency towards monotheism. It was popularised by the theatre, where the rights of parent and child, husband and wife, master and slave were freely discussed, and moderation, humanity, and tenderness lauded. *Tam ego homo sum quàm tu*, Plautus makes a slave say to his master.

The essential and substantial equality of men (as having the same origin and end) had, indeed, been proclaimed by Cicero, who taught that nothing so accords with a generous soul as benevolence and forgiveness, and that men should regard themselves as citizens of the world, and not of one city only.

For two hundred years these ideas developed themselves, and fructified in many practical ways, being greatly promoted, as the reader well knows, by the Stoic Seneca, many of whose notions were so congruous with Christianity (though others were extremely incongruous therewith) as to have given rise to the legend that he was a disciple of St. Paul. That there was a moral advance as time went on is shown us by the satires of Juvenal and the letters of Pliny. Horace advocates a good treatment of slaves as conduct befitting a gentleman, but Juvenal declares it to be the positive duty of all masters. Great was the contrast between the high esteem expressed under the empire for mothers who nursed their own children, and the brutal indifference to infancy of the days of the republic.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that pagan Rome did not know or did not practise almsgiving. Under the republic large sums were often disbursed to secure popularity and influence; but towards its close philosophy promoted a truly philanthropic, instead of an ostentatious and selfish, expenditure—to succour widows and orphans, to redeem captives, and bury the dead. From the beginning of the second century, state aid was bestowed monthly on the children of poor families. When Antoninus lost his beloved but not very meritorious wife, Faustina, he founded in her honour a charitable institution for poor girls, who were termed *puellæ Faustinæ*. The example thus given was followed by private individuals, and Pliny made many a noble gift during his life, known to us through his not possessing the specially Christian virtue of concealing his own good deeds. A lady of Terracina gave 8,000*l.* to found an institution for poor children, and charitable legacies were not uncommon; and epitaphs were sometimes written which represented a dead man congratulating himself on having been merciful and a friend to the poor. A society largely animated by so benevolent a spirit was one prepared to appreciate Christian charity.

Such moral and [illegible]gious progress was also accompanied by the prac[illegible]think it possible that any the weaker sex from the rigours of Roman[illegible]les) to the earth, to mix and conthat the 'emancipation of women'

is a recent conquest would be much surprised to read many ancient inscriptions. They prove that women had the right of forming associations, the officers of which they freely elected. One of these bore the highly respectable title of 'Society for the Preservation of Modesty'—*Sodalitas pudicitiæ servandæ.* There was also, at Rome, a society which might be called a 'mothers' meeting'—*Conventus matronarum* It persisted till the ruin of the Empire; many great ladies belonged to it and it performed important functions. At Rome, as elsewhere, it was the women who were, and were expected to be, devout, and they had an honourable and recognised share in public and private worship. In spite of the frequency of divorce the tendency of Roman religion was to make marriage indissoluble, and the most solemn form of it (*confarreatio*) could only be dissolved with extreme difficulty.

The slave world of Rome also felt the benefit of the upward religious movement. For the Roman religion not only did not close its temples against the slave but recognised that he had a soul and that his future fate did not differ from that of his master. At the *Saturnalia* it allowed him to take his master's place and console himself by a day's sport for a year's humiliation, while, like philosophy, it favoured emancipation.

Perhaps the most curious fact of Roman slavery was that rich slaves themselves possessed other slaves (*vicarii*), who gave their servile master the title *dominus.* The house of a wealthy Roman citizen was a perfect republic of slaves who had all sorts of complex interrelations. Thus, in one instance, the slaves belonging to the dining-room of a great house resolved to erect a statue to a superior slave who had been good to them, and their resolution reads like a decree of the Senate: *Ob merita et beneficia sæpe in se collata statuam ponendam tricliniares decreverunt.*

One amongst the ameliorations of their condition was the fact that marriage amongst them, at first in no way legal, came to receive a quasi-official recognition. But its incompleteness was still the occasion of many abuses. Thus amongst the inscriptions at Naples is one of a slave who records, as if it were nothing, that he had married his own sister. Others show that it was not uncommon for two men harmoniously to share a wife between them, at whose death the husbands would together mourn for her and combine to erect a tomb to her memory. Slavery had other more essential and ineradicable evils, not the least of which was the absence of any adequate protection for the children of slaves from the lusts of their masters.

The early Italians seem to have felt a great repugnance at the idea of annihilation, but definite belief in a future life was in the days of the republic far from universal, and the Epicurean philosophy was a welcome boon to many, as doing away with those fears of Tartarus which Lucretius taught it was above all necessary to banish.

But a reaction soon set in, because the Epicurean doctrine, if it banished fear, also destroyed all hope beyond the present life. Thus in the days of Augustus a belief in immortality had again become prevalent, and it naturally grew stronger with the religious advance of the first two centuries. But many inscriptions show that it was very vague, while some plainly deny it (e.g. *Non fueram, non sum*), while others are of a very Epicurean character, as *Amici, dum vivimus vivamus*, and *Bibite vos qui vivitis.*

The great thought and care bestowed on funeral arrangements, however, plainly proclaim the widespread apprehension which existed not only of a purgatorial fire (*purgatorius ignis*), but of the horrors depicted in the sixth book of Virgil's *Æneid*, which have not been without their influence on Christian sentiments and beliefs.

The monuments which bordered the roads to Rome touchingly expressed how great was the desire that the dead should not be forgotten by the living, and tombs were often endowed to provide recompenses for those who brought libations or flowers, or who would feast near the ashes of the dead. It was specially desired that the passer-by should repeat the words, 'May the earth lie lightly on thee,' not as an empty formula, but as a prayer for the deceased's welfare in the lower world, for which sacrifices (which even slaves endeavoured to procure) were also offered.

The poorer classes, in order that they might secure for themselves due funeral rites, formed associations, which, for such a purpose, were freely allowed, although for other purposes such institutions, for the most part, had been forbidden by Augustus. Such associations possessed either a common purse, supplied by contributions from the members and devoted to the performance of their funeral rites, or else a place for sepulture in common. Now these associations became most widely diffused when Christianity was beginning its hidden and secret propaganda, and the primitive Christians eagerly availed themselves of the freedom accorded to such societies.

But the way for Christianity was largely prepared by the antecedent migration of other Eastern religions to Rome, in spite of the hostility and absolute prohibitions which they had, at first, there to encounter.

It was from ancient times a generally diffused belief that each state had at least one supernatural patron, whose power was manifested by the prosperity and power of his clients.

The Romans, who held their own gods in such high esteem, were not likely to despise the power of other divinities. Accordingly, when laying siege to any city, they practised a curious formula of evocation whereby they hoped to gain over that city's gods to their own side; and when a region was devastated, some families were left to carry on the worship of the local gods, and so save the victors from any effects of their hostility.

With such notions intolerance and a spirit of proselytism were incompatible. When a Roman travelled he was careful to adore local deities, without a thought of being thereby unfaithful to his own most powerful gods, who had made Rome the capital of the world.

This disposition of mind greatly facilitated conquest, since no religious rancour hindered the fusion of a new province with the rest of Rome's vast domain. Tolerance was further promoted by that tendency of philosophy (before mentioned) to consider the several worships of various deities as but so many different modes of adoring the same god—as the divine influence on the earth might be adored as *Ceres*, that of the sea as *Neptune*, and that of the heavens as *Jupiter*.

We have seen how laic was the spirit of Roman religion. But most, if not all, the religions from the East assigned a much more important and mystical position to their priesthoods. Thus when a man desired to be initiated into the mysteries of Isis a priest served as his spiritual father, and had a claim for life on the gratitude of his spiritual son. Such priests were by no means contented with directing the externals of worship; they desired to 'save souls,' and to this end did what was altogether new at Rome, actually preached sermons! Thus Apuleius represents a priest, after a miracle in the temple of Isis, declaiming against unbelievers as follows: 'Let them approach, let them come and examine for themselves, and then confess their error.' Then turning to the subject of such miraculous favour he is said to have exclaimed, 'If thou wouldst dwell in security, inaccessible to the blows of fortune, enrol thyself in the Holy Militia; come voluntarily and bow thy head under the yoke of the sacred ministry. It is only when thou shalt be the slave of the goddess that thou wilt begin to experience what perfect freedom is.'

Such priests devoted themselves exclusively to their sacred calling, glorying in detachment from the world and ordinary human affections, with definite rules of life, and wearing a distinctive habit.

Eastern religions became more and more influential with the Antonines, and attained a triumphal position under Severus. Processions wended their way through the streets of Rome, sometimes of black-robed priests of Bellona, tearing their flesh and dancing like modern dervishes; sometimes of priests of Isis in snow-white linen robes and with tonsured heads.

One great advantage pertained to these Eastern religions—namely the pardons they could grant in return for ceremonial observances. Gladly did trembling sinners practise fastings, offer sacrifices, and scatter their wealth profusely, in order thereby effectually to disarm divine justice.

There were priestly brotherhoods in Egypt which inhabited temples, and, rejecting all active employment, consecrated their lives

to worship and devout contemplation. Their movements were grave and measured; they kept their hands folded within their mantles, and slept on palm leaves, with a block of wood for a pillow, abstaining from wine and various kinds of food. Such a monastic institution existed at Memphis, the strictly enclosed members of which called themselves 'servants of Serapis.' There were pagan anchorites in Egypt who, 150 years before Christ, anticipated the Christian recluses of the Thebaid. Such institutions evidently accorded with the genius of the nation.

Similarly in Syria pilgrims came by thousands not only to adore the famed goddess Astarte, but also to assist at the functions performed by her priests.

Twice a year one of them ascended to the summit of an enormous phallus, where he remained seven days and nights without sleeping, making intercession for the devotees, who deposited their offerings at the base of the structure on which he thus dwelt—strange anticipation, as far as externals went, of the peculiar devotional practices of St. Simeon Stylites and the other pillar saints of Syria!

In the Eastern religions, however details might vary, the special subject of religious excitement was generally a legend of the death and resurrection of some god—as Osiris, mourned by Isis; Adonis, by Astarte; or the great mother seeing the beauteous Athis expire in her arms. To mourning, plaintive or tumultuous, succeeded explosions of joy on all sides, with groans and tears, when at length were heard the mystic words, 'He is regained; let us rejoice!'

It was especially in Egypt that exciting public worship took place within the temples, such as long had no place in those of Rome. But the Eastern influence extended by degrees even to the very worship of Jupiter at the Capitol. His temple was solemnly opened for his 'awakening,' and as soon as the entering crowd perceived his image in the distance they cried out, '*Salve, imperator!*' All day long devotees performed, or pretended to perform, services of the most varied kinds to the greatest and best of gods. There were women who even flattered themselves that they could gain his love, and who would pass whole days seated beneath his statue without any fear of Juno's anger.

But while foreign religions had thus their effect on that of Rome, the latter reacted upon them by promoting calmness and sobriety with exactness of ritual observance. Thus with the great fusion of races which the Empire brought about, its tolerant, non-proselytising spirit also brought about a vast religious fusion. So it was that a sort of pagan Catholic Church spread and diffused itself throughout the civilised world. It can, however, only by courtesy be called a 'Church,' since it had no common dogmas, no universal discipline, no means (nor any desire) of enforcing conformity and obedience to a supreme religious authority. Still it constituted a sort of religious

pax romana; it broadened the road of Christianity, and especially prepared the way for its effective organisation.

As Rome became a residence for all strange gods, it also became both the religious capital of the world and its religious centre. It became, and was called, the 'Holy City' and the 'Eternal City;' and so, when Christianity ultimately triumphed, it still retained those titles, and became naturally, as well as for other reasons, regarded as the religious capital of the Christian world.

Only two religions were excluded from the otherwise almost universal toleration of paganism—namely, Judaism and Christianity. Fathers of the Church have complained of this, yet somewhat unreasonably; for the concord which existed between the various pagan forms resulted from their willingness to make reciprocal concessions. This neither Jews nor Christians would, nor could, consent to; and they had naturally to take the consequences. Yet peace was offered to them on the same conditions as to others. The pagans were ready to recognise in Jehovah their own Jupiter or Bacchus, and not a few were willing to keep the Sabbath and observe Jewish fasts and feasts. There were also some Jews, like Herod, who would not have regretted such mutual understandings; but the mass of the nation repelled them with horror, and thereby incurred bloody persecutions, wherein thousands lost their lives, and furious hatred against them arose, which only ceased when they associated themselves with the pagans to persecute Christianity.

The Christians, as every one knows, were also offered what were deemed favourable terms, and little difficulty would have been felt in the acceptance of Christ as one god more, and (as readers will remember) his image had its place in the private chapel of the Emperor Alexander Severus, beside those of Orpheus and Apollonius. But no consistent Christian could tolerate idolatry even to the extent of scattering a few grains of incense on the altars either of the Goddess of Rome or of the Genius of the Emperor. Such a spirit of exclusiveness was a new thing to the pagans and naturally appeared disloyal to the Romans and opposed to the very essence of 'civicism.'

The limited space at my disposal compels me to pass over much I would fain say as to Roman paganism, and to proceed at once, from this brief record of facts, to sum up those of its characters which most opposed, or directly or indirectly aided, the Christian system.

(1) It was the identification of the Roman religion with the State which was, perhaps, the most powerful of all hostile influences, while closely connected therewith was the lay spirit of its various priesthoods. Since no character which was baneful to the progress of Christianity could possibly have pertained to its essence, the identification of temporal with spiritual ends and aims could not be an essential character of Christianity, but must be more or less completely opposed thereto.

Later on (as we have seen) the Eastern religions introduced another spirit, and one more in harmony with the growing religious needs of the pagans of the first two centuries. This change, however, instead of favouring Christianity, indirectly impeded it. It did so inasmuch as it occasioned a rejuvenescence of paganism, and enabled it (by imperfectly ministering to those growing religious needs which only Christianity could completely satisfy) to prolong its life by acting as a rival to the Christian system.

(2) The non-moral nature of paganism generally must have gained it the support of those least disposed to conform to ethical requirements, and so aided the direct opposition to Christianity; while the moral amelioration introduced by philosophy, like the just mentioned religious rejuvenescence, must have indirectly opposed it by the more successful rivalry thus occasioned. That morality is of the very essence of Christianity is a fact which no one will probably for one moment question.

(3) That Roman religion consisted merely of ceremonial observances, and was devoid of dogma on the whole, greatly facilitated (as we have seen) its general acceptance and maintenance, and so far was one great barrier against Christian progress. Such a character of mere formality and such repugnance to dogma could not, therefore, pertain to the essence of Christianity.

(4) The growth of and tendency towards monotheism, imperfect as it was,[4] cannot have acted as a hostile influence, save in so far as it may have lent some strength to pagan rivalry.

(5) The existence of slavery on the one hand, and the improved condition of the female sex on the other, had doubtless effects, both direct and indirect, of an unfavourable character; but we do not see evidence that they necessarily predominated over other of their effects which were favourable.

We will now pass on to enumerate characters which appear to us to have, directly or indirectly, helped the reception and progress of the Christian Church.

(1) And in the first place the whole upward religious movement, which, after its initiation by Augustus, continued to advance during the first two centuries, served as a most important, if not absolutely indispensable, direct auxiliary.

(2) That state of mental expectation (before referred to in connection with Virgil) must have disposed many a mind to accept the Christian revelation.

(3) The fact that paganism, in spite of all the efforts of philoso-

[4] Thus the devotees of various gods often regarded their particular god as the only one, for which all the others were but different names or different aspects. This was especially the case with Jupiter and Isis, and also with Cybele, and Mithra—who was ultimately so widely adored. But the assertion that a given god was God *par excellence*, was very different from a dogmatic assertion of the essential unity of the Divine Nature.

phy, could not succeed in purging its religion of immorality, was one of the most powerful of the causes which induced its overthrow. Besides sexual impurities, human sacrifices, in spite of all laws, from time to time recurred, and the beauty and fashion of Rome would make a gay excursion to behold a newly installed priest of that priesthood composed exclusively of murderers which Renan has so graphically depicted.

(4) The formal and undogmatic characters of Roman religion, though (as we have just seen) they had these adverse influences, none the less greatly aided the Christian advance; for there were multitudes of men and women who craved for more definite religious knowledge and for more hearty and spiritual worship.

To such the various 'mysteries' and Eastern religions afforded some solace, but M. Boissier gives us evidence that they were far from satisfying the cravings felt. Nothing was, perhaps, more difficult for paganism than the formulation of dogmas, except the formation of, say, a general and complete authoritative system. The latter, indeed, may be said to have been absolutely impossible to it. There were many who desired a religious yoke, but none—Jews and Christians apart—who could consistently impose it. Besides this defect, philosophy made no sufficient efforts to enlighten and instruct the people, and great was the contrast, in this respect, between both pagan priests and philosophers, and the early preachers of the Gospel. These deficiencies in worship, dogma, and instruction, gave great indirect aid to the progress of Christianity.

(5) The imperfection (already noted) of the attempts made to attain to monotheism must also have indirectly, by contrast and defect, served to help on the Christian cause.

(6) The increased power and influence of the devout sex was of immense benefit to the nascent Church, which was also largely recruited by the servile class, whose very disabilities tended to make them seek its comfort and moral support.

(7) One of the most powerful impulses towards the Christian religion seems to have been due to that combined anxiety and uncertainty about a future life which was so prevalent in the Roman world. Without dogma believed to be certain, because reposing upon an infallible revelation, no adequate consolation for the trials and afflictions of this life can possibly be offered.

Such, if we are not greatly mistaken, were the main influences which opposed or favoured the advance of Christianity. It only remains for us to note certain contrasts between the last-named religion and the system it found existing in the world, in order to be able to determine one or two characteristics which we think must be admitted to pertain to the essence of Christianity.

That great, non-contentious, incoherent religious mass which, by a somewhat forced comparison, we have termed the 'pagan Church'

was entirely devoid of a definite, universally received system of belief, the same for the cultured and the ignorant, without any distinction of esoteric and exoteric views. Even that which seemed the most stable and definite system of thought—that of the Stoics—was such only in appearance. The Stoics were agreed neither as to the immortality of the soul nor as to the nature of God, who was for some the sun, for others the ether, and for yet others nothing but the material world itself.

Philosophy had proposed and attempted to answer the most important problems, but had left them unresolved. The religious revival had excited pious desires and aspirations without affording them any solid satisfaction. The Emperor was Pontifex Maximus, and worshipped while alive as well as after death. Yet, though Roman religion was identified with him, he was as impotent as undesirous to settle any fundamental beliefs for his people's hearty and conscientious acceptance, though of course he could enforce external ceremonial. There was universal toleration precisely because there was a universal impotence for establishing any certain and dogmatic truth. The toleration of such a Church was but negative, and consisted in the non-insistence universally of beliefs which were locally deemed of most vital importance. Its Catholicity was similarly spurious and negative and depended on the non-universal acceptance of what were locally regarded as the most sacred of religious truths.

Contrasting with this nebulous religious system the nascent Christian Church; two of its characteristics stand out in the most striking contrast. They are (1) an organic catholicity, and (2) authoritative dogmatism—not only as to outward acts but also as to complete internal assent and belief. As to its catholicity, the same fundamental doctrines—however small their number compared with the explicit possessions of later ages—were everywhere taught and received. Neither was there any distinction of esoteric and exoteric teaching. The Church either of Rome, Jerusalem, Egypt, or trans-alpine Gaul did not admit to communion members of any other local Church which denied the doctrines (whether of Rome, Jerusalem, Egypt, or Gaul) held to be the most sacred of all. It was a real catholicity, inasmuch as it depended on the universal acceptance of what was most revered in each and every province of the empire. It was catholic also, because it had no limit as to nationality, and was the offspring of no local cultus in any city, while it was freely offered to the citizens of every city, to the inhabitants of every province of the Empire, and to the world beyond the Empire. No competent scholar denies that at the close of the second century such a catholic Church gives evidence of at least its incipient existence.

This character of 'catholicity' can hardly be denied to be one pertaining to the essence of the Christian Church long before it mounted the throne with Constantine.

But its catholicity depended on another character still more essential and fundamental, and yet more contrasted with the nature of the so-called pagan Church.

This still more fundamental character was that of authoritative dogmatism. To all men a doctrine was preached, and assent to its teaching was categorically demanded. No external acts, no ceremonial observances, were deemed of the slightest value without the interior assent of the mind and the adhesion of the will to that doctrine. Moreover, the Christian religion did not consist of religious doctrines or of religious practices, but of two facts, the acceptance of which, as facts, was indispensable and imperative: (1) one of them was the fact of the founder's life, death, and resurrection; the other (2) was the fact of an organised community which authoritatively handed down and interpreted the tradition of that founder's teaching, with power to add to or exclude from the Christian body, although membership of that body was taught to be a necessary condition of life everlasting.

Quite recently it has been shown, by an authority who cannot be accused of any ultra-orthodox tendency, how authoritative and distinctly dogmatic was the early Church, and how great was the influence of the authority of Christian Rome. Dr. Adolph Harnack [5] has given the early creed of the Roman Church as follows:—

I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son, our Lord, who was born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary, crucified and buried under Pontius Pilate, who rose on the third day from the dead, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father, from whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead; and in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Church, the forgiveness of sins, and the resurrection of the flesh.

This Roman confession Dr. Harnack regards [6] as having been 'in all cases the foundation stone' whence the various provincial Churches satisfied their several needs according to their different circumstances. He roundly declares that 'the creed of the city of Rome governed the whole creed-formation of the West;' and he further tells us [7] that 'the various anti-Gnostic rules of faith presuppose a short, settled, formulated creed, and this must, in the second century, have been the old Roman creed.'

As to the precise period at which its existence must be admitted —the minimum of its antiquity—he regards it [8] as certainly dating from 'the middle of the second century,' and affirms that it can be traced '*on direct lines*' to the second half of the third. But no one will probably dispute that if such a creed was a recognised authoritative baptismal symbol as early as 250 A.D. it is impossible to believe that it could have grown up in fifty years; and thus it plainly comes

[5] See *Nineteenth Century* for July 1893, p. 158. [6] *Ibid.* p. 162.
[7] *Ibid.* p. 167. [8] *Ibid.* p. 162.

within the range of the period considered in this article—namely, the two first centuries of our era.

But as to the character of the early Roman Church and our indebtedness thereto, Dr. Harnack says—

> Whoever turns from the perusal of the Apostolic Fathers and the Christian apologists to the Old Roman confession cannot but render a meed of grateful admiration to the Roman Church for the act of faith which she has here made in her baptismal creed. If we consider with what strange and curious notions the Gospel was already at this time often associated, in what a meagre spirit it was often conceived, and how Chiliasm and Apocalyptics on the one hand, and legalism and Greek philosophy on the other threatened to destroy the simplicity of Christ, the Old Roman creed will seem to us doubly great and venerable.[9]

Considering, then, the contrast presented by the Christian religion to that of pagan Rome, the most striking and essential distinctions appear to be those herein pointed out. Christianity is essentially moral; but morality—and high morality—was also introduced into paganism by teachers of philosophy.

Christianity taught the doctrine of a Divine Sonship and Incarnation; but analogous views were common in various pagan forms of religion. It taught also the resurrection of a Divine Sufferer; but that, in other shapes, was the accepted belief of multitudes.

It taught contempt for honours, riches, and worldly pleasures; but the same was taught by the Stoics and the Cynics.

It propagated its creed without the aid of, and in opposition to, the Roman State; but many Oriental religions did the same thing. Thus it appears to me that the two most striking differences between paganism and Christianity—differences, therefore, which must be held to be most essential—were the possession by the Christian Church of (1) catholicity and (2) authority. Such authority also, when it first appears on the field of history, shows itself, as it were, crystallising round the person at the head of the Roman Church—as was natural, for the Romans were the born legislators and governors of the world.

But if the most apparent of all the distinctions between paganism and Roman Christianity in its earliest period are Catholicity and authority, what is the distinctive character of that Christianity to-day? We have still a Church which differs from all other religious bodies by the same two essential marks, (1) catholicity and (2) authority, and which is unquestionably the direct and uninterrupted descendant of the primitive Church at Rome. Other religious bodies may share with it this or the other group of doctrines or of practices, but there is not one other which dares to affirm that it *alone* is catholic, and that it *alone* possesses *absolute* dogmatic authority. The Church also which solely asserts these claims is now, as in the second century, the Church of the Roman communion, and regards with respect and deference the Roman Pontiff.

[9] See *Nineteenth Century* for July 1893, p. 175.

There are persons who presume to apply the term 'Italian mission' to the English Church in communion with Rome, as if that term was a term of opprobrium, or at least denoted some inferiority of status. But the members of that Church glory in such a title, and declare that it is by God's unmerited mercy they have the inexpressible privilege of being *Roman* Catholics. They are an Italian mission, and the aims of that mission they strive to fulfil. I am far, indeed, from feeling any desire for the destruction of the Anglican Church. I recognise the important and beneficent *rôle* it fulfils, and have the highest respect for many of its ministers. My recollection of its action in my own regard demands my gratitude. Nevertheless the duty to bear witness to truth admits of no compromise. I feel, therefore, compelled to call my readers' attention to the fact that there was *another* Italian mission, that of St. Augustine, whence arose the English Church as it existed till the reign of Henry the Eighth. Up to the year 1534 its prelates and priests had also dutifully striven to fulfil the Italian mission they had received, but then they shamefully abandoned it, setting aside, *in despite of authority*, that Church organisation they had themselves ever regarded as essential,[10] thus also cutting themselves off from the other character of catholicity.

Thus both the Anglican Church and the English Roman Church were 'Italian missions,' but they differ essentially in the fact that the former was and is, while the latter is not, faithless to its mission.

We must now, in conclusion, say a few words as to the positive influence of antecedent paganism on the Christianity which sprang up amongst it. As most of my readers probably know, M. Ernest Havet, in his work *Le Christianisme et ses Origines*, endeavours to show that Christianity was nothing more than the natural, inevitable outcome of the mingling of Hellenism and Judaism with Roman life under the conditions existing at the time. This M. Boissier entirely denies.[11] He admits that it developed under favourable (the Theist must term them 'providential') circumstances, as we have here endeavoured to show, and it can hardly be denied that it came at the very moment most profitable for its success. As Prudentius says—

Christo jam tum venienti,
Crede, parata via est.

Christianity profited by its environment, but was not thereby generated. That system (as shown, for example, in St. Paul's epistle to the Romans) is as radically distinct from Hellenism as from Roman paganism, and carried forward to an otherwise impossible consummation the reforms and religious ameliorations which arose in the pagan

[10] Thus Archbishop Courtenay in the Archiepiscopal Commission of 1382, wherein seven bishops (one of them William of Wykeham), with thirty-seven leading theologians, co-operated, declared the doctrine that the English Church should exist under its own laws, and not subject to the Pope, to be an *heretical* proposition. See the *Tablet*, August 26, 1893, p. 327.

[11] Vol. ii. p. 400.

world. But, as we have said,[12] philosophy and religion had raised questions which they could not solve, and aspirations they could not satisfy, while complete solution and abundant satisfaction were afforded to those who accepted the Christian faith.

Judaism was the dawn which announced the near advent of the 'Sun of Justice,' but the fulfilment of its law was only accomplished by breaking away from what was its central principle, *as* Judaism. The essence of Christianity, as we have seen, consisted for one thing in its catholicity; but Judaism was, and is, essentially a *racial* religion, and therefore incapable of universal extension. It was also too devoid of dogma to fulfil the requirements of that age, since it consisted in little more than the assertion of God's unity and the fact that the Jews were his chosen people. Every Jew will admit that their sacred formula, 'Hear, O Israel: the Lord thy God is one God,' contains the essence of Judaism.

As to Hellenism, that it also contributed its share to the development of Christianity no reasonable man would wish to deny. The Christian Church, as it exists in the concrete in every region of the world's surface, receives, and must receive, modifications from its environment; but accidental modification and essential transformation are very different things.

We have seldom been so forcibly impressed with the way in which an author's prejudices can distort his judgment, as in our perusal of M. Havet's work. His ignorance of the Christian Church is also curious. He represents it as claiming that its rites and ceremonies and its pious practices are due to special and extraordinary revelations, instead of having arisen as acts responding to and supplying natural human wants. He details a number of pagan customs to which a variety of Christian mediæval customs conform, and he, with almost incredible absurdity, represents the latter as having directly followed from the former. But every tiro of ecclesiastical history knows that a long interval intervened between the cessation of such pagan customs and the development of analogous Christian ones. It would be as absurd to believe in a direct filiation, instead of a mere relation of analogy between such practices, as to believe that the pillar of St. Simeon Stylites was a mere imitation of the long antecedent one of the priest of Astarte. As in the organic world we continually meet with (as it has been my special function to point out) the 'independent origin of similar structures,' so also in the domain of human history we continually meet with 'the independent origin of similar customs.' This circumstance needs no elaborate theory for its explanation; it follows, as it might be expected to follow, from the simple fact that there is a great deal of human nature in every one of us.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

[12] *Ante*, p. 12.

ORPHEUS IN HADES

ORPHEUS, HAVING DESCENDED TO THE NETHER WORLD IN SEARCH OF EURYDICE, THUS ADDRESSES PROSERPINE

RULER and regent, to whose dread domain
The mighty flood of life and human woe
Sends down the immeasurable drift of souls,
As silted sands are rolled to Neptune's deep,
I, even I, approach your awful realms,
Queen of oblivion, lady of Acheron,
To crave one captive. I alive descend,
A live man nourished still on human bread,
A man with limbs of flesh and veins of blood,
What right have I to tread the cheerless field,
Of the eternal exile? What despair
Hath made me undertake so dire a road;
A chasm, in whose mouth the tumbled crags,
Tumbled and jumbled, as in Titan wars,
Lie fragmented in horror, block on block,
Torn and enormous boulders. On through these
Undaunted down I went. I wished to die.
I held my poor life cheaply in one hand,
Cheaply and loosely, as a fluttering bird,
Whom any onward step may grant escape;
And at the base of the abyss, behold,
A level platform and an unknown land.
And at this point the ghostly realm begins,
And I had done with day and done with men,
And the sweet sun was quenched and far away.

Soon, soon I saw the spectral vanguard come,
Coasting along, as swallows, beating low
Before a hint of rain. In buoyant air,
Circling they poise, and hardly move the wing,
And rather float than fly. Then other spirits,
Shrill and more fierce, came wailing down the gale,
As plaintive plovers come with swoop and scream

To lure our footsteps from their furrowy nest,
So these, as lapwing guardians, sailed and swung,
To save the secrets of their gloomy lair,
And waved me back, impeding my advance.
Yet I persisted, though my veins ran cold,
To catch the winnowing of their awful wings,
And feel the sweat-drops of their ghostly flight
Drip on my neck and shoulder from above,
As ice flakes from the mantle of some cloud
That overpasses, bearing in its breast
A core of thunder and the seeds of hail.
Ye spectral bats, with latticed cobweb sails,
Shall I, around whose cradle Muses sang,
Quail at your emanations weak as rain?
As mist I cleave your ineffectual files,
Love shall not shudder at your goblin eyes.

Yet have I weathered direr dread than these,
In winding from the frontier of thy realm,
Here to thy throne-step and thy sceptred seat,
A piteous interval, a roadway grim,
And avenued with horrors; thick as when
The Arcadian peasant plants the frequent stem
Of rough-leaved, bramble-fruited mulberries,
Ranked on the causeways of the dusty roads
To feed the worm who weaves the stoles of queens.

Thus on each hand has peril fringed my path,
Under the strong wing of the rose-wreathed god,
Peril of waters, peril of the dunes,
The marsh, the fog, the whirlwind, and the fire,
Malignant shores with reason-blasting sights,
And the dim dungeons of the eternal curse
I traversed, and in arduous passage scaled.
Love, orbed in iris halo, step by step,
Went with me, mighty Love, who tunes my lyre:
Unseen he went, and breathed into my ear
The consolations of his nectared lips,
And on the utter edge of horror gave
A whisper from the fair Thessalian fields,
A hint of rosebuds ripe in crystal dew,
And the clear morning summits, poised above
The belt of vineyards and the zone of pines.

I, fed with vision, held securely on,
Nor heeded half the execrable sights

Which ripen in the forest of despair,
The thorn-encircled stem of human woe,
The leaves of agony's expanded rose
With glowing petals and a fiery heart.
Under the shelter of my master's plumes,
I did not turn my feet from any dread.
I took the woes full-breasted as they came;
Then suddenly the dolorous thicket ceased,
And all the wailing of its woods retired,
Like the voices of some dreadful nightingale.
And at my feet a turbid river came.
I knew the stream, I knew the flaccid roll
Of those accursed waves: sighing it ran.
Lethe thou art and worthy of thy name.
Will Love sustain me through this bitter flood,
Where all things are forgot? Maybe these waves
Will wash away my sorrow. On, faint heart,
And bear me up, sweet Love, and guide me through.
And out I waded through the curdled wave
To the mid channel: girdle-deep it grew.
Loathing I went, from waist to knee in wave,
From knee to heel in slime; I moved as one
In heavy chains advancing to his doom.
But Eros found a ford and pushed me through;
And whispered 'Fear not, see, it shallows now.'
And when I found the hateful wave subside,
And saw the nearness of the further shore,
My heart rejoiced. I cared not for the slime.
Nor those Lethean reaches daunted then,
Not the long withered reed-beds, sad in ooze,
Not the black bulrush bank, against whose stems
The lap and washing of the sequent waves
Sough on for ever. Not the broken brows,
Steep at the river turn and undermined,
Wherefrom the snags of oak and tortured boughs
Project, and latticed ribs in skeleton
Jut from the crumbling margin, hung with weeds,
Trophies and wrecks of some old deluge gone,
That rot and fester in the eddying creeks.

Evading then these foul and crumbling brinks,
I planted footstep on a firmer soil.
Before me rose a great and gloomy plain,
Ridged into tracks by mighty chariot wheels,
And at its verge a formidable gate
With castled bastions like a mountain wall,

And adamantine portals smooth as ice.
And trembling I approached these Titan doors.
Then through the gate I entered Acheron,
Region of sorrow, citadel of pain,
The city with the heavy citizens.
Coasts of remorse and colonies of sin
I traversed, sore of foot and sick of soul:
I saw the awful many-sided face
Of human agony. I saw the dregs
Of anguish and the deepest deeps of woe.
The bitter road is run. The goal is gained.
Here at thy throne my gloomy journey ends,
O purple-mantled queen, with slow grave eyes,
And I unbind my sandals, stained in blood,
And make petition on adorant knee.
Forgive and grant me pardon that I come.
For great is Love, who gave me pilotage,
And mighty in the land without a rose.
I come not as Alcides, sheathed in mail.
I have only a little music and a lyre,
Seven piteous chords strung on a tortoise back.
Dare I approach the impenetrable doors,
Or batter at the famished gates of hell,
So feebly furnished for the dire assault?

Can music build the stars or mould the moon,
Or wring assent from Hades' doubtful brows?
Can I make weep the stern and lovely Queen,
Before whose feet the ripples of the dead
Pass like an endless sea beating her throne?
They move her not. In autumn's gusty hour
Shall the innumerable broken leaves,
The aimless russet-sided rushing leaves,
Gain pity from the hatchet-handed boor,
Who shears the stubborn oak, an eagle's throne?
Doth pity sting the rugged fisher folk
For the blue tunnies sailed inside their net?
She will not hearken. I shall sing in vain.

Yet song is great. These pale dishevelled ghosts
Crowd in to hear with dim pathetic eyes,
And quivering corners of their charnel lips.
They rustle in from all the coasts of hell,
As starlings mustering on their evening tree,
Some blasted oak full in the sunset's eye.
And over all the mead the vibrating

Hiss of their chatter deepens. I can move
These bat-like spectres. Can I move their Queen?
Yet song is great: and in the listed war
The hero, while some martial pæan thrills,
Breathes out his soul upon the hostile spears,
And gains—a wreath to bind his temples dead!

Ay, song is great, and even an iron Queen,
Stern as her flinty judgment-seat of doom,
May see arise on music's golden plume,
Ambrosial glimpses of a dawn divine,
And pearl-drops in the rose-red heaven of youth.

The Invocation

Queen, thou shalt hearken by the breath and fragrance
Of those old lawns at Enna: by the gales
That woke the drooping sister violets,
And mingled all the sward with musky thyme:
By the trembling iris, by the speckled eyebright,
By the zoned orchis like a purple bee,
By the rich mountain tulip's splendid wings
Dropt like a flame-tuft on the shelving crag:
By the grey headland o'er the crescent bay:
By the faint ripple of the island foam:
By the sails that swept so proudly up the sea,
By the stern galleys pulsing golden oars,
By every tuneful wind and wasted wave,
By virgin innocence and vestal tears,
And by thine own immortal maidenhood—
Ah, by remembrance of those asphodels—
The lily of the Elysian heroes' rest—
The asphodels flung groundward in dismay
From thy faint trembling hands and fingers pure,
What time the sudden chariot and wild steeds
Rolled as a whirlwind, rushing up behind,
While on thy bare and ivoried shoulder came
Their breathing like the bellows of a forge—
And he, the demon lover, from the car
Stept as a cloud of gloom, and in his folds
Wrapt thee, and night closed on thy radiant eyes.
O, I adjure thee by that day's despair,
By those torn flowers thy lonely mother found
In search for thee, scorched by the burning wheels:
Ah, fallen flowers, have pity on them and me!
Bethink thee, Queen, how on that day one rose

Fell, of all blooms that fell, the sweetest bud,
The mystic rose of girlhood ne'er rebloomed,
Its virgin curtain broken, its dewdrops gone—
Ah, not of Orcus all the sceptred gloom,
The purple and the queendom and the gold,
Shall do away touch of those gracious days,
By the hum of Ætna, vineyard-clustered Ætna,
Flushing its grapes with subterranean fire,
Girdled with gleaming cities round its sides,
And the hewn houses of great marble gods,
By the Sicilian ocean, cold and clear,
Whose deeps outpass in azure Hellas' seas,
Whose nights have mellower moons and clearer stars,
Whose orange groves bear more Hesperian fruit,
Whose fountains gush from more enamelled meads,
Whereby the halcyon flits, a tissued gleam,
Bird of the rainbow: and the lovely land
Is as one great and golden orchard plain,
And haunted by some Genius, dropping balm,
Winged, as a nightjar wings o'er darkened moors
With plumes of silent flight.

I make appeal
Beyond thy Queendom and these nether shades:
Beyond the gloomy grandeur of thy throne
I pass to other regions, other realms.
And my entreaty soars with eagle wing
Beyond the horizon barriers of the past.
I speak to one pale girl, who passed her hours
With wool and distaff at her mother's side
In the sweet long ago. Still beats thy heart
The same behind the ruby-cinctured stole;
Although long years of judging guilty souls
Have given thy lips and brow a stony mask,
And changed thee in Medusa's loveliness
For Hebe's roseleaf dimples. In those days,
The dews of pity came in easy tears,
And slight occasion dimmed thy lucid eyes
And brimmed their fountains. If athwart thy path,
Prone from the lofty nest, some callow bird
Lay shattered in unfeathered nakedness,
A sight for tears. And tears thou couldst bestow,
If with the hunter's arrow in her flank,
With blood-drips limping through the corkwoods came
A mild and sobbing fawn. I half believe
That the shed glories of a wasted rose

Could make thee weeping-ripe for one dead flower.
Ah! what a change has come! The wax grows steel.
But in thy stern heart pity is not dead,
But on her lies the dust of cruel years.
Be once again the girl compassionate,
And lay aside the inexorable queen
To hear my prayer, if only for an hour.
While I unroll the tragedy of love
In bleeding accents set to burning chords,
In agonies which thrill along my string.
Oh, for the language of a god to prove
The enormous desolation I endure!
Had Phœbus half my pain, all hell would weep.
Or if I had the mighty Sun-god's touch,
Then would I sweep the lyre with such a stress
And storm of passion, such supreme despair,
Such wailing emphasis, that I would make
The woods, the waves, the lonely mountains weep,
And I would drown all Nature in remorse,
A Niobe of tears, that this should be.
Until the withered phantom, hungry Death,
Relenting latest of created things,
In utter pity sets his cage-door wide,
And lets my lark soar back to crystal heaven,
Regaining that clear region, where her nest,
Empty and orphan, waits Eurydice.

What scourge from heaven, what scorpion whip of hell
Outvenoms my bereavement? Surely none.
To lose her any way were giant woe:
To lose her thus, ineffable despair.
Torn from my lips upon her spousal morn,
In the climax of her utmost dearness slain:
Slain at Love's loveliest moment, ere the cup
Of her sweet being had enriched my life.
The rites at Hymen's gate were barely done,
The incense smouldering yet, the wine undried,
And trickling ruddy from the altar face
In our libations. Then the marriage train
Wound through the temple doors with choral hymn.
She, like a meadow rose in bridal robes,
Lighthearted trips along the pastoral hills,
Her maidens round her, roses near the rose.
Sweet as the blushing planet of the dawn,
She went with hurrying footsteps, light and free,
In silken bents knee-deep and tufted thyme,

Nor saw within the sedge an adder coiled,
Nor knew she pressing death. But that ill worm,
Evolving fanged and fiercely from the herb,
Mailed round in sapphire bars and speckled scale,
Kissed once her rosy feet and kissed no more:
But gave my darling sleep, measureless sleep;
And we stood round, like nations changed to rock,
With some new Gorgon horror frozen numb.
Then wild lament arose along the hills,
And dirges came where hymeneals rang.
Lord of his kingdom, Love sang pæan then;
Reft of his empire, we sing dirges now.
And, sobbing cadence of funereal gloom,
We wind her in the raiment of the dead,
The shrouded mantle of eternal sleep,
Ay me, the dear one. Then as twilight fell,
With torch and taper rounded, crowned with yew,
Wailing we bore her to the cypress lines,
Sown with the urns and ash of fiery hearts
Of old-world lovers, cold and gone to dust.
Thither we bore her pallid on her bier,
A silver moon cradled in ebon cloud;
And over her we sprinkled marigolds,
Flower of the dead, stars on the sable pall;
And there was one more gravestone, one more heart
Broken, and in the world no other change.

What right have I to live, so crushed with woe?
I dare not see the light now she is gone.
I hate to watch the flower set up its face.
I loathe the trembling shimmer of the sea,
Its heaving roods of intertangled weed
And orange sea-wrack with its necklace fruit,
The stale insipid cadence of the dawn,
The ring-dove, tedious harper on five tones,
The eternal havoc of the sodden leaves,
Rotting the floors of autumn: one and all,
The outworn tricks of nature. I am weary,
Weary and incomplete and desolate.
To me, Spring, sceptred with her daffodil,
Droops with a blight of dim mortality,
And the birds sing Death and Eurydice.

Ah, dear and unforgotten; on the wind
Her voice comes often, low and sweet it comes,
In such a sigh as draws the yearning soul

Out of my breast to follow and float away,
To lean upon the storm with falcon wing,
To overtake the laggard moaning blast,
And clasp her in the whirlwind, shade to shade,
And ghost to ghost. There let us interlock
Our spectral limbs, and so in mutual flight
Rush at the sun and burn remembrance out.
Be thou effectual Lethe to our pangs,
O mighty fountain of primeval fire;
Father of lesser lights, compassionate,
Burn out, abolish our two weary souls!
Thou rollest on to rest the toiling stars.
The Meteor of the morning doth untie
Her shining sandals on thy temple floor,
And fiery flakes fall from her golden locks.

Forsaken Orpheus, smite once more the lyre:
Sweep all thy echoing chords and make an end.
Let sorrow quell the deep and vanquish Fate.
Let song and pity, winged with burning words,
Prevail upon a storm of melody,
Melting the queen's inexorable heart,
As wax before the furnace of my pain.
O thou, most regal, arch and arbitress
Of doleful nations, with thy mural crown,
Rod of dominion, orb of adamant,
Robed in the ruddy stain of vintage lees,
With garments like the morning fiery red—
I do adjure thee, lovely Proserpine,
Terrible Proserpine and yet most lovely,
Release the viper-slain Eurydice,
Untimely taken and supremely loved:
Give her again to taste the gentle air,
Let me extort her from this rugged Hell.
Lo, on my brow the toil-drops start as rain,
Raised by the wrestling fervour of my prayer;
And all my blood beats in an agony
Of hope and expectation. Ah, relent,
I see sweet pity dawning in thine eyes
Immortal. O my Queen, on thee returns
Breath of the ancient meads, thy mother's smile,
The old old days, the sweet sweet times of eld.
Thou shalt relent. O lady, is it much
To thin the frequence of thy crowded realms
By losing one poor captive, dearly loved;
She will return after a few brief years

To thine eternity. 'Tis but one crumb
Pinched from the side of thy great loaf of death,
Daughter of Ceres. But one grain of corn,
Which in this nether world all winter slept
To rise on wings of spring in glorious birth!

Clash, O my lyre, clash all thy golden chords,
For we have won! I see the ghosts divide
To right and left a mighty lane of darkness;
As from the utmost coasts of Acheron
Eurydice comes sailing like a star.
Dove of the cypress, come: my hungry soul
Awaits thee trembling with expanded arms.

DE TABLEY.

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

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FABIAN FUSTIAN

One need not hold a brief for the Liberal Government to give expression to some protest against the transparent injustice with which it has been attacked in the 'manifesto' of the Fabian Society. Fair play is a jewel, says the popular proverb, but it does not figure as an ornament in the indictment which rumour ascribes to the joint authorship of the two most prominent members of that interesting body. Nor is this much to be marvelled at, after all, when a law of political controversy peculiar to 'very advanced' people is borne in mind. This law, once mostly confined to Continental revolutionary groups, is now operating in party and political developments in England. Reduced to the terms of a formula, it may be explained thus: Given the nearest affinity in principles, purposes, and proposals between two reforming bodies or forces, to find in inverse ratio the maximum of active enmity to be shown by the most advanced of the two towards its closest political relation. It is in conformity with this law of erratic political action that the Society which claims, with becoming modesty, to have given a semi-collectivist programme to the Government now assails its Cabinet 'pupil' as being, from the Fabian point of view, neither fish nor flesh nor good red-herring.

The grounds for this sweeping condemnation are not quite as clear to the casual student of this manifesto as are the (self-asserted) political sagacity and public virtue of the indignant preceptors of the now disowned and discredited Ministry. These ungrateful or incapable ministers have been sixteen months in office, cry their critics, and where is the Collectivist Millennium? The Newcastle

programme is not yet transcribed upon the Imperial statute-book, though a whole session has passed by! Home Rule has not been conferred upon London! Ground-rent values are not transformed into public property! The Government Departments are not being administered according to Fabian ideas; while the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with only a paltry deficit of two millions in his Budget and nothing but falling trade before him, actually refused to provide out of his resources money for new public purposes that would suffice to please the most progressive fiscal reformers, including the general taxpayer as well. Therefore, in the name of the disgusted Fabian Society, kick the Government out, and make place for Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Matthews. That such a proposition should be welcomed by Unionist papers in columns of Fabian praise is not surprising. The law of inverted affections between parties politically related sets in motion an equally eccentric law of admiring patronage, in given situations, between those who are as far apart in party and political creed as the poles asunder. Thus the avowed 'Separatist' in Ireland who 'goes for' the Irish Home Rule party is patted on the back by Irish Unionists who have the greatest horror of 'Separation.' In England the Socialist who most loudly denounces Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party will win praise from the most inveterate capitalistic Tory. And it would be a denial of the law referred to if the members of the Fabian Society were not hailed in Tory and capitalist organs as the greatest Radical political economists from Mill to Marshall, and the only powerful and reputable exponents of the Labour cause who stood between the Liberals and political destruction at the last general election. All this is most eccentric, but it is also most serious. It makes for the disintegration of progressive combinations and, per consequence, for the growth of retrogressive Toryism and the weakening of allied forces of reform.

There is, however, another beside the Fabian way of looking at the work done by the present Government in the carrying-out of the biggest and most far-reaching programme with which any reforming party has taken office in this generation. The Ministry, after all, is not composed of Fabians. The time when Prime Minister Shaw can form an ideal Cabinet and Mr. Chancellor Webb introduce a faultless Budget may come, but that time is neither the present nor the immediate future. As all the world knows, the Government is not held in power by a homogeneous party or majority. There are Whigs and reactionaries in the Liberal Cabinet and Liberal party, just as, possibly, there are fallible Fabians behind the authors of the manifesto. As Government supporters there are Liberals and Radicals and Old and New Union Labour members: all differing more or less in the warmth of their legislative zeal in the matter of 'forward' action such as might win the united support of Messrs. Shaw and

Webb, but possibly not that of all the few hundred members of their *fin de siècle* society of political perfectionists. Then there are the National sections and distinctive groups in the Ministerial majority, with their respective claims, views, and prejudices, and making their separate demands upon the time and attention of the Government: Ireland to be considered; Scotland requiring attention; Wales insisting upon not being overlooked; Radicals complaining about the wants of London; the Temperance party clamouring for the fulfilment of Liberal promises. And, though the Fabian critics do not deign to recognise the fact, these Irishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, English Radicals, and Sir Wilfred Lawson had something to do with the return of the Liberal party to power in 1892, and may, therefore, with some little show of reason, object to its summary dismissal from office, by Messrs. Webb and Shaw, until some more work is got out of it beside what has already been accomplished.

To the minds of many who are as anxious for progressive legislation, beneficial alike to labour and the people generally, as the Fabian Society, the record of the Government for its sixteen months' existence is more deserving of appreciation and of expectant good work to follow than of the wholesale condemnation, tempered with damning by faint praise, which has so delighted the enemies alike of the Ministry and the Progressive cause. What is this record, in legislation (carried and attempted) and in administration?

The Home Rule Bill was, doubtless, a waste of time in the sovereign judgment of the Fabians. They 'do not care a dump' one way or the other for Home Rule. They did not always say so; but let that pass. There are millions of Irishmen, however, who do care, and among them are friends as warm and advocates of labour as true as any Fabian. To have gone back upon the promises made to these millions of 'mere Irish' might have accorded better with Fabian ideas of how people should be treated who do not excel in mere dialectical babble about reforms, but who work and fight, and, when needed, make sacrifices for their attainment; but the Government has acted a fairer and a more honest part, and has kept its pledge. To do this cost the time of a whole session, thanks to the identity of opinion between Obstructionist Unionism and up-to-date Fabianism on the question of Home Rule. But this keeping of faith with Irishmen has secured seventy solid Irish votes for the British Labour cause in the Commons. Within the time thus limited the following measures—not heroic, it is true—of a serviceable character were put through: Railway Servants' Hours Act, acceptable to trades unionist opinion; Education Acts Amendment Act; Abolition of Indian Presidential Commands Act; Gold Coinage Rehabilitation Act; Agricultural Fertilisers and Feeding Stuffs Act; Statute Law Revision Acts; North Pacific Sealing Agreement Act; Savings Bank Amendment Act. In addition to these Bills, the Government intro-

duced two measures of first-class importance to the workers of Great Britain, for one of which, at least, even Fabian praise is reluctantly extorted. The Employers' Liability Bill alone would in years gone by have been considered by the trades unions and other Labour organisations of the country to be for them a fair share of the legislative labours of a session. The Government is now fighting for this Bill against an Opposition which the Fabian manifesto calls into power as 'likely to be a better Government (for labour) than the present'! And may I point out to Messrs. Webb and Shaw that were it not for the presence and votes of fifty-seven Irish Home Rule members in the division upon Mr. McLaren's amendment, the clause in Mr. Asquith's Bill against contracting-out would have been defeated by 'the better Government'-for-labour Opposition by thirty-eight of a majority, and the measure wrecked?

The Parish Councils Bill will, if not mutilated by the admirers of the Fabians, do more for the agricultural labourer and the rural population of Great Britain than any measure yet passed by Parliament. This surely is something to the credit of a Government so roundly abused. In addition to these Bills, there has been a resolution in favour of the payment of members adopted by the House of Commons, entirely through Liberal, Radical, Labour, and Irish votes; while the second reading of the Miners' Eight Hours Bill was likewise carried by the same combination—both the resolution and Bill, be it remembered, being opposed by the new Fabian allies, the Unionists; the majority, in each instance, being due to those Home Rulers for whom the Fabians 'do not care a dump.'

In the matter of administrative achievement in departmental work, the Government, within the very limited period in which it has held power, has no mean record after all. If when it goes out of office it can only show this much labour accomplished, then, but not till then, would some of the Fabian strictures be justly deserved. Within little more than a year, however, the following Progressive changes have been carried out, with promises of further kindred changes to follow: the organisation of a Labour Department of the Board of Trade, with working men and women correspondents; the appointment of more Factory Inspectors, in which women are for the first time included; the publication of an Official *Labour Gazette*, of invaluable public service to Labour; vigorous administration of the Factory Acts and organisation of a Departmental Committee on occupations dangerous to health; appointment of representative workmen (Ireland not as yet included) as magistrates (the number, it is to be hoped, to be still largely increased); introduction of the eight-hours rule in the cartridge department at Woolwich; fixing the minimum wage in the Government dockyards; interference to protect trades unionists in non-unionist workshops, together with promises of other new departures of a trades union character in

Government employments. In addition, the Home Secretary has opened Trafalgar Square again for public meetings, a Commission for the unification of London has been appointed, as well as one for an inquiry into the condition of Agriculture; while the Board of Trade has assisted energetically in every matter of interest or concern to the public or to the well-being of labour which has come within the purview of its duties or responsibilities. In connection with the Poor Law the qualification for Guardians (in England and Wales) has been reduced and made uniform; while an inquiry into the means of relieving the Unemployed is being at present conducted through the Labour Department of the Board of Trade.

In the Department of Education Mr. Acland has earned even Fabian praise. Possibly this is because it would be too much of an absurdity to try and belittle the value of his labours, or to whittle down the credit due alike to him and the Government which has sanctioned his firm administration of the Free Education Act; his Departmental Committee work on child-labour and half-time; his rigorous enforcement of sanitary efficiency in country schools, and his new Code for evening continuation schools. All this is acknowledged to Mr. Acland's credit; but Messieurs the Fabians coolly dismiss him from the headship of the Education Department nevertheless, and summon Sir William Hart-Dyke, or some similar obscurantist Tory, to take his place! And the last but by no means the least act deserving of administrative credit for the Government is its successful interference in the now historic struggle for the living wage, with every prospect of having helped thereby to gain one of the biggest victories ever won by organised labour in its contest with federated capital. All this, it is true, falls far short in legislation and administrative reforms of what Liberals promised the country at the general election, and what working-class supporters expected at their hands if returned to power. But would it not be more reasonable on the part of fair critics to look upon what has been done, not as the whole upon the comparative smallness of which to condemn unfulfilled promises and expectations, but as an earnest of what can and will be accomplished when the indispensable factor of time lends its aid to opportunity for the satisfaction of expectation and promise alike?

It is not easy to see, therefore, either on the ground of legislative efforts and achievements or on the score of administrative merits, why the Government should be condemned to political execution by those claiming to pronounce such judgment in the name of the working classes. Why drive away former and present allies and friends of Labour, who are yet capable and willing to pass other useful measures and promote further progressive reforms, in order to make room for traditional and avowed Tory and capitalist enemies? If the present position and immediate prospects of the Fabian following,

with every form and phase of Socialism, of 'Independent' Labour and of political Trades Unionism cordially combining in co-operative effort —a very large and very improbable assumption—gave any the least hope of a Parliamentary Collectivist party emerging fifty strong from the next general election, there would be some reasonable justification for the tactics of the Fabian manifesto. But where do we see any evidence of such a probable fusion for the creation of such a party? The authors of the manifesto admit the practical helplessness of their Society and its other Socialist allies in any electoral battle, and in this acknowledgment lies the best argument against the policy which they call upon working men to adopt towards the Government, the most conclusive reply to their attack upon its labours and exaggerated shortcomings so far.

That a Parliamentary Labour party is a certain outcome of developments now working within British politics goes without saying. Working men are forming separate parties in nearly every country where there are parliamentary institutions, while the Australian colonies have already two or more such parties in actual existence. Great Britain will have its Labour party too, but it does not necessarily follow that it will be in the political tutelage of Fabians when it appears. What are the conditions precedent to the organisation of such a new parliamentary party? Two, particularly: the cost of election expenses to be defrayed out of some local or national source, and the payment of members of Parliament to be similarly secured. May I ask whether 'the better Government'-for-labour Unionists who voted against Mr. Allen's resolution on the 24th of March are likely to introduce a Bill or frame a Budget for the purpose of payment of members? I must again remind Messrs. Shaw and Webb that, while their present Tory admirers endeavoured to defeat this resolution, it was carried by a majority of forty-seven through the votes of the Irish Home Rulers. If, therefore, the policy or purpose of the Fabians be (in their own admitted weakness among the electors) to pave the way for the advent of a Trades Unionist Parliamentary party, with a Collectivist programme upon what rational ground do they call upon working men to withdraw their support from the Liberal party, which favours the payment of election expenses and of members of Parliament, in order to help to return to office an Opposition who are determinedly opposed to both these necessary provisions for the future existence of a Labour party in the House of Commons? The end and aim of the appeal addressed, by this manifesto, to British working men is not to smoothe the way for such a Labour party, but to pave the way for the advent of Mr. Chamberlain and the Unionists to power.

The object of the Fabian Society, as plainly discerned between the lines of their new policy, is to induce the working men of Great Britain to desert the Home Rule cause and help to return its enemies

to office at the next general election. To kill Home Rule would merit some *quid pro quo* from a possible fusionist Ministry with Mr. Chamberlain at its head. What shape or substance this reward would take, whether in legislation or in administrative reforms, can only be matter of conjecture, as the present leader of the Liberal Unionists would have to abandon many of his opinions and convictions upon economic and administrative problems in order to meet the terms of his Fabian allies. But the member for West Birmingham would give up a good deal of what he holds dear if he could only see Home Rule smashed; and if the self-elected spokesmen of the British working classes can only induce them to act upon the advice of their manifesto and overthrow Mr. Gladstone's Government, Mr. Chamberlain could be counted upon to go back upon his present principles and professions on labour and social questions, as he has already done with reference to his former views upon Dublin Castle and Home Rule. Personality and class prejudices count for a good deal in British politics, and as the Fabian leaders and writers are almost exclusively of the *bourgeois* class, who hold working men to be incapable, intellectually, of becoming competent leaders to their own order, we may expect to see this influence operating also in the direction indicated in this new departure in Labour politics. It remains to be seen, however, to what extent this new lead will be followed by the trade unionists of Great Britain. The Belfast Congress adopted a Collectivist platform, it is true; but this was not borrowed from Fabian teaching, nor was it in any way the result of Fabian agitation. The body deserving of most credit for the spread of Collectivist principles among the working classes of Great Britain is the Social Democratic Federation. The members of this society are mostly working men, and it is from among them the Labour cause has got its ablest and most trusted leaders in the persons of John Burns, Tom Mann, Ben Tillet, and other less noted but not less sincere champions of the rights of the labouring masses. The Fabian gentlemen, who know just as little about the real life and hardships of the working poor as other middle-class people, have walked off with the platform of the S. D. F. and are now posing therefrom before the country as the brain-carriers of the Socialist agitation. Not one of the recognised leaders of the Labour movement has ever tried to put political enmity between the Labour cause of Great Britain and that of Home Rule. This task has been taken up by the Fabian Society, among the leading members of which body there is not a single *bona fide* working man to be found.

This task will not be successfully carried out. The working classes of Great Britain know that in Home Rule and Home Rulers they possess the truest and strongest allies outside of their own ranks and organisations. Home Rule is not a class but a people's cause, whose object is to supersede a Government of land monopolists

by one of the democracy of Ireland, under which change the industrial resources of the country can be fully developed, and more opportunities of employment created for the benefit of home labour; thereby stopping emigration and the resulting competition in the labour market of Great Britain which follows. Home Rule, in satisfying the national feeling of Ireland, will promote and secure that true union of common purposes and mutual trust between the peoples of the two islands that would prevent the friction and expenditure of parliamentary time and effort which have been, among the many other results of Irish misgovernment, the reason why the British democracy have not been able to obtain the full and due consideration of their rights and grievances in the House of Commons. Moreover, the trend of the Home Rule movement is all in the direction of social reform and popular administration, and in this respect it is, in reality, the Irish phase of the great and all but universal Labour movement of our time. Irish labour, which is mainly agriculture, has already won under the Home Rule and Land League agitations many notable victories for progressive principles. The present struggle for a living wage was anticipated in Ireland in a war against land laws and customs which denied live-and-let-live conditions to the land workers of the country. Ireland has also asserted the great principle of the land for the people—that is, the tenure and use of the soil to be primarily, if not entirely, in the interests of labour and food-production, instead of being held and administered as if the natural and economic purpose of its creation had been to grow rent and the other necessaries of luxurious ease for a territorial aristocracy. The first work of a Home Rule Parliament will be to carry these principles of land reform to their logical legislative conclusions, and solve in Ireland the great social and labour problem which must also be faced some day in Great Britain: namely, how to root the land workers on the soil—how to create inducements to that end so as to erect, in security of tenure, safety of homesteads and a living wage, a natural and economic barrier between the workers on our land and the overcrowded labour market in town and city centres of manufacturing industry.

Already, as a result of the Irish movement of the last fifteen years, reforms have been effected in Ireland in the direction of State Socialism, one-twentieth the progressive value of which, if won by Fabianism in England, would keep that modest Society cackling about its own performances for a generation. The State is now practically the administrator of the land in Ireland. It fixes the rent that is to be charged, and acts as the legal arbitrator between the former (absolute) owner and the tenant, who has now a State lease. By means of the Agricultural Labourers' Dwelling Act, the Irish local sanitary authorities can borrow money with which to buy land and erect decent, healthful cottages for agricultural labourers, with half

an acre of land attached, for a rent (cottage and land combined) seldom averaging more than one shilling per week. Upwards of eight thousand of such dwellings have been built in the two southern provinces of Ireland since the Act became law, 'rich' and 'progressive' 'Unionist' Ulster only building about 100. Not to mention other achievements of a kindred character, these results of the labours of the Irish leaders in the Home Rule movement will tend to show the working men of Great Britain how true that movement is to the principles of a common industrial democracy, and how essential it is to the ultimate success of these principles, in Great Britain as in Ireland, that no enmity should be put between the British and Irish sections of that democracy, either by interested Unionist efforts or by interloping Fabianism.

As with the tendency and purpose of the Irish Home Rule movement, so has it been with the action of Ireland's Nationalist representation at Westminster. Every Irish leader and party, from Daniel O'Connell's time to the present, have been the active friends of the British working classes in the Imperial Parliament. One of the charges made against O'Connell in the Repeal debate of 1834, by Sir Robert Peel, was that he was in active sympathy with the then trades unionists of London, and had consented to act as honorary legal adviser to them in the then troublesome and dangerous period of trades unionist history. He was likewise accused of being favourable to the no less dangerous and desperate cause of the Dorsetshire labourers of that day. Subsequently, the movement of democratic reform in England had such Irishmen as Fergus O'Connor and Brontere O'Brien among its leaders. The late Mr. Isaac Butt, while leading the Home Rule party of his day in Parliament, was always ready by vote and voice to further the interests of British workers in a hearty support of every measure that was brought forward in their behalf. The same can be said of the late Mr. Parnell and the party under his leadership, while at the present moment it is the proud boast of the Irish Nationalist representatives that they are and will continue to be mainly instrumental in securing legislative effect in the present Parliament for all measures which are introduced by the Government or in the name of the British Labour cause for the protection or advancement of the interests of the working men of England, Scotland, and Wales. In a word, while Fabian fustian has not yet, with all its Collectivist's tall talk, contributed a single Parliamentary vote to the support of Labour in Westminster, Home Rule, for which 'no Fabian cares a dump, don't-cher-know,' has over seventy solid votes there, as much at the service of the British toilers as for the advancement of the interests of the labouring masses of Ireland.

It is only proper to remark that Messrs. Shaw and Webb, somewhat affrighted at the noise of their own performance, have attempted to run away from the obvious meaning of their manifesto

in sundry interviews and letters, in which they say 'they never meant it,' &c., and that it was all intended for the good of the Government. This explanation has doubtless tickled the fancy of the proverbial marines. The Tory press is not a bad judge of what makes for the advantage of its party and for the damage of the Liberal Home Rule cause. Not a single Liberal or Home Rule organ within the three countries has been able to discover where the 'friendliness' of the Fabian manifesto manifests itself. ''Tis all very well to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me down stairs?' is what the supporters of the Government may be justified in saying about the after-thought assurances of the Fabian apologists.

To put all possible fair pressure upon the Ministry from press, platform, and Parliament in order that they may push on with the task of carrying out the general election programme and promises is a policy to which no reasonable objection can be taken. The truest friends of the Government must know that it is in an honest, persevering effort to fulfil these pledges lies the best, if not the only, chance of carrying the country when an account of ministerial stewardship shall have to be rendered to the electorate. Pressure to this end is a fair and square line of action for all the friends and advocates of Labour to take in the present situation. But to call upon the working classes to politically revolt against those who are honestly doing their best under exacting circumstances, because everything has not been done which neither time nor opportunity would allow being done, is playing the part of the candid friend, *plus* the enemy's game, with a vengeance. That sound sense which has always distinguished British trade unionism in the steady working-out of its political aims and economic purposes will save its cause now from the injury and defeat in which the Fabian frondeurism would involve it. Trades union power was not created in a day, and the victories which have built up its great political influence were not won in one or in twenty years. To work and wait for one or two years more while a party in power pledged to a progressive programme can fight the trades unionists' battle against the Unionist Opposition and the House of Lords for the trades union principles of the Employers' Liability Bill, and can carry on a similar contest against the same opponents for the agricultural labourer and rural population in the provisions and purpose of the Parish Councils Bill, is surely a policy more in keeping with the record and reputation of trades unionism than the squib-firing tactics of Fabian sensationalism. Better to continue the labour of putting on judicious pressure for these and kindred measures than to exert an opposition which might re-enact the unwisdom of the legend of the golden egg. Let the Government get all the growing educational benefit of the moral enthusiasm that is being created by the living-wage principle so heroically fought for by the miners—for which women and children have suffered so nobly—let this enthusiasm,

now permeating the public mind, and which is almost invading the Churches, be allowed to give Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Earl Spencer and other ministers a lead which it will soon be impossible for any Government to ignore or to neglect in the task of making the responsible heads of public departments follow the example of the London County Council and make the State a model employer of labour. By giving the Government of the hour this fair chance Labour will gain much and lose nothing save, perchance, the questionable benefit of Fabian-cum-Unionist prophecy and patronage.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

SOCIALISM IN FRANCE: ITS PRESENT AND FUTURE

I

If it has not been decided, even by the aid of long dissertations, whether the paternity of the word 'Socialism' belongs to Robert Owen, Pierre Leroux, or Louis Reybaud, still less has any one succeeded in fixing the exact signification of that term. Proudhon, on appearing before a court of assize after the eventful days of June 1848, replied to the judge: 'Socialism! That is, every aspiration towards the amelioration of society.' 'Then we are all Socialists,' said the judge. 'I hope so, indeed,' answered Proudhon, not without irony.

Some years ago in France, every man who gave his attention to social questions was given, and accepted without protest, the title of Socialist. Much less importance was attached to it when the conquests sought were those of liberty. All the advocates of social reform asked for freedom of the press and the right of meeting. They demanded also such changes in the law of association as should not leave trades unions to the mere tolerance or the persecution of the public authorities.

Freedom of the press and of meeting were obtained in 1881. So wide, indeed, was the liberty conceded that it lacked the indispensable counterpoise of responsibility. In 1884, instead of a general law on associations, a special law was passed on professional or trade syndicates, authorising 'the free and unlicensed establishment of associations of persons carrying on the same profession, similar trades, or connected industries co-operating in the manufacture of certain products. These syndicates must have for their exclusive object the study and defence of economic interests, manufacturing and agricultural. Their founders must deposit a copy of their rules and the names of the persons charged with their administration, at the townhall of the Department when the syndicate is established in the provinces, and at the Prefecture of the Seine when in Paris. These syndicates may form unions; but while *they* can possess real estate

and sue or be sued in a court of law, the *unions* cannot. Moreover the syndicates may possess only the real estate necessary for their meetings—libraries and business offices. They may establish funds for assistance in case of ill-health, &c., and for pensions; and they may open offices at which information can be obtained on the supply of and the demand for labour. Every member of a trade syndicate can retire from it at any moment—without any other charge than the payment of his contribution for the year—while maintaining his right to remain a member of the benefit and pension societies to which he has subscribed.'

This law was demanded and voted by the Republicans as a law of freedom; but they feared to pass a general law on associations, because of the religious congregations. They, therefore, gave freedom of association to trade associations only, and with the restrictions which I have just indicated. The reactionaries mistrusted this law much, though, by a singular irony, it is they who have made the greatest use of it. Pretending to the exclusive representation of agriculture, they have founded agricultural syndicates for the purchase of agricultural machines, manures, and animals for breeding; and they have endeavoured to make political capital out of these. If the agricultural syndicates have rendered service to agriculture, they have done nothing of the kind for those who sought to use them as electoral means. Employers have made use of this law to found syndicates which have chiefly been worked for Protectionist ends. As to the workmen, the *Annuaire des Syndicats* counts as working with the syndicates only 208,000, or about 6 per cent. of the labouring population of France, the agricultural labourers excepted. But many have not been willing to join syndicates constituted in conformity with the law, as they consider that some obligations to which they are submitted under it do violence to their freedom and dignity, and are police arrangements. More than half of the syndicates which occupied the *Bourse du Travail* were illegal.

As the result of my speech in the Chamber of Deputies on the 8th of May last, the Minister of the Interior, M. Charles Dupuy, took steps to compel these syndicates to conform to the law before the 5th of July. The members of the 'executive commission of the committee' of the *Bourse du Travail* replied 'to the indescribable affront which the Minister of the Interior had just inflicted on the labouring class, that the dignity, the honour of the proletariat bid it not to let pass so odious a provocation.'

The syndicates affirmed by deliberate and repeated resolutions, not merely that those which were not *en règle* would not put themselves in accordance with the law, but that the others, 'in order to recover their independence,' should cease to observe legal prescriptions.

I cite this fact more especially to show the singular conception of

legality which has grown up among French Socialists. A law has been passed abrogating that of 1791 which, in order to guarantee the freedom of labour against the tricks of corporations, prohibited all associations between persons of the same profession. This law of 1884 gives them rights which they may regard as too restricted; but, instead of asking for their extension—for example, by enlarging their power of holding property—they have refused to submit to the law, while at the same time they are promoting the adoption of a new law, which has been voted by the Chamber of Deputies and rejected by the Senate, and is known by the name of the deputy who has presented it as the *loi Bovier-Lapierre.* According to this Bill, every employer who refused to hire a workman and was so simple-minded as to declare that this refusal was based on the fact that the workman was a member of a syndicate, or who discharged a workman for the same reason, would be liable to from ten days' to a month's imprisonment and a fine of from 100 to 2,000 francs. Every employer would be under the obligation, under penalty, to accept any workman who was a member of a syndicate, and—when once this workman was domiciled with him—to regard him as immovable, whatever might be the freaks to which he gave himself up.

There still remains the question whether the workmen who take part with the irregular syndicates demand the benefits of the *loi Bovier-Lapierre,* while so loudly scorning the law of 1884. The attitude of their representatives in the Chamber of Deputies would make one believe that they ask for the good things of the one law and reject the obligations of the other, although the two laws would be connected.

Behold the phenomenon which has manifested itself. Until about 1889 social reforms were regarded as reforms in the direction of liberty and equality. It was at that point of view we placed ourselves when we obtained, by the law of the 2nd of April, 1868, the abrogation of article 1781 of the Civil Code, by virtue of which the master's mere word was taken as to the amount of wages and its payment. Again, it was from that point of view that we procured, in 1883, the repeal of the laws which obliged the workman to carry about a book in which were entered sundry matters concerning him. It was at that point of view we placed ourselves to attain the repeal of Article 416 of the Penal Code, which prohibited workmen from suspending their labours in order to obtain an increase of wages. That article, modified by the law of 1864, was finally abrogated by the first article of the law of the 21st of March, 1884, on workmen's syndicates, which recognised the right of combination and of striking. The majority of those who demanded and obtained these legislative changes received, however, and accepted, the name of Socialists. But now, in France, so far from Socialism being a movement of liberty

and equality, it might be defined :—The intervention of the State in contracts of labour, always directed against the employer and to the exclusive profit of the labourer.

II

In 1789 the French Revolution affirmed the rights of man against the rights of the State. During its continuance there was but one really Socialistic manifestation—that of Babœuf. The real awakening of Communistic ideas was at the Restoration and under the Government of Louis Philippe. Saint-Simon and Fourrier were its two most eminent exponents. Louis Blanc, in a little book entitled *L'Organisation du Travail*, made a passionate criticism of the actual state of society. He proposed State workshops, in which, as an incitement to work, would be placed large placards bearing the inscription: 'Whoever does not work is a thief.' He thought that the State should become the sole producer and the sole distributor of wealth. Proudhon published his book *La Propriété c'est le Vol!* and, while ridiculing the Communists, advocated the suppression of interest by the establishment of a bank of exchange in which barter should replace the use of money, as a means of the abolition of poverty and the equalisation of fortunes.

These various conceptions resulted in the creation of the national workshops in 1848, and afterwards led to the insurrection usually called *les journées de juin*. Under the Empire Socialistic ideas, though restrained, manifested themselves in 1862 by the formation of *l'Internationale*. They came to a head in the Commune of 1871. Resting latent after that, they grew in strength and expanded after the amnesty of 1879, which brought back to France the old chiefs and champions of the Commune. A certain number of these, among them M. Jules Guesde, came back imbued with the Socialism of Karl Marx, and presented as their programme the accession of the 'Fourth Estate.' They said that if the Revolution of 1789 had suppressed the privileges of the nobility and clergy, in making them equal before the law with the 'Third Estate,' it had acted to the profit only of the *bourgeoisie*—that it had created a 'capitalist class,' and that the workmen constituting the 'Fourth Estate' must make their '89. Their political resource was a war of classes—as if there were classes recognised by the public or domestic law of France! They repeated the formula of Marx concerning the 'surplus labour which gives profit to the employer,' so that an employer has but to multiply the number of his workmen and their hours of labour to make his fortune! They demanded, therefore, as an immediate and practical measure, the limitation of the hours of labour by law. After that they showed what steps should be taken to transform the supply of food into a public function, by the municipalities at first,

to be followed by the 'socialisation' of the instruments of production —the machinery of industry and the land.

In order to distinguish their various schools, French Socialists take the names, not of principles, but of men. The Marxists, the disciples of Karl Marx, are also called Guesdists. The Broussists, who follow M. Paul Brousse, form *le parti ouvrier*, properly so called. The Allemanists have for their leader a working printer, M. Allemane. The Blanquists, who are attached to the tradition of the ancient conspirator Blanqui, dream above all of riots and insurrections, without troubling themselves much about the économic transformations to follow in their wake. They love the Social Revolution for the Revolution itself. They are the devotees of art as art.

In reality, all the Socialists are much more divided by personal questions than by questions of doctrine. They are all of opinion that the actual state of society is worthless, that legislation should interfere vigorously to give to the labourers all the privileges they may demand, that however great these demands may be they will never be sufficient, and that the end to be arrived at is the expropriation of the 'capitalist class.' Thus, as may well be believed, this expropriation is to be violent; though the expropriators declare with touching unanimity that, if this violence come about, it will not be their fault, but that of those who resist them. While waiting for this beautiful consummation of their dreams, they go every year, on the 28th of May, to celebrate religiously the anniversary of the defeat of the Commune in 1871. In inflammatory harangues, they render homage to the heroes who stirred up civil war and burnt down the monuments of Paris under the eyes of the Prussians; and they take solemn oaths to take their revenge, not against the external enemy, about whom they have never concerned themselves, but against the internal enemy—their fellow-citizens of France.

III

While living in expectation of this grand day, notwithstanding their intestine divisions and the confusion and contradiction of certain of their ideas, they are taking an active part in politics, and their action is growing, for reasons I will now explain.

Very wisely, their principal chiefs have understood that the peasants—the small French proprietors and cultivators, who, of all the principles of right, know best that which asserts that '*nul n'est tenu de rester dans l'indivision*'—would not be accessible, for a long time at least, to their Collectivist theories; so they address themselves to the centres in which are found the workmen employed in large scale production. They have put before them, as an immediate object, the capture of the municipalities. They succeeded, at the last municipal elections, in installing Socialism, with flying colours,

in twenty-nine municipalities, of which three are large towns—Roubaix, Montluçon, and Saint-Denis.

At the same time they tried to force the gates of the Chamber of Deputies. In 1889 they cunningly profited by Boulangism, some bidding for its support, others for the support of its adversaries. A dozen succeeded.

M. Goblet, an ex-minister, having been beaten, in 1889, in two successive elections in the Somme and Department of the Seine, and stranded since 1891 in the Senate, where he found himself without influence, was devoured by the ambition of playing anew an active part and returning to power. In the elections of 1893—in concert with another deputy, M. Millerand, very clever and the less scrupulous with regard to doctrines as he knows nothing about them—M. Goblet conceived the idea of the 'Socialist Union.' The project was to associate certain Radical Republicans with the Socialists in common electoral action. They also managed to draw to their alliance the former Boulangists. M. Goblet, a late Minister of the Interior, who had, in 1882, to repress the disorders of the strike of Bessèges—a late deputy of the Left Centre who had been one of the most embittered adversaries of the amnesty—presented himself to the electors in company with late members and convicts of the Commune of 1871 and professional revolutionists.

This scheme succeeded. To-day they reckon that they will enter the Chamber to the number of sixty-eight. This is relatively few when compared with the 581 members who compose the Chamber of Deputies, if we must not add some Socialistic Radicals who will follow them with docility and even go beyond them sometimes in order to manifest their existence, and, finally, an indeterminate number of deputies who, being without any strong convictions and having characters more or less feeble, will allow themselves to be seduced and intimidated. These Republicans believe themselves very clever, and will say to justify their weakness: 'It would not do to let them have the monopoly of social questions! By following them, we shall absorb them.'

In France there is a legendary personage who throws himself in the water for fear of wetting himself and who is called Gribouille. These people who, for fear of Socialism, throw themselves into it have for their patron saint this illustrious Gribouille.

IV

It is because of this policy that Socialism has made such strides in these latter years. Republicans, reactionaries, monarchists, adversaries of the Republic of all shades, have desired to attract to themselves 'the working classes.' They have therefore wished to give them *des satisfactions*—to prove that they were attentive to

them; and, instead of seeking reforms which would have been just and really useful to them, they have laid themselves out to flatter their prejudices, or, rather, the prejudices of their leaders. To this game of political self-seeking must be added that of the Protectionists.

The manufacturers, in order to obtain the raising of the customs duties on their wares, have incited their workpeople to take part with them. They have told them and urged them to repeat that the State should be the protector of 'the national industry' against that of foreigners. Some employers have even been so imprudent, in their mad passion, as to drive them on to riotous manifestations and threats. They have thus spread the conviction among the workpeople that the State can usefully intervene in order to fix the prices of goods and make them as dear as they like. Naturally the workmen, thus indoctrinated, have listened with enthusiastic docility to the Socialists who afterwards came and told them: 'Your employers declare that the State can, by good laws, by good tariffs, raise the prices of goods and guarantee profits. But the State can also raise the rate of wages and guarantee to you a minimum. If it guards their profits against foreign competition, it ought also to insure your fair share of these benefits. They have claimed "the assistance of society." Demand it in your turn.' And they have demanded it, as is proved by the letter of the Lillebonne strikers published in the *Siècle* of the 7th of June last.

Some Protectionists—such as M. Richard Waddington, brother of the late French ambassador at London—think themselves clever in swimming with this stream. M. Waddington, who is a Protectionist, has declared himself a Socialist, and has demanded with persistent energy the intervention of the State in labour contracts. He has drawn up a report on the law of the employment of children, young girls, and women in our manufactures.

The Civil Code protects minors and incapables, and I am in favour of the protection of children against the abuses which may be committed against them. But it is necessary that the law should not, under the pretext of repressing some abuses, create others which would leave the manufacturers in the hands of arbitrary authority, compel them to shut out children and young women from the workshops, and result—for the young people affected—in the suppression of apprenticeship and the replacement of labour by vagrancy and the factory by the prison.

Already in 1874 a law was passed for the protection of children and girls who had not attained their majority, in manufactories. This law remained almost entirely a dead letter. The law of the 2nd of November, 1892, limited the labour of children of thirteen to sixteen years of age to ten hours per day; but did this necessitate the limitation of their work during the gathering of roses and jasmine

in the Midi? These flowers are destined to be used in a manufacturing industry, to be distilled in order to extract their essences. Ought, then, their gathering in to be regarded as agricultural industry? The above law does not extend to agriculture, though, from the economic point of view, it does not differ from other industries. And why was this difference made? Because the deputies elected for the most part by rural populations feared to provoke among these people a discontent which they did not dread on the part of the manufacturing population, since, in their depraved appetite for regulation, very many of the workmen had demanded measures of this kind without well understanding their nature, and the employers seem to be *quantités négligeables*.

After this law came into force, youths and girls of sixteen to eighteen years of age could no longer be employed more than sixty hours per week; girls above eighteen years and women were restricted to eleven hours per day. The women thus remain in the workshop while the girls and children are obliged to go away. And what are they to do outside? This fastidious protection of children may have the most unfortunate results for them.

The cooks and pastry-cooks of Paris have 3,000 apprentices, many of whom are orphans or have no relations in the French metropolis. The law compels their employers to give them one day's holiday per week; and, as the employers have no desire to take any responsibility in the matter, this weekly holiday becomes a day of compulsory vagrancy for these boys.

The law condemns them to idleness. The legislator has not dreamed of what this turning out of doors means for the child or the young woman. On the day after the promulgation of the law one house—that of Lebaudy—dismissed forty-four girls employed in breaking sugar, because they were too young. Messieurs Millerand, Baudin, and Dumay announced that they would question the Government on this event; but they did not dare to uphold the doctrine that an employer should be compelled to keep children and young women against his will. Has the material and moral condition of these young people been improved?

We French Free Traders and Individualists willingly appeal to the experience of England. The partisans of the intervention of the State in labour contracts are only too happy to turn up for us the Factory Act of 1878 to justify the regulation of women's labour. Like the English law, the French one is riddled with exceptions. After paragraph 3 of Article 5, an administrative regulation authorises night work for sixty days, but to 11 P.M. only. This has special application to the trade and manufactures of Paris which, as our legislators have been good enough to recognise, are subject to times of great pressure which compensate for times of slackness.

M. Waddington said that he was convinced, on inquiry, that sixty

days would suffice. Very good; but if sixty days are all that are wanted, what is the use of the law? Does anyone work at night for the fun of the thing? And how wise is this compulsory turning of the workwomen out into the streets at eleven o'clock at night, from the point of view of morals! The legislator deprives these dressmakers, these workwomen, during the season of pressure, of a part of their wages which they would be able to save. Does he indemnify them for the loss when the dull season comes?

Paragraph 5 of this Article goes farther. It permits night-work—which, it appears, is no longer destructive of morals and the family when so authorised—but only on condition 'that the work does not exceed, in any case, seven hours in twenty-four.' M. Félix Martin exposed, in the Senate, the situation to which this law reduces the women employed in stitching printed matter. They go to the workshop at nine o'clock at night. They may remain there till four o'clock in the morning. Then they are inexorably shown to the door. It may be raining or freezing, it may be light or dark; but, however that may be, these workwomen must go, and must not re-appear in the workshop during the next seventeen hours which complete the twenty-four. What follows? Under the pretence of protecting the women-stitchers, the law really turns them out of employment and causes their replacement by men.

And, to speak frankly, all the fine phrases spun in the ostensible interest of women and for the protection of children have been but pretexts—though in France there is a very large infantile mortality in a certain number of more or less manufacturing Departments of the south. In reality, what the Socialists have always aimed at in France is the exclusion of women from all industrial work. They have always regarded women as disloyal competitors who work at a lower price. They therefore fashion beautiful phrases for their special benefit, but with the object of getting rid of them from the labour market. French gallantry is thus transformed into a savage egotism. Up to the present time the only fruit of the law of the 2nd of November, 1892, has been strikes and discontent.

From the moment when one accepts the principle of the intervention of the legislator for the limitation of the labour of adult women there is no ground of principle on which to base its rejection for the labour of men. The law of the 9th of September, 1848, passed under the Socialistic influence of the moment, limited men's labour to twelve hours per day; but the decrees of the 17th of May, 1851, and the 3rd of April, 1883, specify exceptions. In fact, custom has reduced the duration of daily labour to less than the legal limit in the majority of workshops and manufactories. In mines it is scarcely more than eight to eight and a half hours of effective work. But the Socialists may well say: 'Since the legislator can fix the day's work at twelve hours, why not fix it at eight? The principle is

consecrated by the law.' Others have still more generous proposals. M. Vaillant, the new Socialist Deputy of the Blanquist school, suggests a legal working day of six hours. M. Pablo Lafargue, a relation of Karl Marx and late deputy for Lille, demands a three-hours' day. Zero is, in fact, the only figure which is safe from being outbid.

The legal limitation of the hours of labour has an appearance of theoretic profundity for those who believe, with Karl Marx, that the employer's profit comes only out of surplus labour; and it presents, at the same time, an immediate practical solace to the people who proudly style themselves 'workers,' but whose ideal is to work as little as possible. We do not blame them. They obey 'the law of least effort' which dominates humanity in the economic as well as in the linguistic field. Only, the majority of them well understand that if the law diminishes their hours of work it must intervene again if it would prevent any diminution of their wages. The legislator thus finds himself committed to intervention in labour bargains in two ways and to the regulation of the cost of production. He thus substitutes the law, an authoritative arrangement, for a private contract freely entered into; and if, as Sir Henry Sumner Maine has demonstrated, social progress substitutes contract for State intervention, it follows that State interference in the sale and purchase of labour, so far from marking an advance, is symptomatic of retrogression.

Among the legal measures demanded by the Socialists is the expulsion of foreign workmen. They are all internationalists in words—they even accept subsidies towards their election expenses from their German friends—but in fact they do not like the competition of foreigners, especially that of the Belgians and Italians. Yet this competition is scarcely ever effective save in work which they consider beneath them. They seek, however, to reconcile their theory of fraternity between the proletarians of all countries with their personal interest by demanding that the fine, and if necessary imprisonment, shall be imposed on the employer of foreign workmen. This system satisfies all their requirements, and it affords an excellent opportunity of having one fling the more at the employer. It is very difficult for the Chamber of Deputies not to follow the Socialists on this path; for the latter will say to the Protectionists: 'You have asked for duties for the protection of "native industry"; but this industry is not native from the moment when foreigners can come and take part in it.'

The Socialists also demand the suppression of the registry offices which submitted to the decree of 1852. These are completely in the hands of the police, who can intervene in case of abuse of their functions. The Socialists, in order to insure the recruitment of the trade syndicates, wish to give them a monopoly as agents between employer and employed. A committee of the last legislature adopted a Bill framed to accomplish this. I procured its rejection by the

Chamber of Deputies on the 8th of May last. This would have been a formidable instrument of oppression. The syndicates would have placed an interdict on all employers and workmen who would not come to terms with their chiefs.

V

It was because of this that the question of the *Bourse du Travail* came up. M. de Molinari, one of the most original economists of this century, had so early as 1843 proposed the creation of *bourses du travail* at which bargains might be made by those who sought work and those who desired to purchase it. This idea was taken up by the Socialists, but with very different intentions from those of its author. The Municipal Council of Paris first opened a *Bourse du Travail* in 1887, in the Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and afterwards built a magnificent edifice, which cost three millions of francs, in the Rue du Château d'Eau, which was opened in the month of May 1892. This *bourse* lacked only one element in order to justify its title: there were plenty of sellers of labour, but the purchasers of it were rigorously shut out. The supply of labour was there, but the demand came not; and the very persons who showed purchasers the door wondered and were indignant at their absence. They consoled themselves, however. The delegates of the syndicates received an honorarium for their presence from the subventions given by the Municipal Council of Paris, and they multiplied every day. The time which they did not employ in discussions between themselves they consecrated to the elaboration of the *Journal de la Bourse du Travail*, which contained the most virulent articles against 'capitalism' and employers. They organised public meetings, at which they gave themselves up to invectives and anathemas against the *bourgeois*. They busied themselves in provoking strikes at all points of France. They sent delegates to various Socialist congresses; and one of them, M. Chausse, himself a Municipal Councillor of Paris, on his return from the Congress of St.-Quentin, published a plan of the strategy to be adopted in social war. They organised lists of officers of Socialism and Revolution, as in 1871 the delegates of the battalions of the National Guards, forming the central committee, organised the Commune.

Through indifference, in order not to make a fuss, the police and the Government permitted the installation of this focus of anarchy and its support by the Municipal Council at the expense of the ratepayers. Under pressure by the Chamber of Deputies, the Ministry took the energetic step of closing it on the 6th of July last. Will they re-open it, as they are summoned to do by the Socialists? And, if so, on what conditions? Indeed there are *bourses du travail* in certain towns of the Departments in some of which the errors of that

of Paris still prevail. Will the Government attend to this? Will it allow them to continue their action, which, by serving to form their organisation, was not without effect on the success of the Socialists at the last general election?

VI

According to the ultimate conception of the Socialists, all laws of the kind we have just described are, notwithstanding their Socialistic character, but '*bourgeois*' legislation. But they claim the honour of having called them into existence, and they have no gratitude to the '*bourgeois* Radical Socialists,' like Messieurs Floquet and Clémenceau, who have lent themselves to the passing of this legislation. They loudly declare that the concessions made to them will but serve to fortify their cause and weaken their adversaries. They frankly forewarn those who co-operate with them that they are deceiving no one but themselves; but there are some persons who have a passion for this *jeu de dupes.* We shall see, in the coming legislative session, not only 'Radical Socialists,' but Monarchists who have recently 'rallied' to the present form of government and Republicans, accept it as the theme of their adulation and from the desire to try to deserve the gratitude of people who tell their allies that they must not count on receiving it.

In reality, the chief means of action of the Socialists is the strike. They do not look upon it in its economic aspect. They do not at all regard it as the withdrawal of labour from the market by the labourers, the rendering of the supply of labour a monopoly in order to raise its price. For them it is a combat of the advanced guard, a precursory episode of the social war. It is with these sentiments that they stir up strikes as frequently as possible. They have been obliged to give up the notion of a general strike, as the agriculturists decline to follow them. Not having succeeded in this, they endeavour to multiply partial strikes. The miners' strikes were the best for them. For, of the 92,000 underground workers in France, more than one-half are grouped in the Departments of the Nord and the Pas-de-Calais. It was so much the easier to work upon them, as these miners were admirably disciplined by the companies. They, however, put the quality of obedience which they had acquired at the service of revolutionaries, and with docility obeyed their orders.

When the strike broke out, drawing into its vortex many thousands of workmen, the public, whose knowledge of mining was drawn solely from their imagination and their recollection of explosions of fire-damp, drew a fancy picture of mining in which it was of all occupations the most terrible and dangerous. They were captured by sympathy for the miners; and the man who desired to buy his coal at the cheapest rate subscribed in support of the miners

on strike, without seeing the self-contradiction in which he was involving himself.

In our French legislation the concession of a mine is regarded as a privilege conferred by the State. A strike of miners, therefore, offered a magnificent opportunity to the Socialists to mount the tribune and ask of the Minister of Public Works what he was doing and what he intended to do. If he replied that the mine, once conceded, is property like anything else—which is the truth—they would accuse him of being a supporter of industrial feudalism. There are some ministers to whom this reproach is not a matter of indifference. Moreover, we have seen, in 1892, at Carmaux, all the authorities giving in to the miners, who, under the direction of certain Socialist deputies, and especially of M. Baudin, set patrols in order to prevent the realisation of any desire to return to work, and threatened the army and the constabulary. The strike finished, in October 1892, by a lamentable debate, in which M. Loubet, the Prime Minister, consented to serve as arbitrator; and, as his decision did not give complete satisfaction to the demands of Messieurs Clémenceau, Millerand, and Camille Pelletan, who set themselves up as delegates of the miners, they insulted the arbitrator whom they had asked to act, and rejected arbitration at the very time when they had just voted, in the Chamber of Deputies, in favour of compulsory arbitration. This strike ended with a dynamite explosion in the Rue des Bons Enfants, which killed five persons. The champions of the strike then judged it prudent to put an end to their rodomontade. These furious harangues and more after their kind will be reproduced in the new Chamber.

The Socialists announce that they are about to demand that the mines shall re-enter into the domain of the State and be worked by it. This is a good field for them, as there are many good owners of real property who imagine that the mines are not property as other things are, and that it is only necessary to dig a hole in the earth to make it debouch millions. They do not even know that of the 1,200 concessions of mines in France there are 800 which are not worked, after having exhausted the resources of those who have obtained them; and that of the mines in actual working one-half produce no profit.

The Socialists are also going to demand that the railroads be taken over and worked by the State. That will not be a way of putting our finances more in order. The example of Prussia shows us that the State forgets willingly to redeem the cost of the railroads. Moreover, if the State manages the railroads it will have to lower the scale of charges and raise all the salaries. The conditions of such management will, therefore, be ruinous. However, it is well to bear in mind that this proposal meets with a favourable reception on the part of some Republicans who repudiate Socialism. The transport

industries are always unpopular; and the management of the railroads, in their relations with the State, is very complicated in France.

VII

The Socialists have a programme of immediate action and a political plan of campaign. Many Republicans, it must be confessed, though they feel uneasy in respect of them, have no economic principles sufficiently firmly held to oppose them. The Protectionists, while demanding the intervention of the State in exchange agreements, are in a bad position to refuse it in labour agreements. Having claimed that profits shall be guaranteed to them, what can they say to the workmen who claim that the law should guarantee to them a certain scale of wages? Many others have no criterion by which to determine what should be the limit of the intervention of the State in the economic domain. Has the Government any such principle? Or will it drag the majority into concession after concession to the Socialists? Will it say, what has already been said and repeated too often, that the new Chamber of Deputies should occupy itself with labour questions and labour laws? What are labour laws—'*lois ouvrières*'? We are here back to caste legislation —we who believed that the Revolution of 1789 had abolished caste!

If the Government and the majority put their shoulders to this wheel, it will be very serious, not only for the new legislature, but for the elections of 1897. The Socialists are about to multiply their proposals. They will put forward resolutions and propose 'orders of the day.' Many of these will be lost. They will heap up these losses carefully and go to the electors with the cry: 'Here is what we proposed! We have been defeated! You must give us a majority in the next Chamber.' While they will utilise their defeats for the denunciation of '*bourgeois* society' and parliamentary government, they will make use of every law which has the appearance of Socialism, proposed by themselves or others, to point out how many concessions they have obtained, and what might have been if they had obtained them in greater number. They have, at the present time, the power of attraction. They are attacking; the Republicans, on the other hand, are on the defensive—the worst of strategical conditions in politics as in war. The Socialists wish to attract into the circle of their activity the indifferent, the timid, the apathetic, and the still more numerous folk who always look to see which way the wind is blowing in order to let themselves be carried in its direction.

However, this movement is nothing to be frightened about, for it has against it a considerable resistant force. The workmen of the large industries number 800,000; but the workmen of the small scale

industries, of whom the majority desire to become employers, number 1,500,000. Trade and transport give occupation to more than 1,000,000; proprietors cultivating their own lands count for nearly 2,500,000; small proprietors for nearly 800,000; farmers, *métayers*, and planters for more than 1,200,000; landlords and fundholders for more than 500,000; members of the liberal professions for nearly as many; &c.

Now certain Socialist fictions may well seduce a few of those small employers who have one or two workmen, and a few medical men and barristers in search of a means of bettering their position or popularity; but the great majority of the proprietors, large and small, are inaccessible to that conception which has Collectivism for its final and logical result—the seizure by the State of the whole economic activity of the country and the forcing of every man fit for work into the ranks of State functionaries. But it is indispensable that the Republicans should agree to oppose propaganda to propaganda, and to meet the demand for a socialistic Utopia by the enunciation of certain principles, which I summarise thus: Every institution is pernicious which has for its object the protection of an individual or a group from competition, for it results in apathy and decay. Every institution is noxious which has for its object the restraint of the intellectual or productive activity of man. Progress is in inverse proportion to the coercive interference of man with man, and in direct proportion to the control by man of external nature.

YVES GUYOT,

Late Minister of Public Works of France.

WHAT LONDON PEOPLE DIE OF

LONDON, with its teeming population, its miles and miles of streets, its ever-increasing area, its remarkable evidences of man's ingenuity and of advanced civilisation, will, even in these few particulars, be always a source of wonderment and surprise to those who visit it for the first time. But while these are matters to which the average Londoner scarcely pays any heed, there is, on the other hand, one factor in connection with his environments which presumably he cannot afford to ignore, or cease to be interested in, and that is the question of the public health in London, and of the maladies to which Londoners, as shown by statistics, succumb.

It has long been claimed for London that it is the healthiest, the best drained, and the largest capital in the world. Doubtless nothing which the British schoolboy reads in his text-book of geography fills him with so much pride for his country as this statement. The various congratulatory features contained in it give him a large and expansive view of the importance of London and of the power of a nation which has been able to build up, elaborate, so to speak, and maintain a metropolis of such a nature. But it is scarcely possible to say at what period London came to occupy the premier position among the cities of the world as to drainage, healthiness, and lowness of mortality. Indeed, up to comparatively recent times in all probability there was not much to choose between any one large town and another in these respects. Sanitary science, which now forms the citadel in which the public health is preserved, was entirely unknown during the Middle Ages. Not much inquiry is requisite for the purpose of establishing this fact. So far, however, as London is concerned, some important remarks may be quoted from the address of Sir Charles Cameron delivered at the Sanitary Congress last year.

From 1700 to 1750 (he says) the death-rate in London was so high that the population stagnated. In the former year the inhabitants numbered 665,200, and in the latter year 653,900. During this period the deaths were in the ratio of about 1 per 30 persons living. By 1801 the population had crept up to 777,000, and the deaths had fallen to 1 in 41 persons living. This great improvement in the state of public health in London was not, except to a trifling extent, the result of sanitary legislation. People were becoming more enlightened on many matters affecting their health, partly owing to a more general knowledge of chemistry, physiology, and other sciences relating to man and his surroundings. When those entrusted with the conduct of public affairs became aware how much the health

of the people was affected by bad water, by foul emanations, and even cesspools, and by too great a density of population, they began to secure supplies of pure water, to construct proper house drains and street sewers, to remove systematically filth from houses, and to widen streets. The promulgation of the natural laws of health preceded the enactment of laws of health by the State. Jenner's discovery of prophylaxis in small-pox had for its corollary the vaccination laws. The chemical analysis of water was the basis of Acts of Parliament relating to water and rivers.

From these beginnings, then, the great problem of how to maintain the health of a community of upwards of five millions has been gradually solved, as the result of which London now occupies the first position among the capitals in the world for salubrity and a low death-rate. Despite, however, this fact, it cannot by any means be said that perfection in these respects has as yet been attained. There is, for example, the ever-pressing subject of the fogs which so frequently overwhelm the metropolitan area, and every year claim an enormous number of victims. Is it to be supposed that the 'ochrey-hued demon' is beyond the scope of science to destroy? Can nothing be done to mitigate the evil? The simple answer to these questions is this, that so far nothing has ever been seriously attempted, and neither has any real encouragement of the Government of the day been given to those who have vigorously undertaken to work at the subject. Certain and various transcendental suggestions, it is true, have been made with the view of ridding London of fogs, but nothing is possible, however sublimely conceived, in the direction of dealing with the evil without the authoritative interference of Parliament. Perhaps it may be thought that the subject is somewhat outside the range of practical politics. But if this be the case whose fault is it? Certainly not that of many sanitarians and others who have persistently represented to Parliament the deplorable effect which London fogs have upon the public health.

Sir Andrew Clark, for example, has well said:

I, for my part, have no manner of doubt that a smoke-laden atmosphere exercises an injurious influence upon the health, moral as well as physical, of those persons that dwell in the midst of it. A smoky atmosphere, both by its exclusion of light and by the irritating particles suspended in it, is hurtful to the lungs and air passages; it aggravates the discomforts of sufferers from heart disease; it deepens the distress of the nervous; it lowers the tone of the general health; it adds peril to the sickness of the aged; and it materially diminishes that brightness and buoyancy of spirits which contribute so much to the power and gladness of life.

The best account which has been published on the subject of fogs is that which appears in the third volume of the Health Exhibition Literature. The author, Mr. Ernest Hart, has devoted much time and attention to the matter in connection with the National Smoke Abatement Institution. However the question of the London fogs may be regarded, it is only possible to arrive at one conclusion respecting it, and that is that the evil constitutes a most hideous blot upon an otherwise excellent system of health

legislation for the metropolis. On nearly all sides there is evidence of a gradually diminishing mortality among the causes of the London death rates, and nothing is more certain than the fact that this satisfactory state of things is the direct outcome of the beneficent, practical, and expedient health laws by which the public health is controlled. In the midst, however, of the gradual elimination of the causes which tend to destroy life in London, the fogs remain, constituting always a certain menace, always claiming a high ratio of victims, and always indirectly perpetrating an inconceivable amount of harm. That the death-rate for London would show a much better record were fogs to be banished from our midst is indisputable. Let the black pall settle for two or three days over the metropolitan area, and the following issue of the Registrar-General's returns would emphatically tell the tale of its death-dealing presence. Any scheme, of course, which would be designed to deal with the evil would necessarily be one of a gigantic nature. But was not the inception of the scheme for the main drainage of London a gigantic one, and, looking at it now, does it not appear to be a monument of engineering skill and a triumph and victory over difficulties which seemed to be almost insurmountable? Let the same enterprise which called into existence the organisation of this, perhaps the most indispensable attribute to the maintenance of the health of London, be now turned in the direction of solving the problem of the fogs. We have generally been regarded as a practical nation, and a cursory glance at England's history is all that is requisite to display how the praise has been deserved. It behoves us, therefore, for our credit as a nation, to tackle this great problem, and deal with it in the manner with which it should be dealt. Truly can it be said that we have led the van of sanitary reform throughout the world, and here is one opportunity for adding further to our laurels in this respect, and of relieving London of an incubus which, apart altogether from anything else, is an obvious disgrace to our climate. But not until the whole subject is taken in hand by the Government of the day is it likely that much progress will be made in respect to the solution of this problem.

It almost goes without saying that any Bill dealing with a matter of such magnitude, brought forward by a private individual in either House of the Legislature, would be doomed to failure. After this brief digression I will now proceed with the consideration of the subject proper of this article.

Assuming, as indeed in most respects we have a perfect right to do, that perfection, so far as can be attained at present, characterises the various provisions, legislative and otherwise, which are in force for securing the best standard of public health in London, it occurred to me that it would be by no means unprofitable or uninteresting were an inquiry to be made with the view of determining, by statistical evidence, to what extent the claim for the healthiness of

London could be sustained. In order, therefore, to follow out this idea I have taken the death rates of London for the last decade—namely, 1881–1890—and have compared them with those for England generally, as well as with the various registration districts, to the number of forty-five throughout the country. The results of this investigation have brought to light some remarkable facts and figures. Some of these are wholly unexpected, and, indeed, quite contrary to what I believe has been generally supposed to be the case. Others again suggest problems and invite speculation, such as might well claim the attention of medical men and others who may be interested in the subject.

The method which I have adopted as the basis of this inquiry may here be more fully explained. The index for comparison I have made the average death rate for England. By taking this as a standard it is more easy to comprehend the variations observed in the death rates recorded for London and the other districts. By comparing, then, the death rates for London with those for England, it is possible approximately to gather to what extent London is above or below the average, and to what extent local influences may be at work in this regard. Then by means of a comparison between the rates for the various registration districts and London it is possible to see to what extent London is better or worse, in the matter of healthiness, than other parts of England. Lastly, when the question of individual mortality rates comes to be considered and contrasted, then we begin to see the special forms of disease which appear to be more particularly associated with life in London, and at the same time we learn that in regard to certain maladies Londoners seem to display a remarkable freedom, for which it is difficult to offer any satisfactory explanation.

In the first place reference to the annual reports of the Registrar-General for the period above named shows that the general mortality for London is slightly in excess of that of the whole of England. I append here the exact figures in the following table.

Comparison between the Death Rate for London and that for England (all Causes) per Million Persons living during the Decade 1881–1890

										1890
	18,880	19,560	19,540	19,560	19,010	19,278	18,791	17,799	17,865	19,548
London	21,210	21,300	20,470	20,390	19,670	19,893	18,418	19,526	17,170	20,978

Analysis of these figures shows two or three points which are especially worthy of notice. First it will be seen that in the year 1889 the death rate for London was *below* that for England. This, so far as I have been able to ascertain, establishes a record in the history of these rates. To inquire into the perhaps special circumstances under which it took place is not needful for the present

article. Suffice it to say that the very fact of the London death rate having fallen, even in one instance, below that of England generally, is one which calls for extreme congratulation. Secondly, it will be noticed on comparing the figures of the table that there is a remarkable diminution in the excess of the London rate over that for England, a diminution which is almost steadily maintained from the commencement to the end of the decade. For example, in the year 1881 the difference between the two rates was as much as 2,360, the London rate being greater to this extent; in 1890 the excess on the side of London was only 380, while, as we have seen, in the year previous to this England's rate was greater to the extent of 395. It is difficult to conceive how any construction can be put upon these figures other than that London is unmistakably increasing in healthiness. But although the London mortality in only one instance during the past decade fell below that of England generally, it is nevertheless essential to bear in mind that on no occasion during that period was the mortality in London the highest in England. In 1881, for example, Lancashire had the highest death rate, and was the only division which exceeded London. In 1882 Lancashire, Durham, and Northumberland each exceeded London; in 1883 there were four counties which surpassed London; in 1884 there were four again; in 1885 there were five; in 1886 there were four; in 1887 there were five; in 1888 there were five again; in 1889—the record year—there were ten; in 1890 there were two—namely, Lancashire and the West Riding of York. Perhaps the most remarkable fact which comes out in this connection is the 'record' made by Lancashire, the mortality of which was the only one which exceeded that for London throughout the decade. Lancashire, however, was itself exceeded by Northumberland in 1885; by Cornwall and Monmouthshire in 1886. Nevertheless, saving for these instances, it is perhaps correct to regard this county as the most unhealthy in England.

In comparing the London death rate with that of the other registration districts it is only right to observe that the comparison is scarcely a fair one, owing to the fact that while London is altogether an urban population the other districts respectively include a large population which is distinctly a rural one. The importance of this distinction is shown by Dr. Ogle, who in the Registrar-General's reports, points out that the urban death rate is always in excess of the rural. For example, in the three decennial periods 1851–60, 1861–70, 1871–80 for every hundred deaths in the rural districts there were, out of equal numbers living, 124, 126, and 122 respectively in the urban population. In consequence, therefore, of the unavoidable measure of difference which subsists between the grounds of comparison in respect to the rates in question, there is much reason for believing that, saving for this, we should find that London would show a better record for healthiness than is even now the case.

Coming now to the chief mortality rates, which show the way by which Londoners shuffle off their mortal coil, it may be mentioned, in the first place, that these are scheduled in the Registrar-General's returns under twenty-four heads—namely, small-pox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping cough, typhus fever, enteric fever, simple and continued fever, diarrhœa and dysentery, cholera, cancer, tabes mesenterica, phthisis, other tuberculous affections, diseases of the nervous system, diseases of the circulatory system, diseases of the respiratory system, diseases of the digestive system, and six others which do not especially call for mention here.

I do not propose to deal with by any means all of these, for this article is merely an attempt to draw attention to some of the main features of London's death rates, and to point out the conclusions which it is possible to educe from them.

Taking the main mortality rates in their order of precedence—that is to say, in accordance with their magnitude—we find that they can be arranged into five groups, which are as follows: (1) respiratory diseases; (2) diseases of the nervous system; (3) phthisis; (4) diseases of the circulatory system; (5) diseases of the digestive system. All of these, it will be observed, have reference to the main organs of the body, with the single exception of phthisis. In respect to this disease, however, by which, of course, is understood pulmonary consumption, and which, under other circumstances, would be included under the head of diseases of the respiratory system, the Registrar-General has assigned a special group for itself. For statistical purposes this is a matter of obvious importance. The present state of our knowledge of tuberculosis and the origin and progress of tuberculous diseases is far in advance of what was the case even at the beginning of the decade which is under discussion; and as this knowledge comes to be more and more applied in the direction of limiting the progress and dissemination of the disease the statistics of phthisis will acquire in the future an added value, as showing the good effects of the application of scientific facts in the promotion of the well-being of the community. But to this part of my subject I will more fully refer below. In addition to the five main groups already mentioned there are two other death rates which certainly claim special notice, and these are cancer, and dysentery and diarrhœa. The former, although it follows at a considerable distance behind that of the last in the main group, forms, nevertheless, the sixth great cause of London's mortality, and dysentery and diarrhœa run it very close in this respect. Thus for the purposes of this article there are seven chief death rates to which attention will be drawn, and it may here be added that three or four other death rates will also be mentioned, not because they can be held to have any perceptible influence either one way or the other upon the general mortality of London, but rather by reason of the fact of their pos-

sessing points of interest upon other grounds to which it may be expedient to refer.

And first, with regard to diseases of the respiratory system, which head the group of the main causes of London's death rates and are a terrible source of mortality. Reference to the reports shows that from the earliest period of life—that is, even within the first three months of birth—many deaths take place from this cause, and that even before the end of the first year of life the mortality of the children of both sexes has run in the aggregate into thousands. Bronchitis and pneumonia, the former largely predominating, are the two chief diseases from which the mortality ensues, and the significance of their fatality among children may be gathered from the fact that, on an average, half the total number of deaths of which annually they are the cause occur within the first five years of life. In conjunction with this statement it is essential to remember that authorities are agreed in respect to the existence of the distinctly inimical influences of urban environments upon infants and children. Probably many causes are concerned in contributing to this result. Poverty, associated with bad hygienic surroundings, intemperate habits of parents, and general neglect of the children, these are probably among some of the influences which are active in making bronchitis and pneumonia such potent causes of death in the metropolis.

For the purposes of comparison I subjoin here a table of the death rates for diseases of the respiratory system for London and England, for the decade 1881–1890, per one million persons living.

	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890
England .	3,370	3,730	4,330	3,500	3,850	3,720	3,710	3,910	3,350	4,220
London .	4,160	1,640	3,830	3,830	4,260	4,380	1,110	3,560	3,500	4,910

It will be seen that London has not an unbroken record for being first in these death rates, for in the year 1883 England was far ahead, and the two rates were very nearly equal in the following year. In taking account of the high mortality in the last year of the decade it is essential to bear in mind the influence exerted by the epidemic of influenza. Not only directly, but indirectly, this acute febrile malady was especially prone to excite pulmonary disorders which often proved fatal. It is certain too that, for some years yet, we shall have annual visitations of influenza to a more or less extent, until, in common parlance, the disease wears itself out. Excluding adventitious causes, such as that to which reference is here drawn, the fluctuations in this death rate will always be very largely a matter of climate. That is to say, according as the cold months of the year are severe or mild, so will the mortality from diseases of the respiratory system be proportionately increased or diminished. But while the mortality

from diseases of the respiratory system stands pre-eminently higher than that from any other cause in London, Londoners may nevertheless still congratulate themselves on the fact that the record might be very much worse, and that, heavy as the proportion is, even the rate for the metropolis is exceeded by an annual average of that in at least three other districts throughout the decade. Thus there are worse places than London in this respect, despite the conditions which are so inimical to infant life and which are inseparable from crowded urban communities, of which the metropolis is an obvious example.

One of the main features which impels the greatest attention, if not surprise, in regard to the comparison of the death rate in London with those of the other registration districts, is the low mortality from diseases of the nervous system. I apprehend that to most persons it would seem to be almost absolutely inconceivable that the death rate for diseases of the nervous system in London should be almost the lowest among all the registration districts. However, it is the fact that not only is the rate lower than that for England generally, but throughout the decade, in the majority of instances, it is exceeded by the other districts. The following table will indicate better the facts which bear upon this point :—

Comparison between the Annual Death Rate per 1,000 Persons living of England and London from Diseases of the Nervous System

	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890
England .	2,600	2,640	2,700	2,660	2,600	2,650	2,546	2,465	2,423	2,494
London .	2,400	2,390	2,420	2,370	2,300	2,300	2,219	2,184	2,024	2,175
	London exceeded by 21 Districts	London exceeded by 26 Districts	London exceeded by 29 Districts	London exceeded by 32 Districts	London exceeded by 36 Districts	London exceeded by 36 Districts	London exceeded by 34 Districts	London exceeded by 35 Districts	London exceeded by 40 Districts	London exceeded by 31 Districts

Thus it will be gathered from this that, contrary in every respect to what might generally be supposed, Londoners do exhibit, so far as statistics show, a freedom from diseases of the nervous system, which must be regarded with extreme satisfaction. The nervous system, one would have imagined, above all the rest would have shown a high mortality. The wear and tear of life in London, represented by so many features inimical to a natural healthy existence, would conceivably be the chief factor in contributing to this result. Furthermore, the whole contour, so to speak, of London life—that is to say, the nature of the occupations of men and women, the struggle for existence, the exacting intellectual pursuits of certain classes of the community—are all largely concerned in causing a higher development of the nervous system than could be expected under less severe conditions of life. But, despite all these

elements favourable to the growth and progress of nervous diseases, the death rate under this head indicates a lowness in degree which, in comparison with that of the other registration districts, is remarkable. There is much truth in the observation that the children of London are intellectually, for their age, far in advance of those in the provinces. They are keener in their intelligence, more apt at learning; in mind and manner, perhaps, they are prematurely old. Among young adults, too, the same features, though to a less extent, are noticeable. But what of the physical capacity of the average young London man? Let the young office clerk be taken as the example of one type. Generally speaking he is a man who has very little 'staying power;' his physical development is as nothing in comparison with his nervous development. For the most part pale-faced, though not necessarily unhealthy-looking, his continued work at the desk does not particularly help to endow him with much of the stability of manhood. He cannot help his nature, but he is often prone to be troubled with faintness and giddiness whenever his sources of endurance are taxed, or when severe pain afflicts him suddenly, or sights of horror cross his path from which humanity commonly shrinks. Contrasting him, for example, with, say, a farmer's son in the country, there is a marvellous difference so far as appearances go. His want of robustness is singularly prominent in comparison with the latter, and while in the one case the pale complexion and the more or less softness of features indicate lack of physical power, in the other the plump, florid cheeks and firm gait testify to a healthy and sound muscularity, which is invariably the outcome of an out-of-door existence.

But with all his want of 'showiness' as a man the average London clerk is, excluding accidents, by no means an unhealthy person. Nature soon adapts herself to circumstances, and it is only when strong, robust young heroes fresh from the country attempt to fall into the ways of London office life that she is apt to rebel. The change under these circumstances is too great at first for a mutual adaptation of the balance between a sedentary occupation and a healthy, vigorous one. With the clerk, however, whose parents live in London or its suburbs, and who is himself a Cockney born, a close office life is, as experience shows, not a difficult existence to become accustomed to. Here, no doubt, inheritance has done something to bring about the result in question, and while the son may perhaps be less of a man than his father was at the corresponding age, the former has inherited presumably those habits of work and an adaptation to his environments such as will more suitably equip him for the work in life which will fall to his share. The consideration of this subject, however, reopens the interesting question as to how many generations the offspring of Londoners can be transmitted and yet maintain a stability of manhood and womanhood to the advantage of the race. It has been stated

somewhere, but I have never been able to verify the authority, that the population of London is recruited every year to the extent of one-third from country-born persons, and that if it were possible to draw a cordon around the metropolitan area, so as to prevent all intercourse with the inhabitants outside, with the view to securing the marriage and intermarriage only of pure Londoners, a time would come when the population would begin to die out, and the race become extinct. With respect to the first statement, I have no means of questioning its accuracy; with regard, however, to the second, it is almost certainly the case that a condition of things such as is here foreshadowed would be brought about. Analogy, indeed, would go far to prove its correctness. It is doubtful whether in any part of the world the speed of life is so great as it is in London, and the greater the speed, the greater is the wear and tear.

In order to obtain the best results out of the human machine great demands must be made upon its organisation, and this can only be brought about when a high standard of proficiency exists in all its parts. Herein, then, comes the difficulty. As in the case of animals so in man, the higher the breed the greater must the care be in the selection of progenitors. In other words, the marriage and intermarriage of London people does not conduce to the maintenance of a healthy and sound race, by reason of the exacting, high-pressure conditions of life in the midst of which they reside.

In keeping with the observation that many country-born people come to London every year is the experience which is to be gained by merely asking a London policeman the way to a particular street. In almost every instance he will reply to you in tones which inevitably mark his provincial origin. It may be the dialect of Somersetshire, Essex, Norfolk, or Kent, or some other rural district, but it is never —well, hardly ever in the pure and undiluted twang of a Cockney; and the reason is, I believe, that the physique of the London-born man does not satisfy the requirements of the Commissioner of Police when recruits are wanted for this branch of the Government service.

On referring to the mortality table I find that the two main causes of death under the head of diseases of the nervous system are apoplexy and convulsions. Of apoplexy it need only be said that it is a disease which is only indirectly related to degeneration of nerve tissue; apoplexy means hæmorrhage into the brain, and the primary factor in bringing about this result is disease of the cerebral blood-vessels. The causes, therefore, which lead to degeneration of the vascular system must be held to be mainly responsible for the death rate from apoplexy. Of convulsions, on the other hand, essentially an infantile malady, it is impossible to dispute that the urban environments, such as are present in London, are both directly and indirectly concerned in maintaining a high death rate from this cause. Nevertheless even the death rate from convulsions in London is far below

that of Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire. Again, the somewhat curious fact becomes apparent, on analysing the returns under the head of diseases of the nervous system, that the deaths from convulsions are much higher among males than females, while the reverse holds good with regard to apoplexy. A much larger proportion of women die of apoplexy than men, and this is the rule which obtains throughout the decade which has been made the subject of this inquiry.

I now come to the consideration of the third chief cause of London's mortality—namely, phthisis.

Phthisis is, of course, tuberculosis of the lungs, and the frequency with which the disease occurs enables the Registrar-General to assign to it a special heading among the causes of death. But other parts and organs of the body are the subject of tuberculosis, and in particular the glands in the abdomen known as the mesenteric glands. The name given to this form of constitutional infection is tabes mesenterica, and forming, as it does, a special cause of mortality among children, it also occurs with sufficient frequency to call for a heading to itself among the other death rates. From a statistical point of view it is important to mention this fact. The great point to ascertain in regard to the statistics bearing upon tuberculosis is whether the disease is increasing or diminishing. So far we have direct information respecting two forms in which it manifests itself—namely, phthisis and tabes mesenterica. To what extent beyond these it contributes directly or indirectly to the mortality in England there is little evidence to show. How do the returns under the head of phthisis, so far as London is concerned, appear upon investigation? By no means satisfactory from a public health point of view. London, it must be confessed, is a happy hunting-ground for the tubercle bacillus. A remarkable array of facts comes to light on inquiry into this subject. In the first place, in comparison with the general death rate for England the London death rate from phthisis is about one-fourth higher. Again, the statistics show that throughout the country the metropolitan district is more subject to phthisis than any other, as a glance at the following table will indicate :—

The Phthisis Mortality in London compared with the other Districts (Decade 1881–1890).

In 1881 the mortality in London was much higher than in all the other districts, saving two with which it was practically equal.

In 1882 the mortality in London was not exceeded by any district.				
In 1883	„	„	only exceeded by one	„
In 1884	„	„	„ „	„
In 1885	„	„	not exceeded by any	„
In 1886	„	„	„ „	„
In 1887	„	„	exceeded by one	„
In 1888	„	„	exceeded by three	„
In 1889	„	„	exceeded by two	„
In 1890	„	„	not exceeded by any	„

Thus, judging from these figures, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that in London the surroundings are pre-eminently favourable to the dissemination of tuberculous affections. Still in discussing this matter due consideration should be given to the fact that in and about the metropolis a number of hospitals are to be found which become the homes of many a hapless phthisical patient who has come from the provinces for medical treatment. Doubtless, as with cancer so with phthisis, there is a certain amount of immigration of phthisical patients into London, which follows as the result of the special conveniences provided for the treatment of this fatal malady. Quite easily, therefore, is it to be understood that the mortality from phthisis in London is for this reason higher than it would otherwise be. Despite, however, the great prominence of the death rate from this special cause, there is yet some ground for congratulation. For some years there has been almost a continuous decline in the mortality from phthisis, and there are good reasons for the belief that the disease is actually becoming less frequent than it used to be. Since the discovery by Koch of the tubercle bacillus in 1882 vast strides have been made in our knowledge of tuberculosis. This discovery enabled us to determine that it was an infective disease, that it could be conveyed from one person to another, and that certain precautions were necessary to prevent its dissemination. The mode of its transmission is also now generally understood. In Germany the infective nature of phthisis is deemed to be of so high a character that the most extensive measures of disinfection are resorted to in order to destroy the contagion. Moreover, in the German hospitals the phthisical patients are treated in the same wards as the fever patients, and are regarded as just as infectious as the latter. In this country it need scarcely be said that this method of treatment does not prevail. The infectivity is fully recognised, but not to the same extent. The contagion of phthisis is mainly confined to the discharges from the lungs in the form of expectoration; the sputa of a phthisical patient teem with the tubercle bacillus, and it is generally held that the requirements of disinfection are amply fulfilled if the patient be made to expectorate into a vessel containing some active antiseptic, by which the bacilli are quickly destroyed.

The most curious and interesting evidence, however, confirmatory of the prevalence of phthisis in London is to be found in the observations published by Dr. H. J. Campbell concerning the mortality among the animals in the Zoological Gardens. This observer has shown that out of 126 consecutive cases of deaths from all causes no fewer than 41, or 32½ per cent., were due to tuberculosis. The chief mortality in this respect was among the monkeys and birds, and these fell victims to the disease at all ages. 'Sally,' the chimpanzee, whose untimely decease excited so much public notice some

time ago, died of disseminated tuberculosis. Besides the birds and the monkeys, moreover, tuberculous disease in its various forms was found in several other animals.

The next chief cause of London's death rate, the fourth on the list, is that of diseases of the circulatory system; and here for a second time a remarkable feature comes to light in connection with these returns. Inquiry shows that throughout the decade not only is the London death rate from diseases of the circulatory system lower than that for England generally, but the astonishing fact is further revealed that it is one of the lowest among the whole of the registration districts. This fact is well displayed by the following figures: In 1881 out of the total number of districts 31 exceeded the London rate; in 1882 29 exceeded; in 1883 34 exceeded; in 1885 40 exceeded; in 1886 41 exceeded; in 1887 38 exceeded; in 1888 42 exceeded; in 1889 41 exceeded; in 1890 32 exceeded. Thus, under this heading, London can show an excellent record; and the conclusion is obvious that however much in other ways London life may be inimical to the health of the community, statistical evidence at all events proves that Londoners enjoy an immunity from diseases of the circulatory system which, in comparison with the other districts, is certainly remarkable.

The main source of the death rate under this heading is endocarditis and valvular disease of the heart; and the most fatal period of life from these diseases is between the forty-fifth and fifty-fifth years. Curiously enough, the records show that a considerably larger proportion of women die of heart disease than men. The explanation of this fact presents a difficulty not easy of solution. Upon physical grounds there is no reason whatever why women more than men should suffer from organic cardiac affections. Indeed, there is very much less in the life of a woman in comparison with that of a man by which heart disease could be caused. Experience, for example, teaches that certain occupations have undoubtedly a determining influence in the development of diseases of the blood-vessels. This is proved in the case of aneurisms. An aneurism is a tumour containing blood, which communicates with the cavity of an artery; and certain occupations associated with constrained movements, which interfere with the due dilatation of the arteries, cause greater pressure than would otherwise occur upon the arterial walls by the blood. In time, as the result of this increased pressure, and certain changes of nutrition in the arterial wall, the inner and middle coats of the blood-vessel give way, and then commences dilatation of the outer coat. This dilatation continues to progress until a large tumour is formed, which, unless it be dealt with surgically, ruptures spontaneously and issues in a tragic termination of the life of the sufferer. Just as might have been anticipated, the death rate from aneurism among women is quite insignificant in comparison with that of men.

The disease is more frequent among men in the proportion of 8 to 1 —a fact to which many causes probably contribute, among which exacting physical occupations may be included. In attempting to obtain some explanation of the predominating frequency of heart disease as shown by women in comparison with men, it occurred to me to refer to the returns under the head of acute rheumatism in London—this being one of the commonest causes of cardiac affections; but no information was to be gained therefrom, the statistics showing an almost equal death rate for both sexes.

The mortality rate which comes next in importance—the fifth on the list—is that of diseases of the digestive system. We have seen that the nervous and circulatory systems of London people bear up extremely well against the strain of high-speed life, and the natural query which follows this fact is, How does the digestive system 'come off' under the same conditions?

Reference to the returns on this point reveals that between 1881 and 1884 inclusive the death rate under the head of the digestive system was higher for London than for England, and was only exceeded by a few of the other registration districts. In 1885 the rate was equal for England and London, while from 1886 to the end of the decade there was a remarkable decline in the London rate, so much so that not only was it below that for England, but in one instance it was lower than that in thirty out of the other forty-four registration districts. It is not needful to dilate upon this satisfactory record as another instance of the decline in the rate among the chief sources of mortality in London. No little importance may be assigned to it. An investigation of the returns, however, under this heading affords grounds for further satisfaction. In the first place it is possible to trace some at least of the diminished mortality to a fall in the deaths from dentition, this being included under the head of diseases of the digestive system. Secondly, there is distinct evidence to show that deaths following diseases of the liver have within recent years perceptibly declined. Dr. W. Ogle has several times in the annual reports drawn attention to this fact, and there is good reason for supposing that this satisfactory result may be attributed to an increasing prevalence of temperance among the community. Of the fall in the death rate from dentition I shall have something to say further on.

I have now to deal with the death rate from cancer, forming the sixth on the list of the chief causes of London's mortality, and here let me digress for a moment in explanation of a little matter of a personal nature. In 1882, while working upon the subject of cancer, I chanced to lay hands on a little book published in the year 1865 by the late well-known and able surgeon Charles Moore, called *The Antecedents of Cancer*. I read the book carefully through; it dealt in a suggestive way with many points in connection with the disease.

Charles Moore's was a philosophic mind, which was eminently adapted for the discussion of so highly a speculative subject as the etiology of cancer. His observations are even now well worthy of perusal. But the point by which my notice was most attracted was his reference to the statistical evidence, culled from the Registrar-General's Returns, bearing upon the progressive augmentation in the prevalence of malignant disease. The explanation he gave of this increase was that it was owing to the well-being of the nation, and that it could be ascribed to the introduction of the corn laws, to good living, to the discoveries of gold, and sanitary improvements. The impression which was borne upon my mind after reading his conclusions was, that as no observations with respect to the increase of cancer had appeared since the publication of his book and the year in which I read it, namely, 1882, the subject would form an exceedingly interesting topic for inquiry, and perhaps result in the revelation of important details, hitherto unobserved, in connection with this terrible malady. Accordingly I commenced at once the task of the inquiry in question, the outcome of which was the publication in the *British Medical Journal* in the following year of a paper entitled 'An Inquiry into the Causes of the Increase of Cancer.' Perhaps I may be permitted here to quote the conclusions at which I arrived as the result of this investigation into the subject:—

(1) In the face of incontrovertible facts, cancer is increasing in England. (2) This increase is due (*a*) to the success attending the legislative measures and other means for the preservation of the public health, by which a large proportion of persons reach adult age, and the general healthiness of the community is increased; (*b*) to the greater prominence which in the present day prevails of the most predisposing causes of the disease, such as the prevalence of high nervous tension and the existence of possibly greater general luxury in the mode of living. (3) The immunity apparently demonstrated by the records as present in certain counties of England and Wales is presumably not due to any real declination of the disease, but rather to such causes as can be explained by special local predisposition to other diseases to which a large proportion of the adult population succumb. (4) In consequence of this, if each district in England and Wales were equally healthy, each would probably exhibit a high cancer mortality. (5) The geographical area of which England and Wales is composed is insufficient to account directly for interruption in the distribution of cancer as met with in this island.

Such, then, were the conclusions to which a period of close study, extending over three months, of the various points, collateral and otherwise, of the subject of the increase of cancer led me. The statistics showed that during the period of twenty years from 1860 to 1879 inclusive, and commencing with the first ten, the total number of deaths from cancer was 80,049, and the annual average increase was 248. During the years 1870–1879 the total number of deaths from cancer was 111,301, and the annual average was 320. Thus there is here, so far as numbers are capable of showing, conclusive evidence of the increment of the mortality from cancer. It is observable,

also, that the rate of increase is much higher in the latter than in the first ten years. It is, moreover, the case that the annual rate of increase is higher in the years 1860–1869 than in the preceding decade—namely, in the years 1850–1859. In short, in the years 1850-1859 the increment was about 2,000; in 1860–1869, 2,480; in 1870–1879, 3,200; and coming to closer times, in 1880–1889 the total number of deaths from cancer was 151,925, with an increase of no less than 5,886, or an annual average increase of 588. As the population increases at about the rate of one-tenth in every ten years the influence of this upon the cancer returns amounts to very little. We have, then, confessedly to face the fact that cancer is increasing in our midst at a rate which bids fair to become more and more serious with the advance of time. But how does this increase affect London and London people? This is the point which is of most importance in connection with the subject. The returns show that whereas the cancer death rate in London is higher than that for England, yet the difference between the two is very small, while there are many registration districts in which the cancer rate is not only far above that for London, but is otherwise phenomenally high. There is, in fact, an abundance of evidence to show that London proper is by no means a district in which cancer is extensively prevalent, or a locality in which, so to speak, the disease can be regarded as endemic. Strictly speaking the cancer death rate in London is by no means high, and even such as it is good reasons exist for supposing that it is not the true index of the prevalence of the disease. There is, for example, very little doubt that it is largely influenced by the immigrant cancer cases from neighbouring or remote districts. In other words, London is often regarded by certain people as the *ultima Thule* of medical skill. There are special hospitals and special wards for the treatment of cancer in London, and thither patients from all parts of the country come and are treated. Ultimately, however, when death mercifully relieves them of their sufferings, it is London which is credited with their mortality.

The returns, moreover, show that whatever influences may be at work to contribute to this result, the cancer death rate in London during the decade 1880–1890 was an augmenting one—in other words, just as in England generally, the rate exhibits an almost unvarying increase. The fact is more plainly shown in the following table:—

Comparison of the Cancer Death Rate for England with that for London during the Decade 1881–1890 *per Million Persons living*

	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890
England .	520	530	560	560	570	583	606	610	643	670
London .	610	630	650	650	640	648	690	683	696	786

Thus it will be noticed that both for England and London the rates show an augmenting ratio. Sometimes there appears to be a lull in the mortality; but this is never of long duration. For the numbers show that the average increase is more than maintained by the mortality of succeeding years. One of the points which strikingly attracts attention in connection with the cancer returns is the frequency of the disease in women in comparison with men. Approximately half as many women as men die of malignant disease every year. So far as London is concerned, the following table will show the respective proportions :—

Comparison between the Total Number of Deaths from Cancer of Males and Females in London, during the Decade 1881–1890

	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890
Males .	755	779	801	915	909	961	1,089	1,058	1,078	1,194
Females	1,577	1,682	1,737	1,689	1,713	1,721	1,820	1,874	1,951	2,092

The question of the causes concerned in the production of the predominating frequency of cancer among women is scarcely one which can rightly be discussed in the pages of other than a professional journal. Suffice it, however, to say that, such as the chief of those causes are, they are irremediable and unalterable. Women, from their nature, will always be the greatest sufferers from malignant disease. Surgery, happily enough, can for the most part do much in the alleviation of the disease in men, but with women this is otherwise. The surgeon has far less opportunity in the majority of cases of contributing to a prolongation of life in female cancer cases, and yet the gleam of light which has shed some radiancy over the gloominess of cancer comes from surgery. It may be said of the surgery of the present day that better results are obtained from the surgical treatment of cancer than was probably the case in any previous age. Some operations are now being practised which hitherto were not considered justifiable, owing to the want of success which followed their performance. Others have lately been introduced, the practicability of which has proved the wisdom of their conception. Sufferers from cancer, who formerly would not have been relieved, are in the present day benefiting from the application of the principles of scientific surgery. Years of life—some years at least—and the mitigation of much physical and mental suffering, fall to the lot of surgeons to confer. It must be, however, remembered that the successful treatment of cancer depends as much upon its early recognition as upon the means adopted for its relief. There should be no hesitation on the part of those concerned in ascertaining the nature of a tumour or swelling which is suspicious or uncertain.

The improvements in the methods of diagnosis enable surgeons to recognise cancer in its earliest stages; and as soon as, or even

before, the disease has become unequivocally demonstrated, the probability of a successful result is largely enhanced by its early removal. The reason for this is obvious. Cancer commences in each person as a local disease; but it spreads and infects, by means of the lymphatics and blood-vessels, first the lymphatic glands and then the more distant organs of the body. When this has occurred, the disease is no longer a local one; it has become what is called constitutional. It is therefore manifest that the most favourable time at which to obtain the best results from surgical interference is when the disease persists simply as a local growth, and when the blood and tissues of the body have not received the impress of a cancerous taint.

Since 1883, the date of the publication of my paper above referred to, many observers have directed attention to the alarming increase in the general mortality from cancer, and many theories have been advanced to account for this augmenting prevalence. By some the attempt has been made to explain away the growing proportions of the cancer statistics, and anything which the able statistician at the Registrar-General's Office, Dr. William Ogle, has to say on this subject cannot but be accepted with great weight; nevertheless, it is now felt that the bulk of the evidence is entirely in favour of the belief that cancer is increasing.

No sophistry can dispose of hard matters of fact which are almost the daily experience of every medical man practising in these islands. Moreover the experience of hospital surgeons is to the effect that more cancerous patients come under their care for surgical treatment than used formerly to be the case. It is interesting to note that the mortality from the disease, although it shows a progressive rate among men, is lower in proportion than is the rate of increase among women. In this, perhaps, it is quite possible to recognise the good influence of surgical treatment. Surgery alone is the sheet-anchor by which the hapless victims of cancer can expect to hold their own. Nothing has ever been discovered so far which possesses a tithe of its efficacy, and the utility of its results is endorsed both by science and ample experience. To temporise with such a disease as cancer is a fatal policy to adopt, and a grave responsibility is assumed by any one who, knowing otherwise, heedlessly presses it upon the patient. Moreover to its unerring end cancer will always progress. The patient cannot be expected to know in what terrible eventualities a tumour pronounced to be cancerous will result, and yet because, forsooth, nothing at its commencement calls for special notice, saving its actual presence, great efforts are often made to overrule the implicit advice of the surgeon as to the necessity of immediate removal, with the most disastrous consequences in the future.

But what is now the generally accepted belief as to the main cause of the increase of cancer? This is a question which the public may very properly raise at the present juncture, when the tale of the death-

dealing prevalence of the disease is so oft repeated in the mortality columns of the Registrar-General's Returns. There can be little doubt that cancer is more frequent now because more persons live to the period of life at which it is most prone to occur. 'Cancer,' says Sir James Paget, 'is a disease of degeneracy, the frequency of which increases as years increase.' More persons than heretofore reach adult age; obviously, therefore, there must be a numerical augmentation of those who, thus living, become liable to cancer. A well-known London surgeon expressed his belief a short time ago that, while the mortality from cancer was increasing, the fatality from it was diminishing. He meant by the mortality the proportion of persons who died from cancer as compared with the death rate from other diseases; and by the fatality the proportion of deaths among the number of persons who were attacked. This really expresses the condition of affairs in as terse a manner as possible. The diminishing fatality, mainly noticed, it must be confessed, in men, depends upon the successful interference of the surgeon. The advance of surgical science has enabled surgeons to deal much more effectually with cancerous disease than heretofore, to remove it before its ravages have extended too far for relief, and even to eradicate it before, so to speak, its appearance has become an accomplished fact. There is, more or less, a consensus of opinion now among surgeons that certain premonitory signs of cancer can be detected. What has within the last few years come to be known as the 'pre-cancerous stage' is admitted, as the effect of which early radical treatment is advised and carried out before the virulence of the disease has any chance of asserting its sway. In localities of the body prone to become the seat of rapidly growing cancer the recognition of this pre-cancerous stage is of great import, so far, indeed, as it affects suspicious lesions of long duration.

Unhappily, however, for the human race, surgery has its limits. Nothing is more likely than this: that if a person can reach, say, the age of sixty, without becoming cancerous, every succeeding year afterwards will add to his chance of obtaining successful relief from surgical interference in the event of cancer supervening. Much less successful results are secured in cases of cancer in younger persons. Malignant disease is always more virulent in the earlier decades of life, and, conversely, in the later stages of life this virulence becomes, as a rule, less and less marked. In old people, for example, who may be attacked with cancer the disease may continue to the end of life without having caused much disturbance of health, and death may eventually take place from some intercurrent affection peculiar to old age. But the fact of the limitation of surgery only throws into greater relief the pressing problem of deciding as to the steps which should be taken in order to deal with the annual increasing mortality from this terrible disease. It has been urged upon the Government

more than once that further statistics, and a closer inquiry into the conditions of the augmenting death rate from cancer, would be likely to be productive of valuable results. This is, undoubtedly, one plan out of which good might come, but some time would necessarily have to elapse before the information would be available. It is questionable, therefore, whether the time has not arrived for thoroughly dealing with the matter by the appointment of a Royal Commission. In the year 1890, about 19,500 persons succumbed to malignant disease in England, a sufficient indictment against the disease to warrant the adoption of such a course. Tuberculosis has had its Commission, and so has vaccination; but at the present moment, in my opinion, there is no subject which so urgently calls for a Government inquiry as that of cancer. A gleam of satire is certainly reflected upon our advanced measures for public health, when step by step with, and forming, as it would seem, an integral part of civilisation, a disease of the nature of cancer obtains such a sway in our midst.

The last main cause of London's death rate on the list, forming the seventh, is diarrhœa and dysentery, and I shall not have much to say upon this subject. For the most part the death rate relates to young children, and is largely influenced by the state of the weather. In hot summers a very large number of children succumb from this cause, while, if the weather in July and August in any year be cold, as in 1890, the rate falls below the average. A low temperature in summer is always good for children in London, whereas, on the other hand, a high temperature is always certain to be harmful. But while the statistics show great fluctuation in the deaths under this heading, there is, it must be confessed, little evidence as yet to show that sanitary measures and improved hygienic surroundings have made any perceptible difference in the direction of reducing the rate. Very possibly in the future bacteriology will be able to prove that the summer diarrhœa of children is microbic in origin, and this would lead to measures of prevention such as would be efficacious in limiting the progress of the disease. So far, however, as infant life is concerned in London, the evidence is fairly conclusive that, inimical as the surroundings must be held to be, more young children survive the exigencies of their existence than used formerly to be the case. The improvement which is taking place in this respect is, I think, among other things shown by the declining death rate from dentition and convulsions, as may be gathered from the records of the decade upon which this inquiry has been based.

The next death rate which I shall now briefly consider is probably one about which most Londoners would like to hear something. It is, moreover, one probably about which a good deal of misconception exists among those who have not troubled to verify the facts. I allude to the intemperance death rate. In making this the

subject of inquiry, the first questions which suggest themselves are—Is the rate increasing? is it diminishing? to what extent does it point in favour of or against the temperance or teetotal cause? On referring to the annual reports for the decade, the following facts are revealed: first, the figures show an increasing ratio, well marked in the case of men, and a slightly less increase in the case of women. The exact figures may here be quoted.

The Total Number of Deaths from Alcoholism (Direct) of Males and Females in London for the Various Years of the Decade 1881–1890

	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890
Males . .	191	183	190	198	186	187	198	209	239	257
Females . .	141	125	132	138	147	169	155	137	146	192

Thus it will be seen that more men died of chronic alcoholism in the last five years of the decade than in the first, and the same is true of women, though to a less extent. There are reasons, however, for supposing that these statistics do not exactly represent the true condition of affairs. In most of the various classes of 'society' medical men know full well that, having regard to the feelings of the patient's friends, it is not an easy matter to fill up a certificate of death which portrays in words unmistakable that the curse of drink has claimed one of its victims out of the family. Indeed, especially where the victim in question is a woman, there is naturally a strong and earnest desire to conceal the act of continued and fatal intemperance from the knowledge of others. In a delicate manner the doctor is approached on the subject, and he cannot help but fall in with the suggestion by endorsing the primary cause of death as, say, chronic gastritis, and the secondary exhaustion. In such a case, of course, the certificate, if properly filled in, would read, Primary cause of death, chronic alcoholism; secondary, chronic gastritis, or cirrhosis of the liver, according as one or other of these symptoms was most prominent. Quite likely, therefore, most of those cases which have been certified as deaths from alcoholism refer to persons who have drifted into the workhouse infirmary after a long period of alcoholic indulgence. The baneful effects, it is worthy of note, of alcoholism do not take long in becoming manifest; the sacrifice of life in which they inevitably terminate is comparatively quickly brought about. Reference to the Returns shows that the largest number of intemperate persons succumb between the 35th and 45th years. Just at the prime of life, therefore, when that which is best in man and woman may be expected to reach full fruition, everything is lost by the curse of intemperance. There must be, unfortunately, few who cannot recall instances coming under their personal notice of this curse falling like a cloud upon a man or woman, and blotting out the existence of the victim, as in some hideous dream.

Nothing forms a sadder spectacle of human degeneracy than that of a person whose education, social position, and mental capacity should have afforded sufficient protection against the evil flinging all that is possessed of value to the winds by an insensate addiction to alcohol. How curious is it that it is commonly the men of most value who fall victims to drink and thus encompass the premature destruction of their prospects, heedless of the consequences both to themselves and to others!

We have seen from the foregoing pages how Londoners mainly succumb to the effects of disease, how they pass to that 'bourne whence no traveller returns' by means of causes generally beyond their control; and now, in conclusion, let me briefly dwell upon the records of those who 'take the law into their own hands' and deliberately destroy themselves for the purpose of making their exit from a world which in reality or imagination has ceased to afford them any attraction. According to the Returns, the weariness of life seems to begin at an early age; in both sexes suicides annually take place at the age of fifteen. Boys and girls who should be thinking of vastly different things presumably become overwhelmed with some sort of trouble from which their immature reason impels them to conclude that death can afford the only release. Charitably speaking, perhaps, the proper view to take of these cases is this: that the hyper-sensitiveness as exhibited by these children would have delayed their progress in life and have unfitted them for the buffetings and rebuffs of a world not particularly distinguished for sensitiveness. But, whatever their special endowments by nature may have been, nothing would excuse or justify those acts of self-murder to which they gave way. Moral courage could hardly be expected to be a strong feature in children of that age; nevertheless they must have possessed courage of some sort to have accomplished their suicidal purpose, and it is precisely for this reason that their suicidal acts are the more to be regretted. An analysis of the Returns under this heading for the whole decade 1881–90 shows that in London three boys between the ages of 10 and 15, and seventy between 15 and 20, committed suicide; while for the same period one girl is recorded as having killed herself at five years of age, six others as having done so between 10 and 15, and seventy-three between 15 and 20. This gives an annual average of about seven deaths from suicides in males and exactly eight in females under the age of 20. To reflective persons these figures must appear conceivably extraordinary. The record of the male suicides does not call so much for notice, but in the case of the females the matter is altogether different. If life is ever appreciated at all, one would imagine that it would be most so in the budding days of a woman, when the sunshine of her attractions was beginning to shed its radiancy around her, causing that to spring into being which must ever be a source of instinctive pleasure—the

knowledge of the gifts with which Nature has endowed her. Notably enough, it is only up to the age of 20 that the suicides of females predominate over those of males. After that the males at once take the lead, and ultimately reach a figure which is far in excess of the returns for women. The following table shows the record of the male and female suicides in London for the decade 1881–1890:—

Total number of Male and Female Suicides in London, during decade 1881–1890

	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885		1887	1888	1889	1890
Males .	276	225	264	278	266	308	289	280	275	257
Females	91	85	101	91	82	93	105	112	102	81

Thus it will be seen that men tire of life to a much greater extent than women. Approximately speaking, they take their own lives thrice more frequently than do the latter. Such is the record for London, whatever it may be for other parts of the kingdom. But on further analysis of the Returns other features become apparent in regard to the acts of suicide respectively committed by the two sexes. It needs no demonstration to point out that there are many ways by which men and women may destroy themselves; similarly, however, as differences exist between the disposition and inclinations of the two sexes, so does it happen that custom and fashion prevail with respect to the modes by which the members of each sex, bent upon suicide, carry their purpose into effect.

For instance, the man contemplating suicide in London appears to have a very rooted objection to destroying himself by drowning. This damp and uncomfortable method of making his exit out of the world apparently seldom enters into his calculations—a fact which is not surprising in view of the physical aspect of the waterways within the metropolitan district. Even the heart probably of a would-be suicide shudders at the thought of receiving its quietus by immersion in the seething water of the Thames, anywhere below say Battersea Bridge. If the mind of such a person had room for any sentiment at such a psychological moment, it would naturally, perhaps, revert to the picture of a clear and placid river, with the ambrosial environments of a rural retreat, and with solitude as an indispensable charm. Nothing of this kind, of course, can be claimed for the Thames in London; and it is quite possible that the penny steamboats which daily ply up and down the river are instrumental in breeding in the minds of average male Londoners a rooted abhorrence of Thames water, which not even the resolution of committing suicide can ever efface. I do not mean, of course, that it should be inferred that suicide by drowning never occurs among men in London, but the fact is obviously significant that, of the six causes of death tabulated under the heading of Suicide in the

Registrar-General's Reports, in accordance with the number of cases, drowning takes the last place but one. In strong contrast, however, to what, perhaps, is the result of sentiment so far as males are concerned in this matter, is the preference for drowning exhibited by the female suicides in London. Apparently a woman bent on suicide has only one predominating conviction, and that is to get the business over as quickly as possible. It may be she is afraid of second thoughts diverting her from her purpose. Probably she is instinctively conscious that the act must be one of the impulse of the moment, otherwise, despite her determined intention, her nature would cause her to shrink from carrying it into execution. Naturally, then, she takes the first thing at hand which comes in her way, without heed, and without restraint. If the river be accessible, into it she tumbles herself; if poison be within her reach, no matter what, she gulps it down. In this way, presumably, may be explained the odious death which female suicides bring upon themselves by swallowing carbolic acid and other similar poisons, all of which are calculated to cause a maximum amount of suffering, with commonly a slow and lingering death. It would seem, then, that the deliberateness with which, for the most part, men proceed to their work in acts of suicide is a feature which is conspicuously absent when women are similarly engaged. Women rarely destroy themselves by gunshot wounds, and the want of acquaintance with revolvers and guns is presumably a sufficient explanation of this fact. A very fortunate circumstance is this, for to see a woman handling a revolver, even although the conviction may be absolute that the weapon is unloaded, is never particularly calculated to raise emotions of a pleasurable description among ordinary spectators. Again, female suicides are seldom found to have died by means of injuries inflicted by knives or cutting instruments; and here, again, the explanation probably lies in the fact of their natural abhorrence of the sight of blood. On the other hand, poison is their chief resort, then drowning, and lastly hanging. With men, gunshot wounds and injuries with knives are commonly resorted to; but perhaps hanging is the commonest form, and, after that, poisons. It is by these methods, then, in males and females, with the differences mentioned above, that the death-rate from suicides in London is for the most part made up.

HUGH PERCY DUNN.

FOOTBALL AS A MORAL AGENT

WHEN the complaint was made to a well-known headmaster that British boys talked far too much about football and cricket, he answered, 'And what do French boys talk about?' His reply was to the point; but he might well have added that it was extremely important for all those who had to do with boys to have a thorough acquaintance with the subjects about which they did talk, even if that talk was overdone. It may, in fact, be laid down generally that without a knowledge of the recreations, and consequently an appreciation of the customary talk of any class of people, it is impossible to have any effectual influence over their lives, or to form any just estimate of the part which they have played, or are playing, in human affairs. For the key to most important events often lies in circumstances connected with such recreations, which would be regarded as trivial by the ordinary observer, and still more so by those who pride themselves on taking broad and philosophical views of history. Let me briefly illustrate both these points. Mr. Froude points out [1] that during the Oxford Tractarian Movement the minds of the Oxford dons generally were engrossed with theoretical controversies, which have now passed into the province of palæo-theology:—

> But the undergraduates were idle and extravagant; life at the university was twice as expensive as it need have been. Here were plain duties lying neglected and unthought of, owing to those who might have had influence at Oxford not having made themselves intimately acquainted with what the mass of the undergraduates were doing and talking about.

It is not too much to say that life at Oxford, down to the present time, bears numerous traces of this neglect. And I wonder whether the Greeks themselves knew what had been a necessary condition of the salvation of Greece and Europe from Asiatic despotism. I wonder even whether modern writers about 'tendencies' and the like have ever thought of looking in the right direction. Dr. Curtius, in speaking of the Greek training schools and games, says: [2]—

> Here especially the exercises of running, leaping, wrestling, and throwing the spear and the discus were brought to a perfection of style which was afterwards universally adopted among the Hellenes. Here fixed ethical rules were first

[1] *Short Studies*, iv. 111.
[2] Book II. chap. iv. p. 28 (ed. 1869).

introduced which excluded every wild passion and enjoined the strictest obedience to the laws of the contest as a duty; here the principle of forbidding the youthful ambition to be desecrated by any consideration of gain was established; here, finally, came into use, in contrast to the flowing robes of the Ionians, a short and light dress for men, which was to promote the health and agility of the body.

The short light dress was the result of the games and training schools; and it may safely be said that if the flowing robes of the Ionians, and the habits of life bound up with these, had continued to prevail in continental Greece, both the spirit and the capacity for exploits like the running charge of Marathon, or the race of Pheidippides, would have been non-existent, and Greece would have been conquered as Ionia was. I cannot refrain from remarking here that the absence of any such exercise and games for women was a main cause of the degraded position of women in Greece, excepting only at Sparta, and that perhaps such influences as lawn-tennis, and cycling, and gymnastics may achieve far more than all the associations for women's rights or dress reform, in doing away with the cramping barbarisms of encumbering skirts, deformed feet, and misshapen figures, and thus help in attaining the true ideal of feminine grace, dignity, and robustness, and in ultimately producing a race of children among whom such a thing as 'delicacy' shall be a rare reproach.

Probably, however, those who have followed me thus far do not dispute that recreations may have very far-reaching effects on national character, and even on national history. But they may legitimately ask whether any such claims can be established on behalf of football.

Now about twenty-five years ago it was useless, except among a very few, to pursue the following line of argument:—

The people, year by year, are leaving the country and settling in the towns. From various causes, such as railways and tramways, people everywhere are using their legs less than the last generation did. The inevitable tendency of this is to impair, not only the physical vigour of the nation, but those sturdy qualities of character which reason and experience show to be intimately connected with such vigour and robustness, and also to be necessary conditions of the true well-being and greatness of a nation. Fortunately, fox-hunting still goes on; and the fanatics have not yet destroyed the Game Laws. Winter rowing flourishes—at least at the Universities—so that the fashion of taking hard exercise, and even of facing some risks and hurts, exists among the upper classes, whose example keeps alive among the masses a craving for something not entirely tame and sweatless. And this something is growing up.

Football has always existed at our greater schools. But these schools have greatly increased in numbers, and others of a similar type have sprung up all over the country. Now these schools do not pretend to supply a better intellectual education than may be obtained in the heart of our large towns. Their main purpose is to deliver boys at the critical age of growth, who are receiving a complete education, from the sedentary habits almost inseparable from life in great cities. Football, being the best available form of winter exercise, has consequently spread from the older schools to many others. It has been played under many forms, but these are reducing themselves to two. Both of these are becoming more organised, scientific, and competitive; and it may safely be asserted that, wherever either of them has taken fair root, it is winning the heart of boyhood

more than any other winter game or occupation. Nor is this new enthusiasm confining itself to schools. The overcrowded rivers of the Universities are being relieved by the goals; clubs are springing up all over the country; and every available piece of ground near many of the great manufacturing towns is already being used for football. Does not this movement require some recognition and some guidance?

I shall attempt to answer this question further on; I asked it at the time in vain. During the next few years national matches gave a fresh impetus to the game. The first national match of any kind was played, somewhere, I believe, in the sixties, by Association rules. It was called 'England *v.* Scotland.' But, as in its immediate successors, Scotland was represented almost entirely by Scotch amateurs resident in England. The first national match by Rugby rules was played at Edinburgh in 1870. The first really national match by Association rules was played at Glasgow in 1872. Since this time the progress of football has been uninterrupted, and I may say tremendous. A few facts, which I think may be relied on, are sufficient to illustrate the present position and popularity of the game. In the course of a single year more than 1,000,000*l*. is paid in salaries to Association professional players in England, and more than 5,000,000*l*. spent in gate-money by the public. I need hardly say that 'gates' exist at a very small portion of the matches actually played. To estimate the number of these from any data I can collect is impossible. The *Scottish Field* once reported 260 matches in a single issue, by far the greater part of which had been telegraphed to its office within two hours of the conclusion of play. But only a small portion of those who play matches and games telegraph the result to newspapers. I have, e.g., known of two Scotch schools which played eight fifteens each on the same day against each other. The result of the first only would be telegraphed; and nearly every country village in many counties would be the scene of unreported matches and games. In all large centres, however, an extra staff of telegraphists is employed on Saturdays for football events alone. These facts all tend to show that the players are a very small proportion indeed of those who are taken into the open air by football and who take a lively interest in its results. As an instance of this, I may mention that the final tie for the English Association Cup in 1893 was played at Manchester before about 40,000 persons.

Now to assert that all this is good news is to say what never could be said with truth about any great movement or interest among men. But it is certainly most significant news. There are, of course, a large number of people who will say that the physical danger of football outweighs all possible advantages. This is an objection to our preamble which must be disposed of before proceeding further. The question is one of degree. There is an amount of danger to life and limb which would outweigh the advantages of football or anything else except patriotism or martyrdom. Fortunately, in the case of

football, there is no difficulty in getting at the facts. The newspapers have a perfect craze for reporting football accidents, and even such a very insignificant form of accident as a fractured collar-bone is sure to be duly chronicled. Deaths certainly do not escape notice, and the total number of deaths ascribed to football in the years 1890, 1891, and 1892 was 23, 22, and 26 respectively, whilst 154 broken limbs and 212 minor accidents, some of them very minor, were reported in the same period. As I said before, it is impossible to form any approximate estimate of the number of people who play, and therefore of the precise danger of the game. But we may safely assert that football kills a less proportion annually than one in 50,000 of those who play at all, and that less than one in 7,000 breaks a limb. In my own personal experience, I have had to do with football for thirty-five years. At no school with which I have been connected has there ever been a death; I can remember one broken leg among boys, and one among men, and I think three broken arms. Nor do I recollect hearing of a single directly fatal accident among Scotch clubs which play Rugby rules, and only of one indirectly fatal accident. The experience, I may add, of the greatest living authority on school health, Dr. Clement Dukes, of Rugby School, is similar to mine. My impression is, though I cannot adduce facts to prove it, that the majority of the serious accidents arise out of the rough and foul play which seems to be a necessary result of professionalism and of the allied system of cup ties. Whenever the game ceases to be played in a sportsmanlike spirit, players are to be found who wantonly injure opponents with a view of putting them *hors de combat* when this can be done in such an underhand way that malicious purpose cannot be positively proved. But of this more in the sequel. Generally, from all the evidence I can collect, the following conclusion seems justified. Amateur football, when the public opinion of the players condemns foul play and the infliction of wilful injuries as criminal and odious, is not more dangerous than almost any winter game or sport which is active enough to promote a vigorous muscular development and high animal spirits. It is less dangerous than hunting, and infinitely less dangerous, in the long run, than abstinence from open-air exercise on the part of those who lead a generally indoor life. In a word, by developing the chest and the limbs, by quickening the circulation and purifying the blood, football saves far more lives than it destroys.

It seems to me that in answering the preliminary objections on the score of danger I have made some direct progress in the subject of this paper. Surely, whatever tends to quicken the circulation, to raise the spirits, and to purify the blood is, *ipso facto*, a moral agent. This is so at all ages, but it is more especially the case during the age of boyhood. It is an incalculable blessing to this country that such a sport is so enthusiastically beloved by almost all that part of our boyhood

whom Nature has endowed with strong passions and overflowing energies. Its mere existence and the practical lessons which it preaches are worth all the books that have been written on youthful purity. I can say for myself that, under the circumstances of the luxurious and self-indulgent habits in which boys are increasingly brought up at home, the constant panic lest they should suffer any pain, the absence of apprehension lest their moral and physical fibre should become feeble by disuse, and the tendency of the examination system to make the development of character a secondary consideration, I would not care to face the responsibility of conducting a school were there not rooted in it, as I hope, an imperishable tradition, an enthusiastic love of football.

It is not necessary to dwell on the tendency of football to foster that virtue which is most closely allied to purity, and without which no nation can be either great or truly prosperous, viz. the virtue of courage. Some such influence is sorely needed. What is called the modern spirit is not favourable to courage. An instance of this comes readily to hand in the prevalent sentimental objection to corporal punishment, and in favour of punishments like lines and detentions, which keep a boy indoors when he ought to be out of doors, or like penal drill, the indirect evil of which is, I think, even greater. But the football scrummage is a great educator. I know boyish opinion pretty well, and can bear witness to a wholesome reaction among them against all punishments which are *not* corporal, and generally against any unmanly shrinking from pain—a feeling which I have known to show itself in a prejudice against the use of anæsthetics in minor operations, as well as in other ways.

After this expression of opinion, which is possibly shocking to the Zeitgeist, I hope that I may to some extent propitiate this spirit by saying that football, when taken by the hand and guided, may be made the training-ground of a virtue which is so far modern that it has not yet acquired a distinctive name; I mean the duty of keeping oneself in vigorous health, founded on a knowledge that this is generally possible. Setting aside the paramount claims of his duty to God and his neighbour, this is incomparably the most important thing which a boy can learn at school. And football, from this point of view, furnishes the true educator with better object-lessons than anything else except rowing, for which the facilities are very rare. Let us postulate that almost every healthy-minded boy wishes to get into his house team or his school team, or to rise in some way in the school football world. It is a near object; and as the mass of boys, from their natures, live more for the near than for the distant, they will let such an object influence their conduct if they know how. The boy who can develop no enthusiasm about Latin prose or the rivers of Siberia, even though he is convinced that the former will train a faculty of interpretation which will be useful to him in any

business or profession, and that a knowledge about the latter, by some inscrutable connection of cause and effect, will qualify him to wear weapons and serve in the wars, will yet eagerly listen to instruction about the physiological facts of his own being, when he finds out that they have a practical bearing on his own immediate success. Why he should not indulge in the vicious practice of 'grubbing' at odd times, which lays up a store of far more future ill-health than even juvenile smoking, or in the unwholesome habits, so rife among schoolboys, of bolting their food, or avoiding what are, perhaps, the only available vegetables; why he should never let even the roughest day in winter pass without facing the wind and rain, till he is in a glow of joyous health; why he should not cramp his breathing organs, or distort his feet, if he wishes to have good wind and to avoid sprains—these and numerous other lessons of a similar kind are, I can bear witness, eagerly imbibed by a school which is keen on football.

My remarks have had more special reference to what are usually called public schools; but a like thing is true, more or less, of all.

The football craze, enthusiasm, call it what you will, is everywhere. There is scarcely a boy in this country who does not discuss the merits of the chief players in his own neighbourhood; there are few who have no ambition to play, and to excel, if they can get the chance.

What a golden opportunity! I do not say that it is being used as it should be used, except by a few. Too often have I asked boys from all sorts of schools, from the village school to the old foundation, what they are being taught about such things as exercise, ventilation, food, clothing, and their connection with their own length of days and vigour of mind and body, and the answer has been 'Nothing at all!' But surely our eyes are opening. Everywhere we hear the complaint that our population is crowded into enormous cities, where, under the present conditions of life, the physical qualities must degenerate, and are degenerating; and many say that our civilisation is consequently doomed. I do not believe in such pessimism, for I believe that there is a way of escape, and that this way is the universal teaching, by theory and in practice, of this nameless virtue, which I may call 'temperance writ large'—a virtue which rises as far above the 'temperance' of the fanatics as religion rises above bigotry. It is not a new thing, for though modern science has enlarged its boundaries and changed guesses into knowledge, yet the imperfect and empirical practice of this virtue saved Greece from being overrun by Eastern despotism; and even when her sun was setting, the conditions of her past greatness were still evident in the scattered survivals of which it is written, 'He that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.'

From this point of view it is well for this crowded little island of ours that the athletic movement has assumed such a universal and irresistible form as it has done in the case of football.

It supplies a text for all who wish to train its future citizens in the theory and practice of this large morality. I may refer, in illustration of this statement, to the eighth chapter of Dr. Clement Dukes' *Health at School*, and, indeed, to the whole tone and spirit of a book which has naturally emanated from the original home of Rugby football.

But though the tendency is in the right direction, and more educators are grasping the truth that conduct, in its widest sense, is as large a part of the ultimate aim of education as it is of the essence of religion, yet football, like other athletic sports, has been suffered to grope its way with far too little guidance. Football-players certainly often 'train' for great events, as we used to do for rowing races in our college days. But they often train without knowledge, make all sorts of mistakes, and play tricks with their constitutions, without receiving any more instruction on such subjects than I got from my tutors and masters at college. Like their predecessors, of whom Mr. Froude speaks, their heads were too high in the clouds ever to give us a word of practical advice even against such an obvious evil as the sudden 'going out of training,' and still less to inculcate the lesson that training, in its true sense, is that wholesome and vigorous condition in which we ought to try to live always, and that those who thus habitually live, not only are on the right road towards happiness in life, but require a very slight change, if any, in diet or exercise, to fit them for football, rowing, or any other athletic sport.

Before concluding this part of my subject, which of itself would afford matter for an article, may I make an appeal to all who have influence with young men to try to get a stop put, as one leading club has already done in its own case, to the luxurious dinners, paid for out of the 'gates,' which follow big matches? Not only have such dinners been proved, in the case of University and other travelling teams, to be fatal to success in the later matches of their tour, but, putting aside altogether the possibility of occasional cases of intoxication, there is nothing, I believe, more certain in physiology than that after exceptional exertion the diet ought to be of the simplest kind. I believe, indeed, that if men *always* lived carefully they might go on playing much later in life than they do at present.

So far I have been regarding football as a game played for its own sake, or as a means of testing the manly prowess of representative teams of schools, colleges, clubs, villages, or other communities. From this point of view it can be productive of scarcely anything but good to representative players, or to the immensely greater number who aspire to be such; and if the football authorities only put down with a strong hand all rough and foul play, the game may, besides the other advantages which I have enumerated, be an education in that spirit of chivalry, fairness, and good temper for which, if report speaks truly, the masses of our countrymen are scarcely as distinguished as their fathers were.

These observations, of course, hold good for both of the two great forms of modern football, Rugby and Association. But, in the case of the latter, we are met by the astounding fact that over almost the whole of the North of England, and to a great extent in the rest of the country, Association football has almost ceased to be a representative game. It is certainly not an exaggerated statement to say that most of the leading Northern clubs do not rear their players, but buy them, and that the teams which take part in the national and other great matches are almost entirely composed of professional players. This used not to be so.

In 1872 three of the English players were from Oxford, one from Cambridge, one from Harrow Rangers, and some of the remainder were genuine representatives of the large towns. The Scotchmen were all keen, genuine amateurs, chiefly of the working classes. The change is lamentable from many points of view; but let us be fair, and state its advantages.

Professionals, we must admit, usually play better than amateurs; unless, indeed, there were amateurs in football, as there are in English cricket, who devoted themselves entirely to the game throughout the season. And therefore the big matches are a splendid exhibition of a magnificent game, and have an undoubted tendency to excite and keep alive popular admiration for courage, activity, and endurance, and to create a corresponding contempt for the feebleness which city life and the modern superabundance of artificial locomotion are sure to cause if not counteracted by other agencies.

The big match, again, is imitated on every available bit of ground; the boy's ambition is to kick an actual football, and in the meantime to amuse himself with the best imitation he can get. The same spirit shows itself in other ways, and I have no doubt that the recent manias, as they are called, for cycling and for golf are parts of a most necessary reaction in favour of the use of the legs, which has been, to a very large extent, brought about by the popularity of football.

But what of the thousands of stationary spectators? Well, for my own part, I prefer to be taking exercise in some form myself; and there is no lesson which I more strongly urge upon football-players than that, if they are engaged in sedentary occupations when their football days are over, they should use every spare afternoon they can get in using their own limbs and quickening their own circulations. But it must also be remembered that a large part of the spectators are manual labourers. They do not want exercise on Saturday afternoons, but they want rest, the open air, and some excitement which stirs their blood. They get all this from the big football matches. The roads in the neighbourhood of Manchester and Blackburn would not be crowded with eager pedestrians if the football matches ceased; but the public-houses, and reading-rooms, and young men's institutes

and indoor 'shows' of various kinds would be more crowded and stuffier. I know all that can be said on the other side, and have often said it. 'The falling nation spectates; the nation at its prime does things for itself.' It is true; but the spectacles which cause people to do good and wholesome things must be carefully separated from those which have no such influence. Gladiatorial shows, for example, are often said to have contributed to the downfall of Rome. I doubt it; possibly the monk who sacrificed his life to put an end to them may have hastened that downfall. The evil of gladiatorial shows was not that they were exhibitions of manliness, but that they were exhibitions of murder. Horace had long ago hit upon the deep-seated causes of that downfall:—

> Lydia, dic, per omnes
> Te deos oro, Sybarin cur properas amando
> Perdere, cur apricum
> Oderit campum patiens pulveris atque solis?

Such are some of the good results of Association matches as they are. Let us look at the other side. There are evils of a very grave and increasing character.

1. Amateur players are practically excluded from the legitimate ambition of representing their own town, county, or country.

2. When the players are all of the professional class, Association football ceases to have the effect which other games, such as cricket and curling, have of bringing men of different classes together. It rather helps to divide the classes from the masses.

3. The money element is far too prominent; and wherever this is so genuine sport is in danger.

4. Though the Association, an amateur society, governs the game at present, yet with such an organisation as the League, the professionals can at any moment take the entire management into their own hands; and experience shows that wherever, in any sport, an entrance has been opened for making money without amateur supervision, the element of corruptibility is sure to step in, with all its disastrous effects. (*Vide* an article by Mr. Arthur Budd, in 'Rugby Football,' Cassell & Co.)

5. The introduction of professionalism into Scotland, at first veiled, now avowed, has done great mischief to our village clubs. I could name several of these, which were once in the front rank, but which have lost their position and are declining in consequence of their best players having often been bribed and suborned in all sorts of underhand and unsportsmanlike ways, at first by English clubs; whose example the Scottish city clubs, who can repay themselves by large 'gates,' have been almost forced to follow. I am assured by men who are behind the scenes that not only is the game in many villages being ruined, but that the effect of the whole system, the ramifications of which are too intricate to be more than alluded

to here, is most demoralising in many more respects and directions than would occur to the uninitiated.

6. Professional football is certainly bad for the player. He can follow no trade when engaged in it, and he cannot play the game for more than a few years, at the end of which time he is stranded without an occupation, and too often after having contracted habits and ideas which are sufficient of themselves to prevent his making an honest livelihood of any kind. But where is the remedy? I see it in the possible disruption of the Association and the League. In such a case the League game would have within it the elements of its own decay. The Association might, under great difficulties at first, organise a system of purely amateur football. The difficulty is. how to draw the line between the amateur and the professional. Possibly by enforcing a considerable period of previous residence to qualify for local clubs, the player meantime being eligible for his former club. Meanwhile the difficulty exists; it is a very great one; and the minds of all concerned should be exercised in solving it, if they care for the future of manly sport and honest character in Great Britain.[3]

But what is to be the future of the Rugby game? This is a burning question. It involves important issues. If I said how important I consider them, I should be jeered at; just as a Greek would have been jeered at by his contemporaries if he had estimated the real bearing on the future of Greece of the management of the Olympic games. My main purpose in writing this article will be fulfilled if it can, directly or indirectly, bring such influence to bear on those concerned with the management of Rugby football, that they may look at the matter from a broad and patriotic point of view, and strain every nerve, not only to avoid disaster in the future, but to retrace some of the steps which have made such disaster possible. At present the case stands thus. The English Rugby Union by a large majority has refused to legalise professionalism in Rugby football; but the question will be raised again and again. Now all the objections which I have brought against professionalism in Association football apply with equal force to its introduction into the Rugby game; some of them with much greater force. It would be worse for the professional himself, because he can play for still fewer years, and it would practically shut out genuine amateurs from first-class football altogether. If this were all, it is surely enough to prove that, from the very fact of one game having become an exhibition by paid performers, the other should be preserved religiously as a

[3] Since writing the above, I have learned that a competition has been instituted this year among purely Amateur Association Clubs, seventy-nine in number. Very few of these are in the manufacturing districts, but a large number are in the colliery country of the north-east coast. It is pleasant to think of such clubs as Old Etonians and Crusaders meeting genuine working-men from Darlington and Bishop Auckland in friendly contest. Every true sportsman must wish this movement all success and wide extension.

sport. But it is not all. From the open nature of the Association game, the referee can see and penalise nearly all cases of unfair play, just as the umpire can do in cricket. From the nature of the Rugby game, he cannot do this. There must be a certain amount of *bona fides* in it, or it soon becomes no game at all. But from the professional player we cannot expect this *bona fides*. His object is to win, no matter how, for his livelihood depends upon his success.

I need hardly point out that the inevitable consequence would be that true or false charges of foul and unfair play, managed cunningly so that the referee could not penalise it, would be freely bandied about, and that ultimately the game, instead of promoting sentiments of chivalry and honour, would become a byword for everything that is most opposed to old English notions of fair play and genuine sport. Further, I think I can tell the minority of the English Union one thing. If they become a majority, they will make International matches, so far as Scotland is concerned, a thing of the past. Those who have had experience of the introduction of a few cases of what I may call veiled professionalism in one or two big matches, and the game of tricks, dodges, and unpleasant feeling which was the natural consequence, are fully forewarned on this subject, even were not the feelings of the public schools and the great day schools of Scotland—which, more even than in the case of England, are the nurseries of her players—as absolutely unanimous and pronounced as I know them to be.

But why has the movement in favour of professionalism made such progress in England? I think it has been mainly for two reasons, viz., first, the introduction of cup ties, and, secondly, ill-advised changes in the game; two causes which are not altogether separable.

Cup ties are part of a demoralising system which has crept into modern athletics. In my own college days one got nothing for playing in a college eleven or rowing in a college boat. The pleasure and credit of the thing were sufficient. Now, I regret to say, it is otherwise. I think that schoolmasters have been most unwise, setting all questions of extravagance aside, in permitting such things as first and second eleven and fifteen 'blazers,' jerseys, scarves, &c., and, worse than all, barbaric gold and silver about football caps. In Scotland, I am glad to say, we declined a proposal to have a challenge shield for inter-scholastic football matches. Such things, in my opinion, detract from the simplicity and genuine character of sport, and introduce a fictitious sort of keenness, which is only too apt to lead up to tricks of all descriptions. The cup ties in Yorkshire and other counties have done this. The executives of clubs will, in the first instance, do anything lawful to win. Next, they will do what is doubtfully lawful. They will use inducements to procure recruits wherever they can get them, and these inducements are apt very

soon to pass the limits of fair persuasion. The various steps of the downward course are too obvious to require any further description. But in the old Rugby game there was comparatively little occasion to go beyond their own fair field of selection. Weight and staying power were easily procured, and success chiefly depended on training and combined practice.

Drop-kicking, again, was an art which had to be practised from boyhood; it was a very important element in the game and made men of the public-school order almost essential as back players. But then the accursed money element came in. Big 'gates' were desirable to pay for abominable football dinners at 25*s.* a head, for too frequent travelling expenses, and by degrees, I fear, for secret service. To get these 'gates' it was necessary to attract crowds. Crowds didn't like honest forward play; they liked pace and show-off. Now pace is a comparatively rare thing. *Nascitur non fit.* Consequently it had to be found somewhere, if not in the club, and, most fatal consequence of all, the game had to be altered in the direction of encouraging and rewarding it. It has become far too fast. Besides indirectly fostering professionalism, this has had many collateral effects of an injurious nature.

First, it has caused men to leave off football earlier in life. As late as 1870, before the spectatorial element began to spoil the game, men used to play at least up to the age of forty. I have known a fine forward at the age of fifty.

Secondly, it has disqualified many boys and young men from playing. None with any tendency to heart-weakness should now play; and, at the age of rapid growth, no boy should play hard oftener than twice a week at the most.

Thirdly, it has discouraged drop-kicking. From the point of view of schools, this is a great evil. Drop-kicking is one of our best occupations for odd times when there is no regular game going on.

Fourthly, it makes Rugby football share the notorious defect of most of our games, which is that they throw too much work on the lower limbs and too little on the upper.

All this, and more, has been done for the sake of the gallery and the gate! The remedy for these evils, and the true defence against professionalism, is for the Rugby Union in some respects to retrace its steps.

Of course, the words 'retrograde' and 'reactionary' will be used with reference to any such proposal. Why, I may ask, should these be terms of reproach? Does not every man find, at some time or other, that he has gone too far in one direction? Is it not, in fact, a necessary condition of all true progress that we should sometimes do so?

In such a case a wise man is universally 'retrograde.' An average man stops where he is; a fool goes further in the wrong

direction. Does not the same thing apply to a community? or to the Rugby Union? Let it, then, looking at the interests of the players more than at the pleasure or fancies of the spectators, and most of all at the interests of a nation, the prosperity and even the existence of which depend upon the promotion of true manly sport and active habits, reconsider some of its legislation. In particular, let it again restore the old offside rules, and so discourage 'heeling out.' This practice not only sets an undue premium upon pace, but does away with the old legitimate, straightforward scrummage work,[4] which did so much to develop the best physical and even moral qualities. I have never yet known a genuine Rugby forward who was not distinctively *a man*. And, further, let it again give a fair and equal value to a dropped goal. Drop-kicking has other advantages, as has been shown, and its discouragement is obviously part and parcel of the general fatal tendency to foster pace.

And, lastly, let all football players set their faces against any attempt further to limit the number of players. I regret that the number has been reduced from twenty to fifteen. But any further reduction will make it still more difficult than it is now for schools to provide space for all their boys to play at the same hour, and will also subtract more men from the ranks of players, and add them to the stationary company of spectators.

May I, in conclusion, add a word of appeal to my fellow-schoolmasters, especially to those who preside over the great English nurseries of Rugby football?

Partly, I think, from the rarity of inter-scholastic matches in England, they have not been, so far as I can learn, sufficiently alive to the deterioration of the old Rugby game, and to the indirect effect of such changes upon character and habits. Let the danger, now imminent if every stone is not turned to prevent it, of the grand old Rugby game becoming one in which no gentleman, after he leaves school or university, will take part, of its being more and more spoilt as a school game, and of its name becoming a byword for money-grubbing, tricks, sensational displays, and utter rottenness, make them bestir themselves and use their influence to resist this process of degradation and decay. If it continues, of nothing will it be more truly said 'Corruptio optimi pessima' than of Rugby football.

HELY HUTCHINSON ALMOND.

[4] *Rugby Football*, pp. 121-5.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PROFESSOR JOWETT

AMONG the tributes offered to the memory of an illustrious man there may possibly be found room for the modest reminiscences of one to whom the Master of Balliol was officially a stranger, and Mr. Jowett was an honoured and valued friend. Because the work of his life was mainly if not wholly devoted to Oxford it does not follow and it would be a mistake to assume—as certain of his official mourners or admirers might induce their hearers or readers to assume—that apart from Oxford he was not, and that his only claim to remembrance and reverence is the fact that he put new blood into the veins of an old university. He would have been a noticeable man if he had known no language but the English of which he was so pure and refined a master; and if he had never put pen to paper he would have left his mark upon the minds and the memories of younger men as certainly and as durably as he did. For my own part, I always think of him, by instinct and by preference, as he was wont to show himself in the open air during the course of a long walk and a long talk, intermittent and informal and discursive and irregular to the last and most desirable degree. The perfect freedom, the quaint and positive independence, of his views on character and his outlook on letters, would have given interest to the conversation of a far less distinguished man. That he was an active believer and worker in the cause of spiritual progress and intellectual advance was not more evident than that on some points he was rather more in touch with the past than many men of immeasurably less insight and less faith in the future. He was perhaps the last of the old Whigs; the last man of such brilliant and dominant intelligence to find himself on so many points in such all but absolute sympathy with the view or the purview of such teachers as Sydney Smith and Macaulay. But here, as everywhere, the candour, the freedom, the manliness and fairness of his ethical and judicial attitude or instinct stood out unimpaired by prepossession or partisanship. With the unconscious malevolence of self-righteousness which distorted the critical appreciations and discoloured the personal estimates of Lord Macaulay, the most ardent Tory could not have had less sympathy than had this far more loyal and large-minded Whig. I am not likely to forget the pleasure with which I found that his judgment on the characters

of Dryden and Pope was as charitable (and therefore, in my humble opinion, as equitable and as reasonable) as Macaulay's was one-sided, lop-sided, and squint-eyed. To Swift he was perhaps almost more than just; to Rabelais I thought him somewhat less. Of Sydney Smith, again, I found him inclined—if it be possible, as perhaps it may not be—to make too much; of Charles Lamb—I fear I must not hesitate, however reluctant, to say so—at least as much too little. But there was in his own composition so much of quiet appreciative humour that it was always well worth hearing what he had to say upon humourists. These he divided into three categories or classes: those who are not worth reading at all; those who are worth reading once, but once only; and those who are worth reading again and again and for ever. In the second class he placed the *Biglow Papers*; which famous and admirable work of American humour was, as it happened, the starting point of our discussion; and for which, as I can hardly think it admissible into the third and crowning class, I would suggest that a fourth might be provided, to include such examples as are worth, let us say, two or three readings in a lifetime.

Dickens, I am happy to think, can hardly have had a more cordial and appreciative admirer than Mr. Jowett. Tennyson, Browning, and Carlyle were all still among us when I once happened to ask him whom he thought the first of living English writers. He hesitated for a minute or so, and then replied, 'If Dickens were alive, I shouldn't hesitate.' As it was, he gave of course the first place to Tennyson, and admitted that he must reluctantly give the second to Carlyle. Of the perverse and sinister and splendid genius which culminated in *Latter-day Pamphlets* and the *Life of Frederick the Great* he was wont to speak with a distaste and a severity which I for one do not in the least believe to have been in the least inspired or intensified by any personal animosity or resentment. Though I must confess that my own belief in the prophet of Craigenputtock as an inspired guide and teacher did not long survive the expiration of my teens, I thought Mr. Jowett's impeachment of his ethics and æsthetics so singularly austere that I one day asked him what it was that he so much disliked or disapproved—in northerly English, what ailed him at Carlyle: and he replied that his enmity was grounded on the belief that no writer had done or was doing so much harm to young men as the preacher of tyranny and the apologist of cruelty. On another occasion we were talking of Voltaire, and he asked me what I thought the best work of a writer whom he apparently did not greatly relish or appreciate: of *Candide* he spoke with rather too dainty distaste. I might of course have quoted Victor Hugo's incomparably exact and accurate definition—'Voltaire, c'est le bon sens à jet continu:' but I merely replied that, as far as I knew or was able to judge, Voltaire's great work was to have done more than any other man on record to make the instinct of cruelty not only detest

able but ludicrous; and so to accomplish what the holiest and the wisest of saints and philosophers had failed to achieve: to attack that most hideous and pernicious of human vices with a more effective weapon than preaching or denunciation: to make tyrants and torturers look not merely horrible and hateful, but pitiful and ridiculous. 'Yes,' Mr. Jowett said: 'and that is the work that Carlyle would undo.'

An amusing, if somewhat extreme example of his own exceptional kindliness and tolerance was provoked or evoked on another occasion by the genius of Dickens. One evening while he was a guest at my father's it appeared that he had not the honour and happiness of an acquaintance with the immortal and ever delightful figure misintroduced by his creator or his painter as 'Our Bore.' His delight on making that acquaintance it would need the pen of a Dickens to describe; and I only wish Mr. Dickens could have witnessed it. (This, however, as Charles Lamb's typically Scottish acquaintances would have objected, was impossible, because he was dead.) But after repeated eruptions and subsidences of insuppressible and really boyish laughter he protested—and not entirely, I fancy, in fun—that bores ought not to be so pitilessly made fun of, for they were usually good men. And I do not think this was said in the sardonic sense or in the subacid spirit of a disciple of Thackeray.

To the great genius and the coequally great character of Sir Walter Scott I rejoice to remember that no Scotchman can ever have paid more loyal homage than Mr. Jowett. Scott's noble disclaimer of potential equality or possible rivalry with Burns as a poet aroused such generous and sympathetic admiration in his own high-minded and clear-sighted spirit as cannot be recalled without cordial pleasure. Of poetry he used to say that he considered himself not so much a good critic as 'a good foolometer;' but however that may have been, I always found him an admirable critic of character. Always, I must add, except in one instance: he retained so much of the singular Byronic superstition as to persist—even after Mr. Froude's unanswerable and final demonstration of the truth—in closing the eyes of his judgment if not of his conscience to the universal evidence of irrefragable proof against the character and the honour of Childe Juan. Upon affectation and pretention he was only not too severe because no man can be too severe: upon self-indulgence and sensuality he may have been inclined to pass sentence in a tone or spirit so austere as to prove, had other evidence been wanting, how perfectly and how naturally Spartan was his own devotion to a purely and exclusively intellectual and moral line of life and scheme of thought. And yet he had for the most affected of sensualists and the most pretentious of profligates a sort of tender or admiring weakness which does not as usual admit of the obvious

explanation that he was himself a writer of bad verses. The one point on which I can understand or imagine that he should ever have felt himself in touch with Byron was about the very last that might have been expected from a studious and philosophic man of books and cloisters. I never knew a man of better nerve: and I have known Richard Burton. The physical energy with which he would press up a hill-side or mountain-side—Malvern or Schehallion—was very agreeable and admirable to witness: but twice at least during a week's winter excursion in Cornwall I knew, and had reason to know, what it was to feel nervous: for he would follow along the broken rampart of a ruined castle, and stand without any touch of support at the edge of a magnificent precipice, as though he had been a younger man bred up from boyhood to the scaling of cliffs and the breasting of breakers.

His love of nature, I should say, was temperate but genuine; certainly genuine, but decidedly temperate. The unique and incomparable sublimity of loveliness which distinguishes the serpentine rocks and cliffs and slopes and platforms of Kynance Cove from any other possible presentation of an earthly paradise could not and did not fail to excite his admiring notice: but I doubt if he recognised that there could be nothing like it in the world. At Tintagel, and again at St. Michael's Mount, I noticed that his energetic perseverance in the rough and steep ascent was more remarkable, and to himself apparently more pleasurable, than his enjoyment of the glorious outlook so sturdily and so hardily attained. In this more than in most things his real and natural kinship to his beloved Dr. Johnson ('our great friend,' as he used to call him in our many talks on the subject) was not undelightfully manifest. I need not quote evidence from Johnson or from Boswell to that effect. That 'he rode harder at a fox-chase than anybody,' as Johnson affirmed of himself, it would certainly surprise me to be assured: but I think he would have ridden pretty straight if he had ridden at all. And he would never have drawn rein to look about him in forgetfulness of the serious matter in hand: not though the hounds had been running up the vale of Tempe or across the garden of Eden.

A very sufficient proof of this indisputable fact is that his chosen favourite among all Shakespeare's comedies was the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. But a still clearer proof, to my mind, was afforded by his selection and rejection of passages and chapters from the Bible for the reading of children. It can hardly be now, I should hope and presume, an indiscretion or a breach of confidence to mention that he had undertaken this task, as he told me, to assist a friend, and asked me to assist him in it: and it certainly cannot be necessary to add how glad I was to do so, or how much and how naturally gratified by the cordial compliment he paid, when we had been some days at work, I dare not say to my scriptural scholarship, but I will

say to my thorough familiarity with sundry parts of the sacred text I noticed almost at once that his notion of what would be attractive to children excluded much of what I should have thought would be most attractive to an intelligent and imaginative child; that his excerpts would have been almost wholly historical or mythical or moral; and that he evidently did not understand, remember, or take into account, the delight that a child may take in things beyond the grasp of his perfect comprehension, though not beyond the touch of his apprehensive or prehensile fancy, and the incalculable fruitfulness of benefit that may be gradually and unconsciously derived from that delight. But at the assistant's or sub-editor's instigation his draught or scheme of a 'Child's Bible' came gradually and regularly to include so much more and more than his own design would have included of the prophetic or poetic elements in the text, that he said to me one night, with a smile, 'I wanted you to help me to make this book smaller, and you have persuaded me to make it much larger.' To which I replied with a quotation of what Balak said unto Balaam.

No man, I suppose, can enjoy the dignity and exercise the authority of a 'Master' over boys at school or youths at college, without catching some occasional infection of autocratic infirmity; without contracting some dictatorial or domineering habit of mind or tone of manner which affects his natural bearing and impairs his natural influence. Even of the excellent husband of Jeanie Deans it is recorded that 'the man was mortal, and had been a schoolmaster;' and even in Mr. Jowett the Master of Balliol would occasionally, though rarely, break out and rise to the surface 'when there was no need of such vanity.' But these slips or descents from the natural man into the professional pedagogue were admirably rare: and even if it cannot be confidently affirmed that his bright and brave intelligence was always wholly unaffected by the foggy damp of Oxonian atmosphere, it is certainly undeniable that the affection was never so serious as to make it possible for the most malignant imbecile to compare or to confound him with such typical and unmistakable apes of the Dead Sea as Mark Pattison, or such renascent blossoms of the Italian renascence as the Platonic amorist of blue-breeched gondoliers who is now in Aretino's bosom. The cult of the calamus, as expounded by Mr. Addington Symonds to his fellow calamites, would have found no acceptance or tolerance with the translator of Plato.

There was no touch in Mr. Jowett of the singularly mean and perverse kind of stupidity which makes or used to make the professional parasites of Tennyson and of Browning, of Dickens and of Thackeray, respectively ready to decry or to depreciate the supposed competitor or rival of their master; nor were his critical estimates, I should say, at all generally or unduly coloured or biassed by personal associations. Had the names of Robert Browning and Matthew Arnold been to

him simple signs denoting the existence and the character of the artist or the thinker, his judgment of his friend's work could scarcely in either case have been more independent, impartial, and detached. I do not even think that the effusive Oxonolatry of Mr. Arnold can at all have heightened or deepened Mr. Jowett's regard for what he most relished and valued in the author of *Thyrsis*. The appearance of *Literature and Dogma*, he told me, so changed and raised his opinion of Arnold's powers—gave him, it should seem, such a shock and start of surprise as well as admiration—that he had evidently never appreciated at its full value the best of its author's early work in poetry. Not, of course, that the exquisite fancy, melody, and pathos of such a poem as *The Forsaken Merman* gave any promise of the luminous good sense and serenity of intelligence which supplied us with the definition of 'a magnified and non-natural man'—and reminded, I may add, a younger reader of his own previous and private definition of the only 'personal deity' conceivable or apprehensible by man as simply and inevitably 'man with a difference.'

Towards the great writer whose productions reach from the date of *Pauline* to the date of *Asolando*, and of whom it would be less just than plausible to say that his masterpieces extend from the date of *Paracelsus* to the date of *The Ring and the Book*, the mental attitude of Mr. Jowett was more than peculiar: it was something, at least in my experience, unique. The mutual admiration, if I may for once use a phrase so contemptible and detestable to backbiters and dunces, of these two eminent men was and is unquestionable: but it would be difficult, setting aside merely personal and casual occasions of respect and regard, to discover or conjecture the cause—to touch the spring or to strike the root of it. Never did I see Mr. Jowett so keenly vexed, irritated, and distressed as he was when the responsibility for Mr. Browning's adventurous aberrations into Greece was attributed to the effect of his influence: nor, of course, could I feel surprised. That over venturesome Balaustion, the record of whose first 'Adventure' was cruelly rechristened by Rossetti's ever happy and spontaneous wit as 'Exhaustion's Imposture,' was not likely to find favour with the critic who once wrote to me, and rejoiced my very soul by writing, 'I have been reading Euripides lately, and still retain my old bad opinion of him—Sophist, sentimentalist, sensationalist—no Greek in the better sense of the term.' It was all I could do, on another occasion, to win from him an admission of the charm and grace and sweetness of some of the shorter and simpler lyrics which redeem in some measure the reputation of the dreariest of playwrights—if that term be not over complimentary for the clumsiest of botchers that ever floundered through his work as a dramatist.

But even when Mr. Browning was not figuring on Hellenic soil as a belated barbarian, it hardly seemed to me that Mr. Jowett was

inclined to do anything like sympathetic justice to his friend's incomparable powers. Such general admiration of the man's genius and such comparative depreciation of the writer's works it was so hard to reconcile that I once asked him what it was, then, that he admired in Browning: and the first quality he could allege as admirable to him was Mr. Browning's marvellous range of learning. But of course he was not and he could not have been insensible to the greatness of so colossal a masterpiece, the masterpiece of so gigantic a genius, as the whole world of English readers arose to acclaim on the appearance of *The Ring and the Book*: though the close was over tragic in its elaborate anatomy of moral horror for the endurance of his instinct or his judgment. 'The second Guido is too dreadful,' he said to me—and talked no more on the grim subject.

Mr. Jowett, I believe, has been accused of setting too much store by the casual attributes of celebrity and success: and this weakness, supposing it to have existed, is exactly the kind of infirmity which even the most vigorous judgment might perhaps have been expected to contract from the lifelong habit of looking to class-lists and examinations as a serious test, if not as the final touchstone, of crowning ability as well as of disciplined docility—of inborn capacity no less than of ductile diligence. But he could do justice, and cordial justice, to good work utterly and unaccountably ignored, not merely by the run of readers, but by men of culture, intelligence, and intuition such as universities are supposed to supply to natures naturally deficient in perception and distinction of good and bad. I have seldom if ever known him more impressed than by the noble and pathetic tragedy of *The Earl of Brecon*: the motive or mainspring of the action was at once so new, so true, and so touching as to arouse at once and unmistakably his interest, his admiration, and his surprise. And the very finest works of so rare a genius as Robert Landor's—a genius as thoroughly and nobly and characteristically English on its ethical or sympathetic side as Chaucer's or Shakespeare's, Milton's or Wordsworth's—are still even less recognised and appreciated than even the works of his yet more splendidly gifted brother. But for the generous kindness of my friend Mr. William Rossetti I should never have possessed or been able to lend a copy of his beautiful and neglected and unprocurable plays.

In his views on art Mr. Jowett was something more than a conservative: he would actually maintain that English poetry had not advanced more than English painting had fallen off since the days of Goldsmith and Reynolds. But it should be needless to add that in his maintenance of this untenable paradox there was nothing of the brassy braggardism and bullying self-confidence of the anonymous amateur or volunteer in criticism whose gaping admiration for the art or trick of painting by spots and splashes induces him in common consistency to deride the art of Turner and the art of David Cox.

And for the finest work of the great and greatly beloved and lamented painter whose death followed so closely on his own he had such cordial and appreciative admiration that the magnificent portrait of Mr. Madox Brown by himself—a work more than worthy of a place among its rivals in the Uffizj—can never receive the tribute of a fuller and sincerer homage than Mr. Jowett's.

And this, for one thing, may suffice to show how admirably far from the tenacity of arrogance was his habitual tone of mind. A less important but by no means a less significant example may perhaps be worth citing in refutation of the preposterous malignity which would tax him with the positive and obstinate self-conceit of the typical or proverbial pedagogue. He once, to my personal knowledge, requested an old pupil, then staying under his temporary roof, to go over his first version of Plato's *Symposium*, collating it with the original text, and see if he had any suggestion to offer. The old pupil would naturally, I suppose, have felt flattered by the request, even had his Oxonian career culminated in tolerable or creditable success instead of total and scandalous failure: at all events, he fell to and read that remarkable work of philosophic literature from end to end—'suppressing,' as Carlyle expresses it, 'any little abhorrences.' And in one passage it did certainly seem to him that the Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford had mistaken and misconstrued his Plato: a view which no one but an impudent booby would have been ready or willing to put forward: but after some hesitation, feeling that it would be a rather mean and servile and treacherous sort of deference or modesty which would preclude him from speaking, he took upon himself to say diffidently that if he had been called upon to construe the sentence in question he should have construed it otherwise. Mr. Jowett turned and looked at him with surprised and widened eyes: and said after a minute or so, 'Of course that is the meaning. You would be a good scholar if you were to study.' But we all know that there is 'much virtue in If.'

It was a source of grave if not keen regret to Mr. Jowett that he could not read Dante in the original: Dean Church's wonderfully learned and devoted study found in him a careful and an interested student. I had myself been studying the text of Foscolo's and Mazzini's noble and laborious edition while he was reading that incomparable manual or introduction to the subject on which we naturally fell into conversation: when I was not surprised to hear him remark with amused and smiling wonder on what I had noted already as matter for unutterable astonishment: the learned Dean's amazing assumption that Dante's God was not at least as dead as Homer's; that his scheme of the universe, moral and material, could be split up into segments for selection and rejection; that his theology could be detached from his cosmogony, and that it was not as rational and as possible to believe in the Peak of Teneriffe being

the Mountain of Purgatory, with Paradise atop of it and Hell just at bottom, as to believe in the loving Lord God of unrighteousness who damns Francesca and glorifies Cunizza, damns Brutus and spares Cato, damns Farinata and sanctifies Dominic. Yet after all this is hardly more bewildering to human reason than that excellent and intelligent multitudes of articulate mortals should call themselves believers in the teaching of their holy writ, and maintain that 'the spirit killeth, but the letter giveth life.'

But Dante, the poet of midnight and all its stars, to whom the sun itself was but one of them, could never have appealed to the serene and radiant intelligence of Mr. Jowett as did the poet of noonday, for whom past and present were one luminous harmony of life—even if, as some have questionably thought, his outlook on the possible future was doubtful and unhopeful. No one can ever have been readier with a quotation from Shakespeare, or happier and apter in the application of it. When he first heard of Mr. Lowell's hideous and Bœotian jest on Milton's blindness—no lover of American humour can fail to remember it—he instantly exclaimed, 'O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!' But he frankly and modestly disclaimed the honour of being what he really sometimes seemed to be, a living concordance to Shakespeare: to Boswell alone would he admit, with a smile of satisfaction, that he was or that he might be. And year after year did he renew the promise to fulfil his project and redeem his engagement to undertake the vindication of Boswell as genius and as man. Carlyle and Macaulay, with all their antagonistic absurdities and ineptitudes of misconception and misrepresentation, would then have been refuted and exposed. It is grievous to think that the time spent on translation and commentary should have left him no leisure for so delightful and so serviceable an enterprise.

Even Mr. Jowett could hardly have affirmed of Dr. Johnson that he never slipped into an absolute platitude; and once at least I was surprised to hear Mr. Jowett enunciate the astonishing remark that he could not understand how it was possible at once to like a man and to despise him. We had been talking of a common acquaintance whose instinctive time-serving and obsequious submissiveness to every gust of popular fashion or casual revolution in opinion or in prejudice were as proverbially notorious as his easy amiability; of whom Richard Burton once said to me that he felt certain some good luck must be coming his way, for ******** was so very civil (the exact word was not 'very,' but by no means a less emphatic one) that he must evidently have heard of some imminent promotion or impending prosperity about to befall the returning traveller: a reasoning which I could not but admit to be more than plausible: and we afterwards used always to speak of this worthy as The Barometer. If ever there was a man whose friendships were more independent of such pitifully instinctive calculation—a man more incap-

able of social cowardice and worldly servility—than Mr. Jowett, I can only say that I never met or heard and never expect to meet or hear of him: but when I happened to observe of the elder in question that he was a man whom I thought it equally impossible not to like and not to despise, this noble and loyal man of large experience and liberal intelligence replied almost in the tone of a pulpiteer that 'he could not understand how you could like a man whom you despised.' Ingenuous youth happened to be present in some force on the occasion, and I kept silence: not for want of an answer, but out of consideration for their Master and my host.

Few men, I should say, whose line of life lay so far apart from a naturalist's or a poet's can ever have loved nature and poetry better; after the temperate though very real and serious fashion which I have already tried to define or to indicate; but his perception or recollection of the influences of nature upon poetry in particular instances was hardly always accurate. We were returning from a walk across and above the magnificent valley of the Spey, when I remarked on the likeness or kinship of the scenery about us to the poetry of Wordsworth, and he rejoined that he could not associate Wordsworth's poetry with a country which had no lakes in it; forgetting how little of water and how much of mountain or hillside there is in that poet's habitual and representative landscape: so little of the lakes and so much of the hill-tops that but for a senseless nickname we might hardly remember that his life had been spent beside the waters on which some of his finest verses commemorate the perennially happy results of his skating as a boy.

Of the average academic or collegiate one is inclined to think that, in Rossetti's accurate phrase, 'he dies not—never having lived—but ceases:' of Mr. Jowett it is almost impossible at first to think as dead. I, at any rate, never found it harder, if so hard, to realise the death of anyone. There was about him a simple and spontaneous force of fresh and various vitality, of happy and natural and wellnigh sleepless energy, which seemed not so much to defy extinction as to deride it. 'He laboured, so must we,' says Ben Jonson of Plato in a noble little book which I had the pleasure of introducing to Mr. Jowett's appreciative acquaintance; and assuredly no man ever lived closer up to that standard of active and studious life than the translator of Plato. But this living energy, this natal force of will and action, was coloured and suffused and transfigured by so rare a quality of goodness, of kindness, of simple and noble amiability, that the intellectual side of his nature is neither the first nor the last side on which the loving and mourning memory of any one ever admitted to his friendship can feel inclined or will be expected to dwell.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

UPPER HOUSES IN MODERN STATES

I

THE ITALIAN SENATE

AMONG those problems, neither few nor easy, which have arisen with the advent of democracy in the political constitution of the modern State, the problem of the Upper House is, certainly, neither the least important nor the least difficult to solve.

When there was a distinct line of demarcation between the classes, and their interests were separate, it was a natural consequence that each of them should be represented in the political constitution of the State in such a manner as to reciprocally conciliate their influence in common interests, and for the better ordering of public affairs under either a republican or a monarchical *régime*. In this combination, the Commons, or Lower Chamber, represented the interests of the *bourgeoisie*, or rather of the working-classes: those to whom government owes its most active resources, and whose interests derive from government the most practical and positive results. The Upper Chamber, standing above the Lower, with its essentially moderative functions, represented—rather than the individual interests of a class—the high political interests of a State, whatever may have been its constitution; because the classes whence it was recruited generally possessed political authority over the whole country in the widest sense of the words—that is to say, with all it contains of ideals, aspirations, mysteries not always accessible to ordinary mortals, but yet the special vocation of those classes. Thus in the oldest European constitutions nearly all the Upper Houses were hereditary.

As intermediaries between the people and the Crown, these powers, having perfectly distinct characteristics, have as often stemmed the ambition of princes as bridled the impulses of the masses. It is true that the respective classes represented have not seldom made use of the power wielded by them for their own advantage, and for the preservation and extension of their respective privileges. None the less is their history bound up with all the glories of the nations to which they belonged.

But although class distinction has disappeared in the dead level of modern society, the two Chambers have remained in the constitu-

tional traditions of the divers States. Yet while their *raison d'être* is still evident in the practical working of a constitution, their relations to this constitution have remained undefined and difficult to define.

In a word, it is easy to understand that as long as divine right and the will of the people confronted each other, the second stood as a limit to the first, by reason of this dual organism, and that, *vice versa*, the first should hold the second within its proper boundaries. But since the will of the people has been substituted everywhere and in everything as the sole basis of power, the rational means of creating within itself a controlling or moderating power is as yet a problem that has not met with adequate solution.

Yet, practically speaking, independently of their origin, the co-existence of the two Chambers is none the less necessary for the working of a constitution under a representative *régime*. A single Chamber against which there is no appeal cannot be conceived in a normal government, possessing elements of lasting vitality. If the errors of despots, susceptible of being redressed because they presuppose a responsibility in him who commits them, are of such grave consequence to the nations who are the victims of them, what is to be expected of those of an anonymous, mutable, and irresponsible assembly, whose errors are therefore often irreparable?

Thus it is that one of the great questions which agitate the modern world and are yet far from their solution consists in the need of producing an Upper Chamber, in the difficulty of its rational construction, and above all in its endowment with the necessary power. For it must not be forgotten that the difficulty does not consist only in placing it on a different basis from the popular assemblies, but on a basis sufficiently solid and potent to permit, should the need arise, of competing with them. In the actual conditions of the unlimited extension of franchise, it behoves us to seek that which will secure proportional strength on both sides—a problem which, supposing the same base to both of them, contains a contradiction within itself.

On the other hand, *est periculum in mora*. The passions that are stirred by grave and stirring questions, with every movement of modern society, which by reason of extended franchise are communicated the more rapidly to the masses and to the lowest depths of communities, whence they are reflected in the popular assemblies that represent them, expose them to innumerable eventualities: never, perhaps, have they had greater need of a strong control in their functions than at the present time. To find it, or something approaching it, may be one of the conditions of existence of modern democratic constitutions.

The solutions which this question has met with in different countries differ according to the action of gradual modification that is introduced into ancient constitutions or newly founded ones. But with regard to the principles that inform them, they may be reduced

to three: the Upper House that is hereditary; the Upper House for life and by royal decree; the Upper House by election. In some constitutions these principles are combined, thus forming mixed systems. But, as a rule, the bases upon which stand existing Upper Houses are those we have indicated: viz. heredity, royal decree, or popular election. Needless to say that each responds to a different concept of the origin of power. The first remains as a trace of ancient feudal power. The second represents a mode of compromise between divine right and the will of the people. The last is the product of new constitutional powers. And before proceeding further in the search of any tentative solution of the problem, we will pause to examine briefly these three forms of the constitution of an Upper House in relation to the needs and functions of modern society.

The hereditary Upper House may possibly continue to exist for an indefinite period in countries where it is still working, according to the intrinsic value of the elements of which it is composed. Where it exists, there exist classes who, although not officially recognised as such, are yet more specially the depositories of the theoretical knowledge and the possessors of the practical aptitude for government. A country may still be considered fortunate, but for *a priori* reasons, in the possession of such a tradition, which is a veritable school of high politics, exercising on the masses a salutary and moderating influence.

But except under these conditions—from the fact that, even where this system is already working, it is susceptible of alteration or decadence—there is no longer any reason in the world to give the legislative power to any certain number of families; to one more than to the other. It is a concept which has no longer any basis in modern law. An hereditary House, despite the advantages it might have in certain cases, is inconceivable in a modern democracy, without the sanction of a tradition that is sustained by its own practical utility, with regard to the local conditions in which it has its being.

Continuing by way of elimination, let us consider the Upper House on the elective system. We have already indicated the radical difficulty in the way of the practical application of this system. Given an absolute, unanimous popular will, formulated by a majority, how is it to be divided into two distinct manifestations sufficiently distinct to be capable of reciprocally controlling and contradicting each other? All sorts of experiments have been made to circumvent this difficulty and many formulas have been nominally discovered, but in societies not possessing class distinctions, political election really stands for popular election. Whether this be of higher or lower calibre, so long as the people elect the members of both Houses, the representation of both is the same, and therefore it would not be rational to expect of them to reciprocally modify each other. In those federations where the Upper House sometimes represents the different

States of the federation the only cases occur in which that assembly may claim a separate origin. But with other nations, when the Upper House is elective, the two Chambers are the dual representatives of the same element, and superfluous, therefore, when they agree, while, when they dissent, their dissension lacks the justification of reason and logic. But if an election should take place without regard to the majority in the popular vote, which is the basis of the elective Upper House—given the other conditions and the other objection, to which we alluded above—which would be an adequate basis to it: in one word, who is to moderate the will of all?

There remains the Upper House by Royal decree. It represents a compromise between divine right and the will of the people as manifested in elective Chambers. This is its historical figure. But practically in modern law it is founded on the concept of permanent and perpetual royal authority, which is, through these very qualifications, identified with the interests of the nation and stands above the various parties in conditions specially adapted to form, from the best elements of the nation, an assembly that can work as a moderator of assemblies on a popular basis.

Meanwhile, before we examine the value of this concept, we may begin by stating that it is the only logical and even possible one in a monarchy not possessing an hereditary Chamber.

Indeed, apart from what has been said above with regard to elective Chambers and their origin, we must recognise the fact that a monarchical government is irreconcilable with unlimited and absolute exercise of the popular will.

As long as monarchy continues to exist—a form of government which most European States owe to their past and which contains guarantees for the solidarity and continuation of these States—howsoever we may endeavour and succeed in conciliating it with the will of the people, this combination can never be other than a compromise between royal and popular prerogatives. Between the two extreme limits of the absolute power of a monarch and the absolute will of the people stand those constitutional monarchies, embodiments of a policy inclining towards one or the other direction. But as soon as one of these two forms of power becomes paralysed, the government to which it belongs changes its aspect; it becomes one thing or another, but is no longer a constitutional government.

Besides, practically, and, so to speak, materially, even the most absolute monarchical power is based on the consent of populations. No monarchical power is practicable without this consent, tacit or expressed. A sovereign reigns so long as it is the will of his people; be it that they yield themselves in tacit submission or that their consent is expressed. Between complete submission and absolute rebellion there are infinite gradations that serve as bases to the various monarchical constitutions which have been evolved in the world. But

when a people resumes the full and complete exercise of its will, actual and practical, therewith to conduct its own government, a monarch ceases to reign. The mere fact of this unlimited and absolute exercise of power on the part of the people in a monarchical nation changes the character of its government and substitutes a republic for a monarchy.

Therefore, in the economy of the constitutional monarchical *régime* the regal element is represented by the Upper House, be it hereditary or for life, under royal decree.

A monarchy may be changed into a republic, but a monarch cannot be confronted with two Houses that directly represent the people without bringing about his abdication.

II

If, proceeding by process of elimination, we recognise the opportuneness, nay, the comparative necessity, of this system in monarchical constitutions, what is to be said of its practical convenience from the standpoint of the value and efficacy that may reside in an Upper House named and chosen by the head of the State?

We have indicated the concept on which is founded the idea of the royal decree, which is that the king is privileged by his high position, which identifies him with the interests of the State and raises him above party passions, to make this choice. Yet the necessary conditions for ensuring the *prestige* and authority of the Upper House cannot be sought only in the royal decree; more often they are to be found in the constitution, especially if it be a modern one; they are indicated by divers systems which work by their own rules and limitations.

We will cite, as an example, the statute granted in 1848 by King Charles Albert to the kingdom of Sardinia, which has since become the statute of the Kingdom of Italy.

That part of it which relates to the Upper House, entitled Senate, is very simple. The appointment of an unlimited number of life-senators is reserved to the king. But the royal prerogative of appointment is limited to twenty-one categories of persons past the age of forty. It is only among these that the king can choose his senators. A permanent committee is formed within the senate for the verification of their qualifications, which examines the titles of persons appointed to this office, and especially their place in the categories indicated in the statute. The report of the committee on each candidate is submitted to the assembly and carried by a majority. And on that vote depends the confirmation of the royal appointment. It is seldom that the royal choice does not meet with the approbation of the senate, but there have been such examples,

and in that case the royal decree has no effect. This is a summary account of the basis upon which the Upper Chamber of the kingdom of Italy is founded, wherein the principal clauses are: a definite category whence the members of the Upper Chamber may be chosen;[1] royal warrant; confirmation by the Senate of the appointment of its members.[2]

We cite the statute of the Kingdom of Italy, because it contains the germ of an idea which perhaps existed in the mind of the legislator, but which in any case is pregnant with a rational solution of this grave problem. And, indeed, if we carefully examine these categories,[1] we perceive that they include all that a nation can possess of intellectual, economic, and political life, such as is capable of organisation and of the development of classes; in a word, they include, if we may used the word without contradiction, the concept of an aristocracy, the only aristocracy possible in a democracy; everything in it that has a claim to rise above the common level, to exercise a power, striving, working, and imbuing society with life and progress. That is to say, nominally and ostensibly, all those who occupy high office in Church, army, navy, law, and finance; those who

[1] Art. 33. The Senate is composed of life-members, appointed by the King, of unlimited number, being over the age of forty, and chosen from among the following categories:

1. Archbishops and Bishops of the State.
2. The President of the Chamber of Deputies.
3. Deputies who have served under three Governments or have been Members of Parliament for six years.
4. Ministers of State.
5. Ministers Secretaries of State.
6. Ambassadors.
7. Envoys Extraordinary, after three years' service.
8. Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the Courts of Cassation and of the Treasury.
9. Presidents of the Courts of Appeal.
10. The Advocate-General to the Court of Cassation and the Procurator-General, after five years of office.
11. Vice-Presidents (*di classe*) of the Court of Appeal, after three years' service.
12. Councillors of the Court of Cassation and of the Treasury, after three years' service.
13. Advocates-General or Procurators-Fiscal-General to the Courts of Appeal, after five years' service.
14. General officers of the Army and Navy; but Major-Generals and Vice-Admirals must have held such rank for five years.
15. Councillors of State, after five years' service.
16. Members of the Councils of Division [County Councillors?], after three years' election to their Presidency.
17. General Intendants (*Intendenti-Generali*), after seven years' service.
18. Members of the Royal Academy of Sciences, after seven years of membership.
19. Members of the Higher Council of Public Instruction, after seven years' service.
20. Those who by service or merit are an honour to their country.
21. Persons who for three years have paid 3,000 lire of taxes on their property or industry (commerce).

[2] Art. 60. Every chamber is only competent in judging the validity of the admission of her own members.

have obtained a certain number of suffrages in administrative or political elections; those members who have sat for a certain time in the Lower House; the members of certain scientific bodies that are a guarantee of the capacity of those who belong to them; those who have distinguished themselves by special merit or by service rendered to the country; and, all those who being possessors permanently of a certain wealth either as proprietors or as *industriels* or under any other form, have a natural and necessary right to be considered useful instruments in the economy and well-being of a State.

Now it is evident that these categories must include the most active forces of a country. And if anything can, with any hope of result, be confronted with the populations, considered as numbers and masses, controlling without offending them, it can be nought else but this highest product, organised and disciplined according to some system: not only because it commands their respect to which it is entitled, but because it represents their interests.

That is why it appears to us that, given the necessity of the royal decree in a monarchical State, its creation from among the highest manifestations of every kind in the intellectual, economic, and political life of the country is a pregnant concept and one worthy of the highest consideration.

There can be no doubt that, although the actual system of appointment by royal decree does not establish *a priori* the infallibility of the sovereign, it is the best possible system, with regard to the idea presupposed as its basis.

Btu in order that it can come to pass that the Upper House should be the best possible manifestation of regal power, it must really emanate from the king. Now this is just what does not happen in modern States in the Upper Chambers by royal decree.

It is evident that in the exercise of their power, monarchs cannot do otherwise than avail themselves of the co-operation of their councillors: the name borne by Cabinet Ministers and one of their offices is 'Councillors of the Crown.' This concept indicates a subordinate power which can in no way lessen or weaken the supreme power of the Crown. But in modern States, the Ministers who form a Cabinet are in reality the representatives and mandataries of majorities.

The ever-growing prevalence of the influence and authority with which the extension of franchise has endowed the will of the people, and which by means of the elections is in direct and immediate communication with the Chambers and their majorities, exercises so serious a pressure on the Governments that owe their existence to them that the office of Councillors of the Crown becomes merged in that of interpreter of the will of the people and executor of its mandates. That is why the Cabinet Ministers of to-day, instead of counselling, press upon monarchs with all the weight of popular will so completely that not even the election of the Senate has remained

uninfluenced by them. Thus it is that in our time, in countries under constitutional *régime*, where the Upper Chamber is nominally dependent on the royal decree, it is in reality always elected by the Government, and therefore a product of the dominant majority in the Lower House, owing its final origin to the will of the people. It goes without saying, the whole system thus falls to pieces, and the compromise between royal and popular power is entirely to the advantage of the latter, with all the attendant consequences and drawbacks.

This is the worst possible solution, for popular will, filtered through a Government, becomes so altered and transformed that it is no longer the same which, with its attendant advantages and defects, produces elective Chambers. Instead of being a direct and original factor, it too often becomes the instrument of those intrigues that are ever stirring round and about the *pro tempore* depositors of power and all that it entails. In these conditions, the appointment of an Upper Chamber loses the high advantages of the royal decree, without acquiring those that appertain to the popular vote, viz. the authority and strength which come from it, and even that one which should be vested in its members according to their respective categories, including the prestige of their personal qualities, annulled as it is by the more or less arbitrary opportunism of Government appointments. There can be nothing more absurd and contradictory than a Government that prepares and creates its own judges and legislators according to its own sweet will.

Therefore, if, on one side, an Upper House whose members are appointed by the King is the only admissible one under a monarchy, on the other, it is evident that in the existing complex conditions of the modern State, it cannot work unless withdrawn from the invading influence of executive power, which can no longer be considered as the council-chamber of a crown, but rather as the simple emanation of popular will.

The problem of the Upper House in European monarchies does not consist in changing the basis of its origin, viz. the royal prerogative of choosing its members, but in protecting it from influences that perturb and alter its nature, not with a view to restore it to its primitive simplicity, but to provide it with others which cannot destroy its character, an entirely different one to that of the Lower House.

We have said that the Italian statute contains the germ of the solution of this grave problem, for the very reason that it must open to bear fruit.

Given, as they stand in this statute, the categories of persons eligible for royal appointment, why should not the candidature of these categories, for their respective candidates, be substituted to that of the Cabinet?

This substitution would not only eliminate the opportunist political influence of the Government in the construction of the highest assembly of the State, but that institution would gain the great advantage of exchanging what has hitherto been an empty title for a representative one. The dignitaries of various degrees chosen by Government as members of an Upper House presently do not represent, nor claim to represent, anybody but themselves. The body to which they belong is alienated from their elevation, and this honour does not imply any representation of these categories in Parliament, nor does the person elected receive from them any responsibility or authority.

Members elected by the Government can but be supporters of the Government: their sole responsibility is to the Government which has elected them; their only authority must emanate from Government. And this is what paralyses the action of assemblies that are thus composed.

Now, although we may indulge in every hypothesis as to the future of the two Chambers in a democratic State, no other formula offers possibilities of their vitality and usefulness but that of opposing to the unreasoning and almost instinctive vote of the masses the rational and deliberate vote of the intellectual and industrious classes. It is the only means of preserving the distinctive character of the two assemblies—to everyone his own vocation and the office to which it appertains in the ordering of the State. It is most vital to restore to the Upper House, in value, that which the Lower House has gained by the extension of franchise; each retaining their respective power and authority, so that the equilibrium of the Constitution may remain undisturbed.

The categories designated in the Italian statute exist in every monarchy and in every republic. When we suggested that each should propose its own candidate to the Upper House rather than Cabinet Ministers, it is self-evident that we only had in view nations under monarchical rule, where, to preserve the prestige and authority of the Crown, the intervention of the classes represented should be limited to the right to propose the candidate, without encroaching on the royal prerogative. To this end it would be necessary to found in those categories where it is possible colleges having the power to vote and to designate to the King their candidates.

It would be the first step towards confronting those classes with the uncertain future, which is gradually menacing the grave interests in their keeping, and which they represent in front of the ungovernable currents of the masses. In republican countries, these classes might form themselves into electoral colleges, each representing the interests with which it is identified. These interests are, indeed, national interests. Under cover of that liberty which offers every facility of assimilation and appreciation to popular passions, it is but

just that to those institutions which guarantee liberty in its widest sense be conceded a means of defence. This is, perhaps, the only means of attaining a rational conservatism, and in countries governed by a monarchy, to imbue the royal power with the spirit of the times, and in any case to rule the people for the people's sake, governing its passions by its reason, and to place modern constitutions in a position to face the grave questions by which they are menaced.

The subject is worthy of a development not permissible within the margin of an article. It seemed to us opportune to give vent to a thought that lurks in the youngest of European statutes, in the hope that it might cast a little light on one of the most difficult and complex questions of our day.

F. NOBILI-VITELLESCHI.

THE ANONYMOUS CRITIC

ENOUGH, and perhaps a little more than enough, has already been said and written from the political side about M. Emile Zola's recent discourse to us on Anonymity in Journalism. Most of those who possess a practical acquaintance with the subject must have felt, on reading M. Zola's acute and suggestive remarks, that their substantial agreement with his conclusions was a fortunate sequel to their very grave doubts as the soundness of his premisses. They were fully satisfied, however, with his admirably candid admission, made after an elaborate review of the merits and demerits of the French signed article, that we 'should not have to press him hard to force him to the conclusion that anonymity alone would restore honesty and disinterestedness to our political newspapers.' Such an avowal, with its implied tribute—a tribute which few Englishmen, perhaps, would have ventured to render in so unqualified a form—to the virtues of our own system is, in familiar language, 'good enough' for English journalists; they will no doubt willingly spare M. Zola the pressure which he deprecates.

The anonymity, however, of critical as distinguished from political journalism is not quite such a *causa finita* with us; the unsigned review has not won so complete an argumentative victory as the unsigned political article. There are undoubtedly more Englishmen who will be impressed by M. Zola's observations on this latter part of his subject than by what he had to say on the former branch of it. There are probably even some whose suffrages will be captured outright by his effective, but nevertheless misleading, way of putting his case against our system. When he 'confessed' that, while recognising the necessity for anonymity in political matters, 'he was none the less surprised that it could exist in literary matters,' there were those among us, no doubt, who thought that the surprise was well warranted. When he said that 'here he entirely failed to grasp the situation,' it occurred to them, I dare say, that they could not grasp it either. And when, referring 'especially to articles of criticism, judgments pronounced upon the play, the book, the work of art,' he asked, with an admirable rhetorical *naïveté*, 'Can there be such a thing as the literature and the art of a party?' they were by that time,

probably, prepared to echo the question in the triumphant tone of the disputant who has posed his adversary with the unanswerable.

Yet, as a matter of fact, the situation can be 'grasped' and the question answered; and, with a little more knowledge of England and things English, M. Zola himself would neither have lacked the required power of comprehension nor missed the obvious reply. There not only can be such a thing as 'the literature and the art of a party,' but in every society in which an organised faculty of criticism exists, the thing is invariably to be found. If that fact escapes anybody's notice, it escapes simply by an accident of language. Substitute the word 'school' for the word 'party,' and the apparent paradox becomes an obvious truism. Schools of literature and schools of art there can be and there are; and *prima facie*, therefore, it need be no more unreasonable or mischievous for a particular journal to represent the general artistic or literary views of a particular school of art or literature than to identify itself with the opinions on administrative or legislative policy of a particular political party. Of course, if we choose to picture to ourselves a purely imaginary editorial conclave, sitting not so much in judgment as in condemnation of any work of art or literature proceeding from an alien school, and taking it in turns to 'slate' the author or artist without any attempt to estimate the merits of his work, it is easy enough to make out a damaging case against unsigned criticism. But this mode of procedure, even if it existed, would come within the maxim of *abusus non tollit usum*; and as a matter of fact it does not exist. The critics and reviewers attached to any daily or weekly journal of good repute may be, and perhaps usually are, in general accord on the fundamental principles of the arts with which they respectively deal, but their so-called 'party' association goes no further than this. Within these wide limits there is abundant room for, and there is, in fact, a liberal display of, the independent and impartial judgment of the individual critic.

This, however, is after all but a side issue, and it is one, moreover, which only M. Zola's misconception of our English system has incidentally raised. The main question still remains to be considered. Let it be granted, it may be said, that the object of M. Zola's disapproval—the 'party' view of literature and art—has no real existence among us, we have still to ask ourselves whether it is to the advantage or disadvantage of the public and the artist, and conducive or otherwise to the soul's health of the critic, that criticism should be anonymous.

Let us take the last question first, and let me admit, at the outset, that there is a certain *prima facie* presumption on the side of those who contend that the critic should sign his name to his opinions. They are a little inconsistent, it is true; for, while apparently they do not contest the author's right to remain anony-

mous if he chooses, they refuse to concede the same privilege to the critic, even of an anonymous work. Subject, however, to this inconsistency on the part of our censor, his contention is no doubt logical enough.

'The judgment' (says he) 'which you, the critic, pronounce on a work of literature or art is essentially an individual judgment. Your very answer to what you declare to be M. Zola's unfounded objection to anonymous criticism implies and depends upon that proposition. If the judgment is not an individual judgment, it must then be what he affirms and you deny it to be—the judgment of a party. The "we" which prefaces it and which may be admitted to possess a certain reality of meaning as applied to that virtual product of collaboration, the political 'leader,' bears no such significance in its application to the critical article. It is not the expression of a fact, but the mere formal record of a conventional fiction. All it indicates is that the editor of a newspaper has adopted, and accepts a technical and legal responsibility for, your individual judgment as a critic. But the moral responsibility for its promulgation remains yours, and you cannot divest yourself of it. By what right, then, do you attempt to evade its consequences? It is only the accident of your expressing your opinion in writing, instead of orally, which enables you to do so. You could not make an "anonymous speech." People with an opinion to express on any subject, and with no means of doing so save by word of mouth, have to choose between suppressing it and answering for its utterance. That is the burden which is in their case inseparable from the benefit of free speech. With you lies the onus of proving that you are entitled, simply because access to the columns of a newspaper enables you to appropriate the benefit while you repudiate the burden.

'What motives' (he goes on to ask) 'can you suggest for suppressing your name save such as are either absolutely or relatively unworthy—save such, that is to say, as either ought in no circumstances to influence your action, or are, in these particular circumstances, of lower moral dignity or weaker obligation than those which dictate the subscription of your signature? I will, as a matter of courtesy, dismiss the absolutely unworthy motives from consideration in your case. I will assume that you have no thought of using your "liberty" for "a cloak of maliciousness;" that you do not conceal your name in order that you may attack your enemies without fear of reprisal, nor even that you may puff your undeserving friends without risk of discredit. But what is the character and moral value of the more reputable motives that alone remain to be assigned? You may say, perhaps, that anonymity affords you no more than your just protection against the vindictiveness of wounded literary or artistic vanity; or that it enables you to speak your whole mind without fear of wounding susceptibilities for which, writing in your

own person, you would be too strongly tempted to show an undue tenderness. But though these may be not very reprehensible motives, they are not very lofty ones. They are the impulses of moral cowardice in one form or another; they are more or less ignoble pleas for relief from the consequences of doing your duty—more or less humiliating confessions that you cannot trust yourself to do that duty unless it is made easier to you by artificial means.

'It has been suggested—not, I think, by yourself, but by an ingenious apologist in a weekly newspaper, on your behalf—that you may desire to maintain the anonymous system from no personal or self-regarding motives of any sort, but on purely public grounds. It has been said for you that you are disposed to support that system as a standing rebuke to the modern popular appetite for prying into the personality of the public writer and in order to baffle the unhealthy curiosity of certain people about matters with which they have no concern. But, apart from the consideration that such an attempt is likely to defeat itself, and must rather stimulate than check the ardour of the gossip-hunters, with the superadded mischief of putting them on the wrong scent, it is obvious that this contention begs the question of principle. For you cannot conceal your name from those who have not a right to know it without concealing it also from those who have. And if there be any such persons, the moral duty of informing them is clearly one of stronger obligation than any self-imposed mission to correct the manners of the age.

'As to the suggestion, originating in the same quarter, that you are often of so modest and retiring a disposition as to shrink from the inevitable self-advertisement of a signature, I think I may, without discourtesy, dismiss it unconsidered. It is another of those theories which have been invented not by but for you, and which, to do you justice, you have too much honesty, or perhaps too keen a sense of humour, to countenance. If any among you are afflicted with this painful shyness, it can only be the very young beginners, with whose cases, as they contribute less to the support of the anonymous system, I am less concerned. Among the old hands, to whom I principally address myself, I cannot think that this motive of anonymity is in extensive operation. I feel sure that, after writing several thousand anonymous criticisms, most of you could pluck up courage, if that were all, to attach your signatures.

'To pass from the indiscreet excuses of your friends to the injurious insinuations of your enemies, it has been suggested that your preference for unsigned journalism of all kinds, critical included, is not unconnected with the facilities afforded by it for the abundant production of "pot-boilers."' You write, according to these *mauvaises langues*, and are paid for writing, many articles which, if you are a writer with a reputation to lose, you would not care to sign: not because they are malicious, or unjust, or offensive to anybody else in

particular, but simply because they are of poor quality, mere journey-work done to order, perhaps scamped and rendered slovenly through being done under pressure of time. And as it is not permitted to you to sign some of your work in any one journal and not all, and as, further, you cannot afford, or think you cannot afford, the pecuniary sacrifice of doing less work in order that you may do it all equally well, you accept anonymity for the whole of it. I do not adopt this account of your preference, I merely report it. If it be false, my hypotheses of motive are reduced by one; if true, it again refers the maintenance of the anonymous system to the operation of impulses which, though human enough, are far from elevated, and which are certainly not comparable in point of moral authority with those which urge a man to the assumption of public responsibility for his published opinions.

'Nor is there anything heroic in the last motive which I am able to suggest, and which is, perhaps, the most commonly operative of all—the desire, that is to say, on the critic's part to escape or to mitigate the nuisance of solicitation at the hands of the aspiring author. He is importuned often enough as it is, and no doubt he entertains the well-founded fear that, if he signed his criticisms, and with a name which carried any weight, it would give a considerable impetus to attempts to "get at" him, and aggravate to an intolerable pitch the annoyance which such attempts create. But the desire of avoiding this is merely, as I said before in a somewhat similar case, a desire for relief from the consequences of doing your duty, a desire for the artificial alleviation of its burdens; and this, as again I have already said, is a less worthy impulse than those which urge a man to the avowal of his published opinions by his signature.

'In short' (concludes the opponent of anonymity, whose main contention it has here been attempted to set forth), 'I end as I began. I have enumerated all the motives that occur to me which could induce a critic to withhold his signature, and I repeat that they are all either absolutely or relatively unworthy—all, that is to say, either such as ought in no circumstances to be allowed to determine your action, or are in the particular circumstances of the case of lower moral dignity or of weaker obligation than those opposed to them. And I will now venture on my own part to affirm that the real supports of the anonymous system are to be found in a combination of unavowable motives which I have not yet suggested, because, strictly speaking, they have nothing to do with skilled criticism and its professors at all.

'Anonymity, then, is, in my opinion, maintained solely in the interest of the newspaper editor, to whom it saves trouble by indefinitely enlarging the circle of his contributors; of the newspaper proprietor and the publisher, whom it enables to extend indefinitely the interchange of their respective marketable products, the "book

notice" and the book advertisement; of the great army of journalistic incompetence or mediocrity who would otherwise find no employment for their jostling pens; and, lastly, of the innumerable host of bad novelists who, but for the aforesaid conspiracy among newspaper proprietors, publishers, and journalistic incompetents to multiply "short notices of books," would never get any "show" at all.'

Such, so far as I have been able to examine it, is the case against anonymous criticism. No doubt it is a pretty strong one; but if I should have exaggerated rather than extenuated its strength, I can claim no particular credit for candour, because, as it appears to me, I am not called upon to answer it. The individual writer of anonymous criticism, indeed the individual journalist in general, is not put, I conceive, to the task of showing that to write unsigned articles is the most ennobling of human occupations, or that it is more elevating than, or even as elevating as, writing articles over one's own signature. The system of anonymity does not depend for its defence on the critic's ability to justify himself for personally preferring it to any other, or even to show that he has any such preference at all. He did not create the system himself; he finds it in possession; and it is enough for him if he is convinced of its public value, and holds that he himself can lend himself without personal dishonour to its support. Even the most high-flying advocates of the signature would hardly contend, one may suppose, that this is impossible. They will scarcely deny that a conscientious critic must feel, and that, as a matter of fact, hardly any man who starts with the mental and moral equipment of a critic can fail to feel, precisely the same obligations to critical truth and justice, precisely the same duty of critical honesty and candour, whether his pronouncements are delivered in the first person singular or the first person plural. And if that be so, if he can justify to his own conscience and sense of honour the part he plays under the anonymous system—and it is not the fault of the system, but his own, if he cannot—he will do well, in this imperfect sublunary state of ours, to be content. The world is not so built as to enable any individual in it to gratify his moral nature by confining every act of his life to the highest conceivable plane of action. Human institutions, which exist for the benefit of the community, can hardly be expected to accommodate themselves to all the most fastidious preferences of the individual; and the latter, therefore, when he believes them to accord with the public interest, may well be satisfied if he can see his way, without incurring moral reproach, to contribute to their maintenance and administration.

So that for the critic who finds the anonymous system in possession, and is conscious that he can conform to that system without thereby parting company with his conscience, the real and only question is whether anonymity of criticism does or does not con-

duce to the interests of the public, as well as to those of literature and art.

And now when the controversy reverts from the person to the thing—now if we cease to debate whether a critic may blamelessly publish his opinions on a literary or artistic work without his signature, and pass to the question whether, granting or not granting his moral right to produce criticism under these conditions, the product itself is worthy of public approval or public condemnation, the *onus probandi*, in my opinion, immediately shifts from the supporters of the anonymous system to its assailants. So long as the objective merits of the criticism are alone in issue, it is not for our opponents to ask us why it should not be signed; it is for them to tell us why it should be. If the judgment passed upon a work of literature or art is an honest and a sound judgment, what and to whom does it matter who wrote it? If it is an honest but an unsound one, again what and whose is the concern with the critic's name? When a silly novel is anonymously published there is no outcry for the author's name in order that he may be held up to public contempt. He is allowed to remain in the obscurity which he so judiciously selected. Why should not the author of an inept criticism be entitled to the same privilege?

In the absence of any answer to this question, the objectors to anonymity usually fall back upon what is, in reality, their sole weapon of attack. The signature, they contend, is necessary to insure that the criticism, whether sound or unsound, shall be honest; whereby it would seem to be inferred that, since the criticism of the daily and weekly press is as a rule unsigned, it is as a rule, or at any rate frequently, dishonest. Nor do the more vehement malcontents stop short of this imputation: they only draw the line at producing evidence in support of it. For, amid all the vain and peevish chatter which goes on in certain regions of authordom about 'rings,' and 'log-rolling,' and 'stabs in the dark,' and all the rest of it, has anybody ever yet come across a single grain of solid fact? A's novel has been 'slated' in the *Daily Asp*, or B's sonnets have been 'guyed' in the *Evening Wasp*, or C has been accused of plagiarism in the *Weekly Rasp*; and A's suspicion that he is smarting under the coward blow of D is no less strong than B's conviction that he is writhing beneath the treacherous gibes of E, or than C's absolute persuasion that he is the victim of the masked malignity of F. And, all the while, the facts are, as like as not, that D had left the *Daily Asp* six months before the review of A's novel appeared in its columns; that E had been 'down' for weeks with an attack of influenza when B first felt the sting of the *Wasp*; and that long ere the *Rasp* abraded the tender cuticle of C's literary vanity F had abandoned journalism for the wine trade.

Of course, the process by which these wildly erroneous conclusions,

of A, B, and C are reached is simple enough; and to the vanity of the smaller fry of authorship it presents itself (up to a certain point) in a strictly syllogistic form. It starts with the familiar series of propositions (reducible to a syllogism in *Celarent*) that 'no unfavourable review of any book of mine can be an honest review; that this is an unfavourable review, and that therefore it is not honest.' The next step is another syllogism in the same figure (First Mood, *Barbara*), and by means of it the wounded author, starting with the major premiss that 'all dishonest reviews originate in the personal spite of the reviewer,' arrives at the conclusion that he must look among his known or suspected enemies for the unscrupulous critic. We do not quit the region of formal logic until we reach the final step in the process, which takes the following somewhat lawless and irregular form:—

Major Premiss: This review was written by some personal enemy of mine.

Minor Premiss: I have reason to believe that Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson are envious of my success in literature.

Conclusion: This review was written by Jones.

The difficulty of fitting the last syllogism into any mood and figure known to the logician does not in any degree diminish its cogency for the author. The strength of his confidence is directly proportioned to the depth of his vanity, which itself in many cases varies inversely as the height of his standing and the merit of his works. He firmly believes that, if critics were denied the shelter of anonymity, there is no living man, however hostile, who would dare to expose his critical incompetence by signing his name to an adverse review of a masterpiece. The singular thing is that one does not find this complacent delusion prevalent among writers of real mark and importance. Not that such writers are magnanimously indifferent to criticism; on the contrary, many of them are distinctly thin-skinned, —easily hurt, and not at all above crying out when they are. But their remonstrances, dignified or otherwise, are almost always addressed to the conductor or conductors of the particular print in which they have been, as they contend, misjudged. I have no doubt that most of them regard an adverse criticism as evidence of bad taste; but they never apparently hold it to be *prima facie* proof of dishonesty. Nor do they see in it a mark of such perversity as can only be accounted for on the assumption of malice. Possibly, being human, and therefore curious, they would like to know the name of the barbarian who has failed to appreciate them; but they show in general no disposition to assume that it would prove, if disclosed, to be the name either of a known enemy or of a treacherous friend. The unsigned criticism, in other words, is no special grievance, so far as I can make out, of the authors who have attained to any position in their art. They know that, if the nameless critic has not helped them to fame, as they would often admit that he has, by his appreciations, his

animadversions have not hindered their rise. The late Charles Reade was the only writer of eminence who fell seriously foul of him, and even his vociferous denunciations of the 'anonymuncule' were, to a great extent, mere ebullitions of that more than half humorous truculence in which one of the kindest-hearted of men took delight.

It is, I repeat, the small fry of authordom who mainly sustain the outcry against anonymous criticism from the author's point of view. Hence, assuming that the interests of literature and of the public do not suffer from the anonymity of the critic, it seems hardly worth while to insist on his signing his name for no more valuable end than to convince a certain number of literary egotists that the accuracy of their own valuation of themselves is a matter upon which honest doubt is possible. No doubt there would be some satisfaction in proving to these persons that the 'malicious' review is, ninety-nine times out of a hundred probably, the work of some writer to whom, apart from their writings, they are objects of complete indifference, and very likely in many cases absolutely unknown; but it would be purchasing this gratification too dearly to abolish a system not otherwise objectionable in order to procure it.

In short, we come back, as to the root of the matter, to the question whether the interests of literature and of the public are or are not served by anonymous criticism. If, as I have endeavoured to show, it may be legitimately and honourably practised, so far as the critic himself is concerned, and if the practice need not be abandoned with no worthier object than that of gratifying some idle curiosity and flattering some touchy vanity, it is for the world of letters and art, and for the larger public which includes it, to say whether anonymous criticism should cease or continue. In theory, as I have admitted, the presumption may be in favour of signature; but the unsigned system being, and having long been, in possession, the counter-presumption must be regarded as 'holding the field' in practice, and it is for the two 'worlds' above mentioned, or at any rate for one or other of them, to give some clear indications of its disapproval.

Has either of them done so? The names of no important, no representative men of letters can be vouched to the support of the querulous authorlings who are so loud against the anonymous critic. Even Mr. Besant, who is more severe upon contemporary criticism than any other leading writer of the day, alleges nothing else against it, so far as I know, than the incompetence of some who produce it, and the carelessness and hurry of much of its production—evils which would not be mitigated, nor do I understand him to think so, by merely subscribing a piece of bad workmanship with the name of an obscure workman. As to the public at large, they are in this, as in all matters artistic or æsthetic, inarticulate and indifferent. But if they have no active objection to anonymous criticism; if, as is assuredly the case, their attitude on the subject be merely neutral, they

must be understood to have left the care of their interests to the critic himself.

And if, as is no less surely the fact, the first and foremost of these interests is that criticism should be *independent*, a disputant, it seems to me, who would prefer to take up the case of the signed against the unsigned review, before a tribunal appointed to weigh their respective claims to independence, must have a positive passion for desperate briefs. You may say, if you please, that for this, that, or the other reason personal to himself or bearing solely on his relations with the author, the critic ought to sign his opinion; but to contend that in the interest of any third party he ought to do so, to argue that the *public* has a better chance of getting from him an opinion uninfluenced by 'fear or favour' if he puts his name to that opinion than if he does not, is to display a truly heroic appetite for controversial paradox. We used to hear voting by ballot denounced (whether rightly or wrongly I am not at this point concerned to consider) as an un-English and unworthy way of exercising a public trust; but the most strenuous opponents of the Ballot Act never went so far as to maintain that the genuine political preferences of the elector were *less* likely to be expressed by a secret than by an open vote. All they urged—and even this was more of a sentimental than a practical argument—was that the publicity of the vote was in itself an important element in its political value, that it provided the elector both with the means of attesting his moral fitness to exercise the franchise, and with a valuable discipline in one of the most essential qualities of capable citizenship. Neither of these considerations applies in the case of the critic, in whose moral discipline the public have no direct interest, and who can, and indeed must, prove his fitness for his function in some more substantial way than by merely disclosing his name. It is not by his signature, but by what precedes or follows it, that his qualifications are attested; but the presence or absence of that signature may have a material bearing on the manner in which he exercises his powers. Whether they are likely to play with more ease and vigour, more freedom and candour, round his subject when he merges his individuality in the corporate entity of a newspaper; when he has not to think of self, or friend or foe, of the political party to which he belongs, or of the social circle in which he moves, of the skins he may involuntarily prick, of the toes he may inadvertently tread upon—whether, I say, a public in quest of the fullest and fairest study of a work of art or literature, of a pronouncement at once the most appreciative of its merits and most righteously condemnatory of its faults, of a judgment that can be most safely trusted to have extenuated nothing nor set down aught in malice, is the more likely to find the object of its search in signed than unsigned criticism is simply not an arguable question. Life is too short to waste any of it upon demonstrations of the self-evident.

That the system of anonymous criticism has its incidental drawbacks is only to say that it is a system invented on earth and applied by human beings. No doubt it encourages the production of literary or pseudo-literary journeywork, by providing an almost unlimited market for it in the newspapers. No doubt it promotes, perhaps alone renders possible, that barter of book-notice against book-advertisement between publisher and newspaper proprietor which is commercially legitimate enough, but is injurious, so far as it extends, to the interests of good literature, and in a measure to those of the public, among whom it indirectly encourages the delusion that there are more books worth reading and even worth buying than is the case. No doubt in a few, a very few, instances the anonymous system permits personal spite to gratify itself with impunity. But these are, after all, but trifling sets-off against the great gain of liberating the critic from all those varied influences which deflect his judgment, as electric disturbance deflects the magnet, from the silent appeals of friendship, the active solicitations of the acquaintance, the constant pressure and bias of those connections which multiply and interweave so fast in a world so crowded, so pushing, and yet, as we say, so 'small' as ours. The drawbacks, I repeat, of the anonymous system weigh little against the advantage of removing the critic from this outer ring of disturbing forces and placing him at that 'centre of indifference' of the unnamed 'contributor,' which is like the area of calm in the heart of the cyclone.

It is sometimes alleged—inconsistently enough—by those who object to the anonymous system that it is only nominally anonymous, and that the authors of the reviews in the leading daily and weekly journals are as well known as if they signed their names. Only journalists themselves can appreciate the width of this statement from this mark. To make it accurate one should say that anonymous articles are as freely ascribed to authors as if they had signed them. But this is only because the public usually know the name of one leading writer connected with each newspaper, and generously credit him with everything that appears in its columns. As a matter of fact, nothing is more difficult than for the outside world to trace any unsigned literary criticism to its author except with that author's assistance, which, unless he is a very young critic indeed, he is not likely to render. In one branch of criticism alone can it be truly said that anonymity is merely nominal. It is true of the unsigned dramatic criticisms in all the daily newspapers that they might as well be signed with their authors' names. But are those objectors to anonymous criticism who recall this fact to us conscious of its disastrous effect upon their case? Would they like to see—are they prepared to see, the conditions of literary and dramatic criticism assimilated and operating to identical results? I have no desire to throw stones at an amiable body of men who are mainly the victims

of circumstances, and whose errors are the products rather of a vicious system than of original sin; but I would invite any reasonable man to tell me, first, whether the pronouncements of the dramatic critic will for a moment compare in point of impartiality, independence, and candour with those of his literary colleague; and, secondly, whether their inferiority in these respects is not directly traceable to the continual and continually increasing involution of the former writer in those personal entanglements from which the anonymous system sets the latter free. It may be just possible for one who has fairly faced, and honestly answered this question, still to persevere for one reason or another in calling out for the signature of the critic; but I fail to see how he can for a moment plead the public interest in justification of the demand.

H. D. TRAILL.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND IVAN THE TERRIBLE

Few people realise that so long ago as the time of Elizabeth this country had intimate relations with Russia. Yet Shakespeare affords some evidence of the fact. In *Love's Labour's Lost* (written before 1592) there are several references to Russia. For instance:—

> They do, they do; and are apparelled thus,—
> Like Muscovites or Russians: as I guess,
> Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:
> And every one his love-feat will advance
> Unto his sev'ral mistress . . .—(Act v. scene iv.).
> [*Enter the* King, Biron, Longaville *in Russian habits.*]—(Act v. scene v.).
> Twenty Adieus, my frozen Muscovites (Act v. scene vi.)
> Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear . . . (*Ibid.*)
> A mess of Russians left us but of late (Act v. scene viii.)
> We four, indeed, confronted were with four
> In Russian habit (*Ibid*).
> Why look you pale?—
> Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy (*Ibid.*);

while in *Hamlet* we have the well-known phrase, 'Caviare to the general.'

These references to Russia are to be explained by the fact that at the time Shakespeare penned them emissaries from the Russian Court were in London and had impressed his observant mind with their quaint costumes.

What these Russian emissaries were doing in this country is of no little interest; and recently much light has been thrown on the matter by an important work upon which the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs has been actively engaged for some time past—viz. the editing of the various treaties and conventions concluded between Russia and other Powers, commencing with the sixteenth century. During the present year Vol. X., containing a collection of the various treaties and conventions with England up to the reign of the Emperor Alexander the First, has made its appearance. This volume, printed with a parallel translation in French, thus rendering it accessible to foreigners, is of especial interest to English politicians and to students of English and Russian history. In it, as in a mirror, is portrayed the increasing hostility which arose between the

two greatest Powers in the world from mutual jealousies, fostered by conflicting political and commercial interests.

M. F. Martens, Professor of the Science of International Law at the University of St. Petersburg, who is the editor of this valuable work, has in its compilation made most skilful use of a vast quantity of hitherto untouched treasures in the shape of letters, reports, notes, documents, which are preserved in the archives of the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

He has classified these documents in a strictly scientific order, and has not contented himself with merely writing a book about them in his own words. He has placed them before the reader either in a condensed form or verbatim with all their peculiarities of style, thus greatly increasing the value of the work. As I have said, the tenth volume is of special interest to English people. It contains a full account of the relations that existed between our country and Russia in the time of the 'Virgin Queen,' when English merchants first opened out a trade with Russia by means of the port of Archangel, and obtained in return special privileges from that monster of cruelty and despotism, Ivan the Terrible. In the sixteenth century the kingdom of Muscovy was hardly known in England, and the relations between our merchants and that State sprang up accidentally, and solely from commercial motives. Ivan the Terrible, who in this matter may fairly be said to have anticipated Peter the Great, foresaw in the establishment of relations with England a suitable means for bringing Russia into contact with Western Europe, and thus helping Russia to resist successfully the strenuous efforts of the Hanseatic League and the Teutonic knights to hinder her growth and development. Moreover, he was manifestly anxious to form with England a defensive alliance against Poland and Sweden. It was with this end in view that he commanded the English Ambassador, Jenkinson, to inform Elizabeth that he desired her to be '*the friend of his friends and the enemy of his enemies*;' that Russia and England 'should, in all things, be as one;' that, 'in case of danger, the ruler of one country might find a safe refuge in the other.' The English Government, however, had no desire to establish with Russia other than commercial relations, and with her assistance to extend these relations to Central Asia, India, Persia, and China. As may be imagined, they did not feel the slightest inclination to mix themselves up with the constant wars which were occurring between Russia, Poland, and Sweden. They therefore returned no answer to the Czar's message. Incensed at this treatment, Ivan determined to restrict the rights of free trading enjoyed by the English merchants in his dominions. With this intention he opened out the newly conquered port of Narva to the free trade of *all* nationalities.

This move of his alarmed the English merchants, for they knew

it meant serious loss to them. They therefore begged the Elizabethan Government somehow or other to repair the mischief that had been done. Their petitions resulted in the new English Ambassador, Randolph, who arrived in Moscow in 1568, telling the Czar that if any calamity should overtake his kingdom he would be 'amicably' received in England. But in accordance with instructions he preserved silence as regards the proposed alliance. The Czar at first treated the English Ambassador coldly, but afterwards granted the English merchants new privileges, allowing them to trade with Persia, to search for iron ore in Vwechegd (probably in the Government of Archangel), and even to *remit* money to Moscow, Novgorod, and Pskov. He also granted the English a monopoly of the trade on the White Sea, as a mark of special favour, and placed the English factory at Moscow under the protection of the Opritchniks.[1] His object in making these concessions was, of course, to induce the English Government to look upon the proposed alliance with greater favour; and on the return of the English Ambassador he was careful to send with that Minister, as his representative, a Russian diplomatist of the name of Sovin.[2]

The latter succeeded in obtaining two charters from Elizabeth, but neither was of much value. It is true that in one of them the question of an alliance was alluded to, but in very obscure and cautious terms. In the other charter, Elizabeth offered the Czar an asylum in her territories if he should ever require it. As may be supposed, the terrible Czar was much displeased with Elizabeth, and replied to her messages with a cutting letter, in which, amongst other things, he said:

> With thee there are people who rule independent of thee, who neither regard our sovereign persons nor think of the honour or welfare of our territories, but only of their own commercial advantage, whilst thou art still remaining in thy maiden estate like any worthless maiden. . . .

And then follow several references to Elizabeth's maiden condition which M. Martens has discreetly omitted; for Ivan the Terrible, like our own 'good Queen Bess,' was at times somewhat Shakespearean in the

[1] The 'Opritchniks' were the bodyguard of Ivan the Terrible. Recruited from the worst class of the population, they gained for themselves a terrible reputation on account of the many cruelties they committed on the people.

[2] In 1567 Queen Elizabeth granted a new charter to the English Company, and stipulated with the Czar that none but English ships should be employed in the trade. The company were empowered to seize any foreigner attempting to reach India, Persia, or China by way of Russia, and obtained permission also to smelt down foreign dollars, and to stamp them anew as current coin. With these advantages they commanded all the most important commercial centres in Russia. In addition to their agency at Moscow, they had a factory at Holmogory (at the mouth of the Dwina), and depots at Novgorod, Pskov, Yaroslav, Kazan, Astrakhan, Kostroma, &c., where they sold their goods at 200 and 300 per cent. profit. In 1569 the people complained to the Czar of their proceedings, and the Czar expressed his displeasure to Randolph. The English merchants, in reply to the complaints, justified their conduct through the Czar having executed so many of their creditors. (See Murray's *Handbook on Russia and Poland.*)

vigour and outspokenness of his language. The irate Czar then proceeded to point out in his message 'that the kingdom of Muscovy in the meanwhile would not feel the want of English goods;' and then, by way of a parting shot, adds: 'and all our charters, which we have given concerning commercial affairs, are no longer valid.'

The upshot of this message was a complete rupture with England. The wrath of the Czar fell on the English merchants, and these unfortunate men were deprived of their goods and privileges.

Thereupon in 1571 the English Government, in order to make good their mistake, sent Jenkinson to Moscow with a new charter from the Queen. The Ambassador actually managed to turn the wrath of the Czar; but three years later Ivan caused another rupture by ordering English merchants to pay half the taxes.

Cordial relations with England were, however, again restored in 1580, and in 1582 the Czar sent to London his representative, Pisemski, with instructions to form an alliance against Poland and to arrange a marriage between himself and Mary Hastings, the niece of the Queen. During an audience with Elizabeth at Richmond, the Muscovite Ambassador begged her Majesty that she would show him 'that maiden and order her person (portrait) to be painted, so that I may send it to the Czar.' But Elizabeth replied: 'Maria Hantens (Hastings) [3] is not beautiful, and it is not possible to paint her portrait, as her face has been disfigured by small-pox.' The Czar's representative, however, managed to see the young Englishwoman, whom he describes as follows in his despatches to his august dread master: 'The Countess of Huntingdon, Maria Hantens, is tall, slim, with a white face and grey eyes: her hair is ruddy, nose long, and her fingers—thin and tapering.'

As may be imagined, Elizabeth's little ruse and her secret opposition to this match only tended to increase the amorous passion of this unpleasant suitor, and, as the Czar continued to insist on the marriage, Elizabeth found it necessary in 1583 to send to Moscow another ambassador, Jeremiah 'Bäoos' (Bowes?),[4] who was instructed to say that Mary Hastings had fallen into such an ill state of health, that there remained but slight hopes of her being so far restored to health as to be fit for the Imperial dignity. Special emphasis was Bowes to lay on 'the weakness of the lady, even when she was in her healthiest state.' Bowes, however, notwithstanding the extreme delicacy of his commission, is said to have borne himself in an impudent and haughty manner, and in his explanation concerning the English countess entangled himself in a most unpardonable manner. But the Czar was not going to have his wishes thwarted in this way,[4]

[3] The Russians still labour under a difficulty in transliterating English proper names into their language.

[4] Ivan the Terrible, like the Countess of Huntingdon, was descended from the Norsemen, who in Russia were called Varangians.

and answered that, 'If,' said he 'the Countess will not come to me, then I will myself go to England and fetch her.' Fate willed it otherwise; for on the 18th of March, 1584, this terrible and extraordinary man, who had drenched Russia with the blood of tens of thousands of his subjects, breathed his last. On his death the house inhabited by the objectionable English ambassador Baoos was immediately surrounded by a guard, as the Czar's Diak,[5] Tchelkalov, could not bear the manners of Elizabeth's haughty representative. The latter was apparently dismissed from the kingdom of Muscovy not entirely with respect; for on his arrival at Archangel he showed his anger by returning the Czar's charter and also the sables he had been presented with, stating that the charter contained 'nothing of importance, and, as for the sables, they were of the very worst kind, the like of which may only be found in Moscow.'

This conduct of Bowes seemed discourteous even to the unfortunate English merchants, who, evidently fearing for their privileges and worldly goods, complained against him to the English Government, saying: 'What possessed him to come here? May the Lord have mercy upon us all!'

The Government of the Czar Theodore, who succeeded Ivan the Terrible, after this incident sent to London an ordinary courier, named Beekman, with complaints against the late ambassador Bowes. Elizabeth, probably piqued at this want of respect to her sovereign person, received the Czar's courier in the garden of the palace, and was not satisfied with his replies. The Government of Moscow then, in its turn, took offence at Elizabeth for receiving its messenger in 'a cabbage garden where onions and garlic had been sown,' and for dismissing him—not in person—but 'through some quill-driver or other.'

In 1585, Horsey, an intimate friend of the regent, Boris Godunov, brought to London a new imperial charter. The Czar, in this, complained against the 'unwarrantable offence' of Bowes, who had spoken many falsehoods concerning the Boyars, and had thrown away the charter.

> It does not happen in any State (he wrote) that an ambassador bears himself so impolitely with its ruler as to scorn the reward offered him and to throw away the charter which he has received from one ruler for conveyance to his own sovereign. . . . What servant is that who refuses to carry a letter to his ruler? Moreover, to announce that we in our own country should not allow others to trade in goods was also not seemly. For the sake of our English guests alone, to forbid many persons from other countries to come to us would be folly.

In order to pacify the exasperated government of Muscovy, Elizabeth sent the Czarina Irene a flattering letter, and, besides, 'an

[5] *Diak*, secretary or writer. As few noblemen knew how to write, they kept secretaries, who frequently acquired great influence and importance.

expert and experienced' *sage femme*, also an excellent doctor, 'who will bring profit to your health.'

Boris Godunov was also favoured with a special communication from the Queen, extolling him as a 'beloved kinsman of the blood,' and begging his protection for the English merchants. But unfortunately Elizabeth was careless enough in her letter to call Godunov 'Diak,' which gave great offence.

Nevertheless it was thanks only to this same Godunov that the privileges of the English merchants were again confirmed in 1587.

Curious negotiations also took place in 1588 between the two Governments, and this time concerning an English merchant named Marsh, who seems to have taken on credit the goods and money of many Russian merchants. The Government of Moscow hereupon demanded payment from the London Company of Merchants trading with Russia. Fletcher, who was sent to Moscow in order to settle this business, incurred the displeasure of the Czar Theodore on account of the insignificance of the presents he had brought with him from London, which were returned. In short, the latter portion of Fletcher's solicitations were not granted; but, as regards the affair of Marsh, the London Company of Merchants were allowed to limit their payment to only a portion of his debts. In general, during the reign of the Czar Theodore, the English merchants were only able—and this, thanks to Boris Godunov—to retain their former privileges. The accession of this celebrated man caused in England a regular jubilee. Elizabeth wrote to him: 'We rejoice that our well-wisher, chosen by the whole people, has become a great Czar in such a famous kingdom.' The ambassador of the new Czar, Mikulin, was treated with the most splendid reception in London in 1600. He was invited to the Queen's table, at which, he writes, the following incident occurred:

> And when all had left, the Queen arose from behind the table and commenced to wash her hands; and, having washed her hands, desired a silver dish containing water to be brought to Gregory (Mikulin), but Gregory did not comply with the Queen's request, and did not wash his hands, and said, 'Our great ruler, his Majesty the Czar, calls Queen Elizabeth his beloved sister, and for me, his bond-servant, to wash my hands in her presence is not seemly.'

'And the Queen,' as is further stated in the State correspondence, 'commenced to be merry,' and 'she praised Gregory that he respected her and had not washed his hands in her presence.' But whilst showing great respect to the Queen, this same Mikulin refused to visit the 'Lord Keeper,' affirming that 'to us (the Boyars at the Court of his Majesty the Czar) there is no necessity to pay visits to anyone; but to the Queen's Court we are always ready to go.'

It appears that, by way of keeping up his dignity, the Russian ambassador would only agree to conduct negotiations not otherwise than

'with the Queen or Crown Court.' The Muscovite ambassador also refused to dine at the Lord Mayor's on learning that this City magnate would sit higher than him at the table.

After the death of 'Good Queen Bess' diplomatic relations between Russia and England continued without much interruption up to the middle of the seventeenth century. The successor to the English throne had a shrewd eye for business, and was not slow to perceive the advantages to be derived from the continuation of those relations. He lost no time in despatching a new ambassador to the Court of Muscovy, under instructions to say, 'Having inherited the throne of his aunt, he also wished to inherit the Czar's friendship.' No political alliance of a close character was, however, possible between the two Courts, for various reasons. First, each Government was trying to get out of the other benefits out of all proportion to those which it proposed to give in return; secondly, ridiculous quarrels frequently occurred on matters of diplomatic etiquette; and, thirdly, while England was anxious only to safeguard the interests of her merchants and to extend her Russian trade, Russia was concerned to effect an alliance of a purely political character. The disputes on points of etiquette more than once brought about a rupture of diplomatic relations. The Russian ambassadors seem not to have erred on the side of over-exaggerating their own importance or that of their country. In the reign of Elizabeth they were, indeed, audacious enough to decline to acknowledge the English Queen as the equal of their sovereign. 'The ruler of England,' said they, 'should do obeisance to the Czar, whereas the latter may *demand* from her.' How Queen Elizabeth received this preposterous claim does not appear, but probably, like the woman of sense she was, she hid her displeasure in order not to prejudice the interests of the English merchants in Russia. On the death of Boris in 1598, a period of disorder ensued. Feodore, Boris's son, was murdered, and the reins of government were assumed by the Pretender Dimitri, who, however, in his turn was murdered and succeeded by Basil Shuiski. The last-named shared a similar fate to his predecessors, being captured, deposed, and succeeded by Ladislaus (son of Sigismund III. of Poland), who, however, was driven away by the Boyars in 1611.

But the idea of Ivan that England was a possible ally against Sweden and Poland had taken firm root at the Muscovite Court. Michael Féodorovitch, the next Czar, in nowise discouraged by the rebuffs which his predecessors had received in endeavouring to make this idea a reality, sent an ambassador to London in 1613 with instructions to bring about the much-desired alliance.

King James, however, imitating the caution of his predecessor, answered evasively. 'I intend,' he told Zuzen, the representative of the Russian Court, 'to maintain with the Czar a friendship even greater than that with former kings.' But in saying this he had not

the remotest intention of seriously involving England in the disputes between Russia and her then formidable neighbours. The English ambassador at the Muscovite Court, John Merrick, was, however, permitted to take upon himself the office of mediator between Russia and Sweden in the negotiations which were then being conducted between the two countries. This business extended over a couple of years; and eventually, in 1617, Merrick managed to bring about, at the village of Stolbova, the ratification of a treaty of peace with Sweden, under which the latter State received Ingermanland, Karelia, Kexholm, &c.,[6] and an indemnity of R. 200,000. The Russians, on their part, received back, by the terms of this treaty, the kingdom of Novgorod and other territories which the Swedes had conquered.

Russian historians point to the mediation of Merrick as the solitary instance in these early times of a political service rendered by England to Russia. But even so, it was a service of no slight importance, which the Czar Michael did not fail to recognise, and which Russians of the present day should not forget. Russia was in sore straits at the time, and indeed stood in danger of political extinction. The attacks of her enemies, the revolts of 1605 and 1609, and the great famine in the reign of Boris Godunov—which in Moscow alone destroyed upwards of 100,000 lives—had reduced the country to a state of great enfeeblement. Merrick's intervention probably averted a catastrophe. He obtained terms for Russia which, all things considered, were more favourable to that country than could have been expected. The Czar Michael, therefore, only showed proper gratitude in presenting Merrick with a gold chain, his portrait, and a number of valuable articles. It is probable, however, that in thus showing a generous appreciation of Merrick's services he also had an eye to further favours which he hoped to receive. At any rate, shortly afterwards he placed before our representative at his Court a treaty of alliance between Russia and England. To this document Merrick refused, of course, to attach his signature. Nothing daunted, however, the Czar sent to England the same year the ambassadors Volinsky and Posdyeff, with orders to form an alliance. These gentlemen did not, however, meet with any greater success than their predecessors.

The unwillingness of our Government to pledge itself to take the field against Sweden and Poland evidently gave great offence to the Russian Government, and it is hardly a matter for surprise that they took an early opportunity of venting their displeasure on the English merchants in Russia, whom they forbade to travel through Russia to the countries of the East.

But until the reign of the Czar Alexis Michaelovitch the English in Russia had not much to complain of. They enjoyed privileges,

[6] Ingermanland, part of the present province of St. Petersburg; Karelia and Kexholm, eastern portions of Finland.

indeed, which made the Muscovite traders envious. The change in their fortunes was brought about partly by the internal condition of England, and partly by the agitation of the native merchants. It was in 1645, in the thick of the dispute between Charles and his refractory Parliament, that the Czar's first ambassador (Dokhturov) reached London, to find that he would have to deal, not with the King of England, but with the Parliament, which had assumed the direction of England's foreign policy. Indeed, Dokhturov did not see Charles at all; and it was only on the 13th of June of the following year that he was formally recognised and received by Parliament. Then some amends were made for the inhospitable treatment which he had received. On the day mentioned he was received by Parliament with great ceremony, first by the House of Lords and then by the House of Commons. On his entry into the Upper House, it appears from the Russian records, all the peers rose from their seats and listened to his speech with their heads uncovered, and, after Lord Manchester had replied, he was invited to sit down in a chair covered with red atlas and adorned with gold and silver stones. Thereupon all the peers sat down. After having remained seated awhile, they all again rose, and Lord Manchester, handing a despatch to the Ambassador, spoke as follows: 'When you are again with the great Czar, inform him that we, the King's noblemen, do obeisance to that great ruler, and beg and pray that God will grant him many years of health.' A similar ceremony took place in the House of Commons.

Twelve days later, Dokhturov quitted London, and it is unnecessary to add that the message he took away with him did not satisfy his royal master. Alexis wanted something more than politeness, and he did not relish the fact that the reply had come not from the King but from the Parliament. To show his displeasure, he sent the unfortunate Charles a present of 30,000 quarters of grain to assist in provisioning his troops in their fight with the army of Cromwell. He also gave ear to the petition of the Moscow merchants that he should withdraw the privileges which the English merchants in Russia had hitherto enjoyed. 'These foreigners,' said the native merchants, 'are stopping our trade with Archangel, and they are starving out the whole kingdom of Muscovy by buying up in Moscow and in other towns meat and every kind of provision and bread, which they export to their own country.' They also complained that the English, not content with competing with them in Russia, prevented them from opening out a direct trade with England. A Russian merchant named Yaroslav had managed to reach Holland with a quantity of sables, but had to return with his goods unsold, owing to a 'ring' which had been formed against him.

In 1646 the Muscovite Government levied a double tax on all foreign goods, English included, and three years later, five months

after the tragic scene at Whitehall, the long-expected blow fell with full force on those of our unlucky countrymen who had settled in Muscovy. On the 1st of June, 1649, an Imperial ukaz was promulgated, by which the English in Muscovy were ordered 'to cross the seas with all their belongings,' and to trade only with Archangel. They were to visit neither Moscow nor any other Russian town, for the 'Great Czar had got to know that the English had wrought on all the earth a great evil deed. They had done to death their king, Carlos. For such a deed they should not have a chance of getting into the kingdom of Muscovy.'

By way of still further showing his sympathy with the cause of suffering royalty, the Czar sent to the son of the executed king sables to the value of R. 15,000, and grain worth R. 5,000. In return, Charles the Second promised, through his ambassador, Count Culpepper, 'to eternally requite with all love this service.' The Czar's treasury in those days cannot have been well filled, and his present of sables and grain was therefore no mean one.

Diplomatic relations between the two countries now ceased until the close of the year 1654, when Predaks arrived at Moscow to represent Cromwell, and was astonished to find that the Czar did not rise from his seat when he mentioned the dread name of his master. He protested at the want of respect which the Czar thereby showed, and was informed in reply that 'in a foreign State it is not becoming to speak of rank, and in the kingdom of Muscovy everything that is done is according to custom.' Cromwell's wishes, as represented by his ambassador, was that the English merchants should receive again their former privileges, but they were not complied with. The letter written by the Czar in reply was, however, couched in polite terms, greeting 'Oliver as the Ruler of the English, Scottish, and Irish States and territories,' and referring to him as 'Votre Honnête.'

The restoration of the English Monarchy was, as may be imagined, very welcome news to the Czar, and in 1662 a grand Russian embassy was sent to London, and was received with great honour by Charles the Second. The Merry Monarch repeatedly expressed his thanks for the Czar's kindness, declaring that 'during the uncleanly sedition no ruler had shown him so much kindness as the Russian.' He also returned the money the Czar had lent him, but, add the Russian historians, 'the interest he did not pay to his beloved brother.' The English merchants are said to have promised to pay the interest, but somehow they failed to carry out their promise. The consequence was that the Muscovite Government refused to renew the privileges they used to enjoy, although the English ambassador, Count (Earl?) Carlisle, offered his services as mediator in the negotiations between Russia and Sweden. Exasperated by the outcome of the Earl's embassy, the English people gave no reception to the Muscovite ambassador Dashkov, who arrived in England in 1664. They did

not even provide him with carriages, provisions, or lodgings. After this, we are not surprised to find that the English Government met with no success in the efforts they repeatedly made to obtain the withdrawal of the ukaz of 1649. Indeed, commercial relations with Russia were not resumed until the days of Peter the Great, who, anxious to learn shipbuilding and other arts, made several concessions to the English.

Professor Martens deals also with the diplomatic relations between the two countries from the time of Peter the Great to that of Alexander the First, but this period is outside the scope of the present article.

No doubt in many particulars the facts alluded to in the foregoing pages would wear a different complexion if examined by the light of our own records. These differences, however, I must leave others to point out. I have been concerned only to show how the matter is regarded by Russians, and to refer mainly to those details to which Russian reviewers have called attention.

W. Barnes Steveni.

CONFESSIONS OF A VILLAGE TYRANT

WE often receive rude shocks in this closing quarter of the nineteenth century. And the worst of the matter is, that if, as in years gone by, we disregard any given shock under the impression that it will pass off unnoticed amidst the sensible judgment of all our countrymen, we find occasionally that, for some inscrutable reason, the blow struck has the approbation of many people, and a false sentiment is created which in these days of change may be the precursor, and in part the cause, of much evil.

During the agitation that preceded and accompanied the last election, two representatives of the chief forces in village life, with whom beneficence has been hitherto associated, have been branded with tyranny by some of the workers on what is supposed to have been the victorious side. Now it has been generally held to be a matter of fact too notorious to be gainsaid, that in villages where both the squire and the parson exist scarcely any cottage, if any at all, is to be found, into which fruits of benevolence from both of them have not penetrated, more or less, according as there has been need. And in instances where there has been only the parson and not the squire, the same care has been taken to relieve distress and supply useful help, even if means at command have not been plentiful.

That agricultural labourers and their wives would generally acknowledge this kindness, and with gratitude too, there can be no doubt. I am sure of it from my own experience, even where by their votes they might seem to have set their stamp upon the charge brought by agitators. But, as it may be pleaded that such benevolence may be compatible with tyranny, I will assume that for twenty-three years, during which I was first vicar for eleven of the number, and then rector for the remainder, I was a double-dyed 'village tyrant.' I should have greatly preferred to tell my story under the imputed title, but the invariable rule of the Editor forces me against my wish to declare myself; and, indeed, the principle of always being ready to avow whatever has been written or said by oneself requires obedience to such a demand if it be made. Nevertheless, I believe mine to be a typical case. I am sure that my 'tyranny' has been surpassed in all better points, if such there be, by many of the hard

working and truly charitable of the village clergy, and by several also amongst those who have worked in towns, though the worse features may have been peculiarly my own. Judgment may not, and certainly will not, go by default, but there may be a lingering prejudice which on all accounts ought to be dispelled. I will recount, then, the chief items of my experience, and other people may pass their opinions as to the nature of my tyrannical proceedings. Fortunately for me the title of tyrant had originally no moral meaning, and might be borne by any head or ruler without any imputation of haughtiness, or arrogance, or imperiousness, or usurpation of alien rights.[1] But the question will be determined by my readers upon the hard verdict of facts, and beyond pointing out possibilities of interpretation, I will plead nothing more to those with whom it rests to assess the amount of my iniquity.

After many years passed in Holy Orders, at a time when the roads to promotion without private interest were much fewer than they are at present, I found myself the grateful holder of a vicarage in a retired part of Warwickshire. True, that the gross income of it was only 150*l.*, besides the house and twelve acres of land lying around it, and that I could command ten times that amount as a private tutor. But my heart had always been in parish work, and this was in a part of England of which I could say, with Horace,

> Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
> Angulus ridet.
>
> No other land has charms for me
> Like that sweet nook.

I desired no other lot on earth than to live and die amongst the inhabitants of the village, whose friendship I sought, whose interests I desired to serve, both spiritually and temporally.

After carrying out some additions and improvements in the little vicarage, and spending thereupon more than my net receipts during the whole of my tenure, the want of school buildings required attention. The school, which had for some years been wholly maintained by the previous vicar with the help of only one subscription from the chief landowners, was in so unsatisfactory a state that it was with no regret upon public grounds that, with the concurrence of the leading people in the parish, whose advice I always sought, I soon dismissed the schoolmistress, and engaged another, and found room for her in the vicarage. The school had hitherto been kept in a cottage belonging to the schoolmistress. A barn was now lent by one of the landowners in the parish, and was fitted up for the

[1] The Greek word τύραννος=κοίρανος means simply a *lord* or *head*. It was borne by men who in most of the Greek States were at a certain period either called by the Democracy, or were carried on by force of character, to take the helm of government; and who, either in themselves or in their successors, whether from the exigencies of their position or the imperiousness of their sway, became unpopular, and accordingly bequeathed to later ages a useful name of bad import.

purpose. No change was made in the maintenance; for two years it fell, as before, mainly upon the vicar.

But this could be only a temporary arrangement. The patrons had told me upon my appointment that a schoolroom and school-house were the great need of the village, and that I should be well supported in taking steps to provide such. I therefore called a meeting of the parishioners, and after some opposition it was unanimously determined that all of them should do what they could, and a committee was appointed to manage the business. My predecessor had always carried the concurrence of the parish with him, and I found that it was generally inclined to support what was reasonable, and no one could desire more. The committee and myself got on excellently together, and only on one occasion was there any difference; and then, after failing in an attempt to compromise the difficulty, I was supported by all the members but one when it was necessary to put the question to the vote. All in the parish did something. The chief landowners contributed largely, the farmers supplied most of the haulage; the Government and the National Society shook hands over the matter, if not for the very first time, yet nearly for the first; friends of the vicar gave their aid; and the 'village tyrant,' there being no resident squire, contributed more than his share at the beginning, and made up the deficit at the end when all the fountains of help had run dry. An opposition school had been closed before the school was opened, and to all appearance the parish did not groan under a tyranny in which all the good was on their side.

It had been my object to set on foot a reading-room in the class-room of the school, and search was made through the parish for members. This was what is called an 'open' parish, and most of the population consisted of the descendants of squatters, and was very backward in education. Upon inquiring, it was found that we could hardly reckon upon more than one member for certain, and to my disappointment that scheme had to be relegated to the future.

The question of allotments now cropped out. A field which was part of the glebe had been cut up into allotments some thirty years before by a former vicar, but the allotments had got into disorder. Some people in the parish had more than their share, and others had none at all. In part of the field, some of the allotments could only be reached by passing, whether on foot or with wheels, over the land, and perhaps over the crops, of other holders. Accordingly a re-arrangement in part was required, and it was accomplished with the best advice and help that could be obtained in the parish. So confidence was secured, and all opposition fell before the obvious reasonableness of the proceeding.

Shortly after this the further question of small holdings was worked out under a special conjuncture of circumstances.

One of the fields in the glebe had been let for several years to the

tenant of some neighbouring land, with whose farm it worked in well for many reasons. But the occupation changed hands, and the new tenant, who stayed only two years, gave it up at the end of the first, six months' notice being then sufficient. An offer was made to me from several of the small tradesmen and labourers, and we went together to the field to make such a division of it as would satisfy all parties. There was much good feeling, and we were all in high hopes respecting the success of the experiment. The field was divided into portions ranging from one to four acres apiece. The rent was fixed at 30*s*. an acre for the first two years, which made a total for the thirteen acres amounting to 10*s*. less than the former rent, besides that rates and taxes and some other expenses were to fall upon the vicar. After two years, the rent was to be raised to 40*s*., the rate at which the next field was let, after some draining was effected. It should be added that the draining was accomplished, but the rent was never raised.

The people were delighted. It was at the time that land-hunger set in. Inducements were offered on placards put up in the village for emigrants to go to New Zealand or elsewhere upon grants of land at a low rate. Here they thought that they had the land without going to the other side of the globe. The field had been called 'Parson's Woolland,' or woodland; they changed the name in their common talk to 'New Zealand.'

At the same time another experiment was made in an independent quarter. An old farmer, who was getting past work, divided his farm of eighty acres into larger holdings, varying from six acres to thirty. They were taken eagerly, and still greater hopes were kindled.

Alas! Alas!

> Sweet hope—kind cheat, fair fallacy—by thee
> We are not where or what we be;
> But what and where we would be.

Success never crowned the flattering tale. True, the seasons were unusually bad, and agricultural depression had begun, and was severer upon heavy soil than on lighter land. But that would not account for the universal loss. Every one of the occupiers of the larger holdings was ruined. The case of one was sad beyond all. He was getting on in life, but one would have thought that he had many years of health and strength before him. He had six acres of land, which was then said by some people to be enough for a labourer's support, and he had only himself and his wife to keep. A few years after, when the east winds were upon us, I went to see the couple, and his wife told me what a severe winter they had passed, being worn out with hard work on the land, and privation at home. Of course a clergyman's reply was, 'Why did you not let me know?' It was then too late; a week afterwards, the poor man was taken ill with an affection of the lungs, and died after a short illness.

The failure upon the glebe field came more slowly. At first, the small holdings only spoilt two or three labourers, who were beguiled into the foolish notion that wages are secondary things; and others were more or less straitened in their means. The land became by degrees worse and worse cared for; and in my last spring half of it had fallen back into my hands. I gave notice to the two remaining holders, intending to lay the field down in grass; but they begged so hard to be spared that I let them stay, and, indeed, lent one of them soon afterwards five pounds, which he has never been able to repay. They have long since, as I am told, retired from a hopeless contest under modern conditions with nature.

One of my tyrannical proceedings was an endeavour to form a Church Council to consider with me the conduct of the Church Services. I hoped that the members, and others through them, would thus be led to understand better the why and the wherefore, and would grow into more intelligent and more earnest Churchmen; and would also help to bring to church and to a higher life those whom I could not myself reach and influence. The plan of representation was drawn up and sent to the Bishop, and except in one unimportant particular met with his lordship's full concurrence and sanction. But when I bruited it in the parish, I found that the inhabitants had much rather leave everything in the vicar's hands, and I had no reason to think that they were brought to this conclusion by the suspicion that they would lose by acceptance the Englishman's privilege of grumbling.

But I did try the plan of representation in the formation of a society with its committee for the support of missions, home and foreign. An election was made at a meeting when the travelling secretary was present, and aroused his great interest. The committee continued in operation for some years; but the inaction of the secretary to the committee, whose work I was obliged to do myself, the jealousies between members of different rank, the debates in which the object with some appeared to be how not to do what was wanted, convinced me that the parish was not yet ripe for the scheme, and I buried my own child in private, and then effected by myself just as much as had been accomplished previously by joint efforts. I never heard that anyone put on mourning or visited the grave.

It has been said that, as there was in the parish no resident squire, the vicar was sole tyrant. This privilege was maintained in full operation by constant outlay upon the church and its services, the school, and the poor. The so-called 'restoration' of the church, which had been mainly effected under my predecessor, was completed in my time; and when I resigned the living I found that I had spent about four years' income out of the eleven upon the church and school.

Private reasons caused me to relinquish my charge, to the surprise

and strongly-expressed regret of the parishioners. Kind acknowledgments were made, which I prized most highly. There seemed to be no reason to doubt the reality of the feeling of sorrow at the loss; but no heart could have been so heavy as my own when I went away.

My next parish was a rectory, and when I accepted the unexpected offer of it the emoluments were about three times as great as those of the living which I vacated. But that was in the spring of 1879, and in consequence of that disastrous summer an important lessening in the rent of the farm was imperatively demanded by the tenant at the succeeding Michaelmas, and could not be refused.

Unlike the last, this was a 'close' parish. Except the glebe of between 300 and 400 acres, all belonged to the squire. In education and in Church matters it was a backward parish, but in general civilisation it was far beyond my previous charge. Nearly two years had elapsed since the death of the last resident rector, and in that time several changes had been made; during the long illness of the old rector the parish had become disorganised, and it was longer than usual before I could get the reins fairly into my hands, though I was by no means minded to grasp them tight, or to wield them without the consent and agreement of all parties.

In my former cure I continued the services of the Church for some time mainly as they had been conducted, gratifying people by preaching in the gown and by other concessions, and introducing the necessary changes when I found that they would not be misinterpreted, and that the congregation had acquired confidence in my discretion. In my new parish I adopted at first the arrangements which had been recently introduced, even where they were repugnant to my judgment or taste. Some in the congregation were very hot about little things. Though an ecclesiastical musician and experienced in the management of choirs, I refrained from interfering with the performance of the music, notwithstanding that it was often a trial to me. I was determined that, if there were any tyranny, it should not be found at the rectory.

The church, though a very interesting building and in substantial repair, needed much care and outlay in the interior. To my great disappointment, I could discover no way of embellishing it thoroughly whilst I was rector, except by a laborious collection of subscriptions, which my other engagements would never permit me to execute, and which I have therefore bequeathed as a legacy to a younger and less busy rector. A temporary improvement was made soon after I went there, and, in course of time, met with hearty acceptance.

In the next year, I made an attempt to start a reading-room as a permanent institution of the village. A meeting was called in the schoolroom, and in due time we got under way. A cottage was granted us by the squire, and money to purchase furniture was contributed by the tenant of the manor, myself, and the rest of the

parishioners in three equal quantities. A committee was appointed, with the rector as president, and it was generally determined to make the institution self-acting, even if it were not, as we could not expect it to be, self-supporting. It became, on the whole, very popular during the remainder of the winter. We took in a fair number of newspapers, for which I sent every day to the neighbouring town with my own, and other newspapers and periodicals were given by some of us after they were read at home. We provided various games, and the squire in residence, whose popularity was unbounded, and myself went occasionally in the evening to encourage and help enjoyment and profit as far as we could.

But rumblings were heard, even in early days. And in the summer, to my intense disappointment, I found that it would be best for the peace of the village for me to retire under an unprovoked attack made upon me, and so I did, in the hope that, even if the reading-room were not managed in the best way possible, it could nevertheless not fail to be of great advantage to the parishioners. It was to be anticipated, as I thought, that, under the control and with the support of those who took charge of it, it would be maintained in usefulness, and would not be allowed to drop. But after the lapse of three or four years these hopes and expectations were finally dashed to the ground. The room was closed, and few people regretted the loss.

Part of my scheme in starting a reading-room was the foundation of a village library. Accordingly, when excluded from the one, I turned my efforts to the other. We soon numbered several hundred volumes. They were taken home by the readers, and when the reading-room was re-opened, it was most gratifying to find how many of the young men, besides grown-up men and women, and children, had improved themselves by constant reading. This was especially the case whilst the reading-room was closed.

It was not till several years after that it became possible to re-open a room for the purpose. Experience had proved that the system of popular representation and general management did not exclude arbitrary action. Therefore, though my general preference would still have been given to the system first adopted, it was best, under the peculiar circumstances of the parish, to keep both the control and expense in my own hands. If I were out of pocket, since the subscriptions hardly paid for the rent of the cottage, yet I could secure liberty all round, and could take care that no real grievance should exist. A committee was appointed from the subscribers, and I was guided by them in all details, and learnt through them whatever was wanted from time to time. Accordingly, in its second stage, the reading-room proved a great success.

There were no allotments in the parish when I came there, and naturally my attention was turned to this subject in my first year of

residence. The action of a neighbouring rector was described to me, who—an old schoolfellow and college friend of mine—had ploughed up a valuable piece of pasture-land close to his village, and had let it in allotments. Something, indeed, must be said for the state of things then prevailing in the parish. Every cottage had a nice garden, and on all the farms but one, potato ground was allowed to the labourers on the farm, whilst in the excepted case an extra shilling a week was given instead. There was a field in the glebe, close to the village, which was admirably suited for the purpose. I went to my tenant, but received the answer that the field was the best in the farm, and that on no account would consent be given for the purpose. This was at a time when land was going down fast in value, and for special reasons I dared not demand, as I desired to do, that my wishes should be carried out.[2]

Foiled in this direction, I approached the agent of the estate, but to no apparent advantage. However, a few years after, a field at some distance from the village was divided into small holdings and allotments, which proved to be so highly valued that henceforward cricket almost vanished from the village. Before they had had a good eleven: now evenings were spent in the field. It should be added that, except in favourable cases, such as those of small tradesmen, where the culture of the land worked in with other occupations, and where the use of a horse was easily afforded, the small holdings did not answer expectations.

Some years later the passing of the Allotment Act, brought me what I wanted. A general movement in favour of those most useful appendages to agricultural life set in, and my tenant was now ready to yield. An offer was made on behalf of the labourers to take the land at 25s. an acre, and I gladly acceded to the request, and called a meeting in the schoolroom. There I told them that, in my opinion, formed after some experience, a quarter of an acre was as much as a man in work could till satisfactorily. He must draw upon his strength too much if he had more and did his land well; and would be tempted to scamp his daily work, whether from getting up early and anticipating his resources of strength, or by reserving his energies for long and late evening toil: whereas wages are the support of his life, and his well-being as a workman must reside in the excellence of his performance of his work. 'Therefore,' I said, 'as well as not to compete with the small holdings of the squire, I shall cut up the field into allotments of a quarter of an acre each. If any man finds that he can take more than one,—as, for example, supposing that he has sons to help him, or even otherwise,—he may have more than one allotment. I don't wish to stint him. But my advice for your own sake

[2] Soon after this the Bishop of the diocese sent down an inquiry to the Ruridecanal Chapter about allotments, when it appeared that they existed in every other parish in the deanery, though some were inconveniently situated.

is, that you should each have only one, and should do it well, both as regards manure and tilling.' The immediate reply was, 'We quite agree with you, sir; no man can do his work well, and get real good for a continuance of years out of more than a quarter of an acre.'

One man thought otherwise, as he told me the next day; and I reiterated that I did not wish to thrust my opinions down the throat of anybody, and would not stint anyone in land. A year or two after the same man wished to get a situation as farm bailiff, and the people of the village said that they hoped for his sake that whoever was thinking of engaging him would not look at his land, since in that case his chance of the place would not be worth much. Unfortunately for himself he was not successful.

The allotments answered admirably. Some of the labourers indeed thought at one time that the rent was too high. It all at first went to my tenant; but I told them that it would not be found excessive if they considered (1) that the land was some of the very best in the parish, (2) that it was accommodation land—a new light to many of them, (3) that it had the inconvenience to the landlord of being let in small tenements, (4) that rates and taxes were included, (5) also hedges, (6) and roads, (7) and other fences which might have to be made, (8) and later on, though at a distance, a small barn for threshing. One man, who was a leader on the opposite side of politics to me, told the representatives of his candidate, at a bye-election, that his allotment, according to a detailed calculation, had paid him largely, and that he did not find the rent excessive. The boon was in sooth a very great one, and produced continual comfort, especially in hard winters.

And some winters brought considerable hardship in my later years. The resources of the parish were small. Some of the farms were occupied by tradesmen who lived in the neighbouring town. One year I enlarged the rectory garden, levelling the surface and making gravel walks, and so employed several men at a critical time. In the next winter I carried on improvements in the drainage and footpaths of the village street. To one living in the country, and observing that without any sort of doubt the gradual depopulation of villages is due to straitened means in consequence of diminished returns from [illegible]cultural produce, it seemed passing strange that the minds of our [illegible]slators are taken up with parliamentary and political jangle, w[illegible]tion, and revolutionary botheration, whilst the chief industry of [illegible]ntry is sinking into unprofitableness amidst Pharisaic [illegible]nce and helpless policy.

Whilst upon the land, I must not fail to record one very gratifying fact. The glebe farm came back into my hands, and I had the pleasure of letting 120 acres of it to a labourer who, with his family, had saved enough money to justify his taking it. He had some hard work to do in getting the farm into order; but he surmounted well

the early difficulties, and I hear that he is prosperous and has good expectations. Even the stolid heart of a 'village tyrant' of the clerical sort is moved, when well-earned advancement is granted to a parishioner of any rank in the social scale.

Elections brought their disturbance and inspired false hopes. Some of the labourers, even if they never expected a cow, thought that, if they carried their candidate, he would take a house near them and spend a great deal of money amongst them, and get them as much land as they liked for nothing. Each succeeding election found fewer dupes like these, though illusions were still held out by agitators on one side. I felt it my duty to inculcate fairness, though it appeared to me to be unmanly not to let it be known that my principles were Conservative. At one election there was certainly an exercise of tyranny on the opposite side. At another, when I had occasion upon a matter of business to visit the committee-room of the opposing candidate, where I received all courtesy, I was told that my fairness was known to all the country round. At one time objection was taken to the extension of the franchise, necessary though it had become, and the argument was employed that some of the labourers at that time did not know the difference between a Conservative and a Liberal. Seeing an old man coming down the hill into the village, the objector asked him whether he could tell the difference. On his being unable to do so, the further question was put, 'Now which is our rector, Conservative or Liberal?' The prompt reply was then given, 'Oh! he's a Liberal!'

Ever since the days of Keble, a parish priest who loves his work and follows his Master has always found delight in his association with the lambs of his flock. On Fridays I used to catechise the Church children in church, after saying the Litany; and it was always my practice, unless some hindrance occurred, to visit the school on other mornings, even when there was no reason why I should take a class. Besides the catechising, those visits were always valued by both mistress and children. The first point was the register, and then came other little details where the manager's eye or his word is very useful, especially if they are grounded upon that thorough knowledge of schools which it should be one of the first cares of a young clergyman and of a fresh incumbent to acquire. The best way to a parent's heart is often through the child. If a parish priest is loved by the children, he is sure to be loved by the parish. Many were the delightful returns which even such a 'village tyrant' as myself received in both cases. As to the troublesome work of keeping up a good attendance, I found a little harmless fun very effectual. Pretending to believe that children ought always to be in school, I scolded them with mock severity whenever, even on a Saturday, I met them in the street; and pursued them with my stick or umbrella, dreadful as it is to confess such tyranny, when I

found them coming out of school. The joke became utterly stale; but new children were rising up till the last, and we had many a game of play which helped, not a little, to grease the wheels of the heavy vehicle.

Upon my departure, so much kindness was generously shown me, which I cannot leave unnoticed, that the only inference that could be drawn was, that no recollection of tyranny, however abominable it may have been, lingered in the minds of my good parishioners.

But it is high time to bring these confessions to a close. Confessions in public—and those are all that we have to do with here—are dangerous, and are not altogether free from unfavourable associations. The sole value of those which I have just made consists in their being a true record of facts, and in their presenting a specimen of the careers of many parish priests, who have striven quietly to do good with lovingkindness to all, of whatever class, who have been under their spiritual charge. Many, indeed, there are who have gone far beyond anything that I have recounted. Not because I have omitted the spiritual part of my duties, as to which I stand or fall to my great Master, the present question being solely as to the more secular side. It would be difficult, even in this more secular and outward province, to compile a record of all that parish priests have accomplished in this century to improve the condition of their parishioners. Schools built through their zeal and largely with their money; churches restored, or enlarged also and improved, or reared entirely; allotments let out; parish institutions set on foot; help sent continually from their private funds to the sick and needy; curates sometimes maintained when the incumbents worked for nothing or paid for the privilege of working; unceasing labour, often amidst obloquy:—this, too, before any of the recounted operations became the subjects of the platform or the schemes of ambitious men, who have found it easier to be lavish of the proceeds of taxes than generous of their own property:—and now in the face of such beneficial operations, and however much the clergy may have evinced gentleness and tolerance, and Christian and reasonable persuasion, they are branded as a reward, by some people, who receive only too much public encouragement, as 'village tyrants!'

But their works will follow them; their true character is too well known. It is not in olden times alone that it could be said of a parish priest that he was

> In his duty prompt at every call;
> He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.

The monuments of the zeal and devotion and love of those to whom an unscrupulousness, which must return upon itself, has given such a nickname, will remain for the honour of many, both clerical and lay, both squire and parson, to ages that shall have learnt to value

he noble and the good. I speak now, of course, solely of those levoted and generous men—and many indeed there are and have een—who have put the present record to shame. And if, in these lays of depression, of lowered incomes and generally scanty means, o much of outward charity cannot be exercised, yet it will be found hat the parochial clergy, of whom I am no longer one, can, as a ody, compete with any that have gone before them in devotion to heir duties, ministration to those who are in want, defer nderation for all their parishioners, and holiness of life. Just now, n some quarters, want of sound information leaves the field open to he charges of unprincipled or ignorant agitators who ought to know better But intelligence is rising gradually and surely, and in course of time all will be valued at the true price. The twentieth century may be trusted to cast away a vast amount of rubbish which has been imported in the nineteenth.——

But I forget myself: I am at the bar of public opinion as a 'village tyrant,' having been both a vicar and a rector.

EDWARD MILLER.

THE QUEEN AND HER FIRST PRIME MINISTER

When from the vantage-ground of far-distant centuries men come to look back upon the history of the British Empire, probably no figure will surpass in brilliancy and interest that of Queen Victoria. In order to form a just idea of the strong relief in which the Queen will stand out from her predecessors, it is necessary to imagine Elizabeth known to us by the light of her own utterances and those of her contemporaries; for it is thus that the Queen is revealed to the readers of her journals, her correspondence, and the memoirs of those who have been privileged to observe closely the higher political movement of her reign. The life of the Queen has been laid open to the eyes of all who care to look. It is pure and honest and simple beyond the lives of most women, and harmonises with the fancies upon which idealists have loved to dwell. Emotional, with full play of the higher feelings, tempered by caution and sound reason, the Queen has reigned over half a century without making a personal enemy, without creating a political foe. It is a famous record; for the negative virtues are the rarest of all in monarchs. No act of cruelty sullies the rule of Queen Victoria, and, so far as her subjects can judge of her, she has been unjust to none of them. This alone, apart from the lofty moral atmosphere in which she has always moved, is higher praise than any of her ancestors can boast.

It was 'in a palace in a garden, meet scene for youth, and innocence,' as one in later years to be her Minister has said, that she received the news of her accession to a throne overlooking 'every sea and nations in every zone.' There are but few who would deny that in its sequel her reign has proved worthy of its opening. Seldom has a woman been called upon to play a more difficult part than the young girl, hardly eighteen years old, who in June 1837, stood with bare feet, and in her nightdress, receiving the homage of the Lords who had come to announce to her that she was Queen of England.

The scene has been admirably described. William the Fourth was dead. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham were despatched to inform the Princess Victoria of the fact. It was a

warm night in June. The Princess was sleeping in her mother's room, her custom from childhood, and had to be summoned out of her sleep. The messengers awaited her in the long, unlofty room, separated only by folding-doors from that which was inhabited by the Duchess of Kent and her daughter. The young girl entered alone, in her nightdress, with some loose wrap thrown hastily about her. The moment she was addressed as 'Your Majesty' she put out her hand, intimating that the Lords who addressed her were to kiss it, and thereby do homage. Her schooling and her instincts were admirable from the first. Self-possession combined with perfect modesty came naturally to her. A few hours later, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the child-Queen met her Council. In the corridor at Windsor there is a picture which commemorates the event. Never, it has been said by an eye-witness, was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which was raised about her manner and behaviour, certainly not without justice. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her—for she had lived in complete seclusion—excited interest and curiosity. Asked whether she would enter the room accompanied by the Great Officers of State, she said she would come in alone. Accordingly, when all the Lords of the Privy Council were assembled, the folding-doors were thrown open, and the Queen entered, quite plainly dressed and in mourning, and took her seat for the first time, a young girl among a crowd of men, including all the most famous and powerful of her subjects. She bowed, and read her speech, handed to her by the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, in a clear and firm voice, and then took the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland. Immediately the Privy Councillors were sworn; the royal Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex first by themselves. It was observed that as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her swearing allegiance, she blushed up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and natural relations. Her manner was very graceful and engaging, and she kissed them both, and, rising from her chair, moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was too infirm to reach her. She spoke to no one, nor could the smallest difference in her manner be detected, though carefully scrutinised to see whether she drew distinction between Lord Melbourne and the Ministers on the one hand or the Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel on the other. Occasionally, when in doubt what to do, she looked to Lord Melbourne for instruction; but this rarely occurred. No wonder he was charmed; no wonder that Sir R. Peel was amazed at her manner and behaviour, at her apparent deep sense of the situation, at her modesty and her firmness. No wonder that the Duke of Wellington was constrained to admit that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better.

It was not only by her appearance and manner that the Queen made her charm felt. She acted in difficult circumstances with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense. To the Queen Dowager her behaviour was perfect. She wrote to her in the kindest terms, begging her to consult only her health and convenience, and to remain at Windsor as long as she pleased. This much any tender-hearted woman might have done; but her thoughtfulness for the feelings of others already was apparent in the smallest and least expected details. When about to go down to visit the Queen Dowager at Windsor, to Lord Melbourne's great surprise she told him that the flag on the Round Tower was flying half-mast high, and that as they would probably elevate it on her arrival, it would be better to send orders beforehand not to do so. He had never thought of the flag, nor did he know anything about it. Attention to details, which some would consider trifles, but which differentiate more than great actions the thoughtful from the thoughtless mind, has from her youth upwards been characteristic of the Queen. Of her good sense and caution ample proof was soon given in her treatment of those who had been about her since childhood. Upon none of them did she exclusively rely. Conroy she excluded at once, with a pension, from her immediate surroundings. The Baroness Lehzen remained as before her companion. It was noticed that whenever she was asked to decide upon some difficult matter she invariably said she would think it over and reply on the morrow. Men, knowing to what extent she relied upon the advice of Lord Melbourne, imagined that in everything she consulted him. He, however, declared that to many of his questions a similar reply was given.

The Minister was quickly absorbed by the novel and exciting duty which had fallen to him. No human relation could be more fascinating than that in which he stood to the Queen. Perhaps no man before or since has quite filled the place that Lord Melbourne occupied in the life of a girl who was not his wife or his daughter. For four years he saw the Queen every day. He was formed, as an acute observer noticed, to ingratiate himself with her. The unbounded consideration and respect with which he treated her, his desire to consult her tastes and wishes, the ease of his frank and natural manners, his quaint epigrammatic turn of mind, all helped to charm the girl who was his sovereign, but who also stood to him *in statu pupillari*. The excitement—for it would have been no less to him, a man of the world, with a romantic bias, as well as a keen practical intelligence—of having to guide and direct such a pupil can be well imagined.

He never betrayed his responsibility nor presumed upon his position. It was a piece of rare good fortune which found him Minister at the King's death. With all the immense powers of head and heart which the Queen came later to discover in Sir R. Peel, it is

more than doubtful if he could have fulfilled in the summer of 1837 the duties so easily assumed by his rival.

Lord Melbourne's life had been chequered by curious experiences. In the sphere of politics he had found himself on pleasant lines; but in private his lot had been cast with that of a woman versed in all the wearing secrets of romantic passion. To turn from the memory of his wife's wild excesses in thought and language to the pure-hearted and simple girl whom the Fates had given him as a Queen and a daughter must have touched him to the quick.

Varied as is the business of a Prime Minister, full as his mind must necessarily be of State affairs, Lord Melbourne's absorbing interest became the blossoming of this youthful character under his watchful eye and careful guardianship.

He was no longer young, but he was not old. At the Coronation, after the heroic figure of the Duke of Wellington, it was to Lord Melbourne that the attention of onlookers was mainly directed.

His head was a truly noble one [wrote Leslie, no mean judge]. I think, indeed, he was the finest specimen of manly beauty in the meridian of life I ever saw; not only were his features eminently handsome, but his expression was in the highest degree intellectual. His laugh was frequent, and the most joyous possible, and his voice so deep and musical, that to hear him say the most ordinary things was a pleasure; but his frankness, his freedom from affectation, and his peculiar humour rendered almost everything he said, though it seemed perfectly natural, yet quite original.

Chantrey's bust and the beautiful portraits in the corridor at Windsor—one taken when he was but a boy, the other in middle life—corroborate the view of his contemporaries. His memory was prodigious, and he read voraciously. In classical attainments, including a neat talent for verse, he was up to the high average level of the educated men of his time. In knowledge of history and of politics he was not surpassed by any; and no living Englishman was by age, character, and experience so well qualified for the task which lay under his hand.

That the young Queen should have become attached with almost filial regard to her Minister is not surprising, and that he admirably fulfilled his duty was never questioned by those who knew the truth. Sir R. Peel, his chief political opponent, admitted that the Queen could not do better than take his advice and abide by his counsel; and the Duke of Wellington, then Leader of the Opposition to him in the House of Lords, declared publicly that Lord Melbourne had rendered the greatest possible service by making the Queen acquainted with the mode and policy of government, initiating her into the laws and spirit of the Constitution, and teaching her to preside over the destinies of the country.

The initiation of the Queen into the spirit of the Constitution even Lord Melbourne's political foes felt could not be in better hands,

and although the *Times*, then a party journal, declared the all but infant and helpless Queen to be delivered up into the hands of the Whig Minister, and evidently anticipated the worst results from it, these prognostications were happily falsified. Her uncle, the King of the Belgians, and his curious mentor, the physician Stockmar, from the first endeavoured to instil into the Queen's mind her responsibilities as a constitutional sovereign, and the supreme importance of holding an impartial balance between the two great political parties. Had Lord Melbourne been a degree less loyal, had he been an office-seeker, had he possessed an exaggerated belief in his own infallibility, the Queen might not have responded so readily to the wise advice of her relative and of Stockmar. She has allowed the admission to be made on her behalf that between her accession and her marriage, in spite of Lord Melbourne's daily lessons, in reality because of their charm, she had drifted insensibly into political partisanship. Had it been otherwise she would not have been human; but it is to the credit of Lord Melbourne that neither by precept, nor hint, nor suggestion did he encourage his sovereign's bias towards the Whig party. He taught her the duties of queenship in their widest sense.

No pedagogue could have done this [says one of the most fascinating of biographers]; a professor from one of the universities might have taught her the letters of the Constitution in a course of morning lessons, but he would probably have failed to convey along with it that informing and quickening spirit without which the letter profiteth nothing, or leads to mischief.

He was, as he has been called, a Regius Professor, but with no professional disqualifications; and if to political Crokers, spell the word as you will, his influence seemed dangerous, the Tory leaders recognised the indispensable nature of his task, and acquiesced in his performance of it. He was a Whig, no doubt, says his biographer, but at any rate he was an honest-hearted Englishman, in no merely conventional sense a gentleman, on whose perfect honour no one hesitated to place reliance. He lived at Windsor Castle, and had constant access to the Queen. In the morning he took her the despatches, and explained them to her. After luncheon he rode with her, taking his place next to her. Or he rode by her side when she drove, with the Duchess of Kent, in a low carriage drawn by four white ponies, attended by grooms in scarlet, and a number of gentlemen riding in attendance. Or perhaps it was a review of troops in the park, when her Minister would stand and watch his charge as she rode between the lines, in the Windsor Uniform riding-habit, with the blue ribbon of the Garter, and a smart *chacot* trimmed with gold lace, returning the salutes of her troops by raising her hand to her cap in true military fashion. 'The most fascinating thing ever seen,' veteran officers would declare; and can there be any doubt that Lord Melbourne agreed with them in his hearty way? Or he

would be still prouder of her when, after bidding farewell to departing relatives, and about to leave the ship, the captain and officers betrayed their anxiety to assist her down the tall side of the vessel, she looked up with the greatest spirit, and said quite loud in her silvery voice, 'No help, thank you; I am used to this,' and descended, as an eye-witness noticed, 'like an old boatswain.' It is not, perhaps, astonishing that Lord Melbourne should have joined in the enthusiastic cheers of her sailors. Or he accompanied her on those Sunday afternoons, from four to five, when the band played upon the incomparable terrace at Windsor; and there are those who still remember the crowds of people, thick set rows of men, women, and Eton boys, pressing round the child-Queen as she walked, her courtiers hardly able to cleave a passage through them, and Lord Melbourne walking half a pace behind her, on her right, stooping a little so as to be quite within earshot; a fascinating sight; the homage of a protector.

Visitors at Windsor were struck with the Minister's manner to the Queen. The mixture of parental anxiety and respectful deference was naturally responded to by her, and she gave him her entire confidence. Greville remarked that he had no doubt Melbourne was passionately fond of her, as he might be of a daughter if he had one, and the more so because he was a man with a great capacity for loving without having anything in the world to love. As they are the impressions of an eye-witness, and a man of discrimination, it is worth while to quote Greville's Journal of the 15th December, 1838:—

Went on Wednesday to a Council at Windsor, and after the Council was invited to stay that night; rode with the Queen, and after riding, Melbourne came to me and said her Majesty wished me to stay the next day also. This was very gracious and very considerate, because it was done for the express purpose of showing that she was not displeased at my not staying when asked on a former occasion, and as she can have no object whatever in being civil to me, it was a proof of her good nature and thoughtfulness about other people's little vanities, even those of the most insignificant. Accordingly I remained till Friday morning, when I went with the rest of her suite to see the hounds throw off, which she herself saw for the first time. The Court is certainly not gay, but it is perhaps impossible that any Court should be gay where there is no social equality; where some ceremony and a continual air of deference and respect must be observed, there can be no ease, and without ease there can be no real pleasure. The Queen is natural, good-humoured, and cheerful, but still she is Queen, and by her must the social habits and the tone of conversation be regulated, and for this she is too young and inexperienced. She sits at a large round table, her guests around it, and Melbourne always in a chair beside her, where two mortal hours are consumed in such conversation as can be found, which appears to be, and really is, very uphill work. This, however, is the only bad part of the whole; the rest of the day is passed without the slightest constraint, trouble, or annoyance to anybody; each person is at liberty to employ himself or herself as best pleases them, though very little is done in common, and in this respect Windsor is totally unlike any other place. There is none of the sociability which makes the agreeableness of an English

country house; there is no room in which the guests assemble, sit, lounge, and talk as they please and when they please; there is a billiard-table, but in such a remote corner of the Castle that it might as well be in the town of Windsor; and there is a library well stocked with books, but hardly accessible, imperfectly warmed, and only tenanted by the librarian: it is a mere library, too, unfurnished, and offering none of the comforts and luxuries of a habitable room. There are two breakfast-rooms, one for the ladies and the guests, and the other for the equerries, but when the meal is over everybody disperses, and nothing but another meal reunites the company, so that, in fact, there is no society whatever, little trouble, little etiquette, but very little resource or amusement.

The life which the Queen leads is this: she gets up soon after eight o'clock, breakfasts in her own room, and is employed the whole morning in transacting business; she reads all the despatches and has every matter of interest and importance in every department laid before her. At eleven or twelve Melbourne comes to her and stays an hour, more or less, according to the business he may have to transact. At two she rides with a large suite (and she likes to have it numerous); Melbourne always rides on her left hand, and the equerry-in-waiting generally on her right; she rides for two hours along the road, and the greater part of the time at a full gallop; after riding, she amuses herself for the rest of the afternoon with music and singing, playing, romping with children, if there are any in the Castle (and she is so fond of them that she generally contrives to have some there), or in any other way she fancies. The hour of dinner is nominally half-past seven o'clock, soon after which time the guests assemble, but she seldom appears till near eight. The lord-in-waiting comes into the drawing-room and instructs each gentleman which lady he is to take to dinner. When the guests are all assembled the Queen comes in, preceded by the gentlemen of her household, and followed by the Duchess of Kent and all her ladies; she speaks to each lady, bows to the men, and goes immediately into the dining-room. She generally takes the arm of the man of the highest rank, but on this occasion she went with Mr. Stephenson, the American Minister (though he has no rank), which was very wisely done. Melbourne invariably sits on her left, no matter who may be there; she remains at table the usual time, but does not suffer the men to sit long after her, and we were summoned to coffee in less than a quarter of an hour. In the drawing-room she never sits down till the men make their appearance. Coffee is served to them in the adjoining room, and then they go into the drawing-room, when she goes round and says a few words to each, of the most trivial nature, all however very civil and cordial in manner and expression. When this little ceremony is over, the Duchess of Kent's whist table is arranged, and then the round table is marshalled, Melbourne invariably sitting on the left hand of the Queen, and remaining there without moving till the evening is at an end. At about half-past eleven she goes to bed, or whenever the Duchess has played her usual number of rubbers, and the band have performed all the pieces on their list for the night. This is the whole history of her day: she orders and regulates every detail herself, she knows where everybody is lodged in the Castle, settles about the riding or driving, and enters into every particular with minute attention. But while she personally gives her orders to her various attendants, and does everything that is civil to all the inmates of the Castle, she really has nothing to do with anybody but Melbourne, and with him she passes (if not in *tete-à-tête*, yet in intimate communication) more hours than any two people, in any relation of life, perhaps ever do pass together besides. He is at her side for at least six hours every day—an hour in the morning, two on horseback, one at dinner, and two in the evening. This monopoly is certainly not judicious; it is not altogether consistent with social usage, and it leads to an infraction of those rules of etiquette which it is better to observe with regularity at Court. But it is more peculiarly inexpedient with reference to her own future enjoyment, for if Melbourne should

be compelled to resign, her privations will be the more bitter on account of the exclusiveness of her intimacy with him. Accordingly, her terror when any danger menaces the Government, her nervous apprehension at any appearance of change, affect her health, and upon one occasion during the last session she actually fretted herself into an illness at the notion of their going out. It must be owned that her feelings are not unnatural, any more than those which Melbourne entertains towards her. His manner to her is perfect, always respectful, and never presuming upon the extraordinary distinction he enjoys; hers to him is simple and natural, indicative of the confidence she reposes in him, and of her lively taste for his society, but not marked by any unbecoming familiarity. Interesting as his position is, and flattered, gratified, and touched as he must be by the confiding devotion with which she places herself in his hands, it is still marvellous that he should be able to overcome the force of habit so completely as to endure the life he leads. Month after month he remains at the Castle, submitting to this daily routine; of all men he appeared to be the last to be broken in to the trammels of a Court, and never was such a revolution seen in anybody's occupations and habits. Instead of indolently sprawling in all the attitudes of luxurious ease, he is always sitting bolt upright; his free and easy language, interlarded with 'damns,' is carefully guarded and regulated with the strictest propriety, and he has exchanged the good talk of Holland House for the trivial, laboured, and wearisome inanities of the Royal circle.

Greville noticed that the Queen never ceased to be Queen, and that all her naiveté, kindness, and good-nature were combined with the propriety and dignity demanded by her lofty station.

Lord Melbourne had been in public life for many years, and since 1835 he had been Prime Minister; but as leader of the Whig party, and as a statesman, although he had exhibited skill, and occasionally power, he had never shown himself to be indispensable, or to be filling an office that could not have been equally well filled by half a dozen of his contemporaries. Now, however, all was changed. The importance of his work, as is commonly the case, was at the time not fully appreciated. Doubtless far more interest was felt in the controversial questions of domestic politics which then divided parties; and the respective attitudes of Lord Durham and Lord Brougham were thought to have far deeper influence on public affairs than the relation of the Queen to her Minister.

In reality, however, the inevitable Irish question, troubles in Egypt, missions to Afghanistan, Persian wars, all important in their way, sink into insignificance beside the great political event which was exclusively controlled by Lord Melbourne when he undertook to form the political character of the Queen.

It is difficult to overestimate the value to England and to the Empire of the four years of teaching which the Queen received at Lord Melbourne's hands.

It is possible to exaggerate the effect produced by such admirable letters as those of the King of the Belgians, and the sound dogmatising of Baron Stöckmar; but Lord Melbourne's daily culture of the Queen's mind, his careful pruning away of extraneous growths harmful in a constitutional sovereign, his respectful explanation of her

duties, cannot have failed to have rendered her more fit to receive and profit by the closer friend and guide who was to follow, and whose teaching was in a great degree a variation upon the text of the Whig Minister.

Speculation staggers at the prospect of what might have occurred if Queen Victoria had exhibited the obstinacy of her grandfather, or the partisanship of Queen Anne, or the unconscientious neglect of duty so conspicuous in George the Fourth. Those first four years of her reign were crucial in their importance to the formation of her character as a sovereign and a woman. From their novelty and excitement they must have left the young girl in a mental state only too ready to receive lifelong impressions of good or evil. The Queen has said that they were years full of peril for her, and has expressed her gratitude that none of her children have had to run the risk she believes herself to have incurred. It was England's good fortune as well as the Queen's that at such a moment Lord Melbourne's guiding hand was held out to her.

In spite of all that he could do to inure her to the idea, it soon became clear that the Queen viewed with dismay a change of Ministers which would deprive her of his advice and companionship; her feelings, when strongly stirred, have always been but partially under control; and when the crisis of his ministerial fate arrived in May 1839, Lord Melbourne's earnest endeavour to smooth the way for Sir Robert Peel was not altogether successful.

The 'Bedchamber Question' seems by the light of subsequent years to have admitted of only one proper solution; and that Lord Melbourne showed want of foresight in not preparing the Queen's mind for the inevitable change in the *personnel* of her Court, and want of resolution in advising her to yield to Sir Robert Peel's strong representations, has never in recent years been denied. The temptation was strong to support her in her maidenly desire not to part with the Duchess of Sutherland and other ladies who had been around her since her accession; while party tacticians derived hopeful satisfaction from the capital which they hoped to make of Ministerial devotion to the person of the youthful sovereign, and of self-immolation upon the altar of her natural feelings. As is obvious from his subsequent life, Lord Melbourne, when the moment of parting came, was singularly loth to leave his pupil while any chance remained which enabled him to continue to live the engrossing life of the past two years.

It came to pass, however, that the Princess of nineteen was strong enough to overturn a great Ministerial combination; that in doing so she was supported by the Whig party; that the phrase, 'I have stood by you: you must now stand by me' in the mouth of a sovereign, successfully appealed to one of the house of Russell; that the charming petulance of the cry, 'They wish to treat me like a girl, but I will show them I am Queen of England,' went

unchallenged at a Whig Cabinet; and that the doctrine that the *principle* was not maintainable, but that they were bound *as gentlemen* to support the Queen, actually decided a Whig Government to continue to enjoy for two years a further term of office. Such is the force of the human element in great affairs to the confusion of doctrinaires and unfortunate devotees of science.

Possibly some kind divinity interposed to assist the Queen at this moment, pregnant as it was with a change vital to her reign, as well as to her personal happiness; for in a few short months it was to Lord Melbourne, a real friend of comparative long standing, rather than to a stranger however kindly disposed, that she came to announce her intention of asking Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg to become her consort; and it was not from formal lips, but from the heart of her Minister and friend, that the words of approval and congratulation flowed. No one else could have said to her in homely language, 'You will be very much more comfortable, for a woman cannot stand alone for any time, in whatever position she may be'; and no one during the trying months that followed, in which the joys of a love match were curiously blended with painful discussions in Parliament, and hateful but necessary public arrangements, could have filled adequately Lord Melbourne's place in the eyes of the fatherless girl who stood alone, without a male friend or protector of any kind. It is not surprising that at the Council, when she announced her approaching marriage, her nervousness should have permitted her to notice only the kindly face of her Prime Minister, and still less wonderful is it that in that momentary glance she should have seen that his eyes were full of tears. The prevision of work well-nigh accomplished must have rushed upon him with full and saddening force, and the feeling of pleasure in the Queen's happiness must have been shot with sorrow at the thought of the fascinating tutelage which was about to end.

During the eighteen months that followed the 10th of February, 1840, when the Queen was married, to the 31st of August, 1841, when Sir Robert Peel was sent for by the Queen, her Minister was engaged in the task of providing himself with a successor. For it was only in a limited sense that Peel took his predecessor's place, and the real successor to Lord Melbourne, in influence, in authority, and in guidance, was Prince Albert, a mere boy in years, but who had been so carefully trained, and was happily endowed with such singular powers of self-control in one so young, that he from the first seemed to experience no difficulty in taking Lord Melbourne's place at the side of the Queen. It was as though a guardian had relinquished his trust; and with the fall of the Melbourne Government, the reign of the Queen may be said to have come of age.

For some time the end of the Administration was seen to be approaching, and abnormal perception in reading political signs was not

required to forecast the result of an appeal to the country whenever it should take place; but Lord Melbourne's fall, though generally welcomed, carried with it an unusual degree of personal pain to the Sovereign and her Minister. Notwithstanding his regret, Lord Melbourne took leave of the Queen with his usual cheerful smile, although the pathos of parting from something more cherished than political power rings in the almost familiar words of farewell which she herself has recorded. He pretended that his principal sorrow was for her, but in reality his was the heavier burden. 'For four years I have seen you every day; but it is so different now to what it would have been in 1839.' It was different, no doubt, and it was Lord Melbourne above all who was about to feel the quality of the difference.

During the leave-taking the Queen admits that she was much affected, and that the separation from her old friend was a trying time for her, when all the consolation which her husband could give her was required. This was freely bestowed, and the exigencies of her great position speedily reinvolved her in affairs of State, clouding regrets in the dust of strenuous and constant duty.

To Lord Melbourne, however, the end of life had come. He was sixty-three, still young as the days of statesmen are now counted, but his work was done and his mission fulfilled. He had placed the sceptre and globe in the hands of the youthful Sovereign, and there was no further need for him in the world.

The truth seemed to strike him with overwhelming force, and although he tried to simulate a continued interest in public affairs, and to persuade himself that he was yet in full career, the melancholy of hopelessness gradually enveloped him, and threw into deep shadow the remaining years of his life. To resume old habits, to turn to the classics, to books, to old friends anxious to welcome him, or to new ones eager for his society, seemed alike impossible. The reaction was too great, and the difference between what was and what had been too profound.

Into a solitary and loveless life the most thrilling human element had been accidentally introduced, and, like Silas Marner, who, expectant of mere gold coin, suddenly found the golden head of a child, so Lord Melbourne, in the lottery of political life, obtained not only the first place, but a prize from which the wifeless and childless man could not find himself bereft without complete loss of mental balance. It is painful to lift the veil from those last sad years, when at Brocket, the home of his youth, the ex-Minister slowly sank into the grave.

Hearts break oftener than is generally supposed, and they are cleft upon curious and unnoticed angles. Many attempts were made, by the Queen herself and others, to rouse the drooping spirit of one whose name is associated with a nature almost reckless in its *insouciance* and gaiety; but they were fruitless. When the end finally came, no one grieved more deeply than the Lady whose debt to him

was so heavy, and was so fully recognised. It was some consolation to feel that during the last 'melancholy years of his life' his pupil and her husband had been often the 'chief means of giving him' fitful gleams of pleasure; and no one can doubt the sincerity of the passage in the Queen's journal which records how 'truly and sincerely' she deplored 'the loss of one who was a most kind and disinterested friend of mine, and most sincerely attached to me'—one who was, 'for the first two years and a half of my reign, almost the only friend I had.'

It may be the tendency of modern times to look less upon individual character than upon vast masses of nameless men as the determining factor in great public affairs, so that hereafter Englishmen may come to view the history of their race much as some of us gaze upon the stars, with an indefinite and confused sense of glory the riddle of which we cannot read; but it is impossible that those who look back to the reign of Queen Victoria should not pause for a moment, held in thrall by the moving figure of the girl-Queen, stepping as it were from innocent sleep, with bare feet and dazzled eyes, upon the slippery steps of her throne, supported by the tender and respectful hand of the first of her long series of Prime Ministers.

REGINALD B. BRETT.

THE INDEX AND MY ARTICLES ON HELL

So much misunderstanding exists with respect to the recent decrees of the Sacred Congregations of the Index and Inquisition against my articles on Hell in this Journal, and also concerning my act of submission thereto, that some explanation seems necessary on my part.

I have met with violent denunciations of Rome and her ways, and I also find myself charged with being 'guilty either of deception or hypocrisy,' with not having 'acted as a man,' with 'being a coward,' and with various other offences and grave defects. For such censures, as regards myself, I care extremely little, and I should not trouble the public with a line of explanation or self-defence, but for the following reason. By a curious chain of circumstances, it happens that I, however unworthy of so great an honour, have become, for the moment, the representative of a certain school of thought, the reasonableness of which it is, in my eyes, a matter of great importance to vindicate.

Thus I feel bound to offer, in spite of my great reluctance so to do, an explanation of my recent actions. This, however, cannot be done without first setting forth the principles which governed me in so doing, and this further involves the laying bare of what, to the writer's mind, are the ultimate foundations of all religion.

But I desire first to assure my readers that, in all I have written upon that subject, I have ever been exclusively guided by what appeared to me to be the dictates of calm and solid reason. I have never felt even a temptation to yield to the glamour of mere religious emotion. I have also been habitually possessed by a strong desire to probe questions to their ultimate foundations, and, as a consequence, have arrived at the conclusion that all knowledge whatever must rest upon the power of our intellect to apprehend: (1) certain ultimate facts, (2) certain necessary principles, and (3) certain valid processes of reasoning. If the certainty of these facts, principles and processes be denied, or even really doubted, we are logically reduced to a state of mental paralysis, whereby not only all religious belief but all physical science also, become logically impossible.

Having justified, to my own satisfaction the validity of human

reason, the existence of God becomes, for me, one of the most certain of all facts, after that of my own existence. It is, of course, an inference, not an intuition. I need hardly disclaim the possession of any exceptional faculty whatever, any 'spiritual illumination' not possessed by all my fellow-men. I can boast of nothing more than 'ordinary common-sense,' the careful use of which I deem to be enough for human needs.

There is not space, nor would it be here suitable, to draw out the reasons which seem to me to make the existence of God a necessary inference to the mind of every unbiassed inquirer. I must refer those interested about it to what I have elsewhere[1] said, and limit myself now to a bald statement of the essential groundwork of my conviction.

The universe, considered as a whole, being necessarily one, cannot owe its powers and qualities to any competitive process of 'natural selection,' but demands for its being (even if eternal) a cause adequate to the production of intelligence, goodness, and will, since such qualities and powers exist within this world of ours. In other words, a study of the world makes known to our reason the existence, and in part the nature, of God. But the recognition of the existence of a God such that beauty, truth, and goodness pertain to His essence, suffices to make clear[2] to anyone who has mastered the distinctness of ethics, that such a Deity must be essentially moral.

But when we ponder over the grave truth of God's existence, and consider what reason clearly indicates with respect to His nature, the probability that He has made some revelation as to His being and His law, beyond what pure reason can attain to, forces itself upon many minds, as it has forced itself upon my own.

Not but that a full recognition of God's existence and an intelligent and earnest acceptance of natural religion, though no revelation should be vouchsafed, is an enormous advantage and consolation.

Still its vagueness is distressing to those who seek guidance and desire to act rightly. There are no means of ascertaining, beyond the dictates of the moral law perceptible by reason, what, if any,

[1] See *On Truth*, chap. xxvi. pp. 450-499. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1889.)

[2] Clear as this certainty is to my own mind now, I fully understand how it may not be so to many others, for to different minds it must have different aspects. To the good, it must have a consoling and to the vicious a menacing aspect; while it may be unwelcome to some whom we have no reason to class in one or other of these categories. As I have before said: 'There are not a few men, justly esteemed for many excellent qualities, to whom it may be unwelcome. Good citizens, loving parents and brothers, true and faithful friends, and fair unmalicious opponents, they may nevertheless regard with extreme repugnance the command to worship and explicitly serve a supreme invisible Power, and to submit their thoughts, no less than their words and actions, to the judgment of a Being who holds absolute sway over both their inmost conscience and their future destiny.' (*American Catholic Quarterly Review* for April 1891, p. 312.) In the article here quoted I have endeavoured to point out the stultifying effects which follow upon the denial of the certainty, which reason establishes, with respect to God's existence.

personal relations are possible with Him, what service and worship should be paid Him, or what prospects are before us as to a future life. The apprehension, also, of His infinite and inconceivable superiority might lead us to think that His continued worship was, so to speak, our one only duty, because so unspeakably more incumbent on us than any other can possibly be.

It is difficult to think that a God of supreme goodness would leave us without any response to all our best and highest aspirations. As Mr. Frederic Harrison has well said :[3]

> Men, women and children, parents and kinsfolk, those who are trying to comfort, those who are seeking to amend, those who mourn and those who fear--all around us are ever crying out: What is the relation of man to the Author of the world? Is there or is there not a moral providence on earth? Is there a supreme power here; is it good, is it wise, is it loving, or is it indifferent to man and alien from him? Have I an immortal soul, and what becomes of it when I die? Does right conduct on earth concern any unseen power at all? Will our good and bad acts done in the flesh be counted to any of us beyond the earthly life? These questions are being asked in public and in secret, hour by hour, by all our fellow-beings, often with tears and groans and agonies of hope, fear and yearning.

Truly a revelation from God, as a thing intensely desired by the worthiest of mankind, is, at least, to be deemed, by Theists, a probability.

Yet it is surely reasonable to expect that God, being necessarily incomprehensible to us, religion as known to Him—*objective religion* -- cannot be fully revealed to creatures with no higher faculties than those which men possess. They might be expected to be only able to apprehend Him and it by symbols—'as in a glass darkly.'

Nevertheless, there is one characteristic which revelation must have. It must respond to and tend to promote lofty aspirations and virtuous actions, and it must be able to guard its faithful followers from falling into fatal errors of faith or morals.

It need not tend to promote physical science, health, long life, or any merely worldly prosperity. Neither health nor long life is always necessarily to be desired, while, if there is such a thing as revealed knowledge about God and our relations towards Him, all other knowledge (however excellent and admirable in itself) must, compared with such truths of revelation, be simply valueless.

Firmly convinced of the foregoing truths, I turn to consider the religious beliefs of mankind, with all the aid to be gained from science, including the 'science of religions.' The result in my own case is that I find none, claiming to be a revelation, which I can possibly regard as such, save the *Christian revelation*. But men who accept and teach what they declare to be Christianity are divided into various more or less organised bodies; yet of these there is but one which loudly and unequivocally proclaims that it, and it alone, is the organ

[3] See *Fortnightly Review* for October 1892, p. 422.

of Divine revelation, and exclusively possesses *authority* which all men throughout the world are bound to obey. I also note that this organisation, or 'Church,' is spread throughout the world, has been always and everywhere known as *Catholic*, and has its headquarters in and is ruled from *Rome*.

Turning then to history, I gather that Christianity, while struggling with, and slowly dominating, Paganism,[1] possessed two essential characteristics: (1) *Catholicity* and (2) *Authority*, and regarded with great respect and deference the *head of the Roman Church*. It is also plain that the modern Roman Catholic Church is the direct and uninterrupted descendant of the primitive Church of Rome.

Now it is manifestly absurd for any corporate body to command submission to its authority and assent to its teaching, while it admits that it is not infallible, but may be mistaken.

The Church of Rome, however, *does* assert itself to possess not only absolute, but also *infallible*, authority, and that, without being inspired, it is, nevertheless, so *assisted* by the Divine Spirit that its Supreme Head, the Pope, when teaching *ex cathedra*, cannot fall into error as regards either faith or morals.

For me, therefore, no revelation is possible save Roman Catholicism. No other Church—as geography shows us—possesses the attribute of 'Catholicity,' while no other one even professes to possess the gifts of absolute and exclusive 'Authority' and 'infallibility.'

Thereupon I proceed to examine the doctrines which that Church propounds, to see if there is any one of them which contradicts what my reason assures me is evidently and necessarily true. Such a contradiction would, of course, make the acceptance of the asserted revelation impossible; although a reasonable man might anticipate that it would set forth doctrines to which the unassisted reason of mankind could never attain.

Now I must distinctly declare, not only that I have found nothing in the Catholic faith—nothing that is *de fide*—which conflicts with my reason, but that, through it, I have obtained conceptions which have much broadened my mind and strengthened my intellect. I am, indeed, certain that everyone who has not become acquainted with Catholic theology (whether he accepts it or not) is and must be, so far, in an intellectually inferior position.

To those who have written to invite me to take refuge in the Anglican Church I must repeat, no Church has any logical position in my eyes save the Roman Church. As to Anglicanism, its original sin against authority is manifest. The schismatical Act of Convocation of 1531 was an Act *ultra vires* on the principles till then universally accepted in England, and which made the Pope's assent to any considerable change needful even in the eyes of the State. When unity had been restored under good Queen Mary, nothing less than an

[1] See *The Nineteenth Century* for November 1893.

ecclesiastical revolution was needed to destroy it, and the ecclesiastical power in England was revolutionised. The Lower House of Convocation met and called on the Bishops to support Papal Supremacy, which they nobly did. The consequence was that all the Bishops, with one exception, then living in England, were deprived for refusing to accept Elizabeth's supremacy. To regard the set of Calvinistic time-servers who were intruded into our Cathedrals by that Queen as being any sort of continuation of the mediæval Church, and successors of Augustine and his Bishops, seems to me as irrational as Agnosticism—that is, as irrational as possible. The Calvinists so intruded by Elizabeth as little thought of consecrating Bishops, in the Catholic sense, or of ordaining 'Sacrificial Priests,' as did Drs. Blomfield and Sumner, and probably all the other Anglican Bishops of the days of my boyhood.

I know nothing which seems at once so pathetic and so absurdly grotesque as for members of the Anglican Church to pretend to be *Catholics*. For that Church, as I have often said, I have sincere esteem. I owe to it much gratitude, and for many of its members I entertain most profound respect and admiration. Nevertheless, it is impossible for me to regard seriously its claims to be sacerdotal, sacramental, authoritative, traditional and Catholic. I can understand young men who have only known the Establishment of late years being blind to the absurdity of such claims; but how men more than sixty, who know the thoroughly Protestant character of the Church of their boyhood, can seriously regard it as having any pretensions to *Catholicity*, passes my comprehension.

As to the essential characteristic of Authority, the utter absence of any authoritative teaching is, at this moment, being made most ludicrously manifest at the Church Congress at Birmingham, as reported in the *Times* of the 5th of October. There, to a very High Church speech by the amiable and admirable President of the English Church Union, Viscount Halifax, there succeeded another by Sir R. Lighton, in violent doctrinal contradiction to the former, and this was followed by another by the Dean of Winchester, pointing out the defects of 'Cathedral worship,' and warning his hearers against the risk of 'sinking to the level' of sacrificial worship. On the next day the President, the Bishop of Worcester, declaimed against the sacramental need of Episcopacy, while Archdeacon Emery communicated a paper wherein, with great truth, hearers were complacently warned never to forget 'that the Church of England' under Elizabeth was 'a Protestant body differing nothing doctrinally from the Church of Switzerland, so far as its tests and conditions of communion were concerned.' Next came 'Father Ignatius,' masquerading as a Benedictine monk, and vehemently denouncing the unorthodoxy of the Rev. C. Gore of *Lux Mundi* fame.

But these facts should not blind us to the good work the High

Church party in the Establishment is doing. The English people are sadly inaccessible to the Catholic clergy on account of old habits and traditional prejudices; and modern Catholic worship is often strange and repellent to them. But the Ritualistic ministers of the Establishment can easily obtain a hearing and succeed in scattering the good seed of Roman doctrine far and wide. We now frequently meet with devout practices which, forty years ago, were unheard of, save to be denounced and scouted, outside the small Catholic body. But Ritualists are rapidly making the word 'Protestant' to stink in the nostrils of their congregations, and causing them to regard it as a detestable form of belief. Thus, not only are our ancient churches being renovated and decorated in the Roman spirit, and so prepared for us, but congregations to fill them are also being gathered together.

The devoted and noble-minded men who form the advanced party are preparing the way for a great increase of the Catholic Church in England, but it nevertheless hardly seems possible to hope that the great majority of Anglican clergymen will follow in the footsteps of Cardinal Newman. On the other hand, Evangelicalism is rapidly dying out, and it is impossible yet to foresee what will be the ultimate fate of the Church of England.

We cannot, of course, deny the possibility that a large section or the overwhelming majority of that Church may come to submit to terms which may allow of its being received into unity as one mass, but the probability of this is by no means apparent.

The Anglican Church can (unless I am greatly mistaken) have no prolonged career before it as a sacerdotal, dogmatic, separate body; but it may nevertheless have a future before it of another kind. In an interesting and, as yet, unpublished letter of Cardinal Newman, addressed to me (the 25th of March, 1884), he says:

> My main argument for becoming a Catholic was that Anglicans themselves professed to believe that our Lord had set up a *Church*. Had He, or had He not? If He had, then it was a teaching Church. What could it be else? Now the Church of England was not a teaching body, it was a house divided against itself. This I say now. An experiment is going on; whether a Christian Church can be without a definite, recognised creed. It is a problem which cannot be worked out in a generation. Nothing has happened to change the view I held thirty or forty years ago.

It is possible that many who are now utter unbelievers, may be willing to acknowledge Christ as in some sense the Saviour of the world, though a mere man. It is true also that, for a community bound to no more definite doctrinal beliefs than those which any Unitarians or Socinians profess, the Anglican Ritualistic service, poetically interpreted, can serve excellently well as a mode of decorous public worship, suited for a cultured and refined community. It may thus be one of various forms of merely Theistic belief. This is one thing; but to be a Church professing definite dogmas, and able to authoritatively define and enforce the acceptance of such fresh definitions and decisions as

the restless activity of the human intellect must, from time to time, ever render necessary, is a *very* different matter.

As an example of the power and wisdom of the Roman Church in the authoritative development of doctrines and practices, let us briefly consider the Catholic doctrine as to the Eucharist. Like the doctrines of the Hypostatic union of the two natures in our Lord's person, and like that of the Holy Trinity, the doctrine of the Eucharist is beyond human comprehension, though by no means contradictory to human reason. Yet before it our imaginative powers are helpless. However certain the truth the doctrine expressed, it is no less certain that, in whatever way we picture that mystery to the imagination, the picture will be false. Yet the doctrine has been authoritatively proclaimed and universally accepted.

That dogma also affords an excellent example of the vitality of the Roman Church. Once grant the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence, and no development can be more rational and legitimate than such ritual ones as the 'elevation of the Host,' the Procession of *Corpus Christi*, and the practices known as 'Exposition,' and 'Benediction,' and communion in one kind.

Now the Greek doctrine of the Eucharist is indistinguishable from that of Rome, yet the half-fossilised Greek Church has effected no parallel legitimate and rational development.

Comparable with this gradual manifestation of the full meaning of our Lord's sacramental words at the Last Supper, has been the gradual manifestation of the full significance of His conferring on St. Peter a supreme charge, with the power of the keys. The complete Papal supremacy of to-day was in the Popes of the first two centuries, as the oak within the acorn, latent, but certain to put forth every twig and leaf in due season. God's providence and human (often unintentional) action combining to afford the requisite conditions for the process of its evolution, till, with entire consistency, Papal infallibility was authoritatively proclaimed at the Vatican Council.

Such having been my view as to the Roman Catholic Church—it having been, as it now is, my conviction that no choice exists between its acceptance and mere Theism—the reader may easily understand the *raison d'être* of the course I have pursued for three-and-twenty years.

It has long been evident to me that an enormous mass of ignorance and prejudice hides from a multitude of well-meaning men the goodness, beauty and truth of the Catholic faith. Therefore, I have again and again endeavoured to diminish such ignorance and prejudice by pointing out the harmony which really exists between Catholicity and science, both physical and historical. Having also been strongly impressed with the enormous evils which have arisen from misunderstandings as to what it is of obligation to believe about hell. I published the three well-known articles on that subject which successively

appeared in the pages of this Review. In the first of these my position was that of an impartial student writing under a deep sense of responsibility. My second and third articles were replies to critics,[5] and therein I was necessarily driven to assume the position of an advocate.

I wrote them for two reasons: (1) because I knew of persons who had left, and of others who were about to leave, the Church on account of what they believed to be its authoritative teaching[6] about hell; (2) because amongst educated non-Catholics in England the belief in hell has almost died out.

Convinced as I was, and am, that a belief in an eternal hell is a most reasonable belief, and that the Church's doctrine fully accords 'with right reason, the highest morality, and the greatest benevolence,' I did my best to show that such was evidently the case. But the method I employed was unfortunate, and my articles were, as the reader knows, placed on the Roman Index and condemned by the Holy Office. This circumstance has shocked very many people, and my submission, *ex animo*, to what was done at Rome has displeased others.

I am convinced there is no real cause why anyone should be either 'shocked' or 'displeased,' but the very reverse, and this for the following reasons:

My first article occasioned a great outcry amongst the Catholic clergy in England, though it was widely welcomed by those of the United States. It was also, most singularly, misunderstood. Thus, for example, when I said that there might be as much real gain as loss in the limited diffusion of, and defections from, Christianity, I was supposed to imply that Christianity was but of small importance, and its propagation a matter of little consequence. Yet none of my critics would deny that a priest or monk who led a bad life and came to a bad end had better have been neither one nor the other. Surely the same thing applies, in a less degree, to every bad Christian. From the man to whom much is given much will be required.[7]

[5] See *The Nineteenth Century* for September 1893, p 489, where Father Clarke, S.J., speaks 'of the liberty enjoyed by every Catholic' to reply even to episcopal utterances. It is, of course, to the Episcopate of each nation that the loyal obedience of every Catholic is due, after that he owes to the Supreme Pontiff.

[6] It may be well here to quote, with respect to our conceptions of God's benevolence, a passage from a letter written by the late Dr. Ward, in July 1865, to John Stuart Mill. Therein he says: 'I may take the opportunity of saying how *heartily I agree* with the drift of that passage about God which has so excited the bitterness of many Christians. To me it seems simply axiomatic, and I am quite confident no Catholic doctor has held that a malignant Creator would have any claims except to resistance and detestation.'

[7] See 2 Epistle General of St. Peter ii. 20, 21. In the second of these verses we read: 'For it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them.' That is just what I meant, neither more or less.

My meaning concerning the possible unconsciousness, as to certain conditions attending their future state, of some souls, was also strangely misunderstood. But to attempt any further explanation as to what was my meaning in the articles which have been condemned might now be deemed unbecoming on my part, and certainly nothing could be further from my intention than in an indirect way to bring forward again anything which authority may have intended to condemn. Having been thus misunderstood in various important points, hostile action was taken. Father Clarke, S.J., in his last article,[8] describes how, when 'some pastor of the Church, bishop or parish priest,' feels alarm at some newly published doctrine, he 'selects from the writings that contain it a number of Propositions . . . and forwards them [to Rome] with a letter asking for an authoritative judgment respecting them.'

In my case I have reason to believe that certain influential English clergy solicited the condemnation of a variety of propositions contained in my articles, and the Bishop of Nottingham[9] said that some of them merited censure. Yet, as Father Clarke, S.J., further tells us (p. 500), the decree when issued did 'not select any special assertions therein contained for note or censure, and we therefore have no right to pass sentence on any individual proposition laid down by Mr. Mivart.' The Congregation of the Index does not assign reasons for its acts, and we cannot say in various cases why a work has been condemned. A condemnation may be issued for any of the following reasons: —

(1) The subject may be one not deemed opportune.

(2) It may be thought that the subject is so indiscreetly treated as to be likely to do harm.

(3) Dignitaries may have been too roughly handled.

(4) It may contain incidental errors of a grave kind.

(5) Expressions used may involve serious errors which it would not be opportune to call attention to.

(6) The work may contain many grave errors and be altogether worthless.

To show how it is possible that a work may be on the Index without its containing any doctrinal error, it is enough to refer to the hood worn by St. Francis of Assisium. Any book now written about what was the probable shape of that hood, has *ipso facto* its place upon the Index.

But books that have been so placed, even after a condemnation of the Holy Office, are often, sooner or later, removed from the list.

[8] P. 490.

[9] It may be of some interest to note that a work, entitled *Heaven Opened* (Richardson & Son, Derby, 1880), by the Rev. Father Collins (a Cistercian monk) puts forward (pp. 344–347) views essentially similar to those in my articles. Nevertheless it was published with the 'imprimatur' of the present Bishop of Nottingham.

Thus pastoral letters of Cardinal de Noailles, Archbishop of Paris, and those of the Bishops of Boulogne and Bayonne, which were thus condemned in 1714, were removed from the Index in 1819, although the pastoral letter of another De Noailles, Bishop of Châlons, was kept upon it. Some writings also of R. P. Mattharo, condemned in 1804, are removed from the list of 1881.

But as to any judgment of these Congregations, even Father Clarke, S.J., himself says (p. 494) that it is 'issued in the name of the Congregation, not in that of the Pope, and remains, therefore, altogether outside the sphere of infallibility.' As the *Tablet* has well observed, the Infallible Papal Authority cannot be put into commission. The Jesuit Father Hurter, with whom in this respect the great majority of Theologians agree, has said: 'Hinc decreta congregationum non sunt infallibilia etiamsi Pontificis nomine et auctoritate sint edita, imo etiamsi edantur, facta ad ipsum relatione, ipsoque sciente, consentiente et hoc modo approbante.'

But, whatever may be the fallibility of this or that authority, I have certainly not the least pretension to be infallible myself! Therefore there may be theological errors, quite unknown to me, in my articles, and it is at least certain that in some passages their tone was such that offence might easily have been given. Moreover, it cannot surely be supposed I think myself an unerring judge as to the opportuneness of what I may have advanced. What is lawful is not always expedient. Obviously even the absolute truth[10] must not be always and everywhere proclaimed. If anyone knew that a young married woman was deeply in love with a man not her husband, and strongly desired to get rid of the latter, it certainly would not be expedient to tell her all the truth about certain vegetable poisons and the possibilities of the administration of noxious bacteria. Long ago I disclaimed any intention 'to deny that Church authorities had not only the right, but even the duty, to check the dissemination of views which, true or not, might at some time and place be dangerous.' At the Church's centre, as from a lofty watch-tower, danger and inconveniences may be perceptible which are not so elsewhere. That dangers and misleading representations may be present in my articles I can easily believe, even if my main contention is free from incidental errors. Moreover, an enormous body, such as the mass of Catholics, cannot be expected to be quickly or easily moved, and its rulers may well deem it expedient to put a drag on the wheels of those who would drive at too rapid a pace.

I am, therefore, abundantly satisfied with what has been done. Considering the misapprehensions and the consequent justifiable hostility which existed with respect to some of my propositions, I have reason enough to be thankful. No retractation has been demanded of me, and, as Father Clarke, S.J., says, no assertions of mine

[10] See *The Nineteenth Century* for December 1887, p. 867.

have been censured. Nevertheless I have submitted, and do, and will submit *ex animo*. to the decree.

As a Catholic, on being informed of the decrees issued at Rome, three courses were open to me. (1) I might have protested and offered explanations of passages in my three articles which I thought had most probably been misunderstood. But, fully aware as I was of the possibility, not only of imprudence, but of some errors on my part, such a course has appeared to me even more undesirable than disrespectful. (2) I might have maintained silence; but silence is ambiguous, and I detest what is not frank and open. (3) The third and only other course open to me was the one I have chosen, submission, and submission has been devoid of all difficulty and reluctance on my part. Had I, however, experienced a reluctance, which as a fact I did not experience, I feel bound to say that any effort which might have been needed to overcome such a feeling would have been enormously aided by the sympathetic and gracious kindness I have experienced at the hands of the head of the English Church and representative of St. Augustine, St. Theodore, and St. Thomas, His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster.

It seems to me that present submission to the decision of a court of law, whether of Pope or Queen, is due from anyone who claims to be a loyal subject of both, provided such submission can be honest and sincere.

But, in the present case, there are two considerations which make submission more than a duty, and lend, to what might be deemed exclusively painful, a feeling of real pleasure.

The first of these is the refutation these decrees give to a notion, which here and there existed, tending to degrade the majesty and authority of the Church. As long ago as 1872,[11] I had said that the authority of the Church was a *living* authority, ready at all moments to condemn the published errors of any of her children.

But (absurd as it must seem to Catholics) it has often been said that, because there are so few men of physical science who come forward as champions of the Church, ecclesiastical authority would think twice before it censured any one of those few. The recent decree makes it happily plain to all men that authority unhesitatingly bestows its censures wherever it considers they are needed, regardless of persons and all possible consequences.

It is a satisfaction to me to have been a means of making this evident to all who have so misunderstood the Church's real spirit.

The second consideration concerns Our Supreme Pontiff Leo XIII, now happily reigning. It is a fact never to be forgotten by us that he, in a quite peculiar manner, merits from all Catholics, above all from Catholics who work for science and who value liberty, a quite

[11] See *Contemporary Review* of 1872, my article 'Evolution and its Consequences,' p. 186.

special devotion. Such men may well feel that there is imposed upon them, as a sort of duty, a special readiness dutifully to respond when he sees proper to exercise an act of authority. This I feel strongly, and thence there arises, in spite of flesh and blood, almost a gladness to go out and meet his correction, and accept it with alacrity and filial submission.

It is thus I meet and accept it, with an earnest prayer that the Church may continue under his fatherly and benign sway *ad multos annos*.

St. George Mivart.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE MASHONALAND RUINS

BEFORE giving the latest evidence which has come to light concerning the mysterious ruins in South Africa, it will be necessary briefly to recapitulate the salient points which resulted from our excavations in 1891, and which led us to attribute these ruins to the influence of a race of Semitic origin, probably from South Arabia.

The first thing that is obvious about the ruins at Zimbabwe and elsewhere in Mashonaland is that they were built to form a protection for a foreign population who visited this country in search of gold: every means of fortification is employed, every line of attack is protected with a redundancy of strategical skill perfectly marvellous to behold; and in the centre of this system, close to the temple on Zimbabwe hill, was the ancient gold-smelting furnace. Here we found crucibles with gold adhering to them in quantities, a gilt spear-head, tools for working gold, and a soapstone ingot mould of exactly the same shape as those used by the Egyptians and Phœnicians, a specimen of which in tin was found in Falmouth harbour, and is now in Truro museum. The country is full of ancient workings—shafts sunk 100 feet deep into the quartz reefs, both vertical and horizontal; also crushing stones, water-worn stones which had been used as burnishers, and rejected quartz from which the gold had been extracted by fire, are all found in quantities over the country. Hence there can be no shadow of a doubt that the motive for the erection of these buildings was the search for gold in remote antiquity.

From the mass of objects which we found during our excavations I will name a few only which bear on this point. Firstly, there is the large number of fragments of soapstone bowls with elaborate patterns thereon; one fragment giving us a portion of a religious procession, another a procession of bulls, and another a hunting scene. Then there is a curious cylindrical object with knobs, the only parallel to which is found at the temple of Paphos in Cyprus. Excellent pottery with geometrical patterns and numerous objects representing nature-worship, which when taken in conjunction with the large, solid, conical tower in the lower temple point to the cult which was

practised by these primitive explorers. The birds on tall soapstone pedestals formed perhaps the most interesting objects amongst our finds—curious conventional birds decorated with archaic patterns, which from the position in which we found them clearly at one time decorated the outer wall of the temple on the hill, and from certain signs thereon we decided that they had to do with sun- and nature-worship, which subject I discussed in my detailed account of the ruined cities.[1]

Again, from the accurate measurements which we took of the buildings themselves, we came to the conclusion that they had been constructed on an elaborate system of curves. The diameter of the great tower at its base is 17·17 feet, and is exactly equal to the circumference of the little tower; and all the curves of which the various buildings are constructed had radii of various multiples of this diameter. Hence from the mass of evidence before us we were safely able to assert that the original builders had an accurate knowledge of mathematics, and the power of constructing on absolute levels.

Lastly, the patterns let into the various buildings and the doorways were all placed in a uniform position so that the rays of the setting and rising sun at the solstices could bisect these lines of pattern and enter these doorways so as to exactly indicate the time of year; and these observations we made from the cumulative evidence of many buildings which left little room to doubt that a highly intelligent and educated race had constructed them, and for the original home of this race we naturally turned to the great cradle of the Semitic race in Arabia, and the evidence in favour of this theory, apart from the reasons thus briefly stated, was very strong.

Such was the position of the case when I published my account of the ruins. I now propose to give more in detail the further evidence which has lately come to hand.

Professor D. H. Muller, of Vienna, the greatest living authority on Southern Arabian archæology, wrote to me on the subject, and kindly drew my attention to passages in his work on the towers and castles of South Arabia which bore on the question, and from which I now quote. Marib, the Mariaba of Greek and Roman geographers, was the capital of the old Sabæan kingdom of Southern Arabia, and celebrated more especially for its gigantic dam and irrigation system, the ruin of which was practically the ruin of the country. East-north-east of Marib, half an hour's ride brings one to the great ruin called by the Arabs the Haram of Bilkis or the Queen of Sheba. It is an elliptical building with a circuit of 300 feet, and the plan given by the French traveller, M. Arnaud, shows a remarkable likeness to the great circular temple at Zimbabwe.

Again, the long inscription on this building is in two rows and runs round a fourth of its circumference; this corresponds to the position

[1] *The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland*, by J Theodore Bent. Longmans. 2nd edition, 1893.

of the two rows of chevron pattern which run round a fourth part of the temple at Zimbabwe. Furthermore, one half of the elliptical wall on the side of the inscription is well built and well preserved, whereas that on the opposite side is badly built and partly ruined. This is also the case in the Zimbabwe ruin, where all the care possible has been lavished on the side where the pattern and the round tower are, and the other portion has been either more roughly finished or constructed later by inferior workmen.

From the inscriptions on the building at Marib we learn that it was a temple dedicated to the goddess Almaqah. Professor Müller writes as follows:—

There is absolutely no doubt that the Haram of Bilkis is an old temple in which sacred inscriptions to the deities were set up on stylæ. The elliptically formed wall appears to have been always used in temple buildings; also at Sirwah, the Almaqah temple, which is decidedly very much older than the Haram of Bilkis, was also built in an oval form. Also these temples, as the inscriptions show, were dedicated to Almaqah. Arabian archæologists also identify Bilkis with Almaqah, and, therefore, make the temple of Almaqah into a female apartment (haram).

From Hamdani, the Arabian geographer, we learn that Ialmaqah was the star Venus; for the star Venus is called in the Himyaritic tongue Ialmaqah or Almaq, 'illuminating,' and hence we see the curious connection arising between the original female goddess of the earlier star-worshipping Sabæans and the later myth of the wonderful Queen Bilkis, who was supposed to have constructed these buildings.

It seems to me highly probable that in the temple of Zimbabwe we have a Sabæan Almaqah temple; the points of comparison are so very strong, and there is furthermore a strong connection between the star-worshipping Sabæans and the temple with its points orientated to the sun, and built on such definite mathematical principles.

Professor Sayce called my attention to the fact that the elliptical form of temple and the construction on a system of curves is further paralleled by the curious temples at Malta, which all seemed to have been constructed on the same principle.

Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen, lecturer at the British Museum on Oriental subjects, writes:—

A curious parallel and possible explanation to the birds found in Mashonaland over the works at Zimbabwe seems to me to be afforded by the study of the mines and quarries of the ancient Egyptians. During my explorations in Egypt this winter I visited a large number of quarries, and was much struck by noticing that in those of an early period the hawk nearly always occurs as a guardian emblem. Of this we have several examples, which prove that the hawk was the emblem of the goddess Hathor, to whom all mines were sacred. This association of mines with Hathor especially explains the birds as, according to Sinaitic inscriptions, she was in this region particularly worshipped. Here were temples to her, where she was worshipped as 'the sublime Hathor, queen of heaven and earth and the dark depths below;' and here she was also associated with the sparrow-hawk of Sopt, 'the lord of the East.' This association with Sinai, and also with Arabia and Punt, which is attached to the goddess Hathor, and her connection with the mines in

Egypt, seems to me to be the most important in connection with the emblem of the hawk in the mines at Zimbabwe.

With all these facts before us, there seems little doubt that the association between the hawks and the mines and miners is a very ancient one, and may be attributed to either ancient Egyptians or, rather, I think, to very ancient Arabian times; for, as we know from the inscriptions of Senefru, the builder of the pyramid of Medum, the mines in Sinai were worked by 'foreigners,' who may have been Chaldeans or ancient Arabians.

Another point which seems to me to throw some additional light upon this subject, and again imply a possible Arabian connection, is the remarkable ingot mould discovered at Zimbabwe. The shape is exactly that of the curious objects, possibly ingots of the same kind which are represented as being brought by the Amu in the tomb of Khemmhotep at Beni Hasan, an event which took place in the ninth year of the reign of King Usortesen II. of the twelfth dynasty. The shape is very interesting, as it has evidently been chosen for the purposes of being tied on to donkeys or carried by slaves. The curious phalli found at Zimbabwe may also resemble the same emblems found in large numbers near the Speos Artemidos, the shrine of Pasht, near to Beni Hasan, and may have been associated with the goddess Hathor. There are many other features which seem to me to bear out a distinctly Arabo-Egyptian theory as to the working of this ancient gold field, and future study will no doubt bring these in greater prominence.

Herr Brugsch gives us some very interesting details concerning the worship of Sopt at Saft el Henneh in the Proceedings of Biblical Archaeology. Sopt, he tells us, was the feudal god of the Arabian nome, the nome of Sopt. At Saft el Henneh this god is described upon the monuments as 'Sopt the Spirit of the East, the hawk, the Horus of the East' (Naville's *Goshen*, p. 10) and as also connected with Tum, the rising and setting sun (p. 13). M. Naville believes that this bird represents not the rising sun but one of the planets, Venus the morning star; that is to say that Sopt was the herald of the sun, not the sun itself. Herr Brugsch, however, believes that it was really the god of the Zodiacal light, the previous and the after glow. If M. Naville's theory is correct, we have at once a strong connection between Almaqah, the Venus star of the Sabaeans, and the goddess worshipped at Marib, and probably at Zimbabwe, and the hawk of Sopt, the feudal god of the Arabian nome, which was closely connected with the worship of Hathor, 'the queen of heaven and earth.'

Last year Sir John Willoughby conducted further excavations at Zimbabwe, which lasted over a period of five weeks. He brought to light a great number of miscellaneous articles, but unfortunately none of the finds are different from those which we discovered. He obtained a number of crucibles, phalli, and bits of excellent pottery, fragments of soapstone bowls. One object only may be of interest, which he thus describes:—

This was a piece of copper about six inches in length, a quarter of an inch wide, and an eighth of an inch thick, covered with a green substance (whether enamel, paint, or lacquer I am unable to determine), and inlaid with one of the triangular Zimbabwe designs. It was buried some five feet below the surface, almost in contact with the east side of the wall itself.

Sir John also found some very fine pieces of pottery which would not disgrace a classical period in Greece or Egypt. Furthermore, he made it abundantly clear that the buildings are of many different periods, for they show more recent walls superposed on older ones.

Mr. R. W. M. Swan, who was with us on our expedition as cartographer and surveyor, has this year returned to Mashonaland, and on his way up has visited and taken the plans of no less than thirteen sets of ruins of minor importance, but of the same period as Zimbabwe, on his way up from the Limpopo river to Fort Victoria. The results of these investigations have been eminently satisfactory, and in every case confirming the theory of the construction of the great Zimbabwe temple.

At the junction of the Lotsani river with the Limpopo he found two sets of ruins and several shapeless masses of stones, not far from a well-known spot where the Limpopo is fordable. Both of these are of the same workmanship as the Zimbabwe buildings, though not quite so carefully constructed as the big temple; the courses are regular, and the battering back of each successive course and the rounding of the ends of the walls are very cleverly done. The walls are built of the same kind of granite and with holes at the doorways for stakes as at Zimbabwe. But what is most important, Mr. Swan ascertained that the length of the radius of the curves of which they are built is equal to the diameter of the Lundi temple or the circumference of the great round tower at Zimbabwe. He then proceeded to orientate the temple, and as the sun was nearly setting he sat on the centre of the arc, and was delighted to find that the sun descended nearly in a line with the main doorway; and as it was only seventeen days past the winter solstice, on allowing for the difference in the sun's declination for that time, he found that a line from the centre of the arc through the middle of the doorway pointed exactly to the sun's centre when it set at the winter solstice. The orientation of the other ruin he found was also to the setting sun. 'This,' writes Mr. Swan, 'places our theories regarding orientation and geometrical construction beyond a doubt.'

Continuing his journey northwards, Mr. Swan found two sets of ruins in the Lipokole hills, four near Semalali, and one actually 300 yards from the mess-room of the Bechuanaland Border Police at Macloutsie camp. Owing to stress of time Mr. Swan was not able to visit all the ruins that he heard of in this locality, but he was able to fix the radii of two curves at the Macloutsie ruin, and four curves at those near Semalali, and he found them all constructed on the system used at Zimbabwe. The two ruins on the Lipokole hills he found to be fortresses only, and not built on the plan of the temples. The temples consist generally of two curves only, and are of half-moon shape, and seem never to have been complete enclosures: they are all built of rough stone, for no good stone is obtainable, yet the curves

are extremely well executed, and are generally true in their whole length to within one or two inches.

Further up country, on the 'Msingwani river, Mr. Swan found seven sets of ruins, three of which were built during the best period of Zimbabwe work. He measured three of the curves here and found them to agree precisely with the curve system used in the construction of the round temple at Zimbabwe, and all of them were laid off with wonderful accuracy.

Another important piece of work done by Mr. Swan on his way up to Fort Victoria was to take accurate measurements of the small circular temple about 200 yards from the Lundi river. This we had visited on our way up; but as we had not then formed any theory with regard to the construction of these buildings, we did not measure the building with sufficient accuracy to be quite sure of our data.

With regard to this ruin, Mr. Swan writes:—

> One door is to the north and the other 128° and a fraction from it; so that the line from the centre to the sun rising at midwinter bisects the arc between the doorways. If one could measure the circumference of this arc with sufficient accuracy, we could deduce the obliquity of the ecliptic when the temple was built. I made an attempt, and arrived at about 2000 B.C.; but really it is impossible to measure with sufficient accuracy to arrive at anything definite by this method, although from it we may get useful corroborative evidence.

From this mass of fresh evidence as to the curves and orientation of the Mashonaland ruins we may safely consider that the builders of these mysterious structures were well versed in geometry, and studied carefully the heavens. Beyond this nothing, of course, can really be proved until an enormous amount of careful study has been devoted to the subject. It is, however, very valuable confirmatory evidence when taken with the other points, that the builders were of a Semitic race and of Arabian origin, and quite excludes the possibility of any negroid race having had more to do with their construction than as the slaves of a race of higher cultivation; for it is a well-accepted fact that the negroid brain never could be capable of taking the initiative in work of such intricate nature.

We have as yet much to learn with regard to the Arabians, and the high culture to which they had reached in very remote ages. We know that they were the merchants and carriers of the ancient world, and obtained from outside the Straits of Babelmandeb many of the most valued luxuries of the ancients. The gold and wealth of Arabia were proverbial in those ancient days, and the more evidence we get on the subject the more it seems indisputable that one at least of these sources of wealth was from South Africa in the auriferous district between the Limpopo and the Zambesi.

Unfortunately, the present troubles in South Africa and the Matabele war have put a stop, for the time being, to all researches in connection with the archæology of the country. Just before these

troubles commenced, considerable excitement was created at Fort Victoria by the discovery of a large quantity of gold beads and gold in thin sheets, and gold tacks at Zimbabwe, and a number of diggers went over to the ruins to pan. There was also discovered a fragment of wood about the tenth of an inch square covered with a brown colouring matter and a gilt herring-bone pattern. The discovery of these things at the last moment leads us confidently to hope that when the next dry season sets in more work will be done there and more information brought to light concerning these truly marvellous archæological remains.

Mr. Swan describes these finds as follows:

> Very many gold beads have been found, also leaf gold and wedge-shaped tacks of gold for fixing it on wood. Finely twisted gold wire and bits of gilt pottery, also some silver. The pottery is the most interesting: it is very thin, only about one-fifteenth of an inch thick, and had been coated with some pigment, on which the gilt is laid. On the last fragment found the gilding is in waving lines, but on a former piece there is a herring-bone pattern. The work is so fine that to see it easily one has to use a magnifying glass. The most remarkable point about the gold ornaments is the quantity in which they are found. Almost every panful of stuff taken from anywhere about the ruins will show some gold. Just at the fountain the ground is particularly rich. I have tested some of the things from Zimbabwe, and, in addition to gold, find alloy of silver, and copper, and gold, and silver.

Mr. Swan regretted being unable to take many more measurements during his hurried visit, as the jungle which we had cleared away had grown up again in all its wildness. Castor-oil plants fifteen feet high had reasserted their sway in the ruins, and even at the main doorway where we dug down to the foundations these plants are about ten feet high; and on the upper ruin where we had the whole place cleared, the jungle had grown up again so thick that Mr. Swan could hardly push his way through. He was, however, able to re-measure the radius of the temple on the hill, and found his former measurement was quite accurate.

Since Sir John Willoughby made a good road from Fort Victoria to the ruins, Zimbabwe has now become the holiday resort of everybody there; a comfortable hotel has been started about half-way, with a shooting range and tennis court attached. Carriages, with ladies therein, may now be seen rolling along this road, and with a good horse you may now traverse the same distance in from two to three hours which took us exactly seven days to do in 1891, with our heavy waggons and our own road to make. We prefer to think of the great ruins as we first saw them in the dim twilight on the evening of our arrival, standing out mysteriously and grand in the jungle and wilderness of nature in which they had reposed in oblivion for so many centuries.

J. THEODORE BENT.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD

A REPLY TO MR. LYULPH STANLEY

UNDER the title of 'Religion at the London School Board'[1] Mr. Lyulph Stanley contributed an article to the November number of this Review, which has naturally excited a certain amount of public attention. For the public in general are not aware, as his colleagues upon the School Board are, that Mr. Stanley's acquaintance with religion is, like Mr. Weller's knowledge of London, both extensive and peculiar. In these circumstances, it is somewhat remarkable, and equally disappointing, to find that his essay, extending to fourteen pages in length, contains only five pages which have any relation whatever to the subject under consideration, whilst the remaining nine pages are filled with vagrant and inconsequential observations upon School Board topics in general, beginning with a bad and by no means original joke, and ending with a pretty, though borrowed, story. Thus an excellent opportunity of informing mankind (*ex cathedrâ*, one may say) how thoroughly uneducational and unenlightened all their religious conceptions are has been wantonly wasted!

As so frequently is the case, the loss suffered by mankind has resulted in gain to a few. That unholy alliance of clergy and 'associated ratepayers' which is supposed to exist in London at last know the worst that can be said of them. They may now, wherever they are, breathe again. The exposure which was to completely exterminate them is nothing very dreadful after all. During a period of nine years, it seems, they have been represented upon the School Board, owing to their own exertions, by men of the 'narrowest type,' 'moral pachyderms saved by "invincible ignorance" from any responsibility for their blindness to the light!' A majority of the members of the School Board, being of this remarkable organisation and quality, the superior width, learning, and enlightenment of a minority of the members who follow the leadership of Mr. Stanley—it is needless to observe that, unlike any 'French statesman' Mr. Stanley, disdains to follow anyone—shine with conspicuous and brilliant effect. At odd times occasional rays of this lustre have

[1] This title was given by me.—Ed. *Nineteenth Century*.

penetrated into the darkened understandings of certain clergymen, four of whom, whose names need not be repeated, are especially mentioned. The measure of enlightenment which they received had a curious effect upon them. We are informed that they 'came in like lions' and went out 'like lambs.' But this transformation produced a singular and uniform effect upon their constituents. They declined to re-elect the so-called 'lambs.' Upon his own showing therefore, it is obvious that Mr. Stanley's 'lambs' are morsels too tough for metropolitan consumption.

Is it not a noteworthy fact that the present era of alleged educational darkness in London was preceded by a period of nine years (1876–188[illegible]), during which the School Board was basking in the brilliant rays of Mr. Stanley's educational sunshine? During that epoch the people of London gradually became somewhat incredulous as to the nature of the light which was so bountifully lavished upon them. It was alleged with great volubility that the light came straight from the sun; but there were those more inquiring than the rest who traced it direct to the moon. That discovery destroyed the illusion; and it will be a hard task again to renew the shattered fabric of so unsubstantial a pretence. Or, to use Mr. Stanley's own simile, it may be said that much as the people of London dislike 'lambs manufactured out of lions,' they dislike with still greater intensity Mr. Stanley's original mutton.

Having thus paid a merited tribute to the assumption of infallible superiority which reveals itself in every page of the article under discussion, it will now be sufficient to deal categorically with the charges which are either plainly stated or covertly insinuated against the policy of the present School Board. The charges which are plainly stated are six.

(1.) It is alleged that the School Board are not providing sufficient school places for the children of London. For the purposes of school accommodation London may be considered as divided by the Thames into two parts. South of the Thames school accommodation is required for 276,000 children. Of these 159,000 children are seven years of age and upwards. For these senior children there exist already 17[illegible],000 school places. The remainder are children between the ages of three years and seven years. These fall into two categories. Those between five years and seven years are compelled by law to attend school. Those under five years of age are under no such compulsion; and as a matter of fact only 26,000 out of 60,000 of these children voluntarily attend school. Yet for the whole number of 117,000 children between three years and seven years of age school places already exist for 96,000. North of the Thames a similar state of things exists. 218,000 senior children require school places, and 282,000 school places are provided. Of infant children, whilst only 13,000 of the 93,000 between three years and five years volun-

tarily attend school, yet 153,000 infant-school places are provided for 182,000 infant children. In each case the figures show a surplus of school accommodation.

There are three cases in which it is true that a difference of opinion exists as to school accommodation between the Board and the Education Department. One is in Hackney, on the borders of Tottenham, where the Education Department are trying to force the Board to build a school which would be attended by children from outside the London area. The School Board say that it is unjust to compel the people of London to pay for the education of the children of Tottenham, and the people of London will find an opportunity next year of expressing their own opinion upon that point. The second case in dispute is in Westminster, where the Education Department are attempting to force the erection of a school upon a site condemned as unsuitable by their own inspector. The third case is that in Kennington, mentioned by Mr. Stanley, where, against the strongly expressed desire of the locality, the Education Department take sides with him against the people. It is worthy of record that the remarkable effect produced upon London as a whole by Mr. Stanley's effulgence was lately reproduced in miniature in Kennington. He there attended a public meeting to demand the school in question. A somewhat unusual thing happened. The public actually attended the meeting; and after Mr. Stanley with his usual skill had demonstrated to them how exceedingly unenlightened they were, this public meeting emphatically decided that the school was not needed. Perhaps they think now that the School Board, which from April to November 1893 have added 15,000 school places to the surplus of school places already existing, whilst the increase of child population during the same period was only from 5,000 to 6,000, cannot fairly be charged with any neglect of duty in the matter of school accommodation.

(2.) It is alleged that many schools have an insufficient supply of teachers, and that the Government inspectors are continually calling attention to this fault of organisation. If this be so, it is difficult to account for the following undoubted facts. Every year the Government inspectors inspect each department. As the organisation of a school is more or less efficient they award a lower or a higher grant. In these circumstances, how does it happen that these inspectors, who are alleged to be continually calling attention to this defect, actually recommended the higher grant in the case of 1,051 out of a total of 1,150 departments? Except upon the assumption that the allegation is the reverse of the fact, so extraordinary a result is inexplicable. The charge that the supply of teachers is insufficient entirely depends upon what the standard of sufficiency is. The Education Department has one measure in the Education Code. The School Board have a much more liberal measure in their

regulations. The existing staff of every London Board school is in excess of that strictly allowed by the regulations of the Board. and still more in excess of that of the Education Department. Whenever in any school there is said to be a large class containing a number of children larger than a teacher under the regulations is called upon to teach, what is not said is, that in the same school there is either another class with few children in it, or a teacher who does not teach. Not long ago it was made a matter of complaint that in a certain school the staff had been reduced in number. The head teacher placed on record in the official diary of the school this entry: 'Owing to the numbers being so low, head teacher gave leave for each assistant to be absent on alternate days except Thursday.' That school is one of those which in the imagination of the illuminated has an insufficient staff of teachers.

(3.) It is alleged that the Board do not spend enough money upon advertising their evening classes. Now what are the facts? During the last session the Board ordered 660,000 handbills for distribution prior to Christmas 1892, and 530,000 handbills in the early part of 1893. On an average, therefore, there was one handbill for every four persons within the metropolitan area. Whether that was enough or not must be a matter of opinion. There are some who think that these figures indicate a considerable waste of public money. It is easy enough to print handbills. It is not so simple a matter to distribute them. An attempt has been made this year to reduce the quantity of advertisement and to improve its effect. This reduction of expenditure naturally offends those who enjoy the spending of other people's money. Hence Mr. Stanley's lament. But, judging from the number of students upon the roll, there being this year 16,700, as compared with 15,700 at the corresponding period of last year, it would really seem as if 'adequate means of advertising' and an enormous supply of handbills are not convertible terms.

The real source of all this restiveness, however, is to be found in the continuance of a school fee in connection with the evening schools. This fee never exceeds threepence per week. It must be remembered that the students are wage-earning persons. The cost of the evening schools last year was 38,000*l.*; the proportion of this cost paid by the students was 4,000*l.*; the ratepayer and the taxpayer between them provide the remaining 34,000*l.* If any readjustment is to take place in the incidence of these charges, it ought to be in the direction of lessening the amount of the public burden.

In this connection, an observation of Mr. James Russel Lowell is worth repeating. 'Mr. Matthew Arnold,' he says, 'has told us that in contemporary France, which seems doomed to try every theory of enlightenment by which the fingers may be burned, or the house set on fire, the children of the public schools are taught, in answer to

the question "Who gives you all these fine things?" to say, "The State." Ill fares the State in which the parental image is replaced by an abstraction. The answer of the boy of whom I have been speaking would have been in a spirit better for the State and for the hope of his own future life: "I owe these things, under God, to my own industry, to the sacrifices of my father and mother, and to the sympathy of good men."'

(4.) It is alleged that in 'the matter of upper-standard or higher-grade schools, the Board, after talking about the matter for years, has done next to nothing.' Mr. Stanley informs his readers that London has 'three or four such schools on a small scale.' Official returns tell a different story. The number of upper-standard schools is there given as forty-nine. The senior departments of these schools accommodate from 500 to 1,200 scholars each. In these figures, as compared with the original statement, we have a fair example of Mr. Stanley's enlightened mode of representing facts. Nor can it be said with even an equal amount of accuracy that the Board have been 'talking about the matter for years.' It is not denied that some members of the Board talk. It is the lot of others to listen. But the talk has rarely for years turned upon the subject of upper-standard schools. In my judgment, the time is approaching when a little plain talk upon the subject will be much needed. At the recent conference upon secondary education at Oxford some rather ominous statements were made as to the effect of these higher-standard schools upon secondary education and the future prospects of intelligent scholars. In the judgment of some whose opinions carry weight, they are breaking down the ladder between the public elementary schools and the Universities which it has taken so long a time even imperfectly to set up. If it be true that clever scholars are by means of such schools diverted from the upward path, and are directed to pursue a course of study for the sole purpose of earning a considerable money grant from Government, then these schools cannot be considered as successful experiments in the organisation of an educational system.

(5.) Instead of 'talking' about higher-standard schools 'for years,' as was alleged, it appears upon further examination that the members of the Board have been engaged 'for months in that most unprofitable of all tasks a theological wrangle.' Assuming, for the moment, that this is an accurate representation of certain debates to which it has been my lot to listen, then I think it must be allowed that Mr. Stanley has taken part in the fray with no little zest, and has helped to prolong the 'wrangle' to the considerable length of which he now complains.

The matter in dispute can be very simply and shortly stated. School Boards under the Education Act of 1870 can have the Bible taught in schools under their control. In London it has been so taught from the first; and the teachers were, at the outset, directed

to give lessons from the Bible, suited to the capacities of the children, in the principles of morality and religion.' Absolute freedom of teaching was allowed, subject to two essential conditions. First, no attempt must be made either to attach children to, or to detach them from, any religious denomination. And, second, the Conscience Clause of the Act of 1870 must be observed both in letter and in spirit. Later on, in 1874, an annual examination of the scholars was held in Bible Instruction, and has been continued yearly since that date. And in order to make the instruction continuous, a syllabus of Bible lessons was drawn up, which, with various emendations, has continued in force down to the present day.

Such being the rules and the practice of the Board so far as Christian children are concerned, it is interesting to trace how difficulties first arose. They did not spring from the practical working of the system in the schools. The great mass of the teachers taught the Bible lesson in a thoroughly Christian spirit; or, as Mr. Stanley puts it, 'the Bible lessons' assumed 'the popular theology.' Whilst this was so, both parents and children were content; and if it continues to be so they will remain content. It is not the parents who have made difficulties. It is members of the Board.

The first member to create difficulties was the Rev. Stewart Headlam, whose crude and theoretic theological notions are tempered by a particular and intimate acquaintance with *Le Ballet.* As is well known, he poses as one of the most enlightened of the illuminated, and he is one of Mr. Stanley's minor standard-bearers. Mr. Headlam's first attack was directed against the regulations under which Bible teaching was being given. And to his aid in this attempt the Rev. Copeland Bowie came. This attempt disastrously failed on May 1, 1890, only the two members mentioned voting for the motion. Mr. Headlam's next attack was directed against the syllabus, and he made an attempt to introduce partisan politics into Bible teaching. He desired to substitute certain passages from the book of the Prophet Amos for the selected passages from the book of the Prophet Jeremiah, on the ground that Amos was the more radical prophet of the two. For this political amendment four members voted.

The point Mr. Headlam raised when he attacked the regulations under which Bible instruction is given was this. The Board order lessons to be given from the Bible in morality and religion. But they do not say what morality or what religion. Hence it was argued that to give lessons in any code of morality or in any system of religion would satisfy the regulations of the Board.

It was probably under the influence of this unique system of reasoning that six months prior to the School Board election of 1891 the London Liberal and Radical Union put out as their programme

for that election the policy of teaching 'in secular subjects only.' Not only were children under this policy to be deprived of religious teaching, but teachers in training-colleges were also to be taught 'in secular subjects only,' and were thus to be prepared for the complete secularisation of elementary education. In these circumstances, it requires an unusual amount of hardihood in the matter of assertion for Mr. Stanley to say that 'the Bible teaching of the Board for many elections has not been a real issue before the electors.' And it is peculiarly ungrateful on his part to ignore 'the blazing principle' which inspired the Liberal and Radical workers who form the limited ranks of his supporters.

One of the members elected in 1891 was Mr. Athelstan Riley. As a result of his inquiries he had come to the conclusion that the indefiniteness of the Board's regulations was working harm. Some conscientious teachers were hampered in their teaching because they felt that the line was not distinctly marked between what was permissible and what was forbidden. On the other hand, he ascertained that the assumption that the teaching would be thoroughly and distinctly Christian was not acted upon by all whose duty it was to teach. The contention that the Board should say plainly what they meant led to a series of deputations and memorials from bodies interested in the question, which, far beyond any debates, have prolonged the settlement of the question. Until these deputations explained to the Board what their view of Bible teaching in Board schools should be, I am free to confess that I was steadily opposed to any reconstruction of the Board's rule, except in one respect. In order to avoid any possible misconception of the meaning of the word 'religion' in the regulations, I was desirous of inserting before that word the word 'Christian.' And I am glad to think that there seems to be a fair chance of that emendation being ultimately agreed to.

Up to the time of the attendance of these deputations I was also persuaded that nothing beyond this needed to be done. But I regret to say that the deputations have done much to shake the grounds upon which that conviction rested. It has been contended that in the interests of liberty it was right to allow a teacher to give non-Christian teaching to a Christian child. On the other hand, it has been contended that a Christian teacher, thoroughly believing our Lord's Divinity, ought to be prohibited from teaching that doctrine to any Christian child in a Board school. In other words, a child in a Board school may be taught to be an agnostic or unbeliever in the name of liberty, but the same sacred name is invoked to prevent his being taught to be a Christian. These contentions are put forward in the name of Nonconformity. How far they will commend themselves to the Christian parents of London has yet to be seen.

It seems to me clear that there is only one principle upon which

the Board can properly and safely act. The Board exist for the purpose of educating the children. They stand, therefore, to the child in the place of its parent. The religious training of the child is the most sacred of all parental trusts. The duty of the Board, therefore, is to train the children as the parents would have them trained. It is an essential part of the rights of Christian parents that their children shall be trained in Christian teaching by teachers not out of sympathy with their religious convictions. Any attempt on the part of any organisation to rob parents of that right is foredoomed to failure. For English law is careful in matters of religion to preserve the rights of the thriftless, or abandoned, or criminal parent in the training of children in Industrial and other schools; and the issue of this controversy, in my judgment, will be to place the rights of the striving, the honest, and the law-abiding parent under the protection of a similar equitable law.

The issue which is thus raised is broader than the boundaries of any Church. It embraces the case of the Jews for whose children the London School Board have for years past provided through Jewish teachers religious instruction in the Jewish Scriptures. And it places all upon an equality. No doubt we shall hear again the election cry of 'Secular teaching only.' That is the last appeal of the Secularist who supports Bible teaching so long as it may be perverted to non-Christian uses. He will be joined by all so-called Christians who place their antipathies first and their Christianity second. Mr. Stanley in his article has not ventured to assert openly what those who follow his lead industriously whisper abroad, that the whole controversy has been raised by High Churchmen in order to introduce into Board schools doctrines to which orthodox Nonconformists strenuously object. Precisely the opposite course has been taken. In order to secure freedom to teach Christian doctrines which orthodox Nonconformists hold to be essential, members of the Church of England of all sections have sunk their differences, and have combined to promote a solid settlement upon the fundamental principle of the maintenance of parental rights.

I am not unmindful that the only instruments which the Board can use in the training of children are the teachers. How are they affected by this question? Now that doubts have been raised as to the meaning and intention of the Board's rules, it is absolutely essential that the Board should make the meaning so clear as to set these doubts at rest. But clearness of statement on the part of the Board will practically only sanction the teaching which is now for the most part being given. I have already quoted Mr. Stanley's statement that 'undoubtedly in the great mass of the classes in London Board schools the Bible lessons assume the popular theology.' The expression 'popular theology' is simply Mr. Stanley's mode of alluding to cardinal Christian beliefs. It is obvious, therefore, that the great

mass of teachers, teaching according to their 'religious convictions,' are doing the work in a thorough and conscientiously Christian spirit. Indeed Mr. Stanley 'believes that, in fact, in very many schools the Bible teaching somewhat exceeds in definiteness what was intended by the regulation of the Board.'

There are some teachers, however whose religious convictions run counter 'to the mistaken convictions of the home.' Is it not wise to relieve them from an essentially false position? Any teacher who cannot spontaneously teach in the spirit of the Board's rule, and in accordance with 'the convictions of the home,' 'mistaken' though Mr. Stanley conceives these convictions to be, is undoubtedly in a false position. He ought to be at once relieved of that part of his work, which, being performed perfunctorily, must seriously hamper his usefulness and cripple his efficiency.

Finally, it is a total misconception of the whole question to assume that what is required is that 'the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation, to which some now propose to add the doctrine of the Atonement,' shall be 'ordered to be taught.' The only manner in which from the positive side any of these doctrines have been alluded to is this, that they determine the attitude of mind in which instruction from the Bible is given. Obviously, the attitude in which one who conscientiously believes the doctrine of the Incarnation approaches the Bible and uses it for the purposes of Christian teaching is a very different attitude from that of one who conceives the Incarnation to be a myth or a delusion. And that difference colours the whole of their teaching. The question, therefore, is not the 'ordering' of certain doctrines to be taught, but the definite indication of that spirit in which all Bible instruction in the principles of the Christian religion ought to be given.

(6.) The final charge brought against the Board is that they desire to prevent parents from obtaining the right conferred by law of having public school accommodation without the payment of a school fee. That allegation rests upon no solid basis whatever of fact. It is the invention of a perfervid imagination. Certain petitions have reached the Education Department, and have been transmitted to the Board, purporting to be signed by parents, and preferring a request for free schools. These petitions are not spontaneous on the part of the parents. Information in possession of the Board, without the knowledge or sanction of the Board, has been placed at the disposal of partisan organisations. Then canvassers have called upon parents, and upon the most palpable misrepresentations have obtained signatures. In one case four children signed in the capacity of the parents of seven other children. This procedure is, with great simplicity, called 'organised action to make parents aware of their rights.' Curiously enough, however, so soon as parents who had signed under misapprehension or through misrepresentation came to understand what

the effect of their action would be, hundreds of them withdrew their names from the petitions. Whatever demand may finally remain for free-school accommodation, as a result of these petitions, will, I do not doubt, be willingly met by the Board, if it is not previously met by the managers of other existing elementary schools.

I have thus dealt *seriatim* with the charges which have been plainly stated. But throughout the article there are others only vaguely insinuated. Thus it is suggested that the London School Board is unpopular because of its extravagance. That is a quaint illustration of the projection of the past into the present. Nine years ago the Board was unpopular because of extravagance. How deep-seated that unpopularity was may be estimated by the period of time it has taken to remove the impression. The School Board is not an unpopular institution in London to-day. The people of London recognise that they are doing more work, and that work more efficiently, than has ever been the case before, and yet the burdens upon the rate-paying public are diminishing instead of increasing. But it is suggested that, although there are 'one or two admirable sides of the work,' such as the better training of pupil-teachers and the establishment of separate schools for the education of specially defective children, these things are the results 'of the impulse received from the past' enlightened days. It is curious to notice in this connection the statement that 'we have determined at length to establish at least one day industrial school—an enterprise which the Home Office has been recommending for some time,' because of its suggestive incompleteness. Mr. Stanley ought to have continued something in this fashion 'an enterprise which, whilst I could, I steadily and persistently, but unsuccessfully, opposed.' If he had completed his sentence so that it bore its full relation to the fact, it would have been easy for even an ordinary reader to estimate the momentum acquired from 'the impulse of the past.'

Whilst Mr. Stanley is prodigal of his charges it was to be expected that he would be penurious of his praise. To the 'one or two admirable sides' of our work may be added the following, not inconsiderable additions: manual training in woodwork, laundry-work, hand and eye training by designs in paper and cardboard, improved physical instruction for boys, and the encouragement of swimming, not by erecting swimming-baths, but by using those supplied by the proper public authority. Add to these the work which has been done in co-operation with the Drapers' Company and the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute, and to the especial work which is now being thus carried on, in housewifery classes, and in classes for metal-work. Then consider the enormous impetus given to the movement for the superannuation of teachers and officers by the establishment of the Board's Superannuation Fund. Take also into account the strenuous manner in which the Board, of late years, set about remedy-

ing the structural defects of school buildings, and the more serious and dangerous defects in drainage, which they inherited from that past the recollection of which is so dear to Mr. Stanley's remembrance. These things combined present an array of solid achievements of which any public body may be rightly proud.

I am aware that it is not wise to trust too implicitly to past achievements. Those whose assumption of special superiority and enlightenment, and whose total neglect of obvious prudence, made the name of education obnoxious to the Londoner nine years ago, are anxious again to play the old game. To use Mr. Stanley's simile, 'the dogs of war are sleeping, they are not dead.' Mr. Stanley's article constitutes a kind of preliminary howl. Soon the whole pack will be in full cry. And according to Mr. Stanley's enumeration it is a somewhat heterogeneous and motley body. It is to be composed of 'Radical clubs,' 'working-men associations,' 'Unitarian congregations,' 'the most active leaders of the great Nonconformist bodies,' 'the Sunday School Union,' 'the Primitive Methodists,' and, finally, of 'ordinary Liberals.' If the Board insist that 'teachers who believe them' shall teach in the schools the doctrines involved in the mysteries of the Trinity and the Incarnation, the whole of these discordant elements 'will,' we are told, 'be united to do away with a system so contrary to reason, to justice, and to practical possibilities.' I have outlived so many predictions that it will be interesting to turn again to this after the event.

JOSEPH R. DIGGLE.

A WEDDING-GIFT TO ENGLAND IN 1662

The Salee rovers and Argier pirates were heavy crosses to the merchants of London in the seventeenth century. Not only was every ship that set sail from Argier a perpetual menace to our traders' cargoes, but she carried within her, for a certainty, the dreaded infection of the plague. So the City heard, with more than satisfaction, that the King's marriage with a Portuguese princess was finally resolved on.

The dower of Catherine of Braganza was no less a sum than three hundred thousand pounds; but this was not the article that made the marriage treaty most popular in England. Portugal undertook, in addition, to cede to us a much-talked-of post in the East Indies (which turned out to be the 'inconsiderable' island of Bombain), and crowning advantage of all—a port in the Mediterranean.

The last article was the chief cause for congratulation. It was confidently expected that under the guns of Tangier our merchantmen would be secure from Barbary corsairs, and that within the mole about to be built there not only the Smyrna fleet, but also the ships trading to the West Indies, would find a convenient anchorage and facilities for cleaning and repairing. These were great advantages, and they made Charles the Second's marriage the most popular act of his life; it was universally felt that he had begun his reign with a good stroke of business. And yet, except in one direction, and that thought least likely of all at the time, these ideas were quite illusory. The marriage-treaty of Charles the Second was, certainly, of enormous advantage to the British people in the long run; for it gave them Bombay, the nucleus of our later conquests in the East, and now the second city in the Empire. But our occupation of Tangier was unfortunate from first to last, and brought us no advantages whatever.

This was, in part, the fault of the administration; but the best colonial administration ever devised could have made nothing out of Tangier with the restrictions laid upon it by the home authorities. The instructions from Whitehall were to push on the mole as fast as possible; in the meantime to avoid all entangling dealings with the Moors, with whom we were to dwell in perfect peace, and to secure the expansion and prosperity of the town by encouraging settlers

from Europe. Four instructions and four impossibilities. Only one of these blunders can, in fairness, be laid at the door of the Tangier Commission—the plan of constructing a mole. It was desirable that a mole should be constructed if possible; but it did not call for very profound engineering knowledge to make it clear that the wash of the Atlantic and the easterly storms of the Mediterranean acting on shifting sandy shores and the soft stone of the country were certain to destroy the mole as fast as it was built, and to silt up the harbour as fast as it was cleared.

The other mistakes of the Tangier Commission may justly be laid to a lack of experience in dealing with barbarians; they had not the knowledge born of two hundred years of Imperial work. We know now that it is impossible for Englishmen to settle peaceably in a country of barbarous or semi-barbarous people. Our desire for peace they impute simply to timidity; and until they have been well beaten, not only can we have no dealings with them, but every load of food and forage has to be fought for. It is a simple conclusion from these premisses that the settlement of Tangier was a dream that could never be realised. No prosperous or careful man would willingly settle in a city that was in a perpetual state of siege, and where his very food must be brought from a distance of three weeks by sea. In happy ignorance of all his difficulties, the Earl of Peterborough took up his appointment as first Governor of Tangier, and sailed from Deal in the winter of 1661–1662. He made Tangier after a quick passage of a fortnight from the Downs, and found the place very little better than a ruin. But he brought with him a garrison of about four thousand men, and at once addressed himself to his difficulties with his neighbour, the redoubtable Gayland, chief of Arcilla. This princelet was, for a time, quite a hero of romance. The chaplain to the forces, the Rev. Lancelot Addison, afterwards chaplain to the King and Dean of Lichfield,[1] wrote an account of Barbary which is full of Gayland. He was a standing danger to us, but fortunately he had two rivals—Benbucar of Salee, and a chieftain who lorded it at Tafilet and was destined, in the end, to overthrow him. Thus Lord Peterborough found himself face to face from the first with the eternal problem, in the event of disputes between native princes, if our aid is asked for ought we to interfere? Several openings of this kind offered themselves during our occupation, and if any one of them had been taken advantage of, there would be no Morocco question at the present moment.

Lord Peterborough dutifully asked for instructions; but he was saved all further trouble in the matter by his sudden recall to England. He was, and with good reason, deeply incensed at this treatment, which, besides being unfair to himself, doubled our difficulties in

[1] Dr. Addison is, perhaps, better known to us now through the writings of his son, Joseph Addison.

dealing with Tangier. It was the first of those shifty moves by which the interests of the colony were sacrificed to the need of finding a place for some importunate person at home. As one result of this policy, Tangier had twelve governors in the space of twenty-two years. Lord Peterborough's place was taken by the late Governor of Dunkirk —Lord Rutherford, created on his promotion Earl of Teviot. He was a Scotch soldier of fortune, and a man of great and varied ability. His accounts were a curiosity; but in those days accounts were generally regarded as the natural stepping-stones to fortune, and Teviot's hot-headed courage was beyond question. Courage was a very good quality for a Governor of Tangier to possess, but whether it was that his hands were tied at home, or that he was too much engrossed with his accounts, the fact remained that while Teviot was Governor the power of the Moors increased enormously. As we would give the chief of Salee no help, Gayland mastered that town. He made peace wherever he could not conquer. and now dreamed of nothing less than the empire of Morocco. Nor were the Moors our only foes. The Spaniards gave Gayland forty thousand pieces of eight, and supplied him with guns. The Dutch joined with Spain to hinder the Tangier trade in every possible way, and Spanish engineers disguised as Moors were reported to be helping Gayland's soldiers to entrench themselves.

Teviot had the very useful quality of making everyone believe in him; and though he was quite ignorant of defensive warfare, he managed to give the garrison the impression that they were perfectly safe in his hands. There was a rude awakening from these delusions. During the Governor's absence on leave, Gayland, still nominally at peace with us, joined the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Fitzgerald, in a hawking-party, and brought fifty followers with him. There was much pleasant conversation of an indifferent kind as they were riding about the country near Tangier, and Fitzgerald thought that the morning had been harmlessly if not profitably spent. But some of the fifty members of Gayland's escort must have made better use of their time than Fitzgerald, for shortly after the Governor's return war was formally declared, and it then became apparent how much more Gayland knew about Tangier than we did. On the 4th of May, 1664, Teviot made a reconnaissance in force towards a point of seemingly open country, and was caught in an ambush. The Governor himself, with nineteen commissioned officers and five hundred men, were cut off and slaughtered to a man.

This was a heavy blow, and the news of it, noised abroad throughout the coasts of Spain and Africa, was heard as the herald of our departure. But we stood our ground, though with greatly reduced numbers, and Fitzgerald was appointed to act until the new Governor should arrive. He was not more superstitious than other men in those days, but it is curious to observe that he was much more disturbed

at the blazing stars then appearing at night than he was at Gayland's victory. These 'blazing stars' were the comets that so much interested Charles the Second that he sat up with the Queen for a whole night to watch for them. They alarmed Fitzgerald a great deal, and he carefully reported them to the Secretary of State, wondering what they might portend. As a set-off to these ghostly anxieties, however, the material cares of his office sat very lightly on him. He had no doubt that Gayland would soon find it to his interest to be a good neighbour; which is exactly what this kind of man never does until he has been well beaten.

But an Irishman's light-heartedness must have been a man's best possession in Tangier in those days. Shut up in a dull town, the open country occupied by enemies whom they were forbidden to attack, the Tangerines must have been wonderful people if they did not give way now and then to despondency. In addition to this they were miserably fed; for the Moors hindered them from growing any fresh food for themselves, and they were thus almost dependent on the salted supplies brought from England. We might have got supplies from Spain, if the Spaniards had not been as anxious to starve us as the Moors. But the Duke of Medina Coli forbade all traffic with us, and insolently proclaimed that since the consent of Spain to the cession of Tangier had not been obtained, he should treat all Englishmen resident there as rebels to the Spanish crown.

The arrival of a new governor made a welcome stir in this depressing atmosphere; for it was almost the only occasion when anybody was paid. Lord Bellasis, an active and popular man, convoyed the Smyrna fleet from Plymouth and assumed the governorship in April 1665. He did not take long to grasp the situation, and at once reported that the Spaniards were paying Gayland to oppose us, and that the only way to bring the Moors to reason was to blockade Salee and Tetuan. This could have been done with one first-rate frigate at each port; but the advice was not taken. It would have aroused suspicion in many men to find that in spite of this neglect of proper means Gayland assumed about this time a most accommodating attitude towards the English. It seems, however, that Lord Bellasis took this as a personal tribute; for he entered unsuspectingly on negotiations for peace, and carried through the treaty without a hitch. It was printed and published by order of the Secretary of State, with six reasons endorsed showing how much more advantageous it was than any previous truce. The subsequent events formed an object-lesson in Moorish diplomacy which was entirely thrown away in England, but which would have been valuable to Lord Bellasis if he had retained office. However, he had his eye on a place about court; so, taking advantage of the good impression wrought by his treaty of peace, he quitted Tangier in 1666, and it was left to his successor to discover the springs of Gayland's complacency.

They did not long remain secret; but the successor of Lord Bellasis was, of all the administrators of Tangier, the one least qualified to deal with a crisis. Colonel Henry Norwood was a man of piety and of some position. He had seen service at Dunkirk, was Treasurer of the colony of Virginia, and on being superseded at Tangier was promoted to be a member of the Tangier Commission. He was a careful and methodical administrator, but he was emphatically a dull man. His notion of action was to write a report; and Colonel Norwood's reports were very serious matters.

The Secretary of State, who was a man of pleasure, like most of Charles the Second's ministers, found them much too serious. At first they were carefully abstracted; but the *précis* gets scantier and scantier until at last a despatch four pages and a half in length is endorsed 'Ye brushes with ye Moors:' and quite sufficiently endorsed.

It was while Colonel Norwood was in office that we had our great chance in Morocco. Hardly was Lord Bellasis gone when Gayland asked us for help. The King of Tafilet had invaded him from the south, and the new tyrant's affairs prospered. Gayland went from bad to worse, and at last offered us Arcilla (where he was shut up) if we would garrison the place with three hundred men. The men could at that time have been spared easily enough, and would have been glad of a little active service. It is more than probable that a bold stroke at this juncture would have given us the Empire of Morocco. But the Governor of Tangier was the last man in the world to make a bold stroke. The first thing to do was to sit down and write a report, and while the answer was coming Arcilla was captured, Salee reduced, the King of Fez dragged in chains to Mequinez, and Muley ar Rashíd became Emperor of Morocco instead of Charles the Second.

No small blame, however, must attach to the home administration for this very serious blunder; for, though Colonel Norwood was tedious and long-winded to the last degree, the office did not depend solely upon him for news. Lord Arlington's secretary, Joseph Williamson, who succeeded his chief as Secretary of State, corresponded regularly with Major Palmes Fairborne for two years and three months; or, rather, he allowed Fairborne to write to him during that time whenever a ship sailed for England. Fairborne was a very good officer, and was honoured after his death with a tomb in Westminster Abbey and a laboured epitaph by Dryden. Even at this distance of time his despatches are good reading, and they certainly deserved the simple courtesy of an acknowledgment. But when Lord Bellasis himself, a peer of England and the Governor, had to wait for six months before the slightest notice was taken either of his reports or even his requests for instructions, it was not to be expected that Fairborne would fare any better. His letters are piteous reading sometimes. He begged over and over again to be informed wherein he had offended Williamson, and craved for an

answer, if it were but a single line, adding once, sadly enough: 'You cannot imagine the comfort it gives a man at this distance.' It must be remembered, in excuse for what seems unworthy persistence, that his whole chance of promotion depended upon Williamson's good word.

In those days of universal *backsheesh* it is not to be supposed that Fairborne neglected this simple means of securing a patron's goodwill. For a major in a line regiment his presents to Williamson were handsome, and the last was even splendid, being a very fine Barbary colt that Fairborne had himself chosen. In due course the captain who carried the colt to England brought his ship back to Tangier. He was the bearer of a verbal message from Williamson to say that the colt had come to grief. At this Fairborne's wrath boiled over. It was one thing not to answer a man's letters, it was quite another thing—it was downright unsportsmanlike—to spoil a colt like that. Promotion or no promotion, the thing was not to be borne in silence. 'I tell you plainly,' he wrote in a very different style from his previous rather slavish letters, 'I tell you plainly that you should never have had him if I had thought you would have set so little store by him, so much was I in love with him myself. A better colt never left these shores, and he would have made the best horse in England. This little explosion did a great deal of good. Williamson wrote civilly enough in reply to it; and showed that there had been no malice in his neglect by furthering Fairborne's promotion to a coloneley, a knighthood, and the Lieutenant-Governorship of Tangier The long and short of it was that the Tangerines were mostly strangers to Whitehall; they might be very deserving people, but they were three weeks off by post, and it was too much trouble to keep up with them.

Ignorance of Tangier and indifference to the settlers there were only two of the results of the general and deeply rooted corruption that reigned at Whitehall. Accounts were passed out of courtesy or from sheer incapacity to go through them, and governors were chosen for any reason rather than their fitness for the post. But it must be admitted that no very sound counsel came from Tangier itself. The officers there did their duty under most trying conditions, and deserved great credit for their efforts, but of all the men who recorded their views on the place during the twenty-two years of our occupation, only one [2] pointed out the true and statesmanlike policy of expansion into what we should now call the Hinterland. All the others urged the two impossibilities of constructing a mole and keeping the peace with the Moors. Nor was the real importance of the titles assumed by our squabbling neighbours ever weighed, except, apparently, by Sir Hugh Cholmley. The rise and fall of Gayland taught us nothing; and we had hardly done paying court to the

[2] An anonymous writer, whose pamphlet is preserved in the *Harleian Miscellany*: So long as we keep within the walls we only lose our money.

'King' of Barbary than we began wearily to consider our relations to his conqueror the 'Emperor' of Morocco. Colonel Norwood had recommended an embassy, and after some time an ambassador was chosen in the person of Lord Harry Howard, who soon after succeeded to the Dukedom of Norfolk. Cholmley laughed openly at making so much of the Emperor, and told Lord Harry that he was much too great a man for the place. The ambassador was a good deal nettled at this. To him an ambassador was an ambassador, and an emperor was an emperor, and if he had lived now he would probably have added, 'Why all this foolish prejudice against people with dark faces?' 'Well, your lordship will get no further than Tangier,' concluded Sir Hugh, whereat Lord Harry turned and went away in a rage.

After four years of Colonel Norwood a successor was found in Lord Middleton, another Scotch soldier of fortune, who went out as Governor in 1670. The troops, never less than nine, and sometimes as much as twenty, months in arrears, were glad to see any Governor who brought their pay, and as various notables came with him the season of 1670 opened gaily enough. His Excellency was accompanied by another Excellency, my Lord Ambassador, and by one of the earliest recorded globe-trotters, my Lord Castlemaine. But this brilliant society broke up very quickly. There was nothing in Tangier to amuse a man like Castlemaine, and as for the Ambassador he very soon found out that Cholmley had been perfectly right. It was plain that no honour was to be won, and no business to be done: the Moors only gaped for the presents that he had brought with him. He never stirred out of Tangier; and after a stay of three weeks he took ship and returned to England, a wiser man than when he started.

The immediate result of the withdrawal of the Embassy was that the Emperor opened negotiations with France, which fortunately came to nothing. Muley ar Rashíd was occupied during his short reign with the cares incident to the succession, the removal of troublesome relatives, and other necessary precautions. He also enjoyed his empire rather too riotously to care much for foreign politics, and the end of him was that he knocked out his brains while riding through an orange grove after a drunken revel. He was succeeded, unfortunately for us, by Muley Ismael, a much more dangerous neighbour, and in many respects a remarkable man.

'There have been princes more depraved than the Emperor Muley Ismael, and conquerors who have shed infinitely more blood. He had little in common with Tamerlane and still less with Nero or Gilles de Retz. Muley Ismael led a domestic life that had in it many qualities that go to make what we call respectability. He was pious, sober, regular in his habits, punctual in attending to business, and his hobby was building palaces. But he had a weakness: human life he must take, and he took it daily, as other men take exercise, during a reign of more than half a century. Why he was not

murdered himself was a mystery, for he had few of the qualities that dazzle the eyes of subjects. He was not a coward, but he was not a warrior; for he only fought two campaigns, one against the English and one against Algier, and in both he was defeated. Sheer force of character and an imposing manner akin to that of the Great Monarch sufficed to awe his subjects, who obeyed him less as a despot than as they might the Prince of Darkness himself.

What his court was like in his youth we can only surmise; but we are so fortunate as to possess a very full account of it in the reign of George the Second, by which time the Emperor was much softened by years. Muley Ismael, then eighty-seven years of age, rose early, and after saying his prayers was abroad among his workmen by the first streak of dawn. It was from these harmless people that he selected his first victim of the day—the victim whose murder was 'his top pleasure.' He chatted with his retinue, gave informal audience if occasion required, speared a man or two, and then returned to the palace for breakfast and to dress for the public Hall of Audience. The Emperor varied his robes according to his moods—yellow being his killing colour; and when he entered the Divan clothed in yellow every courtier round the throne knew that some one in that room would have to die before the Emperor left it. (Thus the cares that wait on courtiers everywhere were intensified, at Mequinez, by the fearful excitement of the Suicide Club.)

The principal feature of the Court was the band of eight hundred boy-executioners, who were entrusted with the duty of tearing men to pieces when the Emperor decreed that form of punishment. They were all tawny, being bred from sires and dams chosen and mated by the Emperor himself with the view of getting tawny offspring. When of an age to be tested they were brought to the palace and left in one of the squares; and when the old Emperor had leisure he went armed with a blunt lance and bastinadoed them until the gutters ran with their blood. They were left lying in the sun for some time, and on the Emperor returning and giving the signal for them to move, only those were chosen who got up and ran away. Those who were faint with the beating, the sun, and the loss of blood were sent back to their villages. These little fiends were the Emperor's favourites, and during his long reign he was only known to kill three of them.

Another band of executioners consisted of a corps of stalwart negroes as black as could be found. To them was assigned the duty of tossing, whenever the Emperor had a mind to that spectacle. They officiated two at a time; seized their victim and flung him over their shoulders. When in practice they could break either right or left shoulder as the Emperor wished; but as a rule dexterity was not exacted from them; their only duty was to toss the man till he died. These were two of the ways in which Muley Ismael had men executed

when the rank of the victim or his crime called for some circumstance and display. Trifling offences, such as a man losing his place in a procession, the Emperor punished only by spearing. When the lance was withdrawn he would throw it in the air, when the nearest man must catch it before it fell to the ground, under penalty of being speared himself.

In such a shambles a blow would sometimes go astray, and then the Emperor was at his best. He would send for the relatives of the murdered man and express his concern and regret for the loss of a valued subject. He had no idea how it could have occurred, as he had no fault to find with the deceased. The death must have been by the act of God, and he would conclude with a handsome apology and with gracious permission to bury the remains. This was a considerable indulgence, for the Emperor's victims were usually left for the street dogs to devour.

The Emperor affected the Satanic (if anything can be called affectation in a man who took himself so seriously), and often carried it to extraordinary lengths. The morning after he had murdered a man of any importance, and while the dogs were rending and snarling over his remains, the Emperor would look round his court and anxiously inquire 'Where is such and such an officer?' An inarticulate murmur was the usual response; but the Emperor was not to be denied. 'Where was the man? and why had he presumed to absent himself from the Presence without leave?' Lest the Emperor should fall foul of the whole court, some trembler, greatly venturing, would at this stage say that he was dead. The Emperor was deeply shocked; 'Dead! was it possible! And who had killed him?' This was the critical moment; and if any novice at court, encouraged by the tenderness of the Emperor's voice, and his kind and sorrowful bearing, should presume to recall the events of the day before, he was instantly speared for his impertinence.

Such, in his old age, was the man who, in the full strength of youth, ascended the throne of Morocco and cast envious and orthodox eyes on the port of Tangier, still, in spite of reverses, garrisoned by infidels. He was, fortunately for us, a very poor soldier. In a country no larger than Portugal the rebellion against him was kept up for five years; and in that time we could easily have made Tangier impregnable, if we had set to work the right way. But over all the business relating to Tangier two words are writ large—peculation and confusion. Lord Bellasis' accounts were passed somehow, Lord Teviot's accounts had been passed out of politeness, and Lord Middleton was another Teviot. We had only a vague idea of what line to take up in Morocco, and that idea was a wrong one. Vast sums were expended on material for the mole, and might just as well have been poured into the sea. When money for labour could not be had the unpaid soldiery were set to work on it. The deepest

gloom and depression prevailed among the troops; and little wonder, for they had been unpaid for two years. 'I pray God enable His Majesty to provide better forces, and in the meantime shall compose every man's soul in patience,' Fairborne wrote to the Commission in the autumn of 1677. He had long been trying to make bricks without straw, and his spirit was almost broken.

At the end of 1677 we applied a palliative to our distresses which was ludicrous in comparison with the disease, but which is noteworthy for other reasons: we expelled the Jews from Tangier. They were suspected of acting as spies for the Moors.[3] Lord Middleton was succeeded by Lord Inchiquin, a well-meaning, impulsive man, devoid of discretion, who might have sat for Frank Esmond. He differed daily with Fairborne, and on one occasion was so ill-advised as, on hearing of a complaint against the Lieutenant-Governor about the sale of meat, to stride from the Council chamber to the meat market, and exclaim that 'God damn him!' he would see justice done. But it was not good intentions, even accompanied by strong words, that could save Tangier. 'I must needs confess I never saw a place more ruinous than this, no one thing being in a condition fit for defence, and what is worse not one spare arm except a few blunderbusses;' this was the opinion of the man who was left in supreme command when Lord Inchiquin took leave—Sir Palmes Fairborne. It was a crisis, and one that called for quick blood and unshaken nerves. The enemy was close on us, and strongly entrenched. They had captured our outlying defences, and twenty thousand Moors held the open country. Fairborne's despatches are now very melancholy reading. He sealed them with his new crest, a dagger impaling a Moor's head, and the motto 'Tutus si fortis;' so strange an irony on the contents. He was not to seal many more, for at the end of October 1680 he was mortally wounded while inspecting the defences; but he lived to hear that he was avenged.

It was a bad day for the Moors when they killed Fairborne; for the command devolved on Sackville, and under Sackville was Kirke. These two officers had not been long in Tangier, and they had their own ideas of the comparative worth of a British soldier and a Moor. So they quitted the defensive, on which we had conscientiously stood for twenty years, and fell on the enemy. He was smitten hip and thigh. Two thousand dead were left on the field, our forts were recovered, and the Moors driven from the open country, although they outnumbered us six to one.

This was the first of the thousand victories that have led us to empire, and its effect was magical. Muley Ismael became humility

[3] Compare this telegram from Madrid, under date the 5th of November, 1893: 'General Macias has expelled from Melilla all the Jews residing outside the walls. . . . They had been suspected of acting as spies for the Moors.' 'Every country gets the Jew it deserves;' a dictum that hits Morocco rather hard.

itself, and begged for peace; not exactly for peace at any price, but for peace at any reasonable price. All he asked was an embassy, just to save appearances, and (*sotto voce*) to give him time to observe us, and to see if we knew our real strength, or whether, though we could not be driven out of Tangier, we might not be bullied or cajoled into evacuating the place.

The only embassy that Muley Ismael really respected was a thousand pikes knocking at his palace gates; but when suavity was likely to be useful he could be as polite as any Moslem, and in politeness a Moslem is to an Italian as an Italian is to the men of every other nation. So while Sir James Leslie, the new Ambassador, was on his way, Colonel Kirke, who was sent on in advance to the capital, was made to understand what the courtesy of a Moor was like when he laid himself out to be civil.

In Tangier our people had had few opportunities of meeting with Moors of position, and the impression on Kirke of the Emperor's attentions was proportionately great. The Moors must have been surprised at the effect produced on so doughty a foe by a few kind words and gracious gestures: they had probably never met with a character so simple before.

'I am among the most civilised people in the world,' wrote Kirke, from the Alcalde's camp, 'and if I ever have a son I shall prefer to send him here rather than to the Court of France. A Brother could not use me more kindly.'

The new ambassador was a great contrast to this ingenuous soldier. Sir James Leslie had been a private trooper in Tangier, and in that capacity had picked up (probably from syces and other sources of information not open to his masters) a thorough knowledge of the Moorish character. He was not to be hurried; and though Kirke and all Tangier cried out against him he took his time over his preparations. Kirke was loud in his remonstrances. 'I have met with a kind prince and a just general in Morocco . . .,' he wrote. 'I can't imagine what Sir James Leslie means to make the Emperor stay so long for him.'

Sackville went so far as to say that Leslie was prejudicing our chances of peace, and wrote, 'These people esteem nothing so ill as breaking one's word,' plainly implying that Leslie was laying himself open to that reproach. But Leslie knew his man and knew his Barbary, and the peace was settled without much difficulty in March 1681; Muley Ismael not thinking it worth while to obstruct the settlement of a truce that he had no intention of observing.

In April 1681, on Colonel Sackville's retirement, Colonel Kirke was appointed Governor in his place, and soon after the return Embassy from Morocco passed through Tangier on its way to Whitehall. The chief of the three men chosen by Muley Ismael to carry his presents of young lions and ostriches to Charles the Second was the Alcalde Muhammad Ohadu, a scion of an old Moorish family, his mother an

Englishwoman. He had administered Tetuan very successfully, and was a man of sense and ability and of an excellent carriage. He and his Embassy were handsomely received in London. The king laughed a good deal at the ostriches, but was kind and courteous, and entertained his guests at a magnificent feast in the rooms of the Duchess of Portsmouth. All the Sultanas were present, and there was a great display of diamonds and other splendours. It must have been a trying scene for the ambassador, but he retained his composure and showed to great advantage by the side of the Russian Ambassador, who behaved like a clown. Muhammad Ohadu made himself greatly respected and admired, and was admitted an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Society. The other members of the Embassy were a soldier and a Háji—Muhammad al Lucás. The latter was a Spanish Moor; a man of good business habits, and well acquainted with our ways, having seen much of us in the service of Gayland. On that chieftain's fall he purged himself from his early associations by making the Háji, rose high in the Emperor's favour and gained a great reputation for sanctity. In his official report on the members of the Embassy, Kirke has described him very plainly. He was, it appears, 'a man who in all contentions about government, which are frequent in these parts, ever thought that cause the best which was the strongest, and of so flexible a conscience that it never stands in opposition to his interest.' Quite a nineteenth-century type of statesman in fact.

The time they spent in England must have been very pleasant, and it is small matter for wonder that they overstayed their leave; but it was imprudent. On their return to Morocco they were kidnapped, flung into a dungeon, and kept there for twelve days. At last on one awful morning they were brought out and led into the Emperor's presence. They were left standing in their chains for an hour, without the Emperor so much as turning his eyes on them. At last he spoke. Calling them all the dogs and liars in the world, he asked them how they had dared to overstay their leave, and without waiting for their answer he ordered them to be dragged at the heels of mules for twelve miles over a country of rocks and briars. This was probably the worst quarter of an hour ever spent by a Fellow of the Royal Society.

But in a mind where reason was, for the moment, in abeyance, inquisitiveness was fortunately all-powerful. As the trembling ambassadors recited the honours they had received in England, the Emperor softened visibly. He allowed intercession and spared their lives, but on a discussion on the affairs of Tangier arising, his fury rose to murder pitch. He broke up the council, if so decorous an expression can be said to be in place, and raged about the palace, killing every man he came across, to the number of sixteen, after which he refused to ratify the treaty.

Kirke was deeply mortified, the more so that he had been so completely taken in by the Moors himself. Very soon after he became Governor of Tangier he learnt the difference between a Moslem as a host and a Moslem as an antagonist. The Emperor first showed his true character to Kirke when a Sherif (the Emperor's sister's son) fled to Tangier from Mequinez saying (what appears to be a most reasonable statement) that he feared for his life. The Emperor demanded him from Kirke, who feeling suspicious was in no great hurry to comply with his wishes. Muley Ismael, convinced by now that there was nothing to be really feared from us, gave full vent to his wrath. He addressed Kirke in the most insulting manner, using the second person singular, and calling him 'Kirke' simply. From that day onwards his enmity to us was shown in every possible way.

Kirke was not one of those who, having conceived an opinion, think it necessary to hold it in spite of evidence. On the contrary, he fully admitted his delusion, and warned the Secretary of State against being taken in by the same means. 'How much we have been mistaken in our measures, and on what uncertain ground we build when we repose any reliance on the most solemn words and engagements of the Moors.' 'I know I need not weary you with hints of the faithless and capricious humours of these people.' 'A people captious in the highest degree, and that are extremely dexterous in cavils;' these are some of his warnings. One of the articles of the treaty contained a permit for Moors to settle in Tangier. Kirke was strongly opposed to this.

Of all the people in the world none are to be less trusted to an intimacy and familiarity with the Moors than the English, as there is an absolute contrariety in their humours and designs: the first being a nation naturally subtle, distrustful, implacable, and undermining; our own people, on the other side, generous, loving, credulous, and without any reserve.

For the future Kirke treated the Emperor with polite contempt. This is one of Muley Ismael's letters: –

To Kirke, Captain of Tangier—Know that we are well acquainted that thou art our servant, and are satisfied with thy friendship to our high estate, and we know not thy master and lord but by thee, and we sent not our servants to him but out of kindness to thee, and to make thee great in thy nation. If thy King have a mind to peace, let him send us two great men of thy country, thy King's Counsellors, such wherein the Christians do most confide.

In another letter he demanded that the Duke of Albemarle should be sent to him; and hereon Kirke made the sensible comment that if any Ambassador was sent some great man ought certainly to be chosen, 'the natural haughtiness of these people valuing nothing that bears not the visible stamp of greatness and ostentation.'

But, for his own part, Kirke was opposed to any more Embassies. He took no notice of the Emperor's rage. 'The Emperor makes it out in noise and high language' was his only comment. It was also

clear that the Moors did not 'mean business,' and they only clamoured for Embassies for the sake of the presents that would pass. He thought that by far the most dignified course to take would be to say plainly that the King valued his ministers too highly to expose them to the treatment the Emperor bestowed on his own servants; and he added the very cogent comment that it would cost much more to equip an Embassy for the Duke of Albemarle than it would to set the army in order and repair the fortifications.

Kirke made an ill name for himself in the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion; but in his conduct of the affairs of Tangier he displayed high qualities as a soldier and a statesman. If this astute and vigorous man had been given a free hand, there is no doubt that he would have made an empire for us in North Africa. There can be no better evidence of his merit than the bad words he got at home for his candour and common sense. 'It is an inexpressible mortification to me to consider how much this Emperor's refusal of ratifying our treaties will gratify the desires which are entertained by the restless spirits at home.' The 'restless spirits' lost no opportunity of maligning Kirke, and setting down his changed views of the Moors to his natural wish, as a soldier, for a war. A war! he wrote contemptuously, what object could he have in waging a war with ragged, dispirited, half-armed troops against a powerful enemy in his own country, a war where no glory was to be won, and where there was every chance of being defeated, captured, and tortured to death? and he wrote rather heatedly to the Secretary of State anent 'the Phanaticks that not only cause disturbances at home, but wish ill to our peace abroad.' How well, since Kirke's time, we have come to know those 'Phanaticks!'

It does not appear that the 'Phanaticks' had much influence on this occasion; but the result was the same as if they had.

Lord Dartmouth was the last English Governor of Tangier. He brought orders to rescue and retire with the whole Christian population. In his despatches he paid a well-deserved tribute to the officers of the garrison. 'Better officers,' he wrote, 'cannot be brought to the head of men' than these soldiers who had sought their bread where finer gentlemen would not come. The blowing-up of the fortifications and the mole took some time, during which Lord Dartmouth's observations led him to make the prophecy that the great aim of the French undoubtedly was to make themselves masters of the Mediterranean. His orders were executed without difficulty. The Moors had had their lesson, and seeing that we were going they were content to look on and wait until they could occupy Tangier without fighting. They did not have to wait long. No mishap accompanied our embarkation, and by the spring of 1684 the English had left Morocco—for ever?

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

TOULON AND THE FRENCH NAVY

IT is curious, as an historical coincidence, that exactly a century after the famous year when Toulon, and the strength of the French fleet there, perturbed, more than at any previous period, the minds of those who were responsible for the maintenance of British naval power in the Mediterranean, precisely the same subjects should have suddenly arisen to occupy to an unusual degree the attention of Englishmen.

In the early part of 1793 the French Republic declared war against Great Britain. Before the opening of hostilities France had collected a formidable fleet at Toulon; and, with as much promptitude as possible, a British fleet left England in order to watch it and keep it in check. In August Vice-Admiral Lord Hood found himself off Toulon in command of a force composed of two 100-gun ships, three 98's, twelve 74's, and four 64's, besides frigates and sloops. Inside, under Rear-Admiral de Trogoff, there lay two 120's, four 80's, and twenty-four 74's, or, in all, excluding one vessel that was under construction but that was not very far advanced, 30 ships of the line, as against the 21 British. It is true that four of the French ships were being refitted, and that nine others were being repaired or needed to be repaired ere they could be of much use. On the other hand, Toulon was so strong as to be almost unassailable from the sea, and it was at the option of the French commander-in-chief to lie quietly under the protection of his batteries until such time as his entire fleet should be ready for action, and then to issue forth in overwhelming strength; for in 1793, as now, Toulon contained everything necessary for the building, fitting, and storing of a large armada, and was practically independent of sea-borne supplies. The situation was, therefore, an anxious one for English people. But accidental circumstances smoothed away the difficulties with which we were threatened. Provence was disaffected, and even the French fleet was not entirely loyal to the Republican Government. Negotiations were opened for the occupation of the port and of the shipping by Lord Hood on behalf of King Louis the Seventeenth; and although the Republican party in the French fleet chose a Republican chief in room of De Trogoff, and seized and manned the forts on the western side of the harbour, Hood received so much encouragement from the

shore, and perceived so much disunion afloat, that, on the 27th of August, he took possession of the commanding position of Fort Lamalgue, and so obtained an advantage which enabled him to oblige such French ships as were not already there to proceed into the inner harbour and land their powder. It also induced the French Republican officer, Rear-Admiral St. Julien, to abandon some of the forts which he had seized and manned. In the meantime the British fleet outside had been reinforced by a large but untrustworthy Spanish contingent, and on the afternoon of the same day it entered the outer harbour. On the 28th the city was occupied and an English governor was appointed to it.

Lord Hood strengthened his hold upon the place by getting rid, in the middle of September, of 5,000 French seamen, whom he sent, in four of the least serviceable of the 74's, to Lorient, Rochefort, and Brest. But the city was surrounded by the Republican armies. Bonaparte commanded the French artillery; the Spanish, Sardinian, and Neapolitan allies did not loyally co-operate with the British commander-in-chief; sickness was rife, and there were barely troops enough to hold the numerous posts which had to be defended. In October and November, moreover, part of Kellerman's army arrived to assist in the siege, and in the middle of December the line of the defences was broken in upon in two places, and the town and shipping lay at the mercy of the French guns. Lord Hood had to withdraw his fleet to a safer anchorage, and, finding himself face to face with the necessity for evacuating Toulon, determined, while quitting it, to carry off with him as many ships as possible, and to destroy those which he could not take away. Fifty-eight men-of-war of all classes were at Toulon when the city was occupied. Lord Hood, in spite of the gallantry and devotion of his officers, was unable to fully carry out his plans, but when he quitted the harbour, on the 19th of December, he had with him, or under the orders of the Allies, one French 120, three French 74's, two French 40's, four French 36's, two French 28's, and seven French corvettes, and he had burnt or otherwise destroyed one 80, eight 74's, one 40, two 32's, and two corvettes. He thus succeeded in depriving France, at a moment when she sorely needed them, of 13 ships of the line, 11 frigates, and 9 corvettes, mounting 1,566 guns. It was a blow in some senses heavier than the one which was dealt at the Nile in 1798, and almost as heavy as the one which was dealt at Trafalgar in 1805; and it powerfully influenced the whole course both of the Revolutionary and of the Napoleonic wars. But the blow could never have been dealt save with the help which was rendered by French disunion. Had there been no strong monarchical party in Toulon, Lord Hood would have been obliged to stay outside, and his fleet would have been exposed, for a time at least, to danger of attack by an equal if not by a superior force, for the Spaniards would not have kept the sea, and, even had they

done so, would have been a hindrance and source of weakness in action.

Toulon to-day is very different in many respects from Toulon of 1793. It contains a much larger dockyard; it has wider resources; it is far more strongly fortified. Above all, it is well affected to the Government of France, and is tolerably certain to remain so. No future foe of France is therefore likely, by such a political accident as favoured us a hundred years ago, to fall into temporary possession of the bulk of the French Mediterranean fleet, and to be enabled to take or destroy more than half of it without having to fight a general action. Owing to the causes which have been summarised, Toulon was prevented, at the very outset of the war, from ever throwing the full weight of its sword into the scale on behalf of France. Similar causes will not again arise; and when next the Mediterranean becomes the scene of a naval campaign, the great French naval arsenal, and the fleets of which it is the headquarters, will exercise an influence limited only by the repressive power of the enemy in the open sea.

Since there is always a possibility that Great Britain may be that enemy, and since it is, with nearly all of us, an article of faith that, come what may, we must preserve our position in the Mediterranean or surrender not only our right to speak as one of the leading Powers of Europe, but also great part of our influence outside Europe, the subject of the strength of the French fleet is a permanently interesting one; but it is more than usually interesting just now, because of the events of October. The precise significance of those events has yet to develop itself, on the side of France as well as on the side of Russia. One need not speculate about motives, but one must take note of facts, and the facts are: first, that France and Russia have been parties to an extraordinary and indeed unparalleled series of fraternal demonstrations at Toulon, Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles; secondly, that on the occasion of the visit of the Russians, France, with justifiable pride, proved, to the no small surprise of some excellent people, that she was enormously strong in the Mediterranean; thirdly, that Russia took the opportunity of her visit to Toulon to establish a permanent, though at present only a small, squadron in the Mediterranean; and, finally, that to assist in the establishment of this squadron, Russia brought out of the Black Sea, and through the Dardanelles, a modern steel cruiser—not, it is true, a large or extremely formidable one, but a cruiser nevertheless, and, for her size, a very heavily armed one. The demonstration points to an existing alliance, and to possible future co-operation between France and Russia; the public exhibition of her naval strength suggests that France knows herself to be so powerful as to be able to dispense with mystery; the establishment of the Russian Mediterranean squadron is a hint that the Tsar takes more than a mere academical interest in certain waters in which he possesses no forts or stations, and very

little trade; and the passing of the Dardanelles by the *Teretz* plainly betokens that Russia has no intention of submitting to the strictest possible interpretation of the Treaty of Paris, so far as it bears upon the point. People are at liberty to put whatever construction they please upon what has happened. For my part, I cannot see in it evidences of any deep conspiracy against the *status quo* in Europe, of any design on the part of Russia to become a landowner in the Mediterranean, or of any dangerous or provocative purposes whatsoever. France and Russia naturally feel more comfortable than they felt when neither had a declared friend in Europe, and it is scarcely unreasonable of Russia to desire a warm winter cruising-ground for a few of her ships. Nevertheless it is henceforth more necessary than heretofore for other Powers which have stakes in the Mediterranean to watch the action of Russia, seeing that recent events have given a new value to the very strong squadron which the Tsar has quickly created in the Black Sea. And it is certainly incumbent upon this country to pay attention to the remarkable glimpse which has been afforded to her by France of the situation at Toulon, and to take measures accordingly. A Power may be watchful and provident without being either suspicious or offensive. No Englishman, I am sure, begrudges France her strength and her prosperity, and our officers in the Mediterranean will be delighted to meet Russians there, as elsewhere, if they come in peace. But not even if there were serious risk of giving offence ought we to neglect the signs of the times. The recent naval exhibition at Toulon should be regarded as a flash which reveals to us that already there is written up on the old wall of our supremacy in the Mediterranean the beginning of the legend '*Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*.' We must see to it that the legend is never completed.

Four or five years ago M. Paul Bourde, in his book 'Les Abus dans la Marine,' professed to show that the whole system of French naval administration was childish, that the French dockyards were the abodes of the grossest mismanagement and waste that the machinery of the service was forty years behind the age, and that so far as her sea forces were concerned France was in a bad way indeed. It was admitted that the *personnel* was good, but that was almost the only good thing which M. Bourde had to say by way of relief to his general condemnation. I have no means of knowing exactly what amount of importance was at the time to be attached to these jeremiads. The writer may have exaggerated facts, he may have been ill-informed, he may have been deliberately desirous of disparaging the French navy in the eyes of foreigners. If only half that he wrote was then true, there has since been one of the most radical revolutions of modern times not only at the French Admiralty, but also in the greatest of the French dockyards. I can unhesitatingly say that there are now no traces at Toulon of any of the serious abuses which

M. Bourde claimed to have detected. Little faults of management there may be; indeed there must be. Small matters cannot but sometimes go wrong. But, if I may speak broadly, and without reference to a few minor details, I can assert that no naval port in Great Britain is, upon the whole, as well equipped as Toulon is; that at no British naval port are the reserves in anything like equal readiness for instant mobilisation; that at no British naval port have I seen such signs of wide forethought and such admirable provisions for all probable necessities as I have witnessed at Toulon; and that I am fully persuaded that neither our officers, good though they be, nor our bluejackets, can teach anything worth knowing to the corresponding French ranks. Professional knowledge, keenness, smartness, neatness, cleanliness, orderliness, and discipline are to be found in perfection on board such French ships as the *Formidable, Hoche, Marceau, Neptune, Tage,* and *Davout*, each of which, in addition to many others, I have lately been able to visit. The handling not less than the spick-and-span tidiness of the torpedo-boats particularly struck me. It is not easy to keep a torpedo-boat clean while she is at work, nor to preserve the vessel and her crew in ordinary man-of-war trim, and my experience is that we scarcely attempt either. But the French do both, and do it without sacrifice of efficiency. They are quite as good torpedo-boat people as the Germans; and to say that is to say that they could scarcely be better.

The existing enceinte of Toulon surrounds a large tract of land, much of which has been reclaimed from the sea, and which lies to the north of the bay known as the Petite Rade. Within this enceinte are to the eastward, the town, and, to the westward, the various parts of the dockyard bearing the names of Vauban, Castigneau, and Missiessy. Further to the west, outside the dockyard, is Fort Malbousquet. To the south-east of the enceinte, where the shore-line of the Petite Rade curves to the southward, is Le Mourillon, with a detached dockyard belonging to the Government. Opposite, on the western side of the Petite Rade, is La Seyne, with the large private yard of the Forges et Chantiers de la Méditerranée. These various yards employ at least 12,000 people. The Petite Rade opens towards the south-east and gives access to the outer or Grande Rade, which is protected by the mainland on the north and by the high land of Cape Cepét on the south, but is exposed on the south-east. To more completely shield the inner part of the roadstead, a breakwater upwards of half a mile long, and having a due north and south direction, has been built. Within this there is ample room for the whole fleets of France to lie. Immediately behind the town rise the imposing heights of Mont Faron, which are crowned with forts, heavily armed and of modern construction. Westward, between Faron and the sea, are Forts d'Artigues, Lamalgue, Brun, Ste. Marguerite, and Mont Nègre; on the peninsula of Cape Cepét are Forts de la Croix and

St. Elme; and to the south and west are Forts Balaguier, l'Aiguillette, Caire, Six Fours, &c., besides numerous redoubts and smaller works, some of which are carefully masked. The place is on the coast-line of railway between Marseilles and the Italian frontier, but is not dependent upon this line, which might possibly be cut in places by an active and daring enemy acting from the sea. About twelve miles inland runs a nearly parallel line which connects with the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée main system at Aix, touches the sea-board and unites with the coast-line at Fréjus, and is joined directly with Toulon by a branch from Carnoules; yet twelve miles further inland is a third parallel line from Peyrolles, through Draguignan, to Cannes; so that Toulon has plenty of facilities for quickly obtaining supplies of any kind from all parts of France, even if the coast railway be destroyed from Fréjus to Hyères on the east, and from Ollioules to Marseilles on the west.

When I left Toulon at the end of October, there were lying there in commission ships sufficient, in my humble judgment, to go out and meet our entire Mediterranean squadron of the same date, with more than a reasonable chance of being able to defeat it. In order that the relative forces may, in a rough way, be compared I give below both squadrons, and fit each British ship against what I take to be a fair match for her. To assist the reader, I specify date of launch, tonnage trial speed, and total number of guns of every vessel:

	British					French				
	Ship	Date	Tons	Knots	[illegible]	Ship	Date	Tons	Knots	[illegible]
Ironclads	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Neptune	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Marceau	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		Amiral Duperré	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	18
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Dévastation	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Inflexible	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Hawk	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Amphion	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1881	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	24	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Polyphemus	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	8	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Fearless	[illegible]		[illegible]	11	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11
	Scout	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11	Milan	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Surprise	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	10	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11
	[illegible]	1887		[illegible]	7	Condor	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	12
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	10	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	*12
	Dolphin	1882	[illegible]	11	7	Vautour	1886	1,280	17	[illegible]
	Gannet	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Melita	1885	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	18·7	8

NOTE.—The *Inflexible* has since come home, and the [illegible] is being substituted for the *Edinburgh*.

Before I go any further—and I have by no means done with the Toulon fleet—I will suppose that, in the view of some judges, the French ships given above are not superior, as a squadron, to the British ships. Upon this my comment is, that the French oppose thirteen

ironclads to our eleven: that the average age of the French ships is actually less, by about six months, than that of the British ships: that the total tonnage of the French ships is only about 2,500 less than that of the British ships; that the average speed of the French ships is superior by half a knot; and that the French fleet carries 654 guns to the British 592. I might add that the French fleet has also many more men, that it carries as good guns, and that it is upon the whole as well protected by means of side armour, armoured bulkheads, armoured decks, gun shields, watertight compartments, double bottoms &c. as the British fleet. If my adversaries still press their objection, and tell me that I am raising a baseless scare, I must inform them that the above list does not exhaust the French men-of-war which were in commission at Toulon at the end of October. There must be added the four 395-ton 18-knot torpedo-gunvessels *Bombe*, *Dague*, *Dragonne*, and *Flèche*, the armoured gunboat *Achéron*, the ten sea-going torpedo-boats *Audacieux*, *Coureur*, *Kabyle*, *Orage*, *Agile*, *Eclair*, *Aventurier*, *Téméraire*, *Corsaire*, and *Mousquetaire*, some of which are among the fastest in existence, and nine other torpedo-boats of modern type, all at Toulon, all in commission. I submit that no unprejudiced person will now tell me that the French force in commission at Toulon at the end of October was not superior to the British force in commission in the Mediterranean. That the French cruiser *Cosmao* and nineteen other torpedo-boats were simultaneously in commission in the Mediterranean, though not at Toulon, makes the situation still worse for Great Britain. Worse and worse does it appear when we go further and examine into the question of the reserves of ships. We have in the Mediterranean nothing in the shape of a reserve of this kind beyond the old coast-defence ironclad *Orion*, at Malta, and either twelve or fourteen aged torpedo-boats, some of which are almost valueless. France, by way of contrast, has at Toulon eight other ironclads, several of which can go to sea to-morrow if necessary, besides three ironclads that are building or completing; together with two ironclad gunboats, three new cruisers (in addition to two building), the submarine boat *Gustave Zédé*, and at least forty torpedo-boats without counting vedette-boats.

As our bases we have Gibraltar and Malta places which, no matter how strong, can only be useful to us while we maintain a certain command of the seas near them. At Gibraltar there is no dock; and at Malta, though there are docks, and though they are fine ones, there is not as much docking accommodation as we should inevitably need if we had fought even a gloriously victorious fleet action in the Mediterranean. France has bases, with rich country behind them, not only at Toulon, but also at Marseilles, Ajaccio, Algiers, and elsewhere; and Bizerta will one day be added to them. She has, moreover, docks at Marseilles, Le Ciotât, and Algiers, as well as the magnificent ones at Toulon. All which, I think, helps to bear out my

contention that, navally, France is much stronger in the Mediterranean than we, and, further, that she is much readier.

This situation is not due so much to any reduction of our Mediterranean establishment as to the persistent and steady progress of our French neighbours, who have rivalled us, beaten us, and left us behind them. We are happily in a position to promptly repair part of our neglect by despatching to Malta a force powerful enough to render our fleet beyond all question once more supreme in the Mediterranean; but if we do this, as I devoutly hope we may, we shall have to build other ships to supply the places of those which leave the home ports, and we shall probably have to make special arrangements for keeping an increased number of officers and men permanently in commission. The provision of additional docks and naval bases is a more difficult and necessarily a slower matter. It is, however, not less important. Even in the days of wooden sailing-ships we were never able for more than a short time to conduct a naval campaign in the Mediterranean with only two bases there. We always had eventually to beg, borrow, or steal others. At the present moment docking facilities rank only second in point of necessity to coaling facilities, for modern ships, when obliged to go undocked for any considerable period, lose their speed to an extent which would scarcely be credited by anyone who has not had experience of the fact; and speed must be one of the great factors of the naval warfare of the future.

WM. LAIRD CLOWES.

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The titles of articles are printed in italics

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